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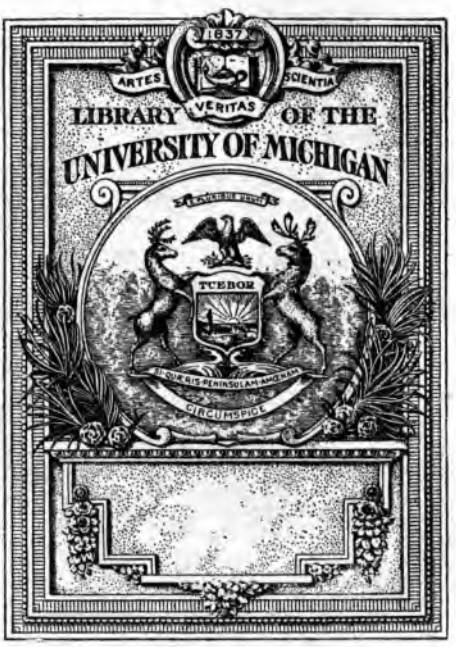
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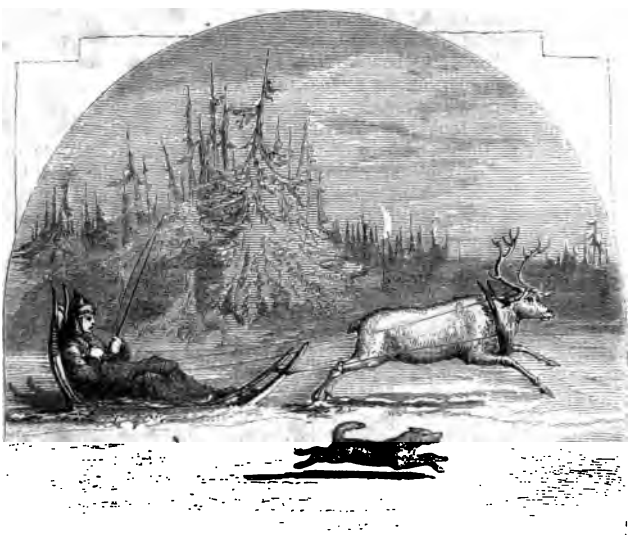


LAPLAND AND THE LAPPS.

WHILE the tide of human migration was flowing from Asia into Europe, extending its course further and further westward and northward, one wave obliterated the traces of the other as they followed each other in rapid succession; and when at length the fountain source was dammed up, and the influx subsided, and the light of history gradually dawned upon the nations of Europe settled in the localities which they now inhabit, but few vestiges remained to tell of the first wave that had broken over the various countries. As civilisation has advanced, these vestiges of the earliest occupants of the lands

have become more and more overlaid, and even in those countries where the original race is considered as having continued to occupy the soil, its characteristics have been so much changed, that its past cannot be read by the light of its present. On one point of Europe only, waves of the first human flood are still coursing over the land, offering to the philosophical observer an opportunity of becoming acquainted with society in its most ancient and primitive form. This point is the northernmost tract of the Scandinavian peninsula, where a nomadic race, seemingly the first that ever occupied the soil, still roves in unimproved simplicity among the forests and the fells.

At what period the Gothic-Germanic race, which now inhabits Norway and Sweden, first entered those countries, still remains an unanswered question, as far as indubitable historic evidence is concerned; but whatever may have been the time at which the immigration took place, the archæological monuments of the countries, and the traditions of the people, leave no doubt as to their having, on their arrival, found the country inhabited by another race, with whom they had to sustain a long and severe struggle for supremacy. These older occupants of the hyperborean north, were in all probability the Finns, a race still spread over part of north-eastern Europe and northern Asia, and whose name occurs for the first time in the *Annals* of Tacitus, who describes them as a poor and savage race, living by the chase alone, roaming about without settled homes, clad in the skins of wild animals, having no shelter but the trees of the forest, and making the bare earth their bed. But Tacitus spoke of the Finns of more southern countries; whether those of Scandinavia were in an equally barbarous state at the time of the arrival of the Gothic tribes, it is not possible to determine; but if the conflicts between the gods or Asar, and the Jotuns, Svartalfer, and other beings mentioned in Scandinavian myths and traditions, do indeed represent the struggles of the Goths with the earlier inhabitants of the country, it may be inferred from these, that there were varieties among the Finnish tribes; for while some of the opponents of the Asar are represented as powerful giants, others are described as contemptible dwarfs, dangerous only through their wiles and cunning.

However this may have been, when Scandinavia, in the ninth century of our era, first emerges into the dawning light of history, we find only scattered remnants of a Finnish occupation in the more southern divisions of the country; while in the north, from Halagoland, in Norway, extending eastward to the White Sea, and as far south on this side as Halagoland on the other, the whole of the country was still occupied by them, and bore in consequence the name of Finmark, or Land of the Finns, now applied to Norwegian Lapland only. From the early accounts of this ancient Finmark, given to King Alfred of England by two Norsemen, Ottar and Ulfsten, who had visited the country to levy tribute, it appears that the Finnish tribes on the Norwegian coast were

then a pastoral people, and also supported themselves by fishing; whereas the more eastern tribes were greatly in advance of these, and practised agriculture and other arts. In the history of the heathen north, the Finns subsequently appear under the various denominations of Biarmer, Carelians, Esthonians, Quæns, Kures, Trefinns or Terfinns, and Skridfinnar, the latter being converted by the monkish chroniclers of the middle ages into Scretefænnæ, Scritifinni, Scricfinni, and several other modifications or corruptions of the Scandinavian name *Skridfinnar*, derived from the snow-skates (*Skridsko*) in use among them, and probably applied to the particular tribes who bore it to distinguish them from the eastern and south-eastern Finns, who seem not to have made use of these skates, although the nature of the country and climate they inhabited made these contrivances equally desirable.

It is with the Skridfinnar alone—supposed to be the branch of the Finnish family now bearing the name of Lapps—that we are concerned. This name of Lapp, which even at the present time is not recognised by the people themselves, does not appear in history before the end of the twelfth century, and its origin is enveloped in much obscurity; some deriving it from the Finnish word *Lappu*, signifying limit, extremity, and supposing it to have been applied to the Lapps because of their being a frontier tribe: others suggesting that it may be derived from *Lappa*, a word in the Lappic language denoting a mountain cleft or cavern, such having, in all probability, been the first habitations of the Lapps.* That the name originated with the eastern Finns, may be concluded from the fact, that it was not known in Scandinavia until the period mentioned above, when the conquests of St Eric brought the Swedes into contact with the Finns of Finland. *Sameh* is the name which the Lapps give themselves; and as even to this day they look upon the appellation of Lapp as an insult, it may very likely have been given to them in contempt by the kindred tribes, who, proud of their higher standing-point in the scale of civilisation, would not deign to confer on the savage 'cavern-dwellers' the name of *Sameh*, so closely allied to their own name of *Suomi*; for that the Finns of Finland, or Quæns† as they are sometimes called in the Scandinavian Sagas, and are still called in Norway, had, at the

* There are various other theories about the origin of this name, but their enumeration would hardly interest our readers; and to us none seem so well founded as those named in the text.

† This name of *Qvæn*, so closely resembling the Scandinavian word *Qvinna* or *Qvinde* (woman), led Adam of Bremen, the oldest geographer of the north, into the strange mistake of locating in the north of Scandinavia a country inhabited by a race of Amazons; and to these Amazons, Scandinavian geographers of a later date, with less excuse for their error, applied all that is related by Greek writers of the Amazons of Scythia; until a very recent period, indeed, dreams of this land of Amazons haunted the imaginations of some Swedish scholars. At present, the name of Qvæn is used in Norway only to distinguish the industrious and cultivated Finnish or Finland colonists who have settled there, from the Lapps, who, in Norway, bear the name of Finns exclusively. In Sweden, on the contrary, where the Finns proper alone bear this denomination, the name of Qvæn has entirely disappeared.

period of their arrival in these regions, attained a higher degree of culture than the Lapps, is proved by their early knowledge of agriculture and of the art of forging iron, and also by the superiority of their language over that of the Lapps, although both have evidently sprung from the same root. The contempt of the Finlanders for the Lapps is indeed so great, that they would fain deny all kindred with them; but etymological evidences are too strong even for national prejudices to upset.

A political history the Lapps cannot be said to have. In their social history, the first great marking epoch was, probably, their transition from the state of hunters to that of pastorals, which had very likely taken place not above a century or a century and a half before the visit of Ulfsten and Ottar; for these travellers mention, among the riches of the people, not only flocks of tame reindeer, but also a certain number of these animals used as decoys to catch the wild ones; and this circumstance seems to indicate that the tame deer cannot have been long enough in that state to increase their numbers manifold. Another such marking epoch in the social condition of the Laplanders has not since then occurred; for now, as then, they lead a nomadic life, subsisting on the flesh and milk of their reindeer herds, and sometimes also by fishing.

The territories at present comprised under the name of Lapland, extend over an area of about 120,000 square miles, and are divided between Norway, Sweden, and Russia. The mountains of Lapland form part of the Kjölen range, which extends like a backbone among Sweden and Norway from north to south, and in this northern part of the peninsula, runs very near the Norwegian coast. 'On the Norwegian side, the mountains rise so abruptly from the sea, which forms innumerable indentures among their rocky walls, that a very few miles inland, they already attain a height of from 2000 to 2500 feet; the highest, the Sulitelma, in 67° 10′ north latitude, being 6000 feet above the level of the sea; but on the Swedish side the descent is much less rapid. Here the mountains, at a distance of twenty miles from the highest ridge, have already dwindled into hills; and the further you proceed eastward, the more the country falls, until it forms almost a level plain of twenty or thirty miles in width along the shores of the Gulf of Bothnia. The valleys between the hills are in many instances several miles in breadth; but the greater number are occupied by vast alpine lakes, some of which are from thirty to sixty miles long, and from three to five, and even ten miles broad. These lakes, together with the numerous *elves* or rivers that intersect the country in all directions—the larger ones springing from the chief mountain-range, their tributaries issuing, on the contrary, from the side-branches, which run almost at right angles with the former—are of immense importance in a country which possesses few or no regular roads, and where, in addition to these waterways, communication is chiefly facilitated by the snow, which, for eight months in the year, covers mountain, plain, and valley. The

highest ridges of the Kjölen mountains are barren of vegetation, the region of eternal snow commencing at 2500 feet above the level of the sea; lower down, the mountains are, in some places, covered with stunted birches and the most hardy kinds of pine-trees. The forests in the more level regions consist chiefly of birch, fir, pine, alder, and aspen. The soil in the plains along the Gulf of Bothnia is more fertile than in the other parts of Swedish Lapland, and particularly near the river Tornea and the Russian frontier, where the country assumes quite a smiling aspect, being covered with fine forests, intersected by large grassy tracts, and even cornfields—rye growing as far as 66° north latitude, and oats, barley, and potatoes as far as 65°. In Norwegian Lapland, also, patches of cultivated land sometimes cheer the eye, wearied with the monotonous grandeur of barren mountains and silent fjords; but in either country, these rare tracts, giving evidence of the industrious hand of man, bear no proportion to the trackless forests, the immeasurable swamps, and stony hills and valleys, that cover these wide-spread regions.

Russian Lapland presents a different aspect. This is an extensive and sandy plain, on which rise here and there a few isolated hills. Large forests in some parts cover the plain, while in others, it offers to the eye nothing but sandy wastes; but around the numerous lakes, and on the banks of the rivers, the soil brings forth a rich crop of grass, and cultivation has been tried with so much success, that in Kemi Lappmark, for instance, the nomadic Lapps have quite disappeared, and have been succeeded by industrious agricultural Finns. Russian Lapland is separated from Swedish Lapland by the rivers Muonio and Tornea, and from Finmark or Norwegian Lapland by the Tana-Elf; but the boundary-line between Sweden and Norway runs along the summit of the Kjölen mountain-range, and is marked with marvellous accuracy and care. But although the Lapps may thank these political boundary-lines for exemption from being taxed by two governments,* they by no means respect them when their own convenience is concerned; and, indeed, should a limit be put to their annual migrations backwards and forwards between the two countries, their utter ruin would probably soon ensue; for however hardy the reindeer moss, there are, nevertheless, regions which it particularly affects, and asperities of climate to which it succumbs; and the reindeer itself, far more delicate than the plant on which it feeds, requires certain changes of climate at various periods of the year. Now, nowhere does the reindeer moss grow more willingly and more luxuriantly than between the line which forms the limit of the fir-trees and the highest birch region—that is, about 300 feet perpendicular height; but, as we have seen, the mountains of Norway ascend so abruptly that they very soon rise above these lines: in consequence, the reindeer moss finds but a comparatively very small area within the favourite

* The nomades are considered to belong to the country in which they have their winter-stations.

region whereon to spread, and Norway could not, therefore, support a population of pastoral Lapps throughout the year; for the well-being of the reindeer is the condition for the wellbeing, and, indeed, of the existence, of the nomadic Lapp. In Sweden, on the other hand, the land swells so gently from the east, that many miles intervene between the limits of the fir and the highest region of the birch, and the moss, therefore, here covers uninterrupted areas of immense extent, and affords pasture for innumerable herds of deer. But, on the other side, the woodless mountain-slopes in Sweden are in most places not high enough, and the air not cold enough, to afford the animals in summer a refuge against their pitiless tormentors—the gnats and other insects; and they would pine and perish, could they not be driven, during the hottest months of the year, into the snow-regions of the Norwegian mountains.

The climate of Lapland is very severe, the country being covered with snow in some parts during three-fourths, and in others during two-thirds of the year, the frost being most intense between November and March. During the summer months, on the contrary, the heat is almost insupportable, and is rendered still more so by the length of the days, the sun being in the most southern districts above the horizon nineteen or twenty hours, and in the more northern, several weeks. The indigenous animals are, besides the reindeer, bears—which are now, however, becoming rare—wolves, wolverines, lynxes, foxes, hares, martens, otters, and squirrels. Least in size, though frequently most formidable by their numbers, are the lemmings, a kind of mountain-mice, that live upon grass, reindeer moss, and the catkins of the dwarf-birch (*Betula nana*), which grows on the high mountain-ridges beyond the regular forest region. For some reason, which has never, we believe, been discovered, these little animals, at intervals of ten, or twenty, or more years, descend in countless swarms from the Kjölen mountains, where they have their homes, and marching in serried ranks, move onward in a direct line, never deviating to the right or to the left, surmounting all obstacles, swimming across rivers and lakes, climbing over houses, eating their way through hayricks and corn-stacks, until, having traversed Finmark on the one side, or Swedish Lapland on the other, they end their lives in the Western Ocean or in the Gulf of Bothnia, leaving, however, desolation behind them, for they devour every green thing along their path. The birds most common in Lapland are capercailzie, ptarmigan, woodcocks, and a variety of aquatic birds; and also eagles and falcons.

The Lapps may be divided into nomades and non-nomades, the Fisher Lapps constituting the latter class, to which belong by far the greater number of the Norwegian and all the Russian Lapps. It is, however, only in their mode of life that there is any difference; for in personal appearance, in social habits, in national costume and character, they are all alike. They are short of stature, have swarthy complexion, short black hair, a wide mouth, high cheek-

bones, a pointed chin, and eyes weak and watery—a fault attributed to exposure to constant smoke in their tents, and to the glare of the snow, which, during so great a part of the year covers every object that surrounds them. Otherwise, they are a vigorous race, capable of enduring much hardship, and undergoing great bodily fatigue, the women being no less hardy than the men. The nomadic Lapps may again be divided into Fjell-Lapps, or Mountain Lapps, and Forest Lapps, there being some slight differences in their mode of life. Although fjell is in Swedish the generic name for mountains, in Lapland, the word is especially applied to the high mountain regions beyond the boundary-line of the forest region, and here it is that the Fjell-Lapps principally roam with their herds, and hence they have acquired their name. In spring and in autumn, their haunts are upon the lateral mountain-ridges in Swedish Lapland, which run from west to east, and where their chief stations or autumn stations, called in their own language *fjaktja-saje*, are established on the skirts of the wooded region. The features which mark these stations are, a *njalla*, or small store-room, formed of raw logs, rudely put together, and raised upon a pole firmly planted in the ground, to protect its contents against the ravenous attacks of rats and mice, and of the wolverine or glutton, whose sharp teeth and claws would soon demolish the wooden walls and roof of the safe, were it not for the perpendicular pole, which it cannot climb. In this place of safety, the Lapp, on leaving the station towards the approach of winter, stores the provisions which he may require when he returns in spring; for at this period of the year he never slaughters a deer, the animals being then in a poor condition, and their skins worthless, owing to the punctures in them caused by the escape of a little insect, which, having been deposited in autumn under the skin of the deer in the form of eggs, makes its way out in spring, leaving the animal's hide perforated with innumerable little holes. At the side of the njalla there is generally a shed, open at the sides, under which the Lapp hangs his clothes to dry, and also fish and meat; and here also the sledges and other things used only in winter, are stowed away during the summer. Such are the only stationary homesteads possessed by the Mountain Lapps; their dwelling-house is the tent, which they carry about with them wherever they roam.

The tent of the Mountain Lapp, like that of all other Lapps, is formed of boughs of trees, planted in a circle in the ground, and made to meet at the top. Around these sticks is wrapped a long strip of coarse kersey, the folds overlapping each other; sometimes, also, they are covered with reindeer hides. At the top, the sticks protrude beyond the covering, and an opening is thus afforded for the escape of the smoke when a fire is lighted in the tent; while at the bottom, the covering cloth is allowed to trail on the ground, in order the more efficiently to prevent the wind from penetrating into the interior. On the side from which the wind comes, a

second covering is frequently added, and the opening for the door is always left at the opposite side. The door itself is formed of a piece of kersey, stretched on a frame of sticks of a pyramidal shape, which is fastened to the tent by a leather thong, fixed at the apex of the pyramid. The doorway is frequently so low as to oblige persons seeking ingress or egress to crawl upon all-fours, the great object being to prevent a draught, that would increase the smoke which always prevails in the tents. The ground within the tent is strewn with brushwood, covered over with reindeer hides, which serve as seats in the daytime, and as beds at night, the wealthier among the Lapps having also sheep-skins for coverings. In the middle of the floor, immediately below the opening in the top of the tent, a space is left clear for the hearth, which is formed of several large stones; and above this, suspended from a horizontal pole, hangs the caldron in which the family meals are cooked. This caldron, a few wooden bowls, and some horn-spoons, constitute all the household furniture of the Mountain Lapp, unless we reckon among this the child's cradle, scooped out of the trunk of a young tree, and suspended from a pole in the tent, when the family are at home, but fastened with cords to the mother's back when they are travelling.

The tents are frequently not more than eight feet in diameter, yet are inhabited by families consisting sometimes of many members; together with a number of dogs, their faithful allies in keeping their herds together, and in protecting them from the wolfs or *dudder-dadscha*—lords of the mountain—as these voracious animals are called in the language of the people. The Lapps have, indeed, a most wonderful capacity for packing themselves up into the smallest space possible; but, on the other hand, the whole family is seldom gathered together at one and the same time under the protecting folds of the tent, for men and women, girls and boys, must take it by turns to watch the herds, each being accompanied by a certain number of the dogs belonging to him or her in particular. These dogs, which bear a great resemblance to a fox, are small, but very intelligent, and are invaluable to the Lapps, who often exchange one of their very best reindeers, or sometimes even two, for such a dog.

However repulsive may be the interior of a Mountain Lapp's tent when a number of human beings, in skin pelisses reeking with moisture and grease, are huddled together round a steaming caldron, helping themselves from the same dish as best they may, while a number of dogs are partaking of their meal after very much the same fashion; or when men, women, children, and animals lie stretched out for their night's rest within the same confined space; there are, nevertheless, moments in the daily life of these people that afford a very attractive and poetic picture. This is towards evening, when the herd is being gathered together round the tent to be milked. On all the hillsides far and near, deer are then seen in motion. The busy dogs run barking among

them, bringing in the stragglers, urging on those that stop to browse, driving the great mass nearer and nearer. What beauty in the movements of the nimble, light-footed animals, with their large and stately antlers! Not a footfall is heard as they speed along, only that peculiar crackling in their knee-joints which has been compared to the noise of electric sparks. And when the whole flock, 400 or 500, or more, have arrived round the tent, what variety of attitude!—some lying down; others standing with uplifted head, as if listening for a distant sound; others, again, browsing, or making a trial of strength with antlers interlaced, or running from group to group with playful mien; while some, caught by a rope woven of rushes, thrown round their antlers, are being dragged by the young men to the women who are to milk them, the entire family being assembled on the spot to take part in this most important business; and the whole presenting a picture of patriarchal life very pleasing to behold, particularly if the tent be pitched in one of those wildly picturesque spots in which the mountains of Norway and Sweden abound.

Each reindeer-cow, or *vaja*, has its particular name, which it answers to when called, and also its particular physiognomy, it would seem, as among the many hundreds of which a herd consists, each is known by its name. The milking of the deer, which is always performed by the women, is a slow business, as the reindeer has but two teats, and the milkmaid operates upon these with one hand only, while in the other she holds the little wooden bowl which serves as milkpail, and which, when full, is emptied out into a bladder fixed in her bosom in the folds of her tunic. Such, at least, is the custom among the Mountain Lapps; but the Forest Lapps, who are generally more wealthy, suspend a copper caldron from a tree in the neighbourhood of the milking-place, and into this the contents of the small wooden bowls are emptied. The reindeer-cow gives but little milk in proportion to its size, a quart a day being the utmost; but what is wanting in quantity is made up by the richness of its quality, which is more like cream than milk. In some places, the Lapps churn butter of the milk; but the butter is quite white and hard like tallow, the milk being much better suited for making cheese, for which, indeed, it is mostly used, the caseous element in it being from six to ten times greater than in cow-milk. The Lapps form their cheeses in round baskets made of rushes, and the Forest Lapps dry them on shelves under a shed erected for the purpose; but the Mountain Lapps, who have no fixed summer station, and, consequently, no sheds, place them on narrow shelves fixed in a frame, in the manner of a venetian blind. This frame they place near the opening at the top of the tent, immediately above the hearth, that the cheeses may be exposed to the joint action of the smoke and the air. Nevertheless, they dry very slowly, and they get a very grimy appearance; but the smoke preserves them from mildew and from turning acid.

Cheese-making days are days of good cheer in a Lappic tent.

for as much curds and whey as will suffice for one meal for the family is always left in the caldron, in which the rennet and milk have been mixed; and being boiled with a little addition of water, the cheesy substance is distributed among the members of the family, the whey being the portion of the dogs. Cheese is a favourite food among the people; but being easier of transport than reindeer meat, on which they chiefly subsist, it is generally put by to be used as travelling provisions; and, in consequence, travelling provisions (*fœlmat*) have among them come to be synonymous with titbit. Cheese is made only in summer, and more particularly in the months of July and August; for, up to July, it is usual to allow the calves to suck.* In September and October, the reindeer-cows already begin to go dry; and all the milk which they then give, and which is not immediately consumed by the family, is put by in small kegs in the store-room at the autumn station, whither the nomades have returned by this time. Sometimes, also, it is mixed with various berries which the country produces, and kept over winter to be eaten in spring. The very small quantity of milk that can still be obtained from the deer at the end of October and November, is allowed to freeze into cakes, and being considered a great delicacy, is reserved for company; for the Lapps, in general, never allow a guest to leave their tent without partaking of their cheer.

Immediately after midsummer, the Mountain Lapp breaks up from his temporary home on the skirts of the forest region, and moves upwards into the higher mountain tracts, and westward into Norway, to escape from the heat and the gnats. Here he remains during the whole of July and part of August. Towards the close of this last month, he begins again to move eastward, but in shorter day-journeys, and sometimes halting for longer or shorter periods on the road. In September, he is back again at his autumn station; and if the country be free from wolves, now allows his deer to roam at liberty, well knowing that the instincts of the animals will keep them in the familiar tract. The freedom thus allowed the animals has a beneficial influence on their condition; and by the beginning of October, the time for slaughtering, when the herds are again gathered together, they have grown fat, and are in excellent condition. At the autumn station, the Mountain Lapp remains until about the middle of November, when the lakes are frozen, and may be easily crossed on the ice; and he then proceeds down into the shelter of the woods, and moves further and further eastwards, sometimes to the very shores of the Gulf of Bothnia. But in April, while the lakes are still frozen, he again wends his steps westward, and in the beginning of May he is back at his autumn station, having completed his annual series of migrations.

Such is the life of the Mountain Lapps, whose sole occupation is the tending of their reindeer flocks, on which they are entirely

* When the calves are to be weaned, the teats of the mother are rubbed with [illegible], which is washed off each time she is to be milked.

dependent for subsistence; for although—if there be a lake in the neighbourhood of their stations—they do sometimes fish a little, they do not practise fishing as a regular subsidiary means of livelihood, nor do they follow the chase as such, for the only game which is found high up among the mountains is the *Snee-Rypor* (mountain-ptarmigan), and even these they rarely attempt to catch. But this life, though so monotonous, and seemingly so easy, is one of excessive hardship; for the flocks require constant attendance, and while watching them night and day, the owner is exposed to the excessive rigours of a most trying climate, his poor tent, sheltered by no protecting forests, affording but a sorry refuge against the pitiless storms that visit these regions; while even the comfort of a fire is often denied him, for the only fuel to be had in these high mountain regions is the twigs of the birch-dwarf, and these are not very plentiful, and are mostly so saturated with moisture, that the leaves give only a flame, the twigs emitting nothing but smoke.

The Forest Lapps, though in number inferior to the Mountain Lapps, are in general more wealthy, and lead a much easier life. During the whole summer, the former remain with their herds within the wide-spread forest tracts of the Swedish Lappmarks, moving only within certain prescribed limits, each Lappic family having assigned to it a particular lot, for which it pays tribute. On this lot are erected a number of wooden huts, at distances of a half or quarter of a Swedish mile* from each other, and each having attached to it an enclosure, into which the reindeer are driven when they are to be milked. Side by side with each cabin is also a shed with shelves for drying cheese, and covered sheds for stowing away various things; but a store-room, or njalla, for provisions, is in general only found near the chief hut or station.

The history of the yearly migrations of the Forest Lapp we will begin with the spring, when he comes up from the lowlands. As soon as he arrives within the limits of his own pasture-ground, which is about the end of April or the beginning of May, he lets loose all his reindeer, and allows them to roam at liberty until midsummer, or the end of June, during which interval he employs himself in fishing, hunting, or shooting, these occupations being followed by all Forest Lapps, as an additional source of income; and thus the time is turned to double advantage, for the liberty enjoyed by the deer so greatly improves their condition, that the animals belonging to the Forest Lapps are generally much larger than those of the Mountain Lapps. Immediately after midsummer, when the gnats—which are so numerous in the country, that it is believed that the soil is fertilised by their decaying bodies—begin to be troublesome, the gathering of the reindeer commences, and is effected in the following manner. The first step taken is to catch one deer to serve as a decoy. For this purpose, the Lapp resorts to

* There are about five English miles to one Swedish.

some glade in the forest, which, on account of its openness to the wind, is less infested with gnats than other parts, and where, therefore, he knows he will find a number of deer congregated; and having caught one of these by means of a rush-rope noose, which the Lapp uses with the same dexterity as the South American his lasso, he attaches a bell to its neck, and then driving it before him, the others, attracted by the sound of the bell, gradually gather around it. However, the deer thus gathered together in the most cases belong to several owners, for the herds being allowed to roam at liberty, and the various pasture-grounds being unenclosed, the animals cannot, of course, be expected to keep within the limits of their owner's grounds. The next undertaking is therefore to separate the deer of the several proprietors. For this purpose, the owners of two contiguous pasture-grounds meet, and separate from the herds gathered in their respective grounds the deer belonging to themselves, as also to their neighbours on the other side; the one taking, for instance, those belonging to the allotments on the south of his own; the other, those belonging to the allotments on the north of his. Each then proceeds to the northern or southern limit of his grounds, and there meets his neighbour on this side, receiving from him such of his deer as may have been found in his district, or further north or south as the case may be, and delivering over those which belong to the neighbour, or to the stations south or north of his; and so on, until each household has gathered together the whole of its herd, and separated it from those of others. This separating of the deer is a task intrusted to the heads of families only, and is called *ratkam*—that is, searching. Sometimes, also, a number of Lapps will agree to meet on a certain day in a certain locality, with their respective gatherings, to make the necessary exchanges at once, and this is called *quoktelis ratkam;* the preliminary steps taken to fix the day of meeting being called *vadset sakait*—going for news. At the end of two weeks, the gatherings and separations are generally concluded, and each family is again in possession of its own herd, which is then kept together during six weeks, and milked daily. Two or three times a day, besides, the deer are driven into the enclosures near the cabins, to rest and ruminate, fires of wet peat being lighted to drive away the gnats by the smoke. It is this custom of driving the deer so frequently into the enclosures, that has led to the establishment of the several cabins or stations within the pasture-grounds of each individual family of Forest Lapps; for as the deer suffer from fatigue, and it would also occasion much loss of time to drive them into the enclosures from great distances, it has been found more expedient to divide the land into various stations, and to drive the deer from one to another, gradually as the pasturage in each is consumed. If possible, the stations are always located near some lake or rivulet, so that if there be more members in the household than are required to tend the herds, these may improve their time by fishing. In the middle of August, when the heat begins to abate,

and the nights, in particular, are cool, and the gnats less tormenting, the reindeer are again left to their own devices for another period of six weeks, during which the Forest Lapps avail themselves of their leisure time to fish, to shoot, and to catch birds in snares. About Michaelmas, the herds are again gathered in the manner described above, and then begins the migration towards the lowlands, where the Forest Lapp as well as the Mountain Lapp spends the winter.

The moving of a Lappic tribe with its herd, sometimes numbering several thousand head of deer, affords a curious and beautiful sight, particularly if the road lies along one of the large lakes in which the country abounds, and which, in autumn and winter, when covered with ice and snow, afford the best and easiest road. In front walks a Lapp, leading one deer, that serves as decoy to lure the others on, and pronouncing the peculiar call which the animals are wont to obey; and at a distance of a few steps follows the whole herd *en masse*, generally led on by the largest ox-reins, and looking like a wandering wood, with their fine antlers tossing in the air; while the stately forests, all hoary with snow, stand back, as if gazing in amazement at their dwarfish image moving by. The trampling of the animals' hoofs on the ice, the crackling in their knee-joints, and from time to time the monotonous decoy-song of the Lapp, are the only sounds that disturb the stillness; and there is a look of imposing grandeur in the onward march of the obedient multitude, that may well make the Lapp's heart swell with pride. After the herd, follows the *raido*, or luggage-train—that is, a long string of sledges, each drawn by one deer, but attached the one to the other, and loaded with the tents, the household goods of the tribe, &c., three reindeer being required to draw as much as would make one horse-load. These sledges bear a great resemblance to a boat with a broad flat keel, and rounded sides, and the way in which the reindeer are harnessed to them, is of the most primitive description. In the stem of the boat is a strong loop of cord, twisted of reindeer sinews, and to this is attached a leather thong, that is passed under the stomach of the animal, and fastened to a collar of raw hide, stuffed with hair, which it wears round its neck. The reins are fixed to the animal's head, and are so indifferently obeyed, that the driver is frequently obliged to get out and lead the deer; and it is in order to obviate the tendency of the undisciplined animals to diverge from the beaten track, that it has become customary to fasten a long string of sledges together.

These migrations of the Lapps do not take place without a plan, each family moving this way or that according as caprice may determine. There are, on the contrary, regular rules established among them as to the direction and tracks which each is to follow, and from which they do not willingly deviate, it being of much importance that a greater number of herds should not move along a given track than can find pasturage within easy distance; for,

summer and winter, the reindeer must provide for themselves. In summer, they live principally upon grass and leaves; in winter, exclusively upon the reindeer moss, and the lichens which, in Lapland, cover the trees to a great extent. In proportion to the rest of its body, the reindeer has very large hoofs, which, on the one hand, prevent it from sinking so deep into the snow as would otherwise be the case, and, on the other, enable it to shovel away the snow, which often covers up the moss to a depth of five or six feet. However, as if to provide against the animal's spending its strength to no purpose, nature has endowed it with so true an instinct, that it can discover the existence of moss under the thickest layer of snow, whereas it is said never to make an attempt at shovelling away the snow where there is no moss below. When the snow is very deep, the labour of getting at the moss is, however, so great, that the animals suffer much in consequence, particularly the young ones, which, being weak, are obliged to content themselves with the pickings in the openings laid bare by the older ones, after these have satisfied their hunger; but when a short thaw is followed by hard frost, and a crust of ice is thus formed on the surface of the snow, then is the time of hardest trial for the reindeer, and they die by hundreds from absolute starvation, for there is but one substitute for their ordinary food—namely, the lichens on the trees; but these cannot be had in large quantities, and such years are, therefore, most disastrous for the nomadic Lapp. If, in addition to this misfortune, the wolves infest the country, utter ruin generally ensues for many.

As reindeer-flesh constitutes the chief food of the Lapp, and the skins are an important article of commerce, besides serving the Lapp himself for various purposes, the periods of the year in which the animals are in prime condition have been carefully selected as slaughtering-time, and every male Lapp is early initiated into the mysteries of the butcher's craft—not a very simple one among this people. The animals are first stabbed in the back of the neck, and when thus brought to the ground, again in the heart. When dead, the carcass is skinned, the entrails are taken out and cleaned, and the blood collected in the cavity of the chest is gathered in the paunch. The carcass is then cut up into all the chief parts of which it consists, every joint being dexterously parted with the knife without the assistance of a hatchet; and the meat being carefully separated from the bones, is hung up to dry and freeze. The bones, however, are not thrown away, but, on the contrary, form the best part of the treat which is always given in the tent of the Lapp on slaughtering-days—marrow-bones being considered a great delicacy. The next business is to skin the head and legs of the deer—these parts of the skin being used exclusively for shoes—and to cut the sinews of the legs, and hang them up to dry, to be made use of in future as sewing thread. While the husband is thus occupied, the wife is busy cleansing the entrails, preparing some for bags for the blood-puddings and for the melted kidney-fat, which are to be

preserved for the winter, and cutting up the others to make part of the savoury meal, the cooking of which belongs to the husband's department—the women in Lapland being only privileged to cook the victuals made of milk. When the soup, the entrails, and the marrow-bones are ready, the father of the family conscientiously divides the various delicacies among the members of the household, not forgetting the dogs nor the stranger within his door.

Strangers who have travelled in Lapland, are not much impressed with the hospitality of the Lapps; but this may be owing to the timidity of the people, for among each other they seem sociable, and particularly fond of a little quiet chat. When a visitor enters the tent, he is greeted with the word *puorist*—that is, 'Well! good-day!'—and if he be a friend, he and his host rub the tips of their noses against each other, and repeat in a slower and more impressive tone, puorist. To kiss with the nose, as they call it, is as usual among the Lapps as to kiss with the lips is among other European nations; and it is only perfect strangers among their own people that they greet with a shake of the hand, although this is the usual mode of greeting foreigners. The first question is, *Mah sakan*—'What news?' and if the stranger has any to relate, he is listened to with a degree of eager attention often ludicrous in its manifestations. The usual subjects on which information is sought are—Lapps, reindeer, and wolves; where this or that Lapp may be stationed at that particular time; what others have been heard of; how the reindeer pasturage is in this or that locality; but, above all, whether there be 'peace;' that is to say, whether there be no wolves about.

The Forest Lapp stands far above the Mountain Lapp in general culture, and enjoys many more comforts, in consequence of his greater industry and of the more favoured tracts he frequents. The Mountain Lapp, when he comes home to his tent drenched with rain or snow, has in the most cases not even a shed under which he may hang up his clothes to dry, for it is only at his autumn station that he possesses such sheds; and though perishing with cold, he may, as we have seen, not even have a fire in his tent to warm himself by, and he becomes, in consequence, slovenly, and disgustingly filthy in his habits. He seldom changes his habiliments, and as rarely combs his hair or performs bodily ablutions, and he is usually filled with vermin. Although he may be rich, he is frequently exposed to great hardships, and sometimes even to downright starvation, for it may happen, that when in search of some of the stray flock of his herd, he loses his way in the mountains, or is overtaken by a snow-storm, or some other of the numerous casualties which may occur in these wild regions, and is unable to reach his home again for a great many hours. Reindeer-flesh is his principal and sometimes his only food, for many of the Mountain Lapps do not even milk their deer, and they hardly possess the necessary vessels for dairy and culinary purposes. The Forest Lapp, on the contrary, in his

wooden cabin, under the protecting branches of the forest, is as well secured against the inclemencies of the weather as the Swedish peasant in his home, and his meals he may diversify with the produce of his fishing and his shooting, adding, as dessert, a dish of wild-berries and reindeer-milk. In his dress, he is neat and tidy, and in his habits, comparatively cleanly, for he combs his hair and performs daily ablutions, and the vessels and utensils used for domestic purposes, he likewise keeps clean and in nice order; whereas the Mountain Lapp only licks his bowl clean with his tongue or finger, and throws his culinary vessels aside, without any cleansing process whatsoever.

The Fisher Lapps include almost all the Norwegian and the Russian Lapps; in Swedish Lapland, on the contrary, it is only poverty that induces a Lapp to give up the nomadic life, and become a regular fisherman; and even under such circumstances, the love of the roving life in the forest and on the mountain is never extinguished, and should fortune favour him, he would not fail to return to this mode of life. Such favours of fortune are, however, very rare, for the Fisher Lapps of Scandinavia, at least—and it is of these we are chiefly treating—are almost invariably exceedingly poor.*

The dwelling-places of the Norwegian Fisher Lapps in so far differ from the tents and huts of the nomadic Lapps, that they are constructed of earth, and are often larger in size; but the conical shape which characterises the tent of the Mountain and Forest Lapp, also distinguishes the *gamme* of the Fisher Lapp; and on the outside, these mud-cabins, therefore, when covered with snow, bear a strong resemblance to the sepulchral tumuli so common in the Scandinavian countries; the more so as they have neither windows nor chimney, and the door, which is of a peculiar construction, so as always to close of itself, is sometimes difficult to discover. Immediately within the hut is a short and narrow passage, with one door leading into the dwelling-room of the family, and another to the stable—if it so be that the Fisher Lapp, as is generally the case, has been able to add to the comforts of his life by the possession of a cow or a few sheep or goats. The poorer Lapps, who have but one room in their gamme, share this with whatever domestic animals they may possess; and the filth and bad smells which always reign in these dwellings, are then much increased. The internal arrangements in the gamme are the same as in the tents; and here also there is an opening in the roof immediately above the hearth, to allow the smoke to escape. In rainy weather, or when it snows, this opening is closed with a screen made of a bladder, and stuck upon a long pole; and on these occasions the smoke, always very troublesome, becomes perfectly intolerable to all but those who, like the Lapps, have been inured to it from infancy. The food of the Fisher Lapps, who do not possess either

* A herd of one hundred deer is considered the very least on which a family can subsist.

cows, goats, or sheep, consists almost exclusively of fish, and in all cases the cattle also is partially fed on the produce of the sea. From the scorbutic affections which are the usual consequences of a constant fish-diet, but from which the Lapps in Finmarken are singularly exempt, they are supposed to be saved by the constant use of the *rumen acetosella*, which they mix with the milk they drink, and also of the herb *angelica*, which grows throughout Lapland, and is much in use among all the Lapps. Close to his gamme, the Fisher Lapp has a kind of wooden frame, on which he hangs his fish to dry, a shed under which he keeps his fishing-tackle, and a heap of birch-twigs for burning; and further his premises do not extend.

So far as we have hitherto seen them, the Lapps are probably very nearly the same as when they made their first appearance in the history of the north; but they are not now the sole occupants of the wide-spread territories through which they roam, and their contact with the new-comers has introduced some modifications in their condition and character, while the establishment of settled colonies has also, in a great measure, changed the aspect of the country. The plunderings to which the Finns dwelling along the coast of Norway were subjected, during the heathen period, from the Vikings who passed these coasts on their numerous expeditions to Biarmeland—now Russian Lapland—were ultimately superseded by regular levies of tribute, made upon them by powerful lords in the adjoining province of Nordland. At a later period, after Harold the Fairhaired had brought the whole of Norway under the dominion of one supreme ruler, the right to levy the *Finnefærd*, or tribute of the Finns, was vested in the *Lænsmand*, or governor of Nordland, on condition of his paying a certain yearly contribution to the crown. In the year 1305, the town of Bergen obtained a monopoly of trade with Finmark, in which, shortly afterwards, the town of Trondhjem was allowed to participate. From this period dates the establishment of Norwegian colonies in Finmark, for the fisheries on the coast soon attracted numerous immigrants; and in spite of the frequent piratical attacks of the Russians, Finmark became in a short time a very flourishing province. Unwise government interference with the freedom of trade, however, caused various fluctuations in the prosperity of the country, but which, probably, had no influence on the state of the Lapps, except in as far as when the Norwegian population increased in consequence of the flourishing trade, they were gradually driven from the most favourable positions on the coast; and when the Norwegian population decreased in consequence of the decline of this trade, they became exposed to the contaminating influences of the offscourings of Norwegian society, Finmark having been made a place for the deportation of criminals. As subjects of the Norwegian crown, the Lapps have become Christians; but their history in Norway, where their number is now about 4000, differs little from that of the Norwegian fisher population of the province.

The Lapps, as well as the other inhabitants of Finmark, take no part in the great winter-fisheries at Lofoden, but confine themselves to their own coasts, the waters around which, though affording a less abundant harvest, possess this advantage, that fishing may there be carried on all the year round with greater profit; but their want of enterprise, and the inferior tackle and implements they make use of, render the fisheries much less profitable to the natives than to their neighbours the Nordlanders, who, when the spring fishing-season on their own coasts is over, come up here with their craft to fish during the summer and autumn months.

Although the Fisher Lapps, or Finns, of Finmarken, are described by unbiassed observers as a gentle, inoffensive, and rather intelligent race, who, in point of education, religious as well as secular, are quite equal to the lower classes of Norwegians in the same province, they are, nevertheless, held in the greatest contempt by the latter, and still more by the Quæns who have settled here, and who attribute to them every vice. In 1743, a royal edict was issued, to the effect that it was the king's will and desire that the Lapps should be held in the same esteem and consideration as all his other subjects, and should not be looked down upon on account of their origin; yet such are the antipathies of race, that even to this day the term 'respectable people' is used in Finmark in contradistinction to the term Finn, which, the reader will remember, is the name by which the Lapps are known in Norway. Mixed marriages occur very rarely, and when they do take place, they are mostly very unhappy, on account of the contempt to which it exposes both parties, and the terms of opprobrium which, in consequence, they apply to each other. A Norwegian or Quæn woman never marries a Lapp, but a Norwegian man does sometimes marry a Lapp woman.

In Sweden, the progression of events has been very similar to that of Norway; but here a wider field is left for observation of the Lapps in their original nomadic state, and in their connection with the more civilised race; and in the sequel, as in the preceding pages, we shall confine ourselves chiefly to Swedish Lapland.

Long after Lapland was nominally incorporated with Sweden, the Lapps remained as independent as before of the Swedish crown. This independence was, no doubt, chiefly owing to their nomadic state, and to the utter absence of a political constitution among them, which, of course, put subjugation by an armed force out of the question. Neither in the language nor the traditions of the Lapps, are there any vestiges of a kingship, or any other central authority having ever existed among them; for although some historians make mention of Finn kings in the middle ages, on nearer investigation, these seem merely to have been some head of a family, assuming leadership for a temporary purpose; and the chiefs mentioned by Ziegler and Schæffer, as clad in red uniforms, and called kings, were only the chiefs of the Bircarli, whom we shall mention hereafter. *Attje* (father), *Podnje* (old man), and *Kallcs*

(self-dependent man), are the names of highest dignity in the Lappic language; and in these we trace the outlines of the constitution of Lappic society—submission to paternal authority, and respect for old age and vigorous manhood. All words denoting authority of a less primitive description are borrowed from the Swedish language. Even the fabulous legends which abound among the people, and which bear the impress of very ancient date, do not turn round any prominent personalities, such as gods or heroes, nor describe conflicts carried on for the common good by tribes or communities of any kind; they merely represent man as in conflict with a being of another order, called *Stallo*, to whom is not, however, attributed gigantic stature or stupendous qualities, but who is described as of somewhat greater size and strength than man—that is, the Lapp—and as particularly fond of human flesh. Being, however, of a stolid, stupid nature, Stallo is generally represented as defeated by man, for whom he has laid snares, and whom he intends to eat, escaping from him by stratagem, and catching him in his own traps. Stallo is also represented not only as eating human beings, but as occasionally devouring his own kith and kin; and his wife, Rutakis, is depicted as a crabbed, snarling old woman.*

* These Stallo stories—which, if there be any historical foundation for them, would seem to denote that the Lapps, at one period of their existence, had to struggle against a savage race of cannibals—are of a most primitive character. Here is one:—Stallo had set a snare to catch the children of man; but the father discovering this, purposely fixes himself in the snare, and, pretending to be dead, makes himself stiff, to appear as if frozen. When Stallo comes and finds him, he exclaims with joyful surprise: 'Ha! ha! the old boy himself has fallen into the snare!' He then carries his prey to his tent, and puts him into a corner to thaw. In the meanwhile, he goes outside to chop some wood. His three sons stand looking at him; he tells the eldest to go into the tent and fetch another hatchet for him. The boy goes in, but comes out again without having found the hatchet, which the Lapp has secreted. Stallo then commands his second son to search for it; but he likewise returns without having succeeded. Stallo then says to the youngest boy: 'You are always the cleverest; you go and search, and I am sure you will find it.' The boy goes in, but does not find the hatchet; but on coming out again he says to his father, as if in confidence: '*Attjam, attjam, tjalmatjah jolluraddi!*'—('Father, father, his little eyes are running round!') 'Yes, yes, my boy,' answers Stallo, 'that's all right; then he is about to thaw.' Stallo himself now goes into the tent to look for the hatchet; but as he puts his head through the door, the Lapp chops it off with the hatchet, and thus kills him. He then puts the sons also to death; and thus is exterminated one Stallo family.

Another legend relates that Stallo had set snares to catch beavers, and having made a fire in the wood hard by, had taken off his clothes and laid himself down to rest. Before this, however, he fastened a cord to the snare, which at the other end was attached to some contrivance near the fire, which would sound the alarm and awake him as soon as the beaver entered the snare and touched the cord. A Lapp, who had been on the watch, had observed all this, and as soon as Stallo fell asleep, he went and pulled the cord. Stallo, starting up, hurries to the net, but finds no beaver: on returning to the fire, however, he discovers that all his clothes have been burned; for while he was looking after the beaver, the Lapp had hurried round and thrown them into the fire. But Stallo thinks that he is himself the author of the misfortune, and upbraiding himself for his carelessness, he sits and warms himself by the fire until the alarm again sounds. Again he runs to the snare, and finds it empty, and what is worse, this time, on returning, he finds that the fire has been put out. This is again the work of the artful Lapp. Stallo now begins to feel cold, and in his distress has recourse to the moon, which is just rising above the horizon. 'See, father! thy son is cold!' he cries, stretching his arms towards the moon; but he is, nevertheless, left to perish with cold.

The Swedish monarchs casting about for some means of making their nomadic subjects contribute to the wellbeing of the realm, bethought them at length of the same means as the Norwegians, and farmed out the Lapps, as it were, to certain individuals called Bircarli, as to whose origin great obscurity reigns, but who were probably enterprising traders in contiguous localities, who were acquainted with the advantages to be derived from a monopoly of trade with the Lapps, at a period when the furs, in which their country abounded, were so highly valued in Europe.

The subjection and administration of the country by the Bircarli, seem to have been limited to such overreaching as a right to levy tribute from, and a hereditary monopoly of trade with a half-savage people would necessarily lead to; and their oppression of the Lapps on the one side, and their want of submission to the crown of Sweden on the other, eventually induced King Gustavus I. to withdraw the privileges granted to them by his predecessors, and Lapland has thenceforward been administered like the rest of Sweden, with such slight modifications as the peculiar character of the country and the people may necessitate. However, the Bircarli, who had founded trading communities at the mouths of all the great rivers in West Bothnia, availing themselves of their superior knowledge of the country and of the people, continued for a very long period after they had lost their sovereign power, to enjoy *de facto* a monopoly of trade with the Lapps, among whom they sent travelling agents to make their purchases. To put an end to this state of things, King Charles IX., in the commencement of the seventeenth century, appointed regular fairs to be held in the various districts of Lapland, at which trade was to be free to all persons who attended; and, furthermore, ordered that sheds for the convenience of the traders should be erected at the public expense at the various church-places where the fairs were to be held; such church-places—that is to say, places where churches are built, or at least public worship is performed, and, in some instances, a few settlers have congregated in the neighbourhood—being the nearest approach to towns in the interior of Swedish Lapland.

The Lapps had most probably been visited by Christian missionaries during the Catholic period in Sweden, but it is not known how far the latter succeeded in christianising the people. Gustavus Vasa, the first Protestant king of Sweden, seems also to have been the first who introduced any permanent measures for the spread and maintenance of the Christian religion among the Lapps; he having ordered that they should meet annually, at certain periods and in certain localities, to be instructed and examined in its tenets, similar meetings or gatherings having previously been instituted for purposes of taxation; but regular churches were not built in Lapland before the reign of Charles IX. Up to this period, and for some time after it, the Lapps, though nominally Christians, seem to have retained many of their old heathenish superstitions and idolatries—a circumstance the less to be wondered at, as many

of the men sent to impart to them a knowledge of the purer faith, were but very imperfectly acquainted with the language of the people they were to teach, and in many instances even were totally ignorant of it. However, during the reigns of Gustavus Adolphus and his daughter Christina, the Gospels, the Psalms, various portions of the Old Testament, the Swedish Catechism, and several other religious books, were translated into the Lappic tongue; and the pastors, who, until then, had only visited their flocks from time to time, were ordered to take up their abode near their churches, lands and tithes being assigned to them for their subsistence, and the whole country divided into parishes. A school for imparting the rudiments of education to Laplanders was also founded by Gustavus Adolphus at Lyksele, in Umea Lappmark; and at the commencement of the eighteenth century, a similar benefit was conferred on the other Lappmarks, and from this period the real conversion of the people must be dated.

Each Lapp school, indeed, only admitted six pupils, who were clothed and fed, and received a course of instruction of two years' duration, at the public expense; but besides that the pupils from these schools exercised a beneficial influence in their families, and were expected, in their turn, to become instructors, there were a certain number of so-called *Catechets* who were bound, for a very small remuneration, to act as private teachers in the families of such Lapps as might desire to have their children educated, but could not gain admittance for them into the schools. In 1820, however, this system was abandoned for one that seems not to have borne as good fruits. According to the new system, the various Lappmarks are divided into a certain number of districts, to each of which a catechet is appointed, who is to travel about among the Lapps within the district, and impart instruction to them in their tents, and who thus holds the position of an ambulatory schoolmaster, ever in search of his pupils; for as the districts are of considerable extent, and the Mountain Lapps do not move in bodies, but each household, on the contrary, keeps as wide apart from the others as may be desirable, on account of the pasturage, the catechet has to travel from one to another, and can seldom remain more than one, or, at the most, two weeks in each family.* During their *tournées*, the catechets are bound to note down on what day they arrive in each family, what persons they teach and examine, what are the results of these examinations, and every

* The imperfections of such a system are obvious, and are keenly felt by the Lapps themselves, who are by no means indifferent to the advantages of education, and who, in their zeal, sometimes devise remedial measures. Thus, for instance, occasionally when starting on their annual migrations, they leave their children at some one or other of the church-places under the care of one or more catechets as the number of pupils may require, these pupils being as often grown-up persons as children; for it is generally such of their offspring as are by nature particularly dull, or stupid, and troublesome, that the Lapps in preference put to school; such persons being in their language called *muorum*, which means, being turned into trees.

other matter that they may deem worthy of record, these notes having ultimately to be submitted to the missionaries, who exercise a kind of superintendence over the catechets. The missionaries are appointed in addition to the regular clergy, it being their duty to travel like the catechets among the Lapps while on their yearly migrations; to attend to their spiritual wants, to examine them on religious subjects, and to assist them in all ways with advice; but as the limits within which the missionary has to perform his duties in many cases embrace an area of from 400 to 500 square miles Swedish, and the Lappic households roaming within this territory may amount to as many as 200, he cannot, of course, at the utmost, devote more than one day in the year to each family, as much time is consumed in travelling through the trackless wilderness, without a guide, and encumbered with his own luggage, for the missionaries are too poor to be able to afford to pay for assistance. If they possess a horse, they may drive themselves, where the country is of a character to admit of it; but through the forests, where the pathways are encumbered with the trunks of fallen trees, a vehicle can with difficulty pass; and down the mountain-sides in winter, when covered with deep snow, snow-skates are the only aids a man can avail himself of; while in summer, lakes and elves must be crossed in rickety little boats, which must be drawn over land from one lake to the other.

To the religious instruction which the Lapps receive from the catechets and missionaries, must be added that imparted from the pulpit. There are fifteen or sixteen pastorates in the Swedish Lappmarks, and in the churches belonging to these, divine worship is performed every Sunday for the few Swedish settlers who live on the spot; but a full service is only performed every second or third Sunday, when the settlers living at a distance, as also the Lapps, are expected to attend. The service is performed in the Swedish or the Lappic language, according as the majority of the persons present belong to the one or the other people: in all cases, however, the beginning of the prayer or hymn is always given out in the language of the minority, so as to enable them to follow in their own books; and the texts of the day are read in both languages. The sermon is always preached in Swedish first, and afterwards, if necessary, repeated in Lappic by the pastor himself, if he be competent, if not, by an interpreter.* Although the churches are pretty well attended on the alternate Sundays, it is doubtful whether the devotional feelings of the people would suffice to draw them from a distance sometimes of six or ten Swedish miles, were it not that each church Sunday becomes a kind of market-day, on which, by mutual interchange, they provide for their immediate wants. The settlers in Lappmark are in general too poor to lay in a stock of all the various provisions

* Some of the Lappic tribes are perfectly familiar with the Swedish language, and all understand and speak it sufficiently well for ordinary intercourse with the Swedes.

they may require for a long period, and they have no town or village in the neighbourhood to which they may repair to supply their daily wants; the opportunities for barter afforded by the church-meetings are therefore of the greatest importance to them; and no settler or Lapp sets off for church without carrying with him some superfluous article or other, such as a pot of butter, a reindeer hide, some dried fish, &c., in the hope of being able to exchange it for some other article—such as salt, flour, window-glass, &c.—of which he may be in want. However much this primitive traffic may look like Sabbath desecration in the eyes of a highly civilised community, enjoying almost unlimited means and facilities for supplying all its wants—in a country like Lapland, where the population is very thinly scattered over an immense area, presenting every difficulty with which locomotion can have to contend, the opportunities for an interchange of commodities, and for entering into social relations of various kinds, contribute almost as much to the spread of civilisation, as the humanising doctrines taught from the pulpit. In so far, therefore, this Sunday traffic may be defensible; but there is, nevertheless, one circumstance connected with it that has a most demoralising effect. The love of spirituous liquors is as strong among the Lapps of Sweden as of Norway, and the Swedish government, fearing the evil consequences to which this love might lead if left free to gratify itself at all times, has prohibited the sale of brandy in Lapland except on certain days in the year.* However, even Lappic ingenuity knows how to defeat government prohibitions, and a Lapp never concludes any commercial bargain without the mediation of a dram, which is given and accepted, not sold. Now, as the brandy-bottle is introduced even on occasion of such primitive traffic as that carried on on Sunday in the church-places, this often leads to most scandalous scenes, and to a true desecration of the Sabbath.

The number of churches in the Lappmarks being very few in proportion to the great extent of country over which the population is spread, and the Lapps being, during their summer wanderings in the mountains, at a distance of some twenty or more Swedish miles from the nearest church, prayer-houses, or chapels of ease, have been erected in various localities within more easy reach, and to these the pastors resort once or twice in the summer, to attend to the spiritual wants of their flock. In these chapels, the service, being performed exclusively for the benefit of the Lapps, is held in their language only; but so little do they appreciate the advantages offered to them, that they look upon attendance at the chapels as an oppressive burden, and would probably make their appearance there in very small numbers, were they not (though erroneously, we believe) under the impression that they would be fined for non-attendance; and how far the true spirit of

* Such, at least, was the case a few years ago, and we are not aware of any change having been introduced.

Christianity has penetrated among this people, may be judged from the fact, that the rich Lapps sometimes hire substitutes to represent them at the prayer-meetings. But in spite of these disgraceful and commonly occurring incidents, it must not be supposed that the Lapps have remained wholly uninfluenced by the Christian religion, for there are among them instances of truly pious characters, who give proofs of a sincere worship in spirit and in truth, so far as their simple, unenlightened intellects will enable them; and it is not unusual in Lappic families—at least among the tribes which we have classed as Forest Lapps—to have family-worship at home on the Sundays when they are unable to attend church.

On no occasion does the evil spirit that inhabits the brandy-bottle play so conspicuous a part among the Lapps as during the annual fairs held in the principal church-places throughout the various Lappmarks. These church-places, as we have already said, are the nearest approach to towns that are to be found in the Swedish Lappmarks, where, indeed, they are in general called church-towns, though in many cases the pastor, and two or three impoverished Lapps or Swedes, are the only persons who dwell on the spot, the rest of the town being made up of wooden *Stugor*, or one-roomed houses, stalls, and stables, erected for the convenience of the persons frequenting the place on church-days and fair-days. These cabins —for they are little else—are in most instances built in regular streets, but in some they are strewn about, or crammed one upon the other in the most irregular and inconvenient way, without any attention to the requirements of health, cleanliness, or safety against fire. The Forest Lapps, like the Swedish settlers, and the traders from the towns of West Bothnia who attend the fairs, have their separate cabins at the church-places; but the Mountain Lapps, with their customary *insouciance*, install themselves without ceremony in the parsonage, or in the cabin of some settler—spreading themselves at night all over the floor, with their heads pillowed on each other's bodies. The same want of consideration is shewn in their other arrangements. Instead of providing themselves, as do all the other visitors of the fair, with the necessary culinary vessels for cooking their provisions, they rely upon the chance of obtaining the loan of whatever they may require in this way; and when one has been so fortunate as to secure a caldron, and another comes and finds it on the fire, the last-comer puts in his bit of meat also, and another and another does the same, until the caldron can hold no more. The marvel is, how each individual can make good his claim to his own particular piece of meat when the whole is cooked.

The busy bustling look of animation which prevails in the church-places on fair-days, and along the roads leading to them, a day or two previous to the opening of the fair, is very different from the usual aspect of bleak, barren, thinly populated Lapland; for all the business of the country is transacted on these occasions. The judges

come to hold the assizes, the dean to make his annual visitation, the tax-gatherer to collect tithes and tribute, the district doctor to inquire into the sanitary condition of the people, the traders to purchase whatever commodities the Lapps and *Nybyggare* (settlers) may have to dispose of, and to provide in exchange for their wants; and the latter come, not only to sell and to barter, to pay taxes, to lay complaints before the justices, to be examined by priest and doctor, but also the more eager for the social enjoyments of the occasion that the greater part of the year is spent in solitary laboriousness; for those who would win a living from the stony soil of Lapland, lead no holiday life; and neither does the roving career of the pastoral Lapps, as we have seen, exempt them from hard work.

The town-traders are in Lapland called burghers *par excellence*, (in Lappic, *Borkarl*, which may probably be derived from *Birearl*); and every burgher has a certain number of Lapps with whom more especially he transacts business; but the intimacy which thus springs up between them by no means supersedes the mediation of the universal commercial agent—the brandy-flask; for the first thing the Lapp expects when he presents himself at the stall of his burgher, is *puorist-kokse* (the dram of welcome). If the trader linger in making the offer, the Lapp is not too delicate to remind him of what he considers his due; and he expects, moreover, a present of *sma-veisa*—that is, hooks-and-eyes, scissors, needles, and other such things. In return, however, the Lapp bestows upon the Swede a haunch, or perhaps a quarter or a saddle, of reindeer; but such generosity must be rewarded with an additional number of drams; in this instance, to be bestowed on relatives and followers as well, whom he brings with him to witness the delivery of *vuossiam-pierko* (the meat for cooking), which custom renders obligatory. Not until these ceremonies have been gone through does the regular business begin, and even then the Lapp takes good care not to dispose of more than one article at a time, as in every new bargain is included a further measure of brandy, which is received in a tin flask brought for the purpose. When this is full, he ceases bargaining for that day, but proceeds with his bottle and his companions to some comfortable nook, where the drinking-cup goes round, until the company, elevated beyond the region of common prose, begin to converse in song, it being usual among the Lapps to express their feelings in this way whenever they are greatly excited. The tunes of the Lappic songs are of the utmost simplicity, consisting of but one musical strophe, and are sometimes of a wild and joyous character, sometimes expressive of that deep melancholy which is peculiar to the music of all barbarous nations, and seems, as it were, an utterance of the soul's consciousness of its own state of bondage. During the convivial meetings just alluded to, these various characteristics of the music are alternately shewn; for the brandy loosens the bonds of quiet phlegma which usually fetter the Lappic spirit; and the passions of this seemingly passionless people

speak out in wild extravagance of manner, in tears of joy or sorrow, and in long embraces, during which a musical dialogue is kept up.

If the fair lasts several days, the same scenes are repeated each day; among the non-Lappic attendants, hearty conviviality also reigns, and more particularly in the parsonage, which, with the true hospitality of the wilderness, is open to as many guests as can possibly find room within its walls. On some occasions, the guests become in their turn entertainers, for it is an old custom in the Lappmarks, that whoever visits a fair for the first time must stand treat, which generally consists of a bowl of hot rum-punch, a favourite beverage throughout the Scandinavian countries, and which never fails to awaken a spirit of jovial hilarity. Thus, although many of the features which contribute to the animation of fairs such as they still exist in most European countries, are wanting in a Lapland one, the latter is not without its great attractions in the eyes of those that frequent it, and to a casual observer, the gaiety and peculiarity of the scene are increased by the Asiatic-looking costumes of the Laplanders. This costume consists of pantaloons, which are worn by both sexes, and a kind of long caftan or shirt, called *Kapte*, worn over the pantaloons, and made, like the latter, of kersey, or coarse woollen cloth of various colours. The women generally prefer red for their trousers, but other colours are also used. For the kapte, the favourite colour is light blue; but black, green, white, and gray are not uncommon, whereas red, yellow, or brown, is never worn. The collar of the kapte is mostly of a darker colour than the kapte itself, and is often bordered with a red cord, and elaborately embroidered with silver thread—as much as a reindeer-cow being frequently paid for the embroidery of such a collar. Linen is an unknown luxury among the Lapps, but under the outer kapte they often wear a second of white or gray kersey, or an old skin pelisse, which, having first done duty as overall, is, when the hairs are worn off, converted to this use. In the northernmost Lappmarks, pelisses of reindeer hides, with the hair turned inwards to the body, are worn next to the skin in winter; and altogether, clothes of kersey and cloth are only worn by the wealthy Lapps, the poor being obliged to rest contented with reindeer hides for outer and inner garments. In summer, tunics of tanned reindeer hides, but made exactly like the kapte, are worn over the latter, as a protection against rain. On the feet, the Lapps wear shoes with pointed and upturned toes, made, in winter, of raw reindeer hides, in summer, of tanned reindeer leather. Instead of stockings, they use a species of grass, which grows in the country, and is carefully prepared for the purpose, it being hackled or beaten until it is torn into fine shreds, and then made up into thin plaits, and hung up to dry. This is the only hay that the Lapp ever makes, but insignificant as this haymaking may seem, it is of great importance to him; for these plaits being

carefully stuffed into his shoes, protect his feet most effectually from the cold, and at the same time absorb the moisture from the skin. Therefore, when he leaves his autumn station, he never fails to take away with him a winter supply of these hay-sock. A couple of plaits, called *pilkah*, last from one to two weeks. The head-covering of the Lapps is a conical cap, made of four triangular pieces of dark blue cloth, bound in the seams with red. In this point, also, there is no difference between the dress of the two sexes, except in the southern Lappmarks, where the women's caps are red, bound with some darker colour. One piece of finery, however, the women have reserved to themselves, and this is a large cape of dark-coloured cloth, but decked in most fantastic fashion with silver ornaments of various kinds, such as rings, buttons, crosses, round, oval, and square plates, &c., the whole frequently representing a value of from fifteen to twenty reindeer. This cape, which is only worn on solemn occasions, is matter of no little pride to its wearer and her relatives, for it gives an imposing idea of the riches of the family, a subject on which the Lapps are by no means indifferent; for, as their mode of life admits of no distinctions of rank, the ambitious among them are the more anxious to display their advantage over their fellows in point of riches. The silver cape, as it is termed, is used by the women only; but the silver belt, which is a leather one decorated with silver ornaments, is worn by both sexes, and the men wear under another name, that of breast-cloth, a cape very similar to that of the women; but instead of being adorned with silver ornaments, it is tricked out with pieces of cloth of various colours. This breast-cloth being lined, serves as a pouch or pocket, an opening for the introduction of the hand being left in the lining, between which and the outer stuff the Lapp carries his money, his spoon, and other small articles.

The fairs are, of course, the principal places for parading silver capes and belts, and the more so as among the many other matters of business transacted, there are also matrimonial alliances, relative to which, among the Lapps, the heart is seldom consulted; but in the preliminaries of which the brandy-bottle again plays a conspicuous part. The mode of proceeding in these matters is generally as follows: the parents and relatives of the suitor, down to cousins three and four times removed, assemble, and having provided themselves with an abundant supply of the persuasive spirit, demand an interview with the parents of the chosen maiden, who are also surrounded by a numerous company of relatives and friends. The leader of the suitor's party, called *Sognon-aive*, opens the subject, addressing the maiden's parents, and enumerating the advantages of the match. The latter, backed by their relatives and clients, on their side endeavour to prove that the conditions offered are not very tempting; and now the brandy-bottle is called in to aid the eloquence of the Sognon-aive. The more obstinately the bride's party adhere to their opinion, the more liberally they are

plied with brandy, until subdued, if not persuaded, they at length request to see the bridal-gifts, which, in fact, represent the sum which the man pays for his wife. If these prove satisfactory, the matter is at once settled, bride and suitor, if present, being the only persons whose opinion is not asked or given throughout the whole transaction. Should a match thus settled by any chance be broken off, the bridal-gifts must be returned; if not, the offending parties render themselves liable to be sued for the debt before the legal tribunals. So far, however, are the Lapps in general from refusing to satisfy these conditions, that it is, on the contrary, usual on such occasions to add some present to the gifts when returned, to make up for the brandy expended to no purpose.

The last day of the fair, the so-called *Vadmarsdag*, is the most important in the estimation of the Lapp, for this is the day on which ardent spirits may be freely sold and bought, and on this day, therefore, the trader expects to regain whatever he may have lost by the *gratis* distribution of brandy on the preceding days. The following morning, the fair breaks up; and long strings of strange-looking vehicles, some drawn by reindeer, some by horses, leave the church-place, many of the occupants being still so overcome by the potations of the preceding night, as to necessitate their being tied down to the bottom of the sledge or car.

That these constant temptations to intoxication, whenever the Lapps come into contact with a higher civilisation, have not only directly a demoralising effect, but also indirectly tend to keep them in a low condition, there can be no doubt; but these opportunities fortunately occur only at long intervals, and there is, besides, in the life of a nomade, a simplicity which wards off the worst vices of society. The Lapps are, therefore, upon the whole, by no means a very degraded people; and many virtues, such as chastity, conjugal fidelity, hospitality, reign in their humble tents. Theft of reindeers has hitherto been the most common crime among them, the temptation of appropriating a stray deer in the woods, where no human eye can watch the deed, and where the wolf may so easily bear the blame, being generally too great for their power of resistance. Of late, however, a new passion has been kindled in the soul of the Lapps—that of religious fanaticism—and they are beginning to appear in a new and fearful character.

The Swedish and Norwegian state-churches tolerate no rivals, and use whatever spiritual power they possess to keep their members in due subjection. Baptism and confirmation are enforced by the aid of the civil authorities, and even participation in the Lord's Supper is in a measure rendered compulsory, for the clergyman may refuse to publish the bans of Christian wedlock for those who have not communed at least once in the year. Nevertheless, dissent has crept into Sweden and Norway, and for many years an illiterate sect, strangely enough denominated *Læsare* (Readers), have rendered themselves conspicuous, and have made many converts, especially among the uneducated classes;

their denunciations, prophesyings, and pretended visions being of a nature to take hold on the imagination of the rude masses. Thirty years ago, the influence of this sect, whose Shibboleth is salvation by faith, and by faith alone, had already extended to Lapland; and many a Lapp who remained deaf to the more moderate lessons inculcated by the regular clergy, was moved by the fanatic ravings of the Læsare; yet, until within the last few years, the naturally phlegmatic temperament of this people saved them from falling into the worst excesses of religious fanaticism, and some of the least civilised among the tribes were even, by the preachings of the Læsare, redeemed from a state of brutal sottishness and violence. Of late, however, the Lapps also have been infected with the rage of prophesying, and of converting the world with fire and sword, if necessary; and some tribes among the Mountain Lapps have enacted in Norway, scenes which equal in savage fanaticism the wild excesses of the Anabaptists of Germany in the sixteenth century.

Leopold von Buch, in his travels in Norway and Lapland, relates that great complaints were made in Finmark of the injurious influence exercised by the Lapps in regard to the cultivation of the soil in that province. It was told that this people, having no respect for boundary-lines or enclosures, constantly allowed their deer to break through hedges, to trespass on private property, and to consume the produce of meadows and fields, destined to serve as winter fodder for the peasants' cattle; and that even when the deer merely passed over the pasture-grounds, the grass was rendered useless, because the cows evinced an unconquerable disgust for anything which the hoof of a reindeer had touched. Were this statement to be depended upon, the Lapps would have great reason to deplore the day when Swedish or Norwegian settlers first established themselves in the lands once exclusively theirs; for in that case, certain qualities inherent in the nature of the animals that constitute their sole possessions, would place them at war with civilisation, and they could look forward to nothing better than gradual extinction. This supposed antipathy of the cow to the reindeer is, however, probably only a fond conceit of the Norwegian peasant, who thus attributes, even to the brute creation, the same inveterate prejudice against the Lapps that he nourishes in his own heart; for in Swedish Lapland, where the Lapps during their migrations often halt with their herds in the vicinity of a *Nybygge*, as the Swedish settlements are called, no such notion seems to prevail, nor does the passing by of a Lappic tribe seem to cause any apprehensions for the safety of crops and enclosures. On the contrary, the nomadic Lapps and the *Nybyggare* entertain very friendly relations; and the presence of the nomadic pastoral hordes in the country, is looked upon as greatly facilitating its colonisation by Swedes. When the Swedish colonist first settles on new lands in Lappmark, he generally possesses no more than one cow, that feeds upon the coarse grass which is the natural produce of the

marshy grounds that abound in all directions: his future fields he has to win from the forest; and though in summer he may support himself and his family on the milk of the cow, with the addition of fish from some neighbouring lake or elv, and game from the forest, in winter he would be reduced to a state of great distress, could he not purchase reindeer for slaughtering from the Lapps as they pass by his settlement. To the Lapp, this trade in reindeer is also very profitable; for when the number of his herd exceeds the amount necessary for the support of his own family, this number would otherwise only contribute to swell his sense of self-importance—a circumstance which has indeed such great weight with him, that he sometimes refuses to sell in spite of the advantages offered. It is, however, only the very rich who can indulge in this pride; and in general, as the settler's stock increases, a lively bartering trade is established between him and the Lapps on whose migratory track he has settled. Sometimes, also, when the settler has already a prospering farm, other arrangements are entered into, the Lapps agreeing to deliver a certain number of reindeer fit for slaughtering in autumn, on condition of the settler receiving as boarders, during the summer months (when he has more milk and fish than he can consume in his family, and which he could not otherwise dispose of), either some old and infirm member, or some helpless infant belonging to the Lappic family, whose presence would be burdensome during the summer migrations.

The good understanding existing between the nomades and the settlers, is further evinced by the custom which prevails among the former of erecting small store-rooms in the immediate vicinity of the cabins of the settlers who live on their route, in which they stow away such valuables as they fear to leave in their cabins in the church-places, where they might easily be robbed, or at their harvest stations, which are deserted during the greater part of the year. In these latter places, they never leave anything more precious than their spring provisions, whereas, in the store-rooms around the Nybygge, where their treasures are under the watchful eye of the settler, they even deposit money; and thus it has become less common than it used to be among the Lapps, to bury their hoards in some secret spot, in which, at their death, it was lost to their heirs.

But notwithstanding these amicable relations, there exists, nevertheless, among the Swedes also a social prejudice against the Lapps. The races are by nature so distinct, that a kind of instinctive antipathy seems to keep them from entering into any intimate connection as long as the Lapps retain all the characteristic features of their nationality. Thus, although the Swedes may associate with this people, apparently on a footing of equality, when there is a question of marriage, matters assume a very different aspect. Marriage between a Lapp who continues his Lappic mode of life, or even his Lappic costume, and a Swedish maiden, is

unheard of; and even when he becomes a settler, and adopts Swedish dress and manners, he runs a great risk of being disdainfully rejected by the maiden, who considers it vastly below her dignity to become a *Lappfru* (Lappwife). In a certain measure, the same state of things obtains as regards the Swedish men and the Lappic women: so long as the latter retain their original costume, the Swedes never condescend to ask them in marriage; but if a Lappic maiden has served from her early years among the Swedes, and has assumed their dress and manners, which is frequently the case, such marriages are not very uncommon. But when the Lapps become settlers, and conform to Swedish manners, their Lappic origin, and the consequent prejudice against them, seems to be forgotten already in the second generation. In the third generation, even the physical characteristics of the race are said to be partially obliterated; and intermarriages between them and the Swedes are then so frequent, that a great number of the present Swedish inhabitants of the Lappmarks are in reality of Lappic origin—on the mother's side at least.

The relations between the Lapps and the Swedes are, however, different in the different Lappmarks. In Jæmteland's Lappmark, for instance, which originally belonged to Norway, great hostility is said to exist between the nomades and the Swedish settlers. Upon the whole, Swedish Lapland, which constitutes one-third of the Swedish realm, must not be supposed to form one province between the various parts of which constant and lively intercourse is kept up, for the case is quite the contrary. Between Jæmteland's and the other Lappmarks there is no intercourse whatever; and the mountain-ridges and wild forest tracts which separate several of the other Lappmarks, also form boundaries across which little or no communication is kept up.

A sudden transition from the nomade life to that of a settler is, we believe, unheard of; but when a nomadic Lapp becomes impoverished by the decrease of his herd, either through some of the contagious diseases to which these animals are subject, or in consequence of unpropitious seasons, he generally settles down on the borders of some lake, and becomes a Fisher Lapp. If circumstances favour him, he acquires, in course of time, a few goats, then a cow, and he is then already half-way a settler, for he must now build a stall,* and make hay; and gradually, as his herd increases, he abandons his Lappic habits, and contracts those of a Swedish peasant. In many cases, also, as we have seen, the young Lapps who take service in Swedish households, renounce their Lappic costume, and after this they never return to their former habits and mode of life. Whether the nomadic Lapps are likely to be ultimately absorbed in this way, we have not sufficient data for calculating; but that such absorption, though leading to extinction

* The Swedish Fisher Lapps live in tents, not in mud-huts like the Norwegians.

of nationality, would also in time lead to a higher degree of civilisation than can ever be attained by a nomadic people, there can be no doubt: however, at first the Lapps who from nomades become settlers, can hardly be looked upon as gainers by the change, for although the soil and climate of the Lappmarks are, by those best acquainted with the subject, declared to be far less inimicable to cultivation than is generally supposed, the agriculture of the country is still in so low a stage, that the soil cannot be said to feed even the scattered population which at present inhabits it. It is to be hoped, however, that at a period of the world's history when the production of the useful metals can hardly keep pace with the consumption, and when ship-building is acquiring such an extraordinary development, the resources of a country so rich in ores and in timber as Lapland, and with so many lakes and rivers, which even, when not navigable, might easily be rendered so, will not long be left undeveloped; and that the energies of the Swedish people and government will be brought to bear upon a part of the realm which, though at present not much more than a barren wilderness, may eventually become of vast importance.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

I.

BURKE once said of Charles James Fox, that he was born to be loved; and this was his great characteristic and his greatest praise. For the man who, in spite of many faults, inspires those around him with affection, who lights up with smiles the faces of all among whom he appears, must necessarily be the possessor of a warm heart and finely tempered mind. Most other statesmen, even when highly patriotic, infuse little warmth into their intercourse with the public; but Fox seems to have regarded parliament, and even the whole nation, as part of his own family, and to have thrown much of the warmth of friendship into his dealings with them. In consequence, all his contemporaries who were not severed from him by the violence of party-

spirit, watched over his reputation with something like brotherly solicitude; and even to this hour, when members of parliament appeal to the authority of Mr Fox, they do so with feelings very different from those with which they refer to the opinions of other statesmen.

There must, accordingly, be more than ordinary interest in following the career of such a man, so as, if possible, to discover the secret of his popularity. Other leaders of party have possessed much greater external advantages, have commanded the influence of more powerful families, possessed greater fortunes, equal knowledge, and talents and genius and eloquence scarcely inferior to his, yet no one, perhaps, was ever regarded with so much love and attachment by the country, or so earnestly admired by his friends, or so respected and esteemed by parliament, as Charles James Fox. Wise and learned as he was, his eloquence seemed to proceed less from his head than from his heart: it was the spontaneous expression of great qualities and great affections. He loved the country sufficiently to induce him to give up all his faculties to the study of its interests, and his faculties were sufficiently great to enable him thoroughly to comprehend these interests in all their amplitude and complexity. Study was the easy and natural habit of his mind, which was so large, that it readily admitted whatever was great in the intellectual world, and so full of genial warmth, that it naturally matured and brought to perfection whatever it embraced. He has been compared to Demosthenes, and no man of modern times ever so much deserved to suggest such a comparison. It is, however, praise enough to say, that he might have equalled Demosthenes, had the circumstances of the times, and the habits of society, and the practice of parliament, been such as to induce him to submit to so severe a discipline as that which rendered the Athenian the prince of orators—the model which all succeeding times have acknowledged to be inimitable, the man in whom knowledge and fire, and judgment and discretion, and grandeur of sentiment and severity of logic were united to carry eloquence to its highest pitch; who for two thousand years has excited perpetual imitation, and yet been found to be unapproachable in his greatness.

II.

Fox was born on the 13th of January 1749. His father, Lord Holland, was a new man who had raised himself to distinction by industry and court patronage. Through his mother, a daughter of the Duke of Richmond, he was descended from the royal families of England and Navarre—a circumstance on which he himself seems never to have set any value, though it no doubt influenced the judgment and predilections of others. Enough is not known of his early life; it is certain, however, that he was the spoiled

child of his father, who, with unpardonable weakness, petted and flattered him, and laid the foundation of those defects of character which became so startlingly apparent in after-years. Numerous anecdotes have been related by contemporary retailers of gossip, for the purpose of illustrating the events of his boyhood; but they are most of them of no significance. The following may, perhaps, deserve to be repeated, because they shew by what criminal excess of paternal indulgence the mind of the young statesman and orator was from the first corrupted. His father having determined to lay open a view of Holland House to the public, promised his son Charles that he should be present when the intervening wall was exploded by gunpowder. It happened, however, by accident, that the workmen performed this part of their task without giving notice to the young favourite. An expression of regret would have satisfied most fathers on such an occasion; but with an eccentric display of affection, which many persons perhaps will consider ludicrous, Lord Holland had the wall built up again, in order that Black Charley, as he was called, might have the gratification of witnessing its second overthrow!

Everybody remembers the equanimity with which Sir Isaac Newton bore the destruction of his papers by his dog Pompey; Lord Holland seems almost to have rivalled him in patience and good-nature. 'One night, when Secretary of State during the war, having a number of important expresses to despatch, he took them home from his office, in order to examine their contents more attentively before he sent them away. Charles, then about eight years old, came into the study, to which he had free access, and taking up one of the packets which his father had examined and set apart for sealing, he perused it with much seeming attention for some time, then expressed his disapprobation of the contents, and threw it into the fire. The secretary, far from being ruffled by this incident, or attempting to reprimand his son, turned immediately to look for the office-copy, and with the utmost composure and good-humour made out another.'

III.

One of the greatest blemishes in the character of Fox was his love of gambling, which accompanied him through the greater part of his life, and exposed him to some of the keenest vexations he ever endured. The seeds of this unhappy vice are supposed to have been sown by his father, whom, at the age of fourteen, he accompanied to Spa. All places which people frequent for the recovery of their health, are more or less detrimental to their morals. Fox, though a boy, seems immediately to have been absorbed into the vortex of play, which his father, instead of checking, encouraged by allowing him five guineas a night to be wasted on this destructive amusement. Can we wonder that the

love of excitement thus early fostered, should have produced at a later period such bitter fruit?

Like most other persons of distinction, Lord Holland desired to give his son a public education, and sent him first to Westminster School, and afterwards to Eton. His progress in those seats of learning is described in terms of general eulogium. He is said to have astonished his masters as much by the levity of his conduct as by the quickness and brilliancy of his abilities; while he already exerted over his school-fellows that fascination which in after-years he exerted over men. The elements of the character are, in fact, always the same—the discrepancies supposed to be observable in many cases between the boy and the man, being attributable to the want of discernment in those who undertake to judge, and not to any real change in the object. With the instincts of true generosity, Fox always espoused the cause of the weak against the strong. He had an innate love of justice in his disposition, was full of tenderness and compassion, and desired, above all things, to diffuse happiness around him. Fortune also, in his case, favoured the development of his amiable virtues, so that nearly all his companions became his friends. It was among them that he laid the first foundation of that empire which he afterwards exercised over the minds of his contemporaries. To shew in what light he was viewed at Eton, we introduce a copy of verses written by his school-fellow, the Earl of Carlisle, who had the sagacity to foresee his future eminence:—

'How will my Fox, alone, by strength of parts,
Shake the loud senate, animate the hearts
Of fearful statesmen! while around you stand
Both peers and commons listening your command.
While Tully's sense its weight to you affords,
His nervous sweetness shall adorn your words;
What praise to Pitt, to Townsend, e'er was due,
In future times, my Fox, shall wait on you.'

Much the same language may be applied to the progress of Fox at Oxford. He devoted himself attentively to study and to pleasure, and surpassed most of his companions in both. The excesses of youth have been not unaptly described as bills drawn at a long date, which have to be taken up with fearful interest in after-life. Fox's dissipation at Eton and Oxford sapped the foundations of his health, though evidence of the mischief did not immediately appear: even in his studies, there was a large share of intemperance. He returned from the Eleusis of the university, to devote himself fiercely to his books, and after having wasted the night in blameable indulgences, is reported to have read at least nine or ten hours a day. Of this assiduous application to learning, the fruits were afterwards manifest throughout his life. He always retained his admiration of classical literature; and inspiration derived from Homer and Euripides, often directed those thunders of eloquence with which he shook the House of Commons. Fox found in the great authors of antiquity, particularly in those of Greece,

manifestations of a kindred intellect, with all that originality and love of independence which characterise the great and noble of all generations. He was worthy to have lived and spoken at Athens, and to have associated with that 'old man eloquent' who

> 'Wielded at will the fierce democracy,
> Shook th' Arsenal, and fulmined over Greece
> To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.'

IV.

When he was supposed to have finished his studies at the university, he obtained his father's permission to travel on the continent. Over this portion of his life a thick veil, not, however, unadorned with gorgeous figures of embroidery, has been thrown by his biographers. He had agreed, it appears, to correspond with his friend, Richard Kirkpatrick, in verse; but if he adhered to his engagement, all these poetical effusions, save one, must have perished. The only remaining specimen is dated from Dover, and runs as follows:—

> 'From the time that I left you, dear Richard, at Almack's
> (For which I have no rhyme but the old one of Calmuks),
> I slept while I came a confounded slow pace,
> Till at last I arrived about eight at the place.
> From hence we are now just about to embark,
> And hope to reach Calais before it is dark.
> I begin, I can tell you, already to curse
> The engagements I made to write always in verse;
> For the muses are coy, and the more that I woo 'em,
> The more difficult 'tis, as I find, to get to 'em;
> They are whimsical women, but in spite of their malice,
> I will send you a letter to-morrow from Calais.'

The stagyrite, the master in learning and statesmanship of Alexander the Great, who explored the whole world of philosophy, and explained with equal clearness the laws which regulate poetry and eloquence, and the institutions of society and the movements of the universe—this man, we say, was a coxcomb in dress, loved to strut about the streets in purple, and to adorn his person with all the elegances of a fop. Charles James Fox had, in youth, the same weakness, and in most of the capitals of Europe astonished the politer circles by the extravagance of his attention to dress. This, however, was the most harmless of his propensities. He seems at the same time to have indulged in all the most reckless vices of youth, and to have contracted wherever he went a load of debt, which it required the utmost stretch of parental indulgence to discharge. Lord Holland now paid the penalty of his unwise fondness. Instead of properly checking, he had fostered the strongest passion of his son; and when, in a state of unaffected alarm, he sought to exercise his authority as a father, he found it scarcely equal to the task of reclaiming him from his irregularities. Letter after letter was despatched insisting on his immediate return, but it was not until he had utterly exhausted

his pecuniary resources, and probably also his credit, that Fox yielded a reluctant obedience to the summons. To balance, in some degree, the evils arising out of this premature tour, it may be observed, that he acquired during its continuance a strong relish for Italian literature and poetry, which certainly aided in imparting to his language that warmth and richness for which it was afterwards distinguished. In a letter to Kirkpatrick, he thus alludes to the growth of these favourite studies:—

'I employed almost my whole time at Oxford in the mathematical and classical knowledge, but more particularly in the latter, so that I understand Latin and Greek tolerably well. I am totally ignorant in every part of useful knowledge. I am more convinced every day how little advantage there is in being what at school and the university is called a good scholar: one receives a good deal of amusement from it, but that is all. At present, I read nothing but Italian, which I am immoderately fond of, particularly of the poetry. You, who understand Italian so well yourself, will not at all wonder at this. As to French, I am far from being so thorough a master of it as I could wish; but I know so much of it, that I could perfect myself in it at any time with very little trouble, especially if I pass three or four months in France. I should not run on in this manner about myself, if I were not convinced that you did not mean a compliment when you desired me to give some account of myself, but that you are really so good as to interest yourself in what concerns me. . . . I have so bad a taste as to differ from you very much about the French stage. I allow the French actors to be much better than ours, but I think our plays infinitely better. Here at Florence the people are clever at every other species of writing imaginable but the dramatic. All Italian plays are imitations, either of Greek, Latin, or French ones; but if the Italians are in this respect inferior to the French, English, &c., they are fully revenged in every other. For God's sake, learn Italian as fast as you can, if it be only to read Ariosto! There is more good poetry in Italian than in all other languages that I understand put together. In prose, too, it is a very fine language. Make haste and read all these things, that you may be fit to talk to Christians. Fitzwilliam is here, and, as you may imagine, we live a great deal together. Adieu, dear Richard: my letter is rather too long.'

Lord Holland, however, had not altogether mistaken his son's character: he foresaw that his honourable ambition would prove at least a match for his passions; and therefore, in his nineteenth year, procured, by the means usual in those days, his return to parliament. Both the Speaker and the House of Commons winked at this flagrant breach of rules, and Fox found himself, while almost a boy, numbered among the legislators of the British Empire. This circumstance may in part account for his immense success as a constitutional statesman and orator. He completed his education in parliament, by listening daily to the most distinguished

speakers—and few ages have seen greater—who then sat on the benches of the House of Commons, or had been recently translated to the peers: among these, was Lord Chatham, whose style of eloquence could hardly fail to awaken the strongest feeling of emulation in the breast of the youthful senator.

Fox immediately began to exercise his virgin eloquence, and soon became a favourite with the House. Like all truly great men, he was simple in his manner, and modest in his appreciation of himself. He knew he had great abilities, but he saw others with great abilities likewise, while they were in possession of what he was conscious of wanting—we mean, experience and familiarity with public business. He treated all the notabilities of the House with deference and consideration, and while earnest in the advocacy of his own opinions, was always careful, in the most graceful and winning manner, to concede the same right to others. His handsome, manly countenance, and singularly sweet, flexible, and affectionate voice, completed the spell, and inspired the entire body of the Commons of England with a growing fondness for the eloquence, at once learned and ingenuous, of the youthful orator.

No report has been preserved of any of his early speeches which can at all suffice to convey a correct idea of their character. But, apropos of the fascination of his personal appearance, Lord Holland relates the following curious anecdote:—'I have in my possession a singular proof of the figure and impression Mr Fox made on his first appearance as an orator. A young artist, and, I believe, a reporter of debates, a Mr Surtees, of Mainsforth, in the county of Durham, happened to be in the gallery when he first spoke. At that period, no stranger was allowed to make notes, or take any paper or note-book into the gallery for that purpose. But this gentleman, struck with the appearance of the youthful orator, tore off part of his shirt, and sketched on it, with a pencil or burned stick, a likeness of him, which he afterwards tried to finish at his lodgings, and which, owing to the care of Mr Sharpe and kindness of Mr Fletcher, is still preserved in my possession at Holland House, retaining many traits of resemblance to the dark, intelligent, and animated features of Mr Fox.'

V.

Descended from a Tory family, and having nearly all his connections among the Tories, he naturally entered the House as a member of the court-party. His prejudices were strong in proportion to the earnestness of his character. He cherished an especial dislike for the Bedford family, and, if we may rely on the testimony of Burke, was in the habit of attacking it on all occasions in society. In the House, his wit, his quickness, his popular and engaging manners, rendered him an exceedingly useful ally to ministers. During the proceedings against Wilkes,

he, on one occasion, gave proof of great readiness, though, in all likelihood, it was only a felicitous hit. Wedderburne, accomplished in professional learning, and supremely confident in the extent of his experience, having, in the discussion on some point of law, affirmed that there was but one precedent on record that could be referred to—Fox immediately rose, corrected the learned gentleman, and mentioned another case, while the whole House literally roared with applause. In another debate, Fox undertook to combat the objections of the Rockingham party, and thus drew down upon himself the ridicule of Burke, who, however, with his usual deference for rank and powerful family connections, was careful to restrain himself within certain limits. No offence was taken by the young orator—more on account of the goodness of his own nature, than from the moderation of his antagonist. Privately, a friendship already existed between these two remarkable men. Burke—then double his age—had become acquainted with him at his father's table, where the most distinguished literary men of the age were accustomed to assemble. Here the incipient statesman could not fail to admire the easy eloquence and unbounded mental resources of the greatest rhetorician of modern times. Burke's conversation, for its gorgeousness and splendour, has been compared to a Roman triumph; and though this be mere extravagance, there can be no doubt he was a brilliant talker, extremely addicted to display, and, therefore, likely to excite and dazzle the imagination of an ambitious youth, who hoped, at some future day, to exercise the same faculty as well in society as in the senate.

Political employment is almost necessarily the result of position. A man is born and brought up among those who have the distribution of offices at their command; he inspires them with friendship and confidence in his abilities; his relatives are their friends; and when on the look-out for fresh coadjutors to fill certain posts, they, as a matter of course, select those most familiar to them. Fox had been brought very early into contact with Lord North, who liked him for the frankness and warmth of his character, while he, on his part, entertained the strongest admiration for the minister. An anonymous writer, who knew Fox personally, has given us a brief but interesting account of his opinions of this statesman. 'It always appeared to me,' he says, 'that Mr Fox had a very lively regard for Lord North, as he never mentioned him but in a strain of eulogy. He said that he was the most accomplished wit ever known; and, in domestic life, in the circle of his friends and followers when collected at his table, had all the candour, without the grossness of Walpole. He appeared as if he never felt an insult, or immediately did he forgive it. His face was very plain, and his features coarse, but his smile was heavenly. You could not see him without becoming attached to him. He left all his cares and arts in the House of Commons, and was no longer a minister than whilst on the Treasury bench.' To

corroborate Fox's opinion of Lord North's wit, we may relate the following anecdote:—Lord North generally disregarded invectives; but when he saw an occasion of retort, his wit turned the laugh of the House against his opponents. Thus, when Alderman Sawbridge presented a petition from Billingsgate, and accompanied it with much vituperation of the minister, Lord North began his reply: 'I will not deny that the worthy alderman speaks the sentiments, nay, the very language of his constituents,' &c. He was often asleep in the House, but when an opponent exclaimed: 'The noble lord is even now slumbering over the ruin of his country, asleep at a time'—— 'I wish to God I was!' muttered Lord North, opening his eyes on his discomfited opponent.

VI.

Fox's early entrance into official life, and his intercourse with ministers, do not, however, appear to have inspired him, on the whole, with any great respect for courts and cabinets. As one of the lords of the Admiralty, and afterwards of the Treasury, he obtained an insight into official life which merely served to reveal to him the internal organisation of government; for nearly the whole of his after-life was passed in the exciting and stormy atmosphere of opposition. Even while seated on the ministerial side of the House, he experienced a strong leaning towards liberal opinions. Some of his ideas were strikingly at variance with the received prejudices of the age, and, indeed, may be described rather as the growth of a poetical and romantic mind, than as the mature convictions of a legislator. The reason, perhaps, may be, that he entered much too early upon the consideration of great social questions, which have perplexed the understanding of philosophers and statesmen of the greatest wisdom and experience in human affairs.

However this may be, he soon found it impracticable to co-operate with the minister, notwithstanding his heavenly smile and social qualities. Horne Tooke, it appears, had written an article for the *Public Advertiser*, in which he attacked Sir Fletcher Norton, then Speaker of the House of Commons. Woodfall, the printer, was called up to the bar, and readily gave up the author of the obnoxious article. But Horne Tooke, pleading his own cause, and the evidence breaking down, the anger of the House reverted to the printer. Lord North desired that he should be committed to the gate-house, but Mr Fox, in order to place him under the protection of the City, proposed that he should be committed to Newgate, which gave unpardonable offence to his chief, especially when the Opposition moved that he should be placed in custody of the serjeant-at-arms, and through the division among the ministerialists, carried their point by a large majority. Soon afterwards, Mr Fox was dismissed from office with marks of

studied insult. While seated on the Treasury bench, a letter was handed to him, conceived in the most offensive language; and to render the insult more pointed, it was brought him by a common door-keeper. This curious document was as follows:—

'His Majesty has thought proper to order a new commission of the Treasury to be made out, in which I do not perceive your name.—NORTH.

TO THE HON. C. J. FOX.'

Thus delivered from his political trammels, Fox was now at liberty to join the liberal party, to which, by his genius and temper, he properly belonged. But from taking this step he was still restrained by considerations of filial piety. He knew that his going publicly over to the Opposition would have greatly afflicted his father, and he therefore postponed the declaration of the change which had taken place in his mind, till Lord Holland's death had rendered all reserve on this point unnecessary. He now, therefore, took his stand among the antagonists of ministers; and for more than thirty years, with very brief intervals of official life, shed the glory of his eloquence over the Opposition benches. While in office, he had never lent his support to some of the most obnoxious acts of the minister, had never countenanced the proceedings against America, but had condemned every attempt to tax the colonies without their own acquiescence. Burke welcomed with open arms the seceding orator, who was destined at a future day to eclipse him in the senate, to take the lead of the liberal party out of his hands, to acquire unparalleled popularity throughout the country, and, by exciting in the elder statesman's breast the feelings of disappointment, resentment, and envy, to drive him to support the cause of legitimacy and authority, which the whole character of his mind ought to have led him to espouse from the first. Still, Burke performed distinguished services for liberal principles during the great contest with America. Again and again did he fill ministers with dismay, denouncing their projects, unmasking their principles, and revealing in glowing language to the public the crimes and delinquencies by which a state, priding itself on the patronage of freedom at home, sought to enslave that portion of its citizens who had taken up their abode in one of its distant dependencies.

VII.

It is impossible, in this brief view of Mr Fox's career, to criticise his several speeches, to point out their merits or defects, or to mark all the various stages by which he ascended to the highest position in parliament as an orator and a statesman. The misfortunes of his times enabled him to display all his wonderful abilities in the defence of freedom and humanity. Burke, with boundless

ingenuity, and the inexhaustible resources of knowledge and imagination, advocated the cause of America. Fox stood by his side, inferior in age and experience, inferior in general acquisitions, inferior in the practice of oratory, but superior in warmth, in tenderness, in unaffected humanity, in generosity, and in genius. The one astonished the House; the other melted it into the love of what was right. The one appealed to the reason, or, with rhetorical flourishes, to the passions; the other went directly to the heart, and, by awakening all the noblest feelings of our nature, succeeded in rousing those who were not bound by the chains of official dependence, into an open condemnation of the wrongs which England was then inflicting on her transatlantic children.

It would be satisfactory to be able to represent Fox as equally great and estimable in the relations of private life; but this, unfortunately, is not to be done. His passion for gaming, and his love of pleasure, kept him for ever in difficulties, notwithstanding the ample fortune he had inherited from his father. He was constantly beset by Jews and money-lenders, and there was a little back-parlour in his house in South Street on which he bestowed the name of the Jerusalem Chamber, because it was there he habitually contended with the Israelites. His perpetual state of pecuniary embarrassment must have reconciled him to the inheriting of a sinecure from his father, which, however, he soon disposed of for considerably less than its value. By way of illustrating the shifts to which his pecuniary difficulties led him to have recourse, we may borrow a story from Horace Walpole, which though incorrect in some particulars, is admitted by Lord Holland to be true upon the whole:—In the summer of this year, a woman who had been transported, and who, a few years before, had advertised herself as a *sensible woman*, who gave advice on all emergencies for half-a-guinea, was carried before Justice Fielding by a Quaker, whom she had defrauded of money under pretence of getting him a place by her interest with ministers, to whom she pretended to be related. She called herself the Hon. Mrs Grieve, and gave herself for cousin to Lord North, the Duke of Grafton, and Mrs Fitzroy. She had bribed Lord North's porter to let her into his house, and as her dupes waited for her in the street, they concluded that she had access to the minister. Before Fielding, she behaved with insolence; abused the Quaker, and told him she had disappointed him of the place because he was an immoral man.

Her art and address had been so great, that she had avoided being culpable of any fraud for which she could be committed to prison, and was dismissed, the Quaker only having power to sue her at common-law for the recovery of his money, and for which suit she was not weak enough to wait when at liberty. But the Quaker's part of the story would not have spread Mrs Grieve's renown, if a far more improbable dupe had not been caught in her snare. In a word, the famous Charles Fox had been the bubble of this woman, who undoubtedly had uncommon talents, and a

knowledge of the world. She had persuaded Fox, desperate with his debts, that she could procure him, as a wife, a Miss Phipps, with a fortune of L.80,000, who was just arrived from the West Indies.

There was such a person coming over, but not with half the fortune, nor known to Mrs Grieve. With this bait she amused Charles for many months, appointed meetings, and once persuaded him that as Miss Phipps liked a fair man, and as he was remarkably black, he must powder his eyebrows. Of that intended interview he was disappointed by the imaginary lady's falling ill, of what was afterwards pretended to be the small-pox. After he had waited some time, Mrs Grieve affected to go and see if Miss Phipps was a little better, and able to receive her swain; but on opening the door, a servant-man, who had been posted to wait upon the stairs, as coming down with the remains of a basin of broth, told Mrs Grieve that Miss Phipps was not well enough to receive the visit. Had a novice been the prey of these artifices, it would not have been extraordinary; but Charles Fox had been in the world from his childhood, and been treated as a man long before the season. He ought to have known there could not have been an Hon. Mrs Grieve, nor such a being as she pretended to be. Indeed, in one stroke, she had singular finesse: instead of asking him for money, which would have detected her plot at once, she was so artful as to lend him L.300, or thereabouts, and she paid herself by his chariot standing frequently at her door, which served to impose on her more vulgar dupes.

His experience, from this time forward, lay chiefly among the members of the liberal party, and among others, he became acquainted with Sheridan, though at what period is not exactly known. Lord John Townshend gives the following account of their first meeting, and of the impression they made on each other:—'I made the first dinner-party at which they met, having told Fox, that all the notions he might have conceived of Sheridan's talents and genius from the comedy of *The Rivals*, &c., would fall infinitely short of the admiration of his astonishing powers which I was sure he would entertain at the first interview. The first interview between them—there were very few present, only Tickell and myself, and one or two more—I shall never forget. Fox told me after breaking up from dinner, that he had always thought Hare, after my uncle Charles Townshend, the wittiest man he ever met with, but that Sheridan surpassed them both infinitely; and Sheridan told me next day that he was quite lost in admiration of Fox, and that it was a puzzle to him to say what he admired most—his commanding superiority of talents and universal knowledge, or his playful fancy, artless manners, and benevolence of heart, which shewed itself in every word he uttered!'

There exists, unfortunately, no means of discovering in what manner Fox at this period conducted his studies. We are told,

indeed, by traditional anecdotes, that after spending half the night in the wildest dissipation, he used frequently to sit up during the remainder with a wet towel tied about his temples, reading the great orators and poets of antiquity. His ideas of what kind of knowledge is useful to a man, were not by any means those which are generally received. Yet we are not to infer from his fondness for elegant literature, and his contempt for political economy, that he devoted his time to frivolous acquisitions. On the contrary, it is perfectly clear, both from his speeches and from the circumstances of his life, that he was deeply versed in history, particularly that of our own country; and not only so, but that he had rendered himself familiar with our legal antiquities, with the nature of the laws as they then existed, and with the principles which should regulate their reform in all succeeding ages. He gave up much time to the reading of *Blackstone's Commentaries*, partly, no doubt, through admiration of the style in which they are written. In one of his letters, he observes: 'You of course read Blackstone over and over again; and if so, pray tell me whether you agree with me in thinking his style of English the very best among our modern writers—always easy and intelligible, far more correct than Hume, and less studied and made up than Robertson.' At the same time, he pursued his classical and poetical studies, from which it is evident he derived the greatest advantage. Homer was his favourite author, and next to him Euripides, who had likewise the honour of inspiring the same preference in Milton. Another of his favourites was Ariosto, whom he preferred to Tasso, for the luxuriance of his imagery and the grand sweep of his imagination. Afterwards, when he undertook to give advice to others, he dwelt with peculiar emphasis on this branch of reading. 'I am of opinion,' he says, 'that the study of good authors, and especially poets, ought never to be intermitted by any man who is to speak or write for the public, or, indeed, who has any occasion to tax his imagination, whether it be for argument, for illustration, for ornament, for sentiment, or any other purpose.' As was natural, he held Demosthenes in the highest estimation, and recommended the study of his speeches to his nephew, Lord Holland, in a way which deserves to be remembered:—

'As to your studies, I am sorry they are not more intense, but not much surprised—(the Fitzpatrick indolence will come out). However, I am glad you have begun Herodotus, whom I was quite sure you would like; there is a flow, and ease, and pleasantness in him, that I know in no other prose-writer. I used to think the second book about Egypt one of the most entertaining; though, perhaps, the account of Xerxes' expedition and the affairs of Greece is more interesting. If you do not like algebra, I cannot help it; the liking of such studies or not is mere matter of taste; and if one does not feel them pleasant, I know no way of being persuaded that they are so. But with respect to

[illegible], if you go on, and are shewn the good parts of him, I think you cannot but see in him a superior force of understanding and expression to all other writers. I am so convinced of this, that if you do not feel it at first, I would advise you to read him over again; and desire some of those who admire him to point out to you the passages most to be admired, and the beauties of them; and to make yourself quite sure that it is not owing to inattention if you think less of him than I do. I never read anything of his in the original except the first Philippic, the three Olynthiacs, and the two Orations; but I not only admire them very much, but the passages which I read, ill translated from him as I guess, in Gillies' History this year, have greatly confirmed the opinion I had of him. There is a force and pointedness in him arising naturally out of the *business*, and not produced by any far-fetched or affected antithesis, to which all orators are forced to have recourse to avoid flatness and dulness, that is in my judgment peculiar to him.'

Burke seems never to have set much value on the society of women; but Fox, quite consistently with his love of poetry, and of whatever else is beautiful or graceful in nature, seems always to have delighted greatly in female society, in which he probably acquired his partiality for that easy idiomatic English observable in his speeches. Among his friends was Mrs (afterwards Lady) Crewe, to whom he addressed a copy of verses, which it may be worth while to give here:—

'Where the liveliest expression to fancy is joined
By nature's most delicate pencil design'd;
Where blushes and smiles, and smiles without art,
Speak the soft sympathy feeling that dwells in the heart;
Where in manners enchanting no Virtue's we trace,
But the sex still keep the promise we had from the face;
Sure, philosophy, reason, and coldness must prove
Defences unequal to shield us from love!
Then tell me, mysterious enchanter, O tell
By what wonderful art, by what magical spell,
My heart is so formed that for once I am wise,
And gaze without love upon Amoret's eyes:
That my wishes, that never were bounded before,
Are here bounded by friendship, and ask for no more.
Is't reason? No; that my whole life will belie,
For who's at variance as reason and I?
Is't analysis that fills up each chink of my heart,
Nor allows any softer sensation a part?
O no; for in this all the world will agree—
One folly was never sufficient for me!
Is my mind on distress too intensely employed,
Or by pleasure relaxed, by variety cloyed?
For, alike in this only, enjoyment and pain
Both slacken the springs of those nerves which
That I've felt each reverse that from fortune
That I've tasted each bliss that the happiest
Has still been the whimsical fate of my life
Where anguish and joy have been ever at
But, though versed in th' extremes both of
I am still but too ready to feel them again
If, then, for this once in my life I am free,
And escape from a snare might catch wise

'Tis that beauty alone but imperfectly charms,
For though lightness may dazzle, 'tis kindness that warms.
As on suns in the winter with pleasure we gaze,
But feel not their warmth, though their splendour we praise,
So beauty our just admiration may claim,
But love, and love only, our hearts can inflame.'

VIII.

The admirers of Fox in his own age, and that which immediately succeeded, were much too Quixotic in their defence of his irregularities. They pretended that the rankness of the weeds only proved the excellence of the soil. They would appear to have forgotten that when we write, our paramount duty is that which we owe to the public; and that, consequently, whether treating of friend or foe, we are constrained to be impartial, to censure failings and excesses, to condemn vices, and to bestow our praise on great and good qualities wherever they exist. In Mr Fox's case, it must be acknowledged that he performed immense services for the cause of freedom; but at the same time, it is not to be dissembled, that had his private life at this period been less blameable, those services would have been much greater. It is no doubt true that a man has a right to frame his own theory of happiness, in which he is to consider himself as well as the public; but no scheme of philosophy, however large or lenient, will enable us, even in self-defence, to make an apology for gaming or habitual intemperance.

We should be lost in a multitude of minute details, did we attempt to follow Mr Fox through every stage of his parliamentary career. No great question was brought before the House of Commons in which he did not take a part. The House and the public were dissatisfied till they knew his opinions; while his friends in the legislature never calculated on success unless when they could reckon on the aid of his splendid abilities. In advocating the principles he upheld, and in defending his own opinions, he rather resembled the orators of antiquity, than the speakers of an age in which the relics of feudal manners were still suffered to exhibit themselves. Plain truth can never be commonly spoken, or the interest of an empire be faithfully served, in a senate among whose members the practice of duelling prevails. Among the members of such an assembly the feeling should be, that they are responsible only to the public, so that no private considerations whatever may interfere with the revelation of their inmost thoughts. This was Fox's conviction, and in strict conformity with it he acted. The ministers of the day being in extreme want of supporters, held out very strong inducements to all who would desert the liberal party, and give the aid of their talents or their votes to the government. Among the converts of this class, in 1780, was a Mr Adam, who, having acted with the Opposition up to the close of one session of parliament, was found at the commencement of the next on the Treasury benches, his reason having probably in

the interval been convinced through his interests. Possessing considerable ingenuity, he stood up in the House, and gave a tolerably specious history of his transformation. With this, however, Mr Fox was not satisfied. He accordingly arose, and with an unsparing hand stripped the learned gentleman of all his pretexts, excuses, apologies, and subterfuges, and left him naked and helpless in the midst of the senate, chafed, galled, and infuriated at the disgraceful exposure. Agreeably to the practice of the times, Mr Adam now bethought him of repairing by pistols what he had lost by logic, and sent Mr Fox a challenge. The duel was fought, and both still remained alive—the one to plunge still deeper into obscurity; the other, to rise to the heights of political renown, and to wreath his name with glory as one of the greatest statesmen, and incomparably the greatest orator of the freest nation in modern times.

IX.

All this while, Fox distinguished himself by his attacks on the American war; and in his speech on the declaration of war against Holland, drew a startling parallel between Russia and England, maintaining that the former had increased in power and influence ever since the accession of Catharine, whereas, from the moment George III. had appeared upon the scene, this country had rapidly declined in resources and renown. He took, as Burke also did, a correct view of the American struggle. He did not regard the revolted colonists as enemies, but as friends, alienated by ill-usage; and in all his addresses to the House, persisted in drawing the most touching picture of the ties that had been broken, of the warm affections that had been quenched, and of the natural desire which both parties should have felt to be found side by side with each other contending against some common foe.

If we have at all succeeded in conveying an idea of Mr Fox's character, it will already be felt that he was a man of great political wisdom, of immensely extended views, of the most unquestionable patriotism, and, in spite of his own defects and failings, one who earnestly desired to promote the happiness of the majority. His heart was large, and embraced, as it were, the whole kingdom in its sympathies. He was very full, too, of faith in human nature. Experience could not teach him that moral scepticism, which induces men to doubt the results of actions the most harmless, when not regulated by secular prudence. He had an inexhaustible store of romance in his nature; he thought the passions and feelings of the heart might be allowed to develop themselves without injury, not remembering that we no longer live in that 'bella età de l'oro,' when truth, as one of our poets expresses it, was on every shepherd's tongue.

In this temper of mind, he brought forward his bill for the amendment of the Marriage Act, originally introduced by the

aristocracy for the protection of property, and the privileges of great families. Though belonging strictly to their order, Mr Fox felt no sympathy with their social policy; he thought more of the happiness of individuals—though, to speak our opinion frankly, we think it may be doubted whether what he intended for the public good, would not have turned out in practice to be an inexhaustible source of mischief. The object of his bill was to do away with the necessity of bans or licence, and to fix the majority of men at eighteen, and of women at sixteen. This measure further provided that no marriage was to be declared null, or by any suit at law, after the parties had lived together as man and wife for one year.

When speaking in defence of his own views, Fox drew an extraordinary picture of the evils resulting from the established system. In reply to the argument, that the reason of parents ought to regulate the predilections of children, he proved to the satisfaction of the House, that if stern reason alone were consulted, marriage in most cases would never be contracted at all. He maintained, that where their own happiness is concerned, the most illiterate are better able to judge than the wisest philosophers; and that in what regards the passions, the heart of youth is wiser than the hoary head of age. On this subject, he was opposed by Burke, whose colder nature left him free to consult the ordinary dictates of prudence.

'A meeting of the Whigs,' says Alison, 'was held to consider this great schism which had broken out in their party, and the following resolution appeared in their official journal, the *Morning Chronicle*, on the subject:—"The great and firm body of the Whigs of England, true to their principles, have decided on the dispute between Mr Fox and Mr Burke; and the former is declared to have maintained the pure doctrines by which they are bound together, and upon which they have invariably acted. The consequence is, that Mr Burke retires from parliament." Mr Burke, in alluding to this resolution, said, on the same night, that he knew he was excommunicated by one party, and that he was too old to seek another; and though in his age he had been so unfortunate as to meet this disgrace, yet he disdained to make any recantation, and did not care to solicit the friendship of any man in the House, either on one side or the other.'

The following is the summing up of the Tory historian:—'Nothing can be imagined more characteristic of both these illustrious men, and of the views of the parties of which they severally were the heads, than the speeches now given. On the one side are to be seen warm affection, impassioned feeling, philanthropic ardour, vehemence of expression, worthy of the statesman who has been justly styled by no common man, "the most Demosthenian orator since the days of Demosthenes." On the other, an ardent mind, a burning eloquence, a foresight guided by observation of the past, benevolence restrained by anticipation of

the future. In the impetuosity of the latter in support of the truths with which he was so deeply impressed, there is perhaps some reason to lament the undue asperity of indignant prophecy; in the former, too great stress is laid upon political consistency under altered times. But time, the great test of truth, has now resolved the justice of the respective opinions thus eloquently advanced, and thrown its verdict with decisive weight into the scale with Mr Burke. There is, perhaps, not to be found in the whole history of human anticipation, a more signal instance of erroneous views than those advanced by Mr Fox, when he said that the French constitution was the most stupendous fabric of wisdom ever reared in any age or country; that no danger was to be apprehended to the balance of power in Europe, now that France had obtained democratic institutions; and that, if that great power was subverted, no peril was to be apprehended to European liberty from the strength or ambition of Russia. On the other hand, all must admit the extraordinary sagacity with which Mr Burke not merely predicted the consequences to itself and to Europe, which necessarily would arise from the convulsions in France, but also pointed out so clearly that vital distinction between the Anglo-Saxon and the Gallic race on the shores of the St Lawrence, and the remarkable difference in their capacity to bear democratic institutions, which was destined not to produce its natural effects for half a century, and of which we are now only beginning to see the ultimate results.'

The House, however, declared, by a large majority, in favour of Fox's measure, which was sent up triumphantly to the Lords, the very authors of the bill against which it was directed. Its fate, accordingly, was never doubtful from the beginning, for though several peers spoke in its favour, the lateness of the season was adduced as an overwhelming argument against going into the consideration of so important a subject. It was therefore laid aside, and never again introduced into either House.

X.

His motions against Sir Hugh Palliser's appointment to be governor of Greenwich Hospital, and against the Earl of Sandwich, First Lord of the Admiralty, excited a large share of attention at the time, but involve no principle of permanent interest. In conjunction with Burke, however, he incessantly led the attacks which the Opposition made upon the government. Ministers, unsuccessful abroad, covered with opprobrium by their mismanagement of the American war, and further damaged by the rashness with which they involved the country in fresh contests in Europe, were now beginning to feel their incapacity to stem the torrent of parliamentary hostility. The most lavish corruptions failed to procure them a sufficient number of adherents

in the House of Commons. Their majorities perpetually diminished; their eloquence and their confidence dwindled together. The country became impatient of their control, and indignant at the burdens they so uselessly heaped upon it. In the spring, therefore, of 1782, Lord North's administration came suddenly to an end, and the task of organising a new ministry devolved upon the Marquis of Rockingham. This nobleman stood high in the estimation of all his liberal contemporaries, who bestowed upon him praises which it would now be difficult, perhaps impossible, to justify. No doubt, he possessed many moral qualities of a high order. He was generous, frank, unselfish, and appeared to enjoy a peculiar gratification in elevating genius to its proper eminence. He was, accordingly, respected and beloved by all around him, and his memory is still encircled by a brighter halo than that which surrounds the names of much greater men. Under him, Fox accepted the post of secretary for foreign affairs. The views of the new minister were highly liberal and enlightened. 'The public measures for which he was said to have stipulated with the court before he would consent to enter into any negotiation for office, were these:—1. Peace with the Americans, and the acknowledgment of their independence not to be a bar to the attainment of that object. 2. A substantial reform in the several branches of the civil-list expenditure, on the plan proposed by Mr Burke. 3. The diminution of the influence of the crown; under which article, the bills for excluding contractors from seats in parliament, and disqualifying the revenue-officers from voting in the election of members, were included.'

The new ministers, to prove themselves in earnest, immediately entered upon their duties, setting on foot the preliminaries of a peace with the United States, taking steps for the conciliation and better government of Ireland, introducing into home affairs the principle of economy and retrenchment, and giving promise of the most important services and advantages to the country. The death of the Marquis of Rockingham, which happened in July, clouded this brilliant prospect. The Earl of Shelburne, who succeeded him, was in no way calculated to realise his enlarged scheme of government, and everything reverted into the old track of jobbing, corruption, and the preferring of private before public interest. Even before the death of the late premier, Fox had made the discovery, that it would be impossible for him, with his ideas of public faith and honour, to remain in the cabinet. It is not unlikely that he entertained the hope, which his great genius and knowledge fully justified, of succeeding to the premiership; and when he saw a man every way his inferior placed over his head, he may have expressed that disgust which a great man in such situations naturally feels. But he would probably have repressed his indignation had the measures of ministers been such as he could have approved of. They were the direct contrary; and he therefore retired to the more congenial post of leader of the

Opposition. His theory of political administration may, perhaps, be censured as Utopian. He aimed at a disinterestedness and a purity of motive scarcely reconcilable with the form of the British constitution, and in almost perpetual seclusion from office, paid the penalty of his political stoicism.

The Earl of Shelburne's administration, like that of his predecessor, was destined to be extremely short-lived. In the month of February 1783 he gave in his resignation. A ministerial interregnum followed, during which the affairs of the kingdom remained in great disorder, without any responsible government at home, the finances neglected, the military establishments unreduced, and the negotiation with foreign states, then of the greatest importance, completely at a stand.

XI.

To this succeeded an extraordinary ministry, formed by a coalition between the Whig and Tory parties. In this, Mr Fox, unfortunately for his character for consistency, consented to take a part. His thick-and-thin admirers, neglecting their own characters, in their eagerness to defend his, are unable to discover anything blameable in this transaction; but we are constrained to take a different view of the matter, and to agree with those who severely censure his acceptance of office in such a cabinet. Burke's biographers have found themselves in much the same dilemma with those who have undertaken to whitewash Fox. It is much better to acknowledge frankly the faults and inconsistencies of those whom you admire, than, by seeking to attribute to them what they never possessed, to have your own judgment called in question on all other occasions.

Fox now betook himself to the study of Indian affairs, and to the framing of that bill which has obtained so great a celebrity in our history. It was a measure of mixed character, based on an imperfect knowledge of Indian affairs, but exhibiting in parts a faithful application of those great principles of government to which he was all his life sincerely attached. His speeches, however, on the subject, as well as those of Mr Burke, were tinctured with strong prejudices against the East India Company, whose supporters, on the other hand, may be said to have provoked severe condemnation by their extravagant eulogiums and pretensions. About the middle of December, it became evident that the coalition could no longer maintain its ground; but there was a very general impression, both in parliament and in the country, that Mr Fox would now rise to the first post in the councils of the state, and be able to impress his own grand character on the public transactions of the period. An influence, then irresistible, prevented the realisation of this hope. George III. had conceived a personal antipathy against Fox, which led him to declare, he

would sooner leave the kingdom, and retire to Hanover, than accept him as his prime minister. To give vent to this feeling, he contrived the most offensive method possible for dismissing Mr Fox and Lord North. Mr Frazer and Mr Nepean were ordered to wait at midnight on these two ministers, to require them to deliver up their seals of office—as a personal interview, they were informed, would be disagreeable to the king.

Mr Pitt was now made First Lord of the Treasury; he had discovered the means of securing to himself the countenance of the court, and thenceforward, almost to the period of his death, wielded despotically the destinies of the empire. Immediately on his accession to power, he entered into a contest with Mr Fox, which was carried on with very doubtful success during three months in the House of Commons. On the one side was arrayed all the power of the crown—then extremely formidable—with the entire strength of the Tory party, and whatever the administrative could put in practice to insure a majority; on the other, the unparalleled genius, eloquence, wit, and knowledge of Mr Fox, all the brilliant leaders of the Opposition, a chivalrous spirit of liberalism, and the unequivocal approbation of the country.

These antagonistic influences were soon engaged in a struggle out of doors. In 1784 occurred the famous Westminster election, which supplied a stage on which the court and country parties exhausted all their resources. The great Whig families, particularly the house of Devonshire, enthusiastically supported Mr Fox. The beautiful duchess is said to have ridden through Westminster with a fox's tail depending from each of her carriage windows. Her canvass was incessant. She waited upon nearly all the electors, and is said to have won a vote from a chivalrous butcher by allowing him to kiss her. Whatever money and influence could effect was, on the other hand, accomplished by the court. The agents of ministers roamed through the borough; menaces, surmises, insinuations of danger, were lavishly employed to sway the decisions of the electors. It was regarded as a regular stand-up fight between the people and the court. Nothing could surpass the state of excitement into which the whole metropolis was thrown. Mr Fox was elevated into a sort of popular idol; and when he was on his way to Westminster, to pronounce those harangues which shook the whole empire, and resounded to the furthest corner of the civilised world, people fought with each other to obtain a glimpse of him on the street, paid lavishly for a seat at a window in the streets through which he passed; while little boys were brought out by their fathers, and held up enthusiastically, that they might cherish throughout the remainder of their lives the recollection of having seen the man. When we now read the speeches and addresses delivered on that occasion, we are sometimes led to wonder at the effect they produced; but half the power of eloquence consists in its adaptation.

The great oration for the crown, the mightiest display of oratory known to the records of mankind, fail now to awaken those sentiments of enthusiasm and intense admiration to which they gave birth in the Athenian Agora. The same remark will apply to Fox's speeches delivered in Palace Yard. The people saw before them the champion of their rights, and, what was more, the antagonist of the court, which they detested. They came fully disposed, therefore, to applaud what he should say; and when they listened to the music of his voice, to his resounding language, to his thrilling appeals to every popular sentiment, to his denunciation of the minister, to his enumeration of grievances on the one hand, and acts of oppression on the other—their fervour was raised to its highest pitch, and they became utterly insensible to the allurements of court flattery, and even to the witchery of gold.

Fox, therefore, was returned for Westminster by an immense majority; but the popular party soon found that they had not yet triumphed. A method was invented by the minister for defeating their wishes, and at the instigation of the unsuccessful candidate, a scrutiny was set on foot, which it was resolved should be interminable.

XII.

Excluded from parliament by this manœuvre, Fox and the popular party had recourse to another system of tactics. He was elected for the Scotch boroughs of Dingwall and Kirkwall, and appeared in his place to watch over the proceedings of his unscrupulous adversaries. After eight months of vexatious delay, the high-bailiff of Westminster was summoned to the bar of the Commons, and questioned respecting the prospects of the scrutiny. He confessed that in the way things had hitherto been carried on, the process would extend through four years at least, which appeared to be so scandalous an act of power, that it was not to be endured. After a severe struggle, in which the minister exerted his utmost authority, and tarnished his character, the House of Commons decided in favour of Mr Fox, who was acknowledged to have been duly elected, and who afterwards brought an action in the courts of law against the high-bailiff, and recovered L.2000 damages, which he distributed among the charities of Westminster.

The period which immediately followed was one of extreme vexation and defeat to the whole liberal party, at the head of which Mr Fox now stood. He had been content for many years to follow Mr Burke; he had then for awhile divided public respect and admiration with him; he now, with the force and vivacity of superior genius, advanced beyond him, and took up a position which his rival could not regard without the most painful feelings. This, it must be acknowledged, was but too natural. Fox enjoyed

all the advantages of family connection, and could bring to bear upon parliament the united force of the Whig aristocracy; he was, besides, a man of warm feelings, enthusiastic, sociable, and pre-eminently popular in his manners. He won upon people by his happy smile, by the sunniness of his countenance, by the sweetness of his voice, by the simplicity and unaffectedness of his manners.

Burke commanded advantages of a different kind. He possessed the rare merit of being the artificer of his own fortune: he rose from the ranks. It was his genius that, wherever he went, distinguished him from those around. His conversation was beyond comparison dazzling and magnificent: he overtopped, he outshone every one who came in contact with him. Fox himself seemed to be an ordinary person when Burke was pouring forth the riches of his convivial eloquence; but when the cause was withdrawn, the effect ceased. Burke contrived to render himself agreeable, useful, and sometimes necessary to the great; but, as a rule, people did not love him. He was retired, thoughtful, uncommunicative, and at times unsociable. It is matter of no surprise, therefore, that he did not carry along with him the affections of the many, as Mr Fox unquestionably did.

In parliament, the great point now was to accomplish a reform in the representation. Mr Pitt sought for awhile to appear favourable to the improvement of our institutions, while he really regarded all progress in that direction with a jealous and hostile care. At the same time, we should probably allow that the leaders of the liberal party, including Mr Fox himself, were not always so judicious as they might have been. At all events, they sought to carry nothing by conciliation, but taunted and goaded those in authority with the most reckless disregard of consequences. Fox especially distinguished himself in this course of proceeding. If he brought about reform, he did not wish to obtain it as a boon from the minister, but as a conquest achieved over him by the force of public opinion. Cautious politicians may condemn this policy; but it is, after all, extremely problematical whether reformers ever gain much by temporising and concession-making. To a weak people or popular party, nothing is yielded by authority; whereas they who have the power to take if they choose, are seldom refused when they condescend to ask.

XIII.

We at length arrive at the period of George III.'s madness, on which it would be disagreeable to dwell. Fox stood on the side of the Prince of Wales, and advocated his claim to exercise the regency by right; while Pitt, for very obvious reasons, took the opposite side. The discussion of this subject was carried on with extreme acrimony. In the journals, in the House of Commons, in the Peers, and even in the country, Fox lost a portion of his

popularity by his adherence to the cause of the prince, who was disliked on account of his extravagance and his vices. He was generally believed, moreover, to have been married secretly to a Roman Catholic lady, which incensed the Protestantism of the nation, and led it to regard with something like horror his accession to the throne, however transient and temporary. The ministerial party triumphed in parliament. Mr Fox, under pretext of ill health, precipitately retired to Bath; and the king's recovery, soon afterwards, put an end to the difficulties of the situation.

We now approach the period in Mr Fox's life which may be said to have imparted to it, as it did to so many of his contemporaries, his distinguishing characteristic. In July 1789, the Revolution broke out in France with the storming of the Bastile; and the whole of Europe may be said to have felt at once that a mighty change had been effected in all the elements of civil society. By a kind of instinct scarcely susceptible of explanation, men ranged themselves into two parties—the one standing by the old principle of government, the other going over to the new. Mr Fox, it is well known, was among the latter; his mind in its entire structure had a democratic tendency. With all his simplicity, modesty, and humility, he evidently recognised no superior in the world; not because he was insincere in his profession of the above-named virtues, but because he believed that all lead and power in human affairs ought to belong exclusively to intellect and virtue. In other words, he was persuaded that the business of the world should be carried on by those who are best qualified to conduct it.

Burke, as others have already observed, ought never to have joined the liberal party. Excepting the accident of birth, he had nothing in common with the people; and if, during many years, he advocated popular rights, and appeared to be actuated by popular sympathies, it was rather through the force of circumstances than through any predilections of his own. His ideas of reform were capricious and inconsistent. Turned away by his imagination, he sometimes appeared to be swayed by ultra-democratic principles, but speedily retreated from the position he had rashly taken up, and took refuge under the shadow of the feudal system. He was, besides, not at all endowed with the spirit of martyrdom, and he looked upon perpetual exclusion from office as nothing less. Had the Rockingham administration, or even the coalition, proved durable, he might have been able to justify to his reason his profession of liberal principles. It had been his fate, however, to encounter the sufferings usually allotted to those who struggle for abstract right without the enthusiasm by which they are in most cases supported and comforted. When a man believes himself to be toiling for the good of the world, he encounters afflictions with pride, makes sacrifices cheerfully, endures poverty, obloquy, and neglect without repining; and if it be his chance to

meet an obscure death, and to pass away without having achieved his object, he has still the inward consolation of having aimed at what was noble, and of pronouncing with his last breath a sincere parting blessing on his race.

Burke, as we have said, had nothing of this disposition in his nature. It was his wish to run a career of ambition, from which he was probably withheld by becoming accidentally the private secretary of Lord Rockingham. Had that nobleman been a Tory, Burke would at once have found his right place in our political system. As it was, he got entangled with reformers, and found no plausible opportunity of escape till the French Revolution, by alarming the privileged orders throughout Europe, traced out a path by which defection without absolute disgrace was rendered practicable.

XIV.

From this time forward, Fox and Burke were found in opposite camps; and while the former regarded the circumstance with profound regret and affectionate sorrow, the latter seems to have rejoiced at it as a happy deliverance—first, from the galling sense of inferiority as a popular leader; and second, from the necessity of upholding a theory of government for which he had never experienced any sincere attachment. The rivals now employed all the forces of their mind in recommending their views to parliament and the nation. Fox thought the time was come for the universal triumph of liberty and justice; while Burke, on the other hand, experienced the conviction that all the grandeur and glory of the world were departing for ever. How could they then continue friends? Fox, with his genial heart and unparalleled magnanimity, would have conceded to his old associate the privilege of abusing the new principles without offence; but Burke, smarting under the consciousness of something like apostasy, regarded every enthusiastic declaration in favour of the new order of things as a tacit reproach to himself, or even as a personal affront. Events speedily precipitated them against each other. During the debate on a bill for giving a new constitution to Canada, the rupture took place. Burke had just then published his *Reflections on the French Revolution*, which had completely severed his connection with the Whig party. Into a criticism on that famous production, we shall not now enter; it will be sufficient to say, that it was directly at variance with all the author's former speeches and professions, and the symbol, as it were, of a new political creed. Fox regarded the defection of his old friend with feelings of the deepest regret; but in his speech on the Quebec Bill, as it was called, in which he deprecated the division of the province, and clearly foretold the evils and inconveniences which afterwards arose from the measure, he made some observations which applied, or were supposed to

apply, to Mr Burke's attack on the French Revolution. Any one who reads those remarks dispassionately will discover no just grounds of offence in them. But Mr Burke was not present when they were delivered, and probably heard from some officious friend a grossly distorted account of their import. On the first occasion that offered, therefore, he appeared in his place in the House, and with a fury and violence almost beyond description, made a general assault on all those who had adopted what he termed the new principles of government. Instead of confining himself to argument or reasoning, he indulged in the most damaging insinuations against Mr Fox and his friends, whom he accused of treasonable designs to subvert the constitution and destroy the prosperity of their country. The language in which he made these charges was so vehement and reprehensible, that he was frequently called to order, and ultimately compelled to desist and sit down by the universal feeling of the House.

Mr Fox on seconding Lord Sheffield's motion—'That dissertations on the French government were out of order on such an occasion—observed that no occurrence throughout the whole course of his life had ever taken place which so severely attacked both his feelings and his principles as the charges which were directly and indirectly—by innuendo and by implication—made against him by the right honourable gentleman. He particularly felt them at this crisis, and he peculiarly felt them in coming from the man whom he had ever flattered his understanding and his pride with believing to be the friend and patron of his knowledge, actions, sentiments, opinions, and principles. It was a matter of the utmost concern to him to find that the space of twenty-five years had been so ill employed as at the conclusion of it to be obliged to acknowledge that the only poignant pain of mind he had endured was that which he suffered from the man who first and best *taught* him what it was to feel. He said he was sorry to find himself bound to support the motion; and much more so, that his right honourable friend had made it necessary, by bringing on an extraneous discussion in a manner which was not only unfair, but which he could not but think a direct injustice to himself. If the right honourable gentleman's object had been to debate the Quebec Bill, he would have debated it clause by clause, according to the established rule and practice of the House. If his object had been to prevent dangers apprehended to the British constitution from the opinions of any man or set of men, he would have given notice of a particular day for that particular purpose, or taken any other occasion of doing it rather than that on which his nearest and dearest friend had been grossly misrepresented and traduced.'

Further on in the speech, alluding to the time when Burke and he had fought the battle of freedom side by side, he said that, 'when Washington gained a victory, they mutually rejoiced; when Montgomery fell, they mutually wept; when they agreed, they agreed like men; when they differed, like philosophers: nor

did they ever differ till an occurrence happened which, both as men and philosophers, should have made them reciprocally happy, and he was firmly persuaded would have done so, had not the demon of discord interfered, and slyly disseminated the contentious seeds between them in an unlucky moment.'

XV.

But the seeds of discord had in reality been sown, and their friendship was to be brought on that day to an end. Burke had come evidently prepared to make the sacrifice, and eagerly offered up the intimate of three and twenty years on what he called the altar of the constitution. While the gorgeous rhetorician was pouring forth his anathemas against France, and ostentatiously lamenting the consequences to himself, Fox whispered, 'there was no loss of friendship.' Burke replied that there was, and proceeded to shew the impossibility of their ever more going on cordially together. When he sat down, Fox rose to speak, but his emotions overcame him. He burst into a fit of tears, and persons present on that memorable night relate that his sobbing was even heard in the gallery. Not a murmur, not a whisper was heard throughout the House, which preserved for several minutes a reverential silence. When he had in some degree mastered his feelings, he proceeded to express, in language the most touching ever used by an Englishman, his sorrow at the occurrence of that evening. He sketched the history of their friendship, of which he had obviously entertained the most exalted idea; he dwelt on the happiness it had procured him, and on the hope he had cherished that it would last during life. But the die was cast—Burke was not to be moved; and from that day forward the two great orators, who had hitherto kept side by side, moved in separate orbits, and were impelled by motives directly the reverse of each other.

It would be wholly impracticable, in this brief review of Fox's career, to recount his political labours during this eventful period. The tide soon turned against him. The French Revolution, after exciting in this country the most wide-spread admiration and enthusiasm, began by degrees to awaken alarm. A feeling of alienation was generated; and the sincere friends of liberty, who lamented and condemned the excesses of the people of Paris, were involved by the British public in its hostility against the Revolution. Fox, meanwhile, steadfastly maintained the political ground he had taken up—not that he approved of all he saw done in France, but that he expected a better state of things to arise out of the confusion and anarchy in which he saw her plunged.

Pitt, through a concurrence of circumstances, had now acquired something like a parliamentary dictatorship, and wielded the

whole resources of the nation with irresistible sway. Burke poured forth letter after letter, and volume after volume, against the French Revolution. Of the friends of liberty, some lost heart, and became indifferent; others retired from public life; others deserted their principles, and went over to the enemy. Fox, however, remained firm at his post, and with the fire of his eloquence, the comprehensiveness of his views, and the grandeur of his sentiments, preserved many from waxing faint. Still, there was no great reaction in the public mind, till after having plunged into war with France, and uselessly expended L.100,000,000 in ways not to be described or believed, some feelings of remorse were awakened in the country, which began to give expression to a desire for peace. But the star of slaughter was now in the ascendant, and all the efforts made by the friends of humanity proved fruitless.

XVI.

In this state of public affairs, Mr Fox began at length to think of retirement. He had never relinquished the pursuit of his beloved classical studies. From personal defeat, and the humiliation of his party in the House of Commons, he had taken refuge in the philosophy of Homer and Euripides, whose magic numbers, like the harp of the prophet, had power to still the turbulence of his soul. As early as 1796, he commenced a correspondence with Gilbert Wakefield on classical subjects, which was carried on for five or six years in the midst of party warfare and political excitement. A sketch of what he thought and said on this subject would form a beautiful chapter in his life, but within our limits it cannot be introduced. We must hasten on to the period of his marriage and his residence at St Anne's Hill.

It boots not now to inquire why a man of affections so warm, and passions so powerful, waited till his fiftieth year to take to himself a wife; it is our business merely to relate the fact. That he was warmly attached, however, to the woman of his choice, cannot be doubted, any more than that the few later years of his life spent in her society, and under her influence, were the happiest he ever knew.

St Anne's Hill, near Chertsey, was an extremely beautiful place. From its window, London was visible in the distance, and the intervening country has all the charms and attractions belonging to an English landscape. It is verdant, clothed partially with woods, diversified by hill and dale, and rendered cheerful by the flashing of sparkling brooks and streams. Here Fox spent his days like a philosopher. In summer, he rose between six and seven; in winter, before eight. After breakfast, which took place about nine o'clock, he usually read some Italian author with Mrs Fox, and spent the interval till dinner in the study of Greek

authors, particularly the poets. He dined between two and three in summer, and about four in winter, and after taking a few glasses of wine, finished the repast with coffee. The afternoon was dedicated to walking and conversation, till tea-time, when reading aloud or writing commenced and continued till near ten. From one of his letters to Gilbert Wakefield, we find that he never neglected his classical studies, but continued with unabated ardour the perusal of those great authors, whose works he had admired from his earliest youth:—'I wish to read some more, if not all, of the Greek poets, before I begin with those Latin ones that you recommend; especially as I take for granted that V. Flaccus (one of them), is, in some degree, an imitator of Apollonius Rhodius. Of him or Silius Italicus I never read any; and of Statius but little. Indeed, as during far the greater part of my life the reading of the classics had been only an amusement and not a study, I know but little of them beyond the works of those who are generally placed in the first rank; to which I have always more or less attended, and with which I have always been as well acquainted as most idle men, if not better. My practice has generally been *multum portius quam multos legere.* Of late years, it is true that I have read with more critical attention, and made it more of a study; but my attention has been chiefly directed to the Greek language and its writers, so that in the Latin I have a great deal still to read; and I find it a pleasure which grows upon me every day. Milton, you say, might have reconciled me to blank verse. I certainly, in common with all the world, admire the grand and stupendous passages of the *Paradise Lost;* but yet, with all his study of harmony, he had not reconciled me to blank verse. There is a want of flow of ease, of what the painters call a free pencil, even in *his* blank verse, which is a defect in poetry that offends me more perhaps than it ought; and I confess, perhaps to my shame, that I read the *Fairy Queen* with more delight than the *Paradise Lost:* this may be owing, in some degree perhaps, to my partiality to the Italian poets.' A light supper concluded the day, and at half-past ten the whole family were in their beds.

Like the statesmen and philosophers of antiquity, Fox was much addicted to gardening, and often speaks in his letters of the pleasure with which he watched the coming signs of spring, the crocuses and other early flowers, that

> 'Come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty.'

He was peculiarly fond of roses, of which he cultivated thirty kinds in his grounds; and in simple occupations such as these, he forgot, or endeavoured to forget, the fiery excitement of the House of Commons, the pleasure of political contention, and the admiration of applauding audiences.

XVII.

He now devoted himself also to another pursuit—that of literature, and began the history of James II., to collect materials for which he projected a visit to Paris. This he undertook in the summer of 1802, in company with Mrs Fox, Mr (afterwards Lord) St John, and his private secretary, Mr Trotter. On the way, they made excursions into Holland and the Netherlands, proceeding by easy stages, and enjoying as they went along a great deal of light reading in the carriage. On this occasion, they went through *Joseph Andrews* and *Tom Jones*, whose intrigues and adventures enabled them to while away the hours till they arrived in the French capital.

Here we think Mr Fox gave proof of one of his most remarkable weaknesses. He had all along persuaded himself that Napoleon was the friend of freedom, and of this preposterous idea he did not cure himself even by the near observation of what was going on in Paris. He does not appear, as many have supposed, to have had any political object in view, but simply to consult the memoirs of Bouillon, from which he made numerous valuable extracts. His days he spent among the public archives; his evenings, in society; and one passed with Talleyrand at Neuilly is thus described by his secretary. 'The circle at M. Talleyrand's in the evening was at first agreeable and entertaining. The variety of character was great and striking: the Italian princess, German duchess or prince, members of the ancient French nobility, strangers of rank and talent, literary characters, ambassadors, their secretaries or friends, members of government, senators, &c. The poet and the philosopher mingled in the crowd; yet all was conducted with elegance and attention. Here Mr Fox met various distinguished men, and conversed with every one with ease and vivacity. The house at Neuilly was large and handsome; the distance from Paris, five miles. It was, however, much more agreeable at this season of the year, and in extremely hot weather, to drive out to the evening circle than remain in town. After some hours—except a select few invited to a supper—the company dispersed.'

Mr Fox remained in Paris till the month of November 1803, when he returned to England, to attend to his duties in parliament. Here, on one occasion, he was supported by Mr Pitt, and in return seconded a motion which that statesman brought forward. Together they overthrew the wretched administration of Mr Addington, and Pitt again became prime minister; but instead of giving Fox a place in his new cabinet, which would have inspired the entire kingdom with satisfaction, the premier, jealous of all interference with his authority, sternly excluded his rival from all place and power.

In this proceeding there was so much littleness of mind, that the whole Grenville party, including Mr Wyndham, from whom Mr Fox had been separated by the events of the French Revolution, returned to him. Pitt did not long enjoy his triumph; worn out by cares and intemperance, and weighed down by remorse for the condition into which his policy had brought the country, he sank a few months afterwards into the grave. And now was formed what has been called the ministry of All the Talents, in which Fox held the office of secretary for foreign affairs. His faith in Napoleon was not yet entirely dissipated, and he hoped, through negotiation, to effect a peace between France and England. While his diplomacy was proceeding, a man came to him one day at the Foreign Office, and made a formal proposal to proceed to Paris and assassinate the Emperor; clearly pointing out the means by which success might be attained. Fox, as might have been expected, listened to the proposal with extreme horror and disgust, and dismissed the speculative assassin in the way which he thought most becoming. This was well. The dagger cannot be suffered to enter into our system of international relations, because it would soon reduce us to a state worse than barbarism. But it may be questioned whether Mr Fox was justified in the step he afterwards took, when he communicated the proposal to Napoleon himself. The Emperor's words to the minister through whom the communication was made were these: 'I recognise here the principles of honour and virtue by which Mr Fox has ever been actuated. Thank him on my part.'

XVIII.

The country, however, was not destined long to enjoy the benefit of Mr Fox's talents, whether as a statesman or diplomatist. His constitution had been for some years breaking up; his body increased in size, his extremities diminished, and it ultimately became apparent that dropsy had supervened. All that medical skill could accomplish was done to preserve so valuable a life, but the complaint baffled the skill of his physicians, and on the 13th of September 1806, he died without pain, and almost without a struggle.

The character of his patriotism and his eloquence may, we trust, be gathered from our brief narrative. Some have endeavoured to represent him as inferior to Mr Burke, which, in extent of reading and variety of acquirements, we think he was. He never exhibited that richness of illustration, and that exuberance of fancy, for which his great rival was distinguished. But in native genius he rose far above him, as well as in those qualities of the heart which chiefly endear a man to those around him. In order to do justice to Fox, however, it is by no means necessary to disparage either Mr Burke or Mr Pitt. They were both, in their

way, very great men. From the study of the writings left us by the former, there is no man who may not largely profit; and the speeches of the latter are models of a very magnificent style of eloquence. But we are mistaken if either of them was ever loved by his friends or by the country as Mr Fox was. Indeed, we know of no public man in our history who could fairly be said to equal him in this respect, and this in spite of many defects of character, which often appeared to be on the point of ruining him altogether. The innate goodness of his heart, however, triumphed over everything. With the simplicity of a child, he confessed his faults, and sought to make amends for them. He was, accordingly, the idol of the liberal party in his own age, and has ever since been regarded as the model of a popular statesman who seeks sincerely to promote the good of mankind, without any reference to his own private interests. Fox was, in fact, without selfishness. He delighted in being loved by the public, and was, beyond measure, greedy of its approbation. But he cared for nothing beyond. Artificial distinctions, wealth, titles—he despised them all, and cared only to live in the hearts and memories of his countrymen.

CHERUṂAL THE MAHOUT:

A TALE OF THE MALABAR COAST.

I.

IN approaching the Malabar coast from the great Indian Ocean, the first object visible is a chain of serrated mountains, whose bluish summits can scarcely be distinguished from the azure of the sky. On advancing nearer, a lower range of hills, tinged with the sombre hue of the forests that cover them, are seen distinctly, ranging in regular lines like the steps of a gigantic terrace. At length the sandy beach, covered with cocoa-trees, seems to rise above the restless silvery foam of the waves. These beautiful trees, the symbol of a tropical climate, grow in close groups all along the

coast—from the island of Salsette to Ceylon, where they attain an extraordinary height. Beneath their shade, and that, still thicker, of the bananas, are built many small villages, inhabited by poor fishermen. Their cabins are so low, and so well hidden by the rank foliage, that the navigator coasting along the shore at the distance of half a league, does not even suspect their existence. On every spot where nature has formed a port, at the extremities of gulfs, and at the mouths of rivers, rise cities more or less celebrated in history — Bombay, Goa, Cananore, Cochin, Calicut, Quilon. A number of petty sovereigns divide amongst them this region, fertile in the richest productions of the earth. They live in the tranquil luxury of Asiatic sloth, under the costly protection of the Honourable East India Company. The rajah of Travancore possesses the largest of these territories, and yet his province is but 140 miles in length, and from forty to fifty in breadth. This pleasant district presents a succession of high hills and deep valleys, watered by many streams, which preserve in this spot, beneath the torrid zone, a perpetual cool freshness. On the declivity of the mountains, in the most elevated part of the kingdom of Travancore, grow solitary and mysterious forests, which contain the most precious aromatic vegetables—the incense and the sandal trees. There, amongst odoriferous flowers, shaded by tufted branches, nestle and sing the most beautiful birds—humming-birds and parrots. Hideous greedy apes swarm there in numbers, always ready to descend into the plains, and pillage the orchards and gardens. Amongst the closest thickets in the depths of the jungles, wander unmolested the elephant, the tiger, and the buffalo—formidable beasts, before which trembles the naked and unarmed Hindoo. Agriculture is more flourishing in the valleys of the plain than in any other province of the Indian peninsula. By its position at the very extremity of the land, Travancore enjoys the benefit of a double harvest: on account of the rainy season occurring twice a year, rice grows there luxuriantly without the aid of artificial watering. The harvest never fails; and the peasant, who sees himself secure of his food, has abundance of spare time to cultivate betel and cocoa nuts, pepper, spices, and all the delicious fruits which Providence has bestowed on these privileged regions. They would, indeed, form a terrestrial paradise, if a heavy taxation did not deprive the labourer of the greater portion of the produce of his labour. On a soil, the richest perhaps in the world, the husbandman lives poor and miserable.

This was the first part of India visited by Europeans; Vasco de Gama having landed at Calicut in the month of May 1498. He found the country governed by different Hindoo princes, the principal of whom he called the Zamorin Rajah. Previously to this, there seem to have been several colonies of Oriental Christians, Jews, and Mohammedans established here, each of whom has since increased in number. The bulk of the inhabitants are, however,

Hindoos of various castes, from the Brahmins to the Niadis; a class which, still more wretched than the Pariahs, are not permitted to enter towns or villages, but reside in the woods, and live by hunting and robbing.

The descendants of Europeans, particularly the Portuguese, are numerous; as also those of the Arabic Mussulmans, or their converts, called Mapillas. About the year 1766, Malabar was subdued by Hyder Ali; during the war, the rajah of Calicut committed suicide, and the other chiefs were compelled to abandon their territories, and take refuge in the mountains. In the war between Tippoo Sultan and the British (1790), several of these chiefs joined our army; and when Tippoo had been compelled to relinquish a large portion of his territories, the province of Malabar was placed under the government of Bombay, and the Nair chiefs were reinstated in their former possessions. They failed, however, in all their engagements as to the revenues, and their mode of government was found to be wretched in the extreme. They were, in consequence, deprived of authority, allowed one-fifth of the revenues for their support, and the province was transferred to the government of Madras. Since then, the country has been much improved, and yields a considerable revenue.

The inhabitants of the kingdom of Travancore, like those of the neighbouring states, enjoy a very indifferent reputation for honesty. They are accused of being rogues, liars, expert at deceit in every kind of dealing; in a word, troubled with exceedingly few scruples as to the means they employ in struggling against poverty. As soon as a European ship casts anchor off the coast, it is sure to be surrounded by canoes and *pirogues*, from which it is boarded by fishermen, petty merchants, and *dobashis* or interpreters. These surround the captain and passengers, vociferating shrilly and all together. It seems on board as if a bazaar had issued by enchantment from the depths of the waters. One man holds in his hand a basket of fruit, another carries under his arm a stuffed cayman, a third shews freshly-caught fish floundering in the bottom of his boat; but amid the confusion of coming to anchor, let the busy sailors take good care not to leave on deck a sounding-lead, a mallet, or a bag of nails: these swarthy beings, without the aid of pockets or pouches, manage, with incredible dexterity, to make away with whatever falls beneath their hand. Accustomed to permit the crows and the kites to pick up in their very huts the grains of rice and the fishbones which fall from their mouths during their meals, they perhaps imagine that they in their turn have a right to glean from the decks of great ships whatever chance places within their reach.

Two of these honest dwellers on the coast, two brothers, who exercised the trade of fishermen, had taken up their abode in a small village situated near Alepe, at the northern extremity of the kingdom of Travancore. One evening, according to custom, they lay down beneath a cluster of palm-trees, after having hung on the

branches their wet nets, and hauled up their pirogue on the beach: the monotonous sound of the waves breaking on the sands soon lulled them to sleep. Towards midnight, the land-breeze freshened, and the large parasol-like leaves which sheltered them from the dew began to quiver. Tiruvalla, the elder of the two brothers, awoke, stood upright, looked all around at the sea and sky, and stretching his stiffened limbs, began to prepare for going out to fish: his brother Tirupatty followed his example. Without exchanging a single word, obeying the instinct of habit, they replaced in their pirogue nets, oars, and sail. As they were in the act of embarking, Tiruvalla stopped his brother.

'If you wish,' he said, 'we will go out to meet the European ships: this is the season when the *Feringhees* visit the coast.'

'Good!' replied Tirupatty. 'What shall we carry with us on board to tempt the strangers?'

'Cocoa-nuts, half dried up—you understand? It would be a pity to sell those full of fresh milk to wine-drinkers.'

'Wait. I'll also carry that ugly bird with the yellow head, whose cage I unhooked yesterday from the stern of the Portuguese brig that came from China.'

'Do so,' said Tiruvalla; 'and a few dozens of green bananas will complete our cargo. If we have good-luck, I vow that I will go to-morrow to the pagoda, and hang around the neck of the god Pouliar a fine garland of blue lotus.'

Their preparations completed, each brother scattered on the water a handful of rice, in order to propitiate the favour of the god of the waters. With vigorous arms, they pushed the pirogue across the threatening surf—which, on that shore, forms a barrier somewhat difficult to pass—leaped into the frail skiff, and got under-way. When the little sail was hoisted on the bamboo mast, they fell into their usual silence. The younger of the two lying down in the bow, was luxuriously rocked by the motion of the waves, while he looked up at the stars. Seated in the stern, the elder held under his arm the paddle, which served as a rudder. They sailed swiftly out to sea, leaving behind them a furrow of foam, which, in the dark night, shone with a thousand phosphorescent sparks. From time to time, in order to dissipate the drowsiness induced by the refreshing coolness of the air and the silence of the waters, they chanted, in an under-tone, one of those melancholy, monotonous songs peculiar to primitive nations, and which nearly resemble the cooing of the wood-pigeon. An hour before day-break, the land-breeze fell; the light fog which descended slowly from the mountain summits, spread like a gauze veil over the sleeping waters. The now useless sail and mast were replaced in the bottom of the pirogue, and the brothers prepared to cast their nets. Their naked limbs shivered with cold in that mild atmosphere, which our cumbrous clothing makes us find too warm. Suddenly the sun lighted up like a beacon the peak of a distant hill; a flood of rosy light glided over the mountain-slopes, and swept along the

sea, chasing before it the morning fog. At length, the last star had vanished, and a distant sail appeared, gently swollen by the first breath of the sea-breeze.

'A sail!' cried Tirupatty, shewing with his finger the white point, which his brother also was watching attentively.

'Let us haul in the net,' said the latter, shrugging his shoulders. 'I see half-a-dozen fine fish jumping within it, and they will be worth more to us than that Mussulman ship. Are your eyes blinded by sleep that you don't recognise the peaked sail of an Arab *baggerow*? Her crew would not give a single *paica** for your Chinese bird!'

'And all the fruits of Travancore,' added Tirupatty, 'would not, in their eyes, be worth a paste of dates mixed up with flies instead of cloves!'

He threw into the bottom of the pirogue the fish which were struggling amongst the meshes of the net. As they continued fishing, the baggerow, whose immense sail shivered in the freshening breeze, advanced towards them; she was the *Fatah-er-rohaman* of Muscat, manned by a crew of twenty-five sailors from the eastern coast of Arabia. Naked to the waist, they wore brilliant-coloured scarfs, twisted round their heads, whose long fringes floated on their shoulders. These children of Ishmael viewed with indifferent eyes the still distant land and the little pirogue which lay floating on the waters. In the stern, the *nakodah* (master), Yousouf Ali, was gravely smoking a long pipe; the brown caftan which he wore enveloped him completely, and allowed nothing to be seen but his slender fingers and his severe profile, set, so to speak, in the frame of a jet-black beard. The form of the vessel, whose poop rose like the hump of a camel above the sea, while her lengthened prow dipped into the waves like the beak of a bird; her simple, primitive rigging consisting of a single mast and sail, like that of the barks used by the Greeks at the siege of Troy—all in the appearance of the baggerow served to recall those primitive ships which, in the days of Alexander, frequented the mouth of the Indus, and sailed over the Indian Ocean. Carried along by the trade-winds, the nakodah Yousouf accomplished every year in safety the voyage from Muscat to Travancore, without having recourse to the compass, of whose use, indeed, he was ignorant. Instinct, tradition, and a vague knowledge of astronomy, supplied to him the place of science; he knew perfectly well that his vessel was thirty miles west of Alepe, the place of his destination; and, therefore, had no need to seek information on this point from the two fishermen, who, on their part, took very little notice of the Arab ship. It advanced heavily towards them, and so closely as to threaten to run down their pirogue.

When the baggerow was no more than a cable's length from the fishermen, one of her crew, who, in the Indian ports, had picked

* A small brass coin.

up a few words of English, placed both his hands before his mouth in the manner of a speaking-trumpet, and shouted aloud: 'Fisher-boat, ahi! ah! fisher-boat!'

'*Matchhli, bahout, khoub matchhli!*' (Fish, very good fish!) replied Tirupatty, who took, as if in earnest, the summons of the Arab sailor.

Just as he raised his head towards the baggerow, in the act of presenting with both hands a basket filled with live fish, he received an old wet mop right across the face, which covered him from head to shoulders. A loud burst of laughter from the deck of the baggerow hailed this nautical practical jest. Tirupatty replied by an angry cry; and in recoiling from the blow of this unpleasant projectile, he upset the frail pirogue, and tumbled into the water with his brother Tiruvalla. To let fly the halliards of the sail, make a signal to the steersman to put down the helm, so as to check the ship's progress, and then to distribute amongst his crew a few vigorous blows with a rope's end, was but a minute's work to the nakodah Yousouf. Already the two fishermen, risen to the surface, had righted their pirogue by raising it with their shoulders—for the Hindoos on that coast swim like sharks—they collected their floating paddles and dispersed cocoa-nuts, their sail also, which the mast had hindered from sinking; but the Chinese bird had perished, the nets had gone to the bottom, and the fish had not neglected so good an opportunity of regaining their native element. When the brothers had repaired, as they best could, the damage they had sustained by this unlucky incident, they seized the rope thrown to them from the baggerow's deck, and climbed on board. The nakodah looked at them without speaking a word; and when he had satisfied himself that they were not hurt, he tranquilly resumed his seat on the carpet at the furthest end of the quarter-deck.

'Ah! *nakodah saheb*,' cried Tiruvalla, gesticulating violently with his arms and legs, 'we are poor ruined people. What had we done to be so treated by your sailors? Our nets, our fish, all lost!'

'We have nothing left now to give rice to our children,' subjoined Tirupatty, who was not married any more than his brother. 'Generous man, take pity on those whom you have reduced to misery!'

While thus speaking, they both wept, struck their breasts, and sobbed most piteously. When they had exhausted all their eloquence, they stretched themselves on the deck, declaring that they would die beneath the eyes of the barbarous stranger who refused to do them justice.

Yousouf gave orders to put the vessel under good way; and when this was accomplished, he drank a cup of excellent Mocha coffee, smoked a few puffs of his pipe, then fixing his piercing eyes on the two brothers: 'Have you said all?' he asked; 'have you finished your lies and your grimaces?' And as they were going to recommence their cries and complaints—'Silence!' he said: 'here are twenty rupees—ten for the nets, which were worth five; five

for the fish which you had caught, and for all that you might catch during the next week; and the other five are to console you for the fright that you have had, and for the shock of this morning's bath.'

'And my bird, more beautiful than the pheasant of our forests, more accomplished than the parrot of Maissour—how much will you pay for it?' asked Tirupatty, encouraged by the offer of twenty rupees. 'It was drowned in its cage, the poor creature that spoke so well the language of the Feringhees, and yours also, nakodah saheb!'

'Let us take the twenty rupees, for fear he should change his mind,' whispered Tiruvalla. 'Suppose the fancy should take him to throw us overboard!'

This prudent reflection was suggested to the elder brother by the appearance of an angry cloud darkening the brow of the nakodah. Cowardice vanquished in both the feeling of cupidity: they caught, ere it fell, the purse which Yousouf threw contemptuously towards them, walked backwards to the foot of the mast, saluting with respectful humility the nakodah, and even the sailors, down to the cabin-boy, and then, with the activity of monkeys, they clambered down to their pirogue. The baggerow, impelled by the breeze, which continued to freshen as the sun approached the zenith, soon reached the anchorage-ground off Alepe. The two fishermen followed in the track of the Arab vessel: before returning to their village, they wanted to purchase nets in the town of Alepe, in order to replace those which they had lost. The sea had become rough; and the slender pirogue disappeared between the waves, and reappeared on their crests, like a weasel crossing a furrowed field.

'All things considered,' said Tirupatty to his brother, as they were landing, 'we have not made a bad day's work of it: twenty rupees will go a long way.'

'Yes,' replied Tiruvalla; 'but they have still to pay for the ugly trick they played us.'

To which Tirupatty rejoined by a guttural exclamation, which, in the dumb language of the Malabar fishermen, signifies: 'We'll see to that.'

II.

More than sixty years had elapsed since the baggerow *Fatah-er-rohaman*, many times refitted, was first launched on the Indian Ocean. Vessels of her description, solidly built of teak, live nearly as long as whales. During the ten years in which he commanded her, the nakodah Yousouf traded continually between the two ports of Muscat and Alepe; carrying from his own country salt, coffee, and wool, and bringing back wood for building, trees for masts, cordage manufactured from the fibre of the cocoa; in a word, all the articles needful for navigation, with which Arabia is but scantily provided.

As soon as his ship was securely anchored, Yousouf went ashore. It was then about noon: a few Hindoo merchants, naked to their waists, and shaded by parasols flat and round like bucklers, were still to be seen about the shore, where were no longer heard the various sounds of labour, interrupted by the heat of the day. Yousouf passed through the long avenue of fine trees which led from the beach to the town, crossed the bazaars, advanced, without stopping, to the extremity of the suburb, and at length reached a pretty orchard, in the midst of which stood a cottage, thatched with palm-leaves. On one side rose a thicket of tall cocoa-trees; on the other, fig-trees, bearing immense fruits, sustained with their robust boughs the flexible branches of the pepper-plant. The nakodah glided noiselessly along the hedge which separated the enclosure from the road. Sometimes he looked around, to assure himself that no one observed him; sometimes he stood on tiptoe, trying to peep over the thicket. Suddenly his dark eyes lighted up: through the hedge he discovered a young girl seated at the edge of a well, under the shadow of a bamboo thicket. It was Mallika, the gardener's daughter. She slept peacefully, her head leaning on the back of her hand, in the graceful and natural attitude which a painter would have chosen in representing Sleep.

'At length,' said Yousouf to himself, 'there she is in all her beauty, that charming flower whose budding I have watched during the last three years. May I die, if any hand save mine own shall pluck it!'

While thus soliloquising, he perceived at the other side of the enclosure a Hindoo advancing slowly, seated on the back of an elephant. When he came opposite to the young girl, the rider struck the animal a slight blow on the neck with his iron hook. The huge creature, stretching out his trunk, plucked from the extremity of a branch a red cassia flower, balanced it several times in the air, and finally threw it straight upon Mallika's forehead. The maiden awoke with a start, and then smiling, half closed her eyes.

'So thou art there, my good Soubala,' she said in a low voice: 'thanks for thy present. Here, take this in return.'

She threw towards the elephant a large ripe banana, as yellow as gold: he caught it dexterously in the air, and conveyed it with visible pleasure into his large mouth.

'And I,' said the Hindoo, 'am I to get nothing, not even one friendly word? There are sweets for the elephant, but not a look cast on the poor *mahout*.'*

'Soubala,' replied the girl, still addressing herself to the intelligent animal, 'tell thy master, Cherumal, that the best way of pleasing a maiden is *not* to come and without any reason interrupt her sleep. Tell him so, Soubala; thou understandest me, for *thou* art a well-bred animal.'

* The name given in India to the keeper of an elephant.

The elephant saluted with his trunk, as if to prove that he comprehended, and then knelt down, as gracefully as his ponderous form permitted. At the voice of his conductor, whom Mallika's cold reception did not encourage to remain, Soubala rose to continue his route. Very frequently did the mahout Cherumal look back; he hoped, but in vain, that the young girl would atone for her harsh words by a friendly gesture. The elephant also looked at the place he was leaving, as though he regretted parting from the beautiful Mallika; his instinct told him that she shewed towards him that affection which she refused to his master. Proud apparently of this flattering preference, he flapped his great ears as he slowly traversed the narrow road, which his enormous bulk quite filled.

While this unexpected scene was passing before his eyes, the nakodah Yousouf remained hidden behind the hedge, admiring the beauty of the graceful Hindoo maiden. As soon as the mahout disappeared at the turn of the road, when he no longer heard anything but the distant crackling of the branches broken by the passage of the colossal elephant, he gently put aside the shrubs, and shewed himself. This time Mallika awoke thoroughly, opening her large eyes, veiled by lashes long and silky as those of the antelope. No cry of terror or gesture of indignation escaped her. With a rapid movement she wrapped across her breast the scarf which had slipped off during her slumber, and then slowly retired towards the threshold of her dwelling. Her serious and tranquil demeanour seemed to prohibit the approach of the too bold nakodah; yet his appearance produced on her an impression quite different from that caused by the presence of the mahout. Some emotion coloured her clear brown cheeks with a rosy tint, and she looked as if she longed to say to the Arab: 'What do you want? Whence do you come?'

The stranger walked boldly towards Mallika, saluted her with a scarcely perceptible smile, by carrying his hand to his forehead, and placed near her, on the margin of the well, a golden bracelet. At least he had not, like the rider on the elephant, interrupted her sleep without cause. He believed that the most direct way to reach the heart of a poor ignorant girl on the Malabar coast, and induce her to become his bride, was to act the magnificent lover. Yousouf accompanied his present by no sentimental pantomime. Without speaking a word, he gave a second salute, and retired, fully relying on the gorgeous jewel, sparkling in the sunshine with dazzling brightness, to speak for him and plead his cause.

Like a bird attracted by the sight of some fine ripe fruit, Mallika bent over the bracelet. Never before had so gorgeous an ornament dazzled her eyes. She viewed it with rapture, mingled with surprise, and hesitated to take it in her hand. After having spent some moments in admiring it, she fastened it round her arm, then hastily drew it off, and hid it beneath her scarf. The deep grunting of the buffaloes announced the return of her father,

who had been ploughing a distant portion of the enclosure. The old gardener, bent by years, was slowly driving back his team. Bending on their short legs, with muzzles depressed, the patient beasts stopped before the cottage, and waited quietly until they were permitted to go and refresh themselves in the water of the ponds, where they loved to remain wallowing during the great heat. Mallika hastened to assist her father in unharnessing the buffaloes. Suffering from extraordinary agitation, she felt the necessity of making some physical exertion. Unknown to herself, she also obeyed a desire of pleasing, as if other eyes besides those of her father were fixed upon her. This somewhat rude employment, more befitting the hands of a man than those of a young girl, Mallika fulfilled with graceful ease. Sprung from a half-untamed race, and living constantly in the open air, she was endowed with that precocious vigour which is one of the charms of youth. Of her own accord, from her childhood she had been accustomed to share her father's labours. On this day she felt an unusual glow of activity; a joy, hitherto unknown, made her heart beat. She felt as if she had never before loved her old father so fondly; and yet while aiding him with all affection, another image *would* pass before her eyes. She remembered that many times before, this same stranger had appeared in the neighbourhood: was it then for *her* sake that he loved to wander near the garden, silent and pensive, as if the sight of the fruits and flowers had for him an irresistible attraction?

As soon as the buffaloes were released from their yoke, the young girl ran and fetched a plate of rice, as white as snow, over which she poured curry sauce seasoned with red pimento. The old gardener eagerly thrust his hand into it, and drew forth a large portion, which he conveyed to his mouth; then turning his wrinkled countenance towards the fresh young face of Mallika: 'Mallika,' he said, 'thou art a good daughter! This plate of rice would bring back a dying man to life. Thou, my child, art the comfort of my old age. I should be a poor old man, without strength or courage, if I had not thee!'

III.

On the morrow, towards the middle of the day, Yousouf returned to Mallika's orchard. As before, he found her reposing near the well. Did she really sleep, or was she musing with her eyes shut? He did not lose a moment in asking the question. At the slight noise that he made in clearing the hedge, Mallika did not stir. Yousouf approached her cautiously, and deposited at her feet a pair of earrings of the same metal as the bracelet. When the young girl opened her eyes, and with a furtive hand took up admiringly the ornaments with which she longed to adorn herself, the nakodah had disappeared. Dragging through the dust his

babouches of yellow leather, one hand in his belt, while the other leaned on a stick with a crooked head—the staff of the ancient shepherds of Yemen—the Arab regained the town. From time to time he stroked his beard, and smiled. He was calculating the profits of his preceding voyages, and of those which he intended to make, and delighted himself with the thought of the many handsome presents he might offer to Mallika. While absorbed in this pleasant reverie, the two fishermen were watching his steps. Concealed by a hedge, they waited for him at the turning of the road.

'Let us see,' said Tiruvalla to his brother—'we have an account to settle with the Arab: we must get some money from him.'

'We are certainly two against one,' replied Tirupatty; 'but I would not venture to attack him. Suppose we put it off till to-morrow? This evening, I could go to the port, and engage a dozen of our friends to assist us'——

'With whom we should have to share,' interrupted Tiruvalla, shrugging his shoulders. 'Listen! If you will only do as I tell you, there will be at least thirty rupees between us two.'

'What are we to do?' asked Tirupatty.

'Nothing very difficult: only to harass and provoke him a bit. He is easily put into a passion, you know: these people are fierce, wicked'——

'And when they strike a blow, they make it felt.'

'So they do. All the better for us.'

'How do you prove that?' asked the younger of the two fishermen, who feared blows at least as much as any of his countrymen.

'In Bengal,' replied Tiruvalla, 'a blow with the fist received on the ribs is charged twenty-five rupees—that's the regular fine. I intend to provoke the nakodah, so that he may handle you a little roughly; then we will go to the judge, I will explain the affair, and the Arab will be fined accordingly.'

Tirupatty was silent; with his elbows on his knees, and his head between his hands, he fixed his dull eyes on his brother.

'Well, that's settled,' said Tiruvalla, rising briskly.

'But why must it be *I* that am to receive the blows?'

'I'll tell you why,' replied his brother. 'You, who are rather cowardly, would you venture to face this black-bearded nakodah? Would you have courage to look straight at his eyes while you threaten him?'

Tirupatty shook his head.

'Well,' continued Tiruvalla, 'I'll do it: I'll take the most difficult part of the business, which would be quite above your ability. You will have nothing to do but to let me manage, and keep within reach of the nakodah's arm. Here he comes. Just slip behind me, while I stand in his way.'

Tirupatty slunk behind the bushes, like a cur retreating from a bull-dog; and his brother, holding his head very high, advanced

towards Yousouf. By degrees, however, Tiruvalla, who had much more effrontery than courage, lost his self-assured air as he saw the Arab walk boldly towards him.

'The saheb nakodah is taking a walk?' said he in a very gentle voice.

Yousouf vouchsafed no reply.

'The saheb nakodah does not recollect me: I am the fisherman whom an accident caused by the crew of the baggerow has reduced to misery.'

'I paid you for it, and more than I ought,' replied Yousouf. 'Get away.'

'Generous man,' said Tiruvalla, 'you certainly gave me the value of my lost nets, and it is not for them that I claim any more; but your baggerow struck against my poor little pirogue, and ever since it leaks so much that we cannot venture to put to sea.'

'You lie. All you can claim from me are half-a-dozen good blows of my stick, to requite your impertinence; and those you shall have if you stand in my way any longer.'

Tiruvalla made a sign to his brother, who approached on tiptoe: the moment was come for commencing the attack in due form. The elder fisherman stood out boldly. 'You shan't pass!' he exclaimed. 'There's justice to be had at Alepe. Strike, if you dare, nakodah!—strike! Since when have the Mussulmans become masters of Travancore?'*

While his brother thus spoke in a raised tone of voice, Tirupatty laid hold of the nakodah by the floating sleeves of his caftan. Shaking them with both hands, he exclaimed: 'Twenty-five rupees! we must have twenty-five—thirty rupees!'

Yousouf turned round, and raised his arm to send off with a well-aimed blow this second contemptible adversary. Tirupatty gave a loud cry, and ran away across the fields: his brother, believing that the deed was accomplished, also made his escape, and the Arab remained alone in the middle of the road, as much surprised at the audacious attack of the two Hindoos as at their prompt retreat. Tiruvalla hastened to rejoin his brother, whom he found lying prostrate in a furrow, holding his left side, and looking very downcast.

'You see now,' said the elder, 'that a little coolness and courage were all that was required. Now, let us go to the judge. If you have a broken rib, we shall easily find a physician to set it.'

Aided by his brother, Tirupatty arose, and they walked slowly towards the town. In the bazaar-shops, there were many things to tempt the fishermen. Stuffs embroidered with gold and silver, the fine tissues of Lahore and Cashmere, the wrought scarfs of Dacca, glowing with gorgeous birds and flowers, the silks of China—all that Oriental taste can produce of the rich and of the beautiful, was there displayed to the passer-by. Trees of various

* Travancore is the only district on the Malabar coast that has never been conquered or governed by Mussulman princes.

species—thick-leaved fig-trees, slender cocoas, wide-branched mangoes, mimosas with flowers like tufts of silk—cast their shade over the irregular streets, diversified by the domes of the pagodas. This Hindoo town, thus nestling amongst foliage, resembles the park of some rajah, where its owner's caprice has collected together all the rarest products of Asiatic industry.

'Look!' said Tiruvalla to his brother—'what beautiful things! As soon as the judge causes us to be paid, I will buy for you one of these fine silver-bordered muslin scarfs to make you a turban. And you see to gain that, all the trouble you had was to stand to receive one blow.'

Tirupatty made a peculiar sound with his tongue against the roof of his mouth.

'Are you suffering much?' asked his brother. 'It will be well for us to see the judge this very day. Suppose the Arab should be beforehand with us, and make his complaint, accompanied by some little present!'

'If you are in such a hurry,' replied Tirupatty, 'you had better go on alone; you see that I am scarcely able to breathe.'

He certainly did walk with exceeding slowness, and when they reached one of the numerous wooden bridges which span the streams that water the town, he fairly stopped short. Many light pirogues, painted with bright colours, and more graceful than the finest gondola of Venice, were passing to and fro on these shallow canals.

'Hold!' said Tirupatty. 'I should like to have a row in one of those boats; I am tired of walking.'

'As soon as you are cured, we will return to our fishing,' replied his brother. 'Rest for a little, if you are tired, and then we will go knock at the judge's door. That must be our great business to-day.'

'Bah!' said Tirupatty; 'the judge most likely will not listen to poor people like us.'

'You will shew him your wound, which will speak for you, and I will take care to tell him all about it.'

'My wound is so trifling,' remarked Tirupatty, straightening himself by degrees, like a sick man beginning to recover—'what I felt was, I think, only the effect of the surprise I got. When he raised his arm, I made a little step backwards'——

'And then afterwards?' asked Tiruvalla, standing before him motionless with surprise—'what happened afterwards? Speak!'

'I drew back, and the awkward fellow missed me.'

'You have no more courage than a crow!' cried Tiruvalla angrily. 'Your cowardice has caused the failure of a project which I was turning in my head for the last two days. Get away, or I'll throw you into the canal!'

Tirupatty, who saw the storm coming, did not wait for a second bidding; he walked away swiftly; while his brother, gesticulating and talking to himself, went towards the harbour, the usual resort of all the idle, good-for-nothing fellows in the district.

Properly speaking, there is no harbour at Alepe; the ships cast anchor in the roads, about half a mile from the sandbank where the native pirogues lie stranded. Close to the shore stands a sort of shed, which serves as a depôt for various kinds of merchandise. Under the shade of the beautiful trees that overhang it—for every part of that coast is rich in vegetation—assemble merchants, sailors, porters, beggars, and all the herd of persons whom the business of a commercial town usually attracts. There pass the coolies, bending under their loads; and there is heard the plaintive monotonous cry of the palanquin-bearers, as they tread the strand with measured steps. Beggars, covered with sores, implore the pity of strangers with a deafening clamour. In hot countries, where the perpetual mildness of the climate exempts man from the necessity of clothing himself, misery loses nothing of its saddening aspect: if the pauper has no rags, his shrivelled skin, through which the bones are starting, his hollow sides, his attenuated limbs, are so many proofs that attest his sufferings. On these human bodies, deteriorated by hunger, and by the use of foul unwholesome food, the eye discovers with disgust the germs of various terrible maladies, just as you see on the bark of a tree whose sap has become vitiated, monstrous excrescences, or deep hollows. Still more shocking to the stranger who lands on this coast, so favoured by nature, are the troops of half-naked women carrying on their heads great baskets laden with pepper. How many of these basketfuls are needed to complete the cargo of a vessel of 500 tons burden? The women themselves could not tell. Some of them, still in early youth, drag painfully a leg, made heavy by the first symptoms of elephantiasis; others, old and withered, sink at each step over their ankles in the sand, and totter as if ready to fall. Exposed during the whole day to the burning heat of a tropical sun, black as moles, patient as ants, they walk in procession in two files, without complaining, probably without comprehending the pity they inspire. It may easily be conceived, that compared with this feeble population, the European preserves all the superiority that distinguishes the cultivated fruit-tree from the wilding of the forest; although, it must be confessed, that his tight inelegant costume deprives him of a portion of his external advantages. It is far otherwise with the Arab: his ample robe veiling his somewhat meagre and ungraceful limbs; his turban, with its large folds enveloping his retreating forehead, and rounding his flat temples; the solemn slowness of his walk, hampered by inconvenient shoes —all contribute to give him an appearance of singular dignity.

An old French traveller, M. de Beaulieu, who visited the Malabar coast in 1620, gives the following account of the cultivation of the pepper-plant at that period. The methods practised then continue nearly the same now; for, in the 'unchangeable East,' agricultural innovations are rarely adopted.

'The pepper-plants grow in a fat soil, and are planted at the root of trees, round which they creep and twist like hops. They

produce no fruit till the third year; after which they bear, for the three following years, six or seven poundweights of pepper. In the three next years they decrease one-third, both in the quantity and size of pepper, and thus continue decreasing for four or five years longer. For the first three years, the ground about them must be kept very clean, which requires a great deal of pains on account of the moisture of the climate. When the plant begins to bear, the branches of the tree through which it creeps must be lopped off, lest they intercept the rays of the sun, which this plant stands most in need of. When the clusters of the fruit are formed, care must also be taken to support them with poles, lest the branches should be drawn down by the weight of the fruit. It is necessary to prune them after the fruit is gathered, for otherwise they would grow too high, and by that means bear less fruit. This plant has commonly a white flower in April, which fruits in June: in August, the fruit is large and green, when the natives use it for salad, or make it into rich pickle, by steeping it in vinegar; in October, it is red; in November, it begins to grow black; and in December, it is all over black, and consequently ripe. This is generally the case, though in some places it ripens sooner than in others. The fruit being ripe, they cut off the clusters and dry them in the sun, till the grain falls off the stalk, which, notwithstanding the excessive heat, it does not do in less than fifteen days, during which it must be turned from side to side, and covered up every night. Some of the grains neither change red nor black, but continue white; and these are made use of in medicine, and sold for double the price of the other. Of late years, the inhabitants, observing that foreigners want these for the same use, have found out a way of whitening the others, by taking them while they are yet red, and washing off the red skin with water and sand, so that nothing remains but the heart of the pepper, which is white.'

When Yousouf returned that evening to the shore, he found there several nakodahs of his own country, whose ships were moored in the roadstead by the side of his own. He took his place near them under the cocoa-trees. These Arabian navigators formed a curious and picturesque group in the centre of the landscape bounded by the sea and the lofty trees that concealed the village. Seated on bales of wool, and smoking their long pipes, they enthroned themselves majestically in the midst of the crowd, like masters surrounded by slaves. By degrees, the beach was deserted; the nakodahs went on board their vessels, and the shadows of night spread over the scene, from whence life and movement had retired. No sound was to be heard but the shrill voices of the sailors and fishermen, as they cooked their rice in the open air. Tiruvalla had regained his pirogue; under the sail which covered its deck like a tent, his younger brother lay fast asleep. He lay down by his side without saying a word, for the fierceness of his anger had passed away. Thus two sparrows

which have quarrelled and threatened each other with their beaks and claws, soon become appeased, and retire fraternally to pass the night in the same hole.

IV.

While waiting to procure new nets, and resume their usual employment, the two fishermen spent their days in wandering along the shore. This idle life wearied Tirupatty, but he dared not complain, for fear of irritating Tiruvalla, who constantly reproached him with having lost an excellent opportunity of extorting money from the nakodah. They failed not to tell everywhere that the Arab Yousouf Ali, of the baggerow *Fatah-er-rohaman*, after having tried to upset their pirogue in the open sea, had attempted to assassinate them at the gates of the town. The result was, that wherever the nakodah passed, the natives made way for him with ready respect; he inspired the populations of the port and the bazaars with profound terror. Little cared the Arab what they said or thought of him. Two ideas absorbed his mind completely: how to obtain Mallika for his wife, and how to complete his cargo with the utmost expedition, in order to return to Muscat. Every day at the same hour he repaired by a circuitous path to the garden of the Hindoo maiden. Sometimes he furtively laid rich presents at her feet; sometimes he ventured to shew himself, and saluted her respectfully across the hedge. These mysterious visits, and the nakodah's liberality, began to make a very strong impression on the young girl's mind. Mallika soon began to weary of acting the mute and inanimate part of the statue at whose feet the pilgrim lays his offering. She determined to shew herself to the stranger, arrayed in all the splendour of the ornaments which she had received from him. The transparent scarf, striped with red silk, which she wrapped around her, was intended to conceal from every indifferent eye the various adornments, too fine for the humble daughter of a gardener, and which were meant to dazzle the eyes of him alone who deemed her worthy to wear them.

After spending a full hour at her toilet, Mallika placed on her head a basket of fruit, and walked swiftly towards the bazaar. It was in the morning, and the nakodah had just arrived on the bank of the canal, where lay piles of timber fit for the construction of ships. This principal canal, through which are discharged into the sea all the minor aqueducts that intersect the town of Alepe, is broad and shallow. Five or six elephants, belonging to the rajah of Travancore, are employed there every day in drawing out of the water—in which they are kept plunged to shield them from the action of the sun—the trunks of trees and the beams which have been brought thither from the forests in the interior. Seated beneath the cocoa-trees, which form a charming wall at each side

of the water, Yousouf superintended the extraction of the timber which he had chosen. The work was accomplished in the following manner :—

Each mahout made advance in turn the elephant which he guided. The animal then received from the hands of his master a thick rope, knotted in the form of a ring, which he slipped beneath the beams. By a dexterous movement of his trunk, the powerful creature gave a turn to the rope so as to fasten it; then walking backwards to the shore, he drew along those heavy burdens which forty robust arms pulling together would scarcely have sufficed to move. This first operation ended, the elephant turned back, raised the side of the tree by sustaining it against his knee, pushed it at one end, then at the other, and managed, so that without the aid of a human hand, he built up a lofty and perfectly regular pile of enormous beams. In the French war-ports, criminals condemned to the galleys are employed in a similar labour; consequently, the European sailors call these elephants 'the convicts of the rajah of Travancore.' The largest and strongest of those working on the present occasion, beneath the eyes of the nakodah Yousouf, was Soubala, which, under the guidance of the mahout Cherumal, threw cassia flowers so dexterously to the beautiful Mallika. When it came to his turn to go down to the canal, he advanced majestically, like a moving tower, shaking at the end of his trunk the thick cable destined to seize his burden.

'There! there!' cried Cherumal, pointing with his finger to an enormous tree covered with slime, and which a long sojourn in the water had rendered still more heavy—'take that, Soubala!'

The docile creature passed his cable beneath the beam, and stiffened himself on his four legs to raise it. After a fruitless attempt, he looked aside at his *cornac*,* as if he meant to say: 'You see it is impossible!'

But Cherumal did not allow himself to be moved by the animal's mute appeal; he struck him on the neck a violent blow with his iron hook. Once more the elephant tried to raise the piece of wood, which seemed fastened to the ground by some invisible chain; the veins in his neck swelled like knotted cords; he bent backwards, to augment his strength with the whole weight of his body.

'Courage, Soubala!' cried Cherumal as he struck the poor creature redoubled blows with his formidable iron hook. 'Courage! O bravest and most powerful of the elephants nourished in the forests of Travancore!'

Climbing on the shoulders of the beast, he cried and shouted so lustily as to attract a crowd on both sides of the canal. For a few minutes, the elephant stood motionless up to his knees in the water, as it were collecting his strength for a supreme effort. Cherumal also took breath, replying only with emphatic gestures to the multiplied voices that came from the crowd to advise him.

* An elephant-driver is often so called.

'Make the beast go further into the water, and he will have a better purchase,' said one.

'No, no; lead him back,' said another; 'his feet are slipping in the mud.'

'He'll never do it,' remarked a fruit-merchant, who placed his basket on the ground, and crossed his arms, with the indifferent air of a man who amuses himself with watching the embarrassment of another.

'To such a beast as that, nothing ought to be impossible,' added the squeaking voice of a beggar, whose monstrous leg was as large as that of the elephant's. 'If my disease did not hinder me, I would take Cherumal's place, and raise the beam in a minute.'

All this talk annoyed the mahout, and roused his self-love: he began to prick the elephant so sharply, that the creature lost his patience. The first sign of ill-humour which he gave was a violent kick in the water. The spectators, plentifully besprinkled with muddy moisture, perceived that it would be only prudent to draw back.

'Soubala! Soubala!' said Cherumal, trembling with shame and anger, 'wouldst thou affront me before all these people? Art thou not the king of the elephants? Who brought thee up, and taught thee since the day that thou wast taken a cub by the rajah's hunters? Soubala, try once more, and I will take thee to-morrow to salute the beautiful Mallika!'

These last words, whispered in the elephant's ear, seemed to act like a spell on the noble animal; he gave the beam a jerk which raised it from the bed of the canal, but it fell back immediately: decidedly the attempt surpassed the strength of Soubala. Furious at his defeat, the elephant raised his proboscis aloft, and a hoarse roaring resounded from his throat. The crowd felt afraid, for anger had seized on the gigantic beast. He was fast returning to his wild state, and his first fit of fury would probably wreak itself on the mahout, the symbol, to his instinct, of forced labour and slavery. Cherumal perceived the imminent peril, but his honour as a cornac —there is honour in every profession—obliged him to try every possible means of conquering the dangerous animal intrusted to his care. At the moment when the poor Hindoo, scarcely daring to hope anything from his efforts, was trying, by dint of shouts and blows, to inspire him with fear and obedience, Soubala began to grow calm; his movements became less abrupt, he ceased to shake his driver, and his trunk no longer sawed the air like a terrible club. A gentle voice, sounding timidly in his ear, succeeded in appeasing him—it was that of Mallika. Attracted by the crowd that pressed around the canal, the young girl speedily discerned the comparatively white face of the Arab amongst the dark-visaged Hindoos.

'Well, Cherumal,' she said, 'you must have maltreated poor Soubala terribly to put him into such a rage.'

'Is it my fault,' said Cherumal, stammering with mingled fear,

joy, and confusion—'is it my fault that this nakodah has taken it into his head to have drawn from the water beams that have lain there for the last fifty years, because no one was ever able to draw them out?'

'He has a right to choose what he has the means of paying for,' rejoined Mallika. 'Come, are you going to weep like a woman in the presence of all the inhabitants of Alepe? It only wanted *that* to cover you with shame after the defeat you experienced, and which they are already talking about in the bazaar.'

'If I should weep, it would be with rage,' said the mahout warmly, and once more impelling his elephant into the canal. With much difficulty, the animal succeeded in raising the beam which he had already dragged from its bed. Retreating with slow and careful steps, he drew it half up on the shore, then made another effort; and, finally, ranged it in all its length in its appointed place. All these movements, which required as much precision as intelligence, were executed under the direction of Cherumal, whose pointed staff acted on the elephant as a rudder on a ship. The spectators, who now thronged fearlessly around the calmed beast, applauded with shouts and clapping of hands. Mallika remained for a few minutes in the midst of the circle; she stood motionless, her basket of fruit on her head, in the attitude of the beautiful granite images which decorate the porticos of the pagodas; the breeze partly blew aside the scarf which covered her shoulders, and the rich ornaments which she wore flashed and sparkled in the sunshine.

Yousouf, who recognised her from a distance, rose at her approach, and gazed at her with admiring but respectful eyes. For a moment, the joy and the consciousness of perfect beauty kept her still; but shame at the thought of standing as a spectacle for careless eyes, and fear of offending the discreet stranger, speedily warned the young girl to withdraw. Mingling with the crowd, she disappeared like a star behind the clouds—if we may make use of a comparison familiar to the poets of India.

During several days, Soubala's exploit furnished a topic for discourse in the bazaar. It was asserted that a young girl had bewitched the redoubtable beast and his mahout. The fact was, that Cherumal himself really believed in the magical power of the beautiful Mallika.

'She receives me with disdain,' he thought sadly; 'and yet I cannot help loving her. When I am away from her, I have a thousand things to say to her, and the moment I see her I forget them all. This terrible animal which cost me so much trouble to conquer, will obey a word from her, when I can do nothing with him. Just now, she saved me from great danger; but for her, Soubala would have trampled me under his feet, and yet I allowed her to depart without giving her a word of thanks. O Mallika! the *kunishans* (sorcerers) of the coast have taught thee magic spells wherewith to conquer beasts and to charm men!'

Absorbed in such reflections, Cherumal withdrew with his

elephant into the grove of cocoa-trees, where he and his companions were accustomed to pen their animals, and feed them after work. The other mahouts turned their steps towards the caravansary of Alepe: this was a pretty little wooden palace, formerly inhabited by the rajah of Travancore, but at the time we write of, much dilapidated. There were some elegant sculptures, in which the fantastical creations of Indian art were modified by details borrowed from the Moorish style. It stood between the shore and the town, in the midst of a spacious area flanked by fine trees. From the terrace which surrounds the upper story of the edifice, strangers passing through Alepe amuse themselves with watching the elephants paraded by their cornacs. They usually throw the animals a few paicas in return for their graceful salutations, and as these largesses from travellers are the perquisite of the mahouts, the latter never fail to appear in the court of the caravansary. Cherumal was in the habit of going there also; but this day he did not feel in the humour to shew off Soubala as a learned beast. After having fastened him by one of his hind-legs to a large palm-tree, he placed before him a formidable pile of cocoa-leaves, of fresh grass, and of bamboo-twigs, and then lay down in the shade himself, less to sleep than to meditate at leisure. The cornac and the elephant were both somewhat vexed with each other—the man with the beast, on account of his disobedience, and the public affront which it had caused him; the beast with the man, because of the unreasonable task which he had imposed on him. As soon as he devoured his pittance, equal to that of ten working-horses, Soubala prepared for his siesta after his own fashion. He covered his back, his neck, and his head with leaves and branches, in order to protect himself from the stings of flies, and lowered his trunk. Standing motionless and upright on his four feet, solid and rugged as the trunks of trees, he might have been mistaken for one of those rude huts which woodmen build for themselves in the forests.

Elephants are now chiefly used, as we have just described, for laborious and pacific purposes; but from the earliest accounts in history, the Eastern nations have employed these wonderful animals in war. Alexander the Great was the first European who ever mounted an elephant. He carried a number of them into Greece, which Pyrrhus employed some years after against the Romans at the battle of Tarentum. Both the Greeks and Romans soon learned to get the better of those monstrous animals: they opened their ranks, and allowed them to pass through; neither did they attempt to hurt them, but threw darts, &c., at their guides. Now that firearms are the principal instruments of war, elephants, which are terrified at the noise and flame, instead of being useful, would only embarrass and confuse an army.

It is said to be no uncommon thing with a rajah, if he has a mind to ruin a private gentleman, to make him a present of an elephant, which he is ever afterwards obliged to maintain at a

greater expense than he can afford; as, by parting with it, he would certainly fall under the displeasure of the grandee, besides forfeiting all the honour which his countrymen think is conferred upon him by so respectable a present.

V.

On the following morning, before sunrise, the old gardener, Mallika's father, climbed up his cocoa-trees to gather their fruit. Armed with a bill-hook, he cut steps in the trunk, and thus ascended to the tuft of leaves which crowned the summit. The air was fresh and mild, the crows were beginning to wheel in the air, the kites shook the dew from their wings, and the black cuckoo uttered a cry which strongly resembled the complaint of a human voice. Mallika reclined on a mat, half dreaming with her eyes open. Riding on his elephant Soubala, Cherumal was passing by: the old gardener saw him, and made a sign to him to approach.

'Tis pleasant to take the air at this hour, like a rajah, on an elephant's back,' said the old man.

'Every trade has its annoyances, not to say its dangers,' replied Cherumal. 'Yesterday, I had a narrow escape.'

'From some caprice of Soubala's?'

'A regular fit of fury, which would have ended badly for me, if Mallika had not interfered. One word from her is sufficient to appease the wicked beast.'

'She's certainly a wonderful girl!' exclaimed her father. 'Confess, Cherumal, that in all Travancore there is no one like her.'

'Very true,' replied the mahout sighing. 'She has a look and a voice which charm both men and animals. Every one says that she possesses magical spells.'

'Really? But who could have taught them to her? It was not I, mahout, for in truth I am no sorcerer.'

'Nor I neither,' said Cherumal simply. 'Yesterday, I was so confused, that I did not say a single word of thanks to her for the service which she rendered me. It is not by talk, but by actions, that I would wish to shew my gratitude towards her. Meantime, until I have an opportunity of seeing Mallika, will you give her this little present from me?—the only ornament which my poor mother left me when she died.'

He presented, hanging on the point of his iron hook, a coral-necklace, which the old man, bending towards him, took from the top of the tree.

'Thou hast a kind heart, my son,' said the old gardener in an affectionate voice. 'Mallika will be much obliged to thee for this gift.'

'O no!' replied the mahout; 'she does not love me! Provided she keeps the necklace, and does not send it back to me, I shall

be satisfied. Tell her, father, that I will not annoy her with my visits; but that if ever the presence of the poor mahout should cease to be disagreeable to her, let her wear this necklace round her neck, and I will forget all she has made me suffer.'

The old gardener scarcely heard these latter words: he looked with surprise at the mahout departing slowly, after having promised not to return. Cherumal regained the banks of the canal, whither his usual employment called him. Near him, on the sea-shore, the two fishermen, who had passed the night in their pirogue, were taking their morning repast.

'When shall we return to our fishing?' asked Tirupatty. 'I should like to purchase new nets.'

'As long as that cursed baggerow lies off Alepe, it seems to me that an important affair keeps us here,' replied Tiruvalla. 'Have we not two accounts to settle with the nakodah—one for the injury he did us, and the other for that which we could not do him?'

'Watch how the sea-gulls hover and cry above the waves,' said Tirupatty: 'there must be a shoal of fish.'

'Watch rather how the nakodah is coming towards the shore in his canoe, lying on his carpet like a nabob: he is looking as if he defied us.'

'Is that he?' asked Tirupatty. 'Then I'm off!'

'And I remain,' said his brother.

He did so. As soon as the nakodah, having landed, took his way towards the town, the fisherman went up to the crew of the baggerow, and accosted them with very humble salaams. Recognising amongst them the man who had caused his pirogue to upset, he took him affectionately by the hand.

'What do you want with me?' asked the Arab smiling: 'it was I who gave you a ducking.'

'Bah! that was only a jest,' replied Tiruvalla. Your nakodah recompensed us generously, and a Hindoo bears no malice. If you have need of anything, I am at your service.'

'We don't want anything more at present,' said the sailor: 'to-morrow evening, we sail with the land-breeze.'

'So soon!' exclaimed Tiruvalla, raising his hands towards heaven.

'The nakodah is in haste to set sail: his cargo is completed, and he has adorned his cabin like a sheik's tent. He must have found at Alepe some rare bird, to deserve so beautiful a cage.'

'These are affairs that don't concern poor fishermen like us,' said Tiruvalla, with much assumed indifference. 'May the sea be smooth, and the winds favourable to you and to him!'

'*Allah hafiz!*' (God preserve you!) replied the sailor; and as he went to rejoin his comrades, he mocked at the Hindoo, who seemed by his humility to ask pardon for the injury he had received. Tirupatty approached his brother as soon as he saw the coast clear.

'Come on,' said Tiruvalla; 'are you still afraid? I forgive the cowardice you shewed the other day, on condition that you will promise to second me now in the project which I meditate. If you will help me, I will tell you all about it to-morrow. Wait for me here.'

So saying, the cunning fisherman went to seek Cherumal, who was busily employed in his honest labour. He watched during more than an hour for an opportunity of speaking to him apart; and at length, when the mahout led his elephant into the wood where he was accustomed to feed him, Tiruvalla came and sat down by his side.

'That's a fine animal of yours. Next to that at Elephanta, which is only of stone, he is the largest I ever saw.'

This common-place compliment, which he had often heard before, did not induce Cherumal even to turn his head. He continued to scratch with his iron hook the rugged back of the elephant, which seemed greatly to enjoy the operation.

'In the bazaar, nothing is talked of to-day but Soubala and his mahout,' continued the fisherman. 'Do you know what they say?'

'I have no time to ask about it,' replied Cherumal, who, like all industrious people, had a horror of idle gossipping.

'Nor I neither,' said Tiruvalla: 'I have abundance to occupy me all day in earning my livelihood. If I quit my pirogue to come and speak to you, it is because it greatly concerns your interest, Cherumal, to listen to what I have to say.'

'The talk of the bazaar is all idle prattle,' said the mahout: 'only a fool would regard it.'

'Who knows? If I could shew you a way of rendering an important service to the beautiful girl who came to your assistance yesterday, would you not listen to me?'

'Bah!' replied Cherumal. 'She has no need of my services.'

'If you think so, farewell. I will not lose my time any more in managing your affairs for you against your will. Poor Mallika! it depended on you to save her!'

'Save her from what?' cried Cherumal impetuously. 'Did she send you?—or have you any message from her father? Who are you? I don't even know your name. How can I believe you?'

'You need not believe my words,' replied the fisherman; 'it will suffice to believe your own eyes. Watch both to-day and to-morrow at sunset, near Mallika's garden, and you will see how useful your presence may be to her.'

Cherumal listened with eager ears; but Tiruvalla, having said so much, disappeared.

The mahout could not comprehend the meaning of this vague discourse, and he greatly distrusted the fisherman. This latter had purposely said but little, because it entered into his project to allow matters to proceed as far as possible. A prey to a disquietude which he could not master, Cherumal passed the whole

evening watching near Mallika's garden, but could not discover anything to justify alarm. Although determined to return the next day, he felt almost persuaded that the fisherman had imposed on his credulity.

It was, however, quite true that Mallika incurred a real danger —that of falling into the snare which the nakodah Yousouf Ali had spread for her. On that same day, the Arab repaired to her garden, not at noon, as he was wont to do, but in the evening. Mallika was the more charmed to see him that she had begun to be uneasy at his absence; and she hastened towards him as soon as she heard him approach. In her simplicity, she sincerely loved this stranger who loaded her with presents; he appeared to her more worthy of affection and better than any other man she had ever met, merely because he was more handsome and better dressed. Compared with him, what was the poor mahout Cherumal, with his muslin turban and the piece of white cotton in which he used to wrap himself up and sleep beneath the shadow of the palm-trees? No dazzling atmosphere, either of riches or of mystery, surrounded the Hindoo whom she had been accustomed to see so humble in her presence. He would have dashed into a furnace to rescue her from it—*that* Mallika knew well, and yet she disdained the devotion of a faithful heart, which asked permission merely to obey her. Yousouf, on the contrary, bore in his look and manner all the pride which springs from a bold disposition and the habit of commanding.

Daring and prudent at the same time, he glided near Mallika, and said to her in a firm tone: 'I go to-morrow!' The young girl trembled at these unexpected words. Yousouf continued: 'I go to-morrow—wilt thou follow me? Thou shalt be my wife, queen in my dwelling at Muscat, which is a palace compared with thy mean cabin. Ten slaves stand there, ready to obey thy lightest wish. Hast thou not often heard of Araby the Blest, and its charming climate? If thou couldst only see the apartments I have prepared for thee in my ship'——

'And my father?' asked Mallika, with a semblance of wishing to resist the allurements which had already conquered her better judgment.

'Thy father, if thou desirest it, shall come and live with thee. Next year, in my first voyage, I will bring him over, or, if thou preferrest it, thou canst come hither and fetch him thyself. To-morrow, Mallika—to-morrow evening thou wilt be ready to set out?'

'To-morrow evening! why didst thou not tell me of it sooner? Set out for a distant unknown land!'——

'I must return on board,' replied the Arab. 'I have not a moment to lose. To-morrow evening, at sunset, I shall be here. Answer, Mallika,' he added in a softer tone—'shall I come?'

'Come!' whispered the young girl; and the Arab went away, saying to himself: 'I have her!'

VI.

Yousouf Ali was not sprung from the chivalrous race of the Moors of Granada. He experienced for Mallika the same kind of love which a pacha feels for a beautiful slave exposed for sale in a bazaar. It signified little to him that the poor girl, transported to Muscat, and shut up within the harem walls amongst five or six jealous rivals, would probably pine, even unto death, for the joyous freedom of her father's garden. He had tempted and dazzled her eyes with sparkling jewels, as the fowler fascinates the lark with a mirror to entice her into his net. Young, inexperienced, and motherless, Mallika had fallen into the snare with all the pleased facility of a child: she followed, without reflection, the impulse of her giddy heart, as often happens to the uneducated daughters of the East, and sometimes, we must confess, to those of the West. All night she dreamed of this departure, which opened to her disturbed imagination such attractive prospects. When daylight broke, it seemed to her that the sun rose more brightly than usual, and that the flowers in the garden exhaled an unwonted and delicious odour. Her father's look of confiding tenderness caused her some emotion. Was she going to leave him alone in that garden which she had gladdened all her life with her presence? Perhaps he would die there of grief and loneliness! But had not her lover promised to reunite them? and would not the joy of that meeting more than compensate for the pain of a brief separation? Thus thought Mallika, as she secretly made preparations for her flight.

Yousouf, on his part, made ready to sail. His men passed the day in filling their goat-skin water-bags from the cisterns on the shore. As soon as the shadows of evening began to fall, the nakodah left his ship, and stepped into a light skiff rowed by two men. He entered the canal by which the waters from the interior flow into the ocean, and traversed the whole town of Alepe by passing up one of the streams that water it. Having thus arrived within a short distance of Mallika's garden, he directed his rowers to wait for him, and disappeared in the narrow shady path which he had so often trodden before. Mallika was watching for him in a retired corner of the enclosure. She felt that her destiny was no longer at her own disposal, and her first movement was to seize and cling to the hand of the stranger so soon to become her lord and absolute master. Yousouf was in haste to return to his skiff, and gently, but resolutely, drew her towards it. For a moment, the young girl hesitated. The tremulous voice of her father, calling to his buffaloes as he led them homewards, struck on her ear; she gave a sigh, and shed a tear. The memory of her happy childhood awoke in her heart; she felt afraid, and trembled. As if to conceal the emotion which oppressed her, Mallika laid her head on Yousouf's shoulder, and made a step

forward. Leaning on the arm of the Arab, she walked without speaking, scarcely imprinting on the sand the traces of her bare feet. Suddenly Yousouf stopped; he had heard the noise of crashing branches, which announced the approach of an elephant. The animal advanced towards him, so as to block up the road. Taking Mallika in his arms, the Arab cleared the hedge which separated them from the neighbouring field, and hastily gained the canoe. No sign betrayed them; they might now reach the baggerow without leaving any trace of their flight, save the speedily effaced wake of the little bark. Obeying their master's signal, the sailors rowed as lightly as possible, and in the profoundest silence. They did not even raise their eyes towards the young woman seated in the stern of the canoe near the nakodah. He had enveloped her in a long veil, and Mallika took this jealous precaution for a mark of honour.

Cherumal, however, for it was he who, on his elephant Soubala, was watching near the garden, had seen a shadow gliding across the trees. The animal himself had shaken his large ears at the moment when the nakodah crossed the hedge. The mahout, alarmed, hastened towards Mallika's dwelling, and began to call her aloud.

'Who is there? Who wants Mallika?' asked the old gardener.

'Is your daughter with you, father?' said the mahout respectfully.

'No, my son; I suppose she is in some other part of the garden gathering fruit.' Then suddenly recollecting that at that hour his daughter was always within doors, he began to call loudly: 'Mallika! Mallika!'

'No one answers,' said the mahout: 'you see well she is not here. O father, if anything should have happened to her!'

These words produced on the old man the same effect as a stunning blow: he suddenly bent down, and sobbed out repeatedly the name of his beloved daughter. Cherumal did not wait to console him: without considering which was the best road to take, he went straight towards the banks of the canal, to the place where he used to labour every day with his elephant. The Arab's canoe was gliding silently over the waters, concealed by the palm-trees. As soon as he heard it coming, Cherumal leaned eagerly forward: it was impossible for him to recognise Mallika under the veil that covered her. Preyed on by still increasing anxiety, he followed with his eyes the progress of the mysterious skiff, and the movements of the sagacious animal which carried him. Again Soubala shook his ears, and Cherumal hailed the canoe: 'Mallika, is it thou? Answer, in thy father's name!'

No reply; but the movement which the veiled woman made to conceal herself from the eyes of the mahout did not escape his notice. He urged his elephant towards the middle of the canal; the water dashed up by the feet of the ponderous animal covered the skiff, and nearly sufficed to upset it. The sailors gave such

vigorous strokes with their oars, that the light canoe darted forward like an arrow; one might have fancied it a flying-fish escaping from some monster of the deep. Exasperated at the thought of missing his prey, Cherumal hastened along the beach to watch for the Arabs at their entrance on the sea. The sand-bank which extends all along the coast renders both dangerous and difficult this transition from the fresh water to the salt. At the moment when the foaming breakers dashed upwards in all their fury, Mallika was frightened, and gave a cry. The rowers, standing up to their oars, allowed the wave time to subside, and then impelled the boat onwards. The spray flew off her bow—the bank was passed. It was then that Cherumal, on his elephant, dashed into the water. The animal, plunged chest-deep, laid his trunk like a grappling-iron on the canoe's stern.

'Stop! or I'll upset you!' cried the mahout. 'Hold fast, Soubala!'

The animal did so; and Yousouf, rising with a rapid motion, threatened his proboscis with the point of his cutlass.

'Carry off Mallika; save her, good Soubala!' cried Cherumal eagerly—'save her, and upset those robbers!'

Soubala understood his master's words; his large hoof crushed the frail skiff like a nut-shell, while his flexible trunk gently but strongly entwined itself round the trembling form of Mallika. He raised her up, and placed in the mahout's arms this precious trophy of his victory; then he retired to the shore, without troubling himself any further about the nakodah and his men, who were struggling in the water. The tide, which happened to be flowing in, soon brought towards the shore the fragments of the canoe, with the Arabs, who shook themselves like water-dogs. The two rowers trembled with fear, and Yousouf with rage. The latter, anxious to regain his vessel, in order to conceal there his shame and his grief, went seeking some pirogue along the shore. The two fishermen, his former acquaintances, met him, very much as if they had been watching for him. Tirupatty, the more cowardly of the brothers, could not, without disquietude, see himself so near the redoubtable nakodah; but Tiruvalla whispered in his ear: 'Come! this time you will have no risk to run.' Then addressing Yousouf: 'The nakodah wants to go on board—does he not know that our poor pirogue is not in a very good condition?'

'Let us start immediately,' said Yousouf: 'here is a rupee.'

'The nakodah is a generous man,' continued the fisherman, who from afar had witnessed the Arab's misadventure: 'what a pity that his canoe should be broken! A ducking is nothing to poor fellows like us, who are accustomed to live in the water; but to you, illustrious nakodah, it is quite different. Your beautiful clothes are all covered with mud and sand. Look, Tirupatty!'

The discomfited Arabs stepped into the pirogue, which cleared the bank with the lightness of a feather; and a quarter of an hour sufficed to bring them safe and sound alongside the baggage-

After having wished Yousouf and his crew a prosperous voyage, and all kinds of happiness for the remainder of their days, the fishermen departed. When the pirogue had reached a sufficient distance to be no longer perceived by the Arabs, Tiruvalla made a sign to his brother that he should cease rowing.

'Now,' said he, 'we shall finish our affair with these dogs of strangers; yet a little patience, and thou wilt see if the little fish is afraid of the whale. The nakodah intends to start to-night, but I foretell that he will have no breeze: see, the land-fog is rising.'

A thin mist, in fact, was beginning to cover the shore, and to spread itself over the surface of the water. On board of the baggerow, the tambourine resounded; the heavy main-yard was raised in time to the measured voices of the crew; the large sail was spread to its full extent, but it fell back on the shrouds without the lightest breeze to swell it. Thus passed some hours; the sea continued as calm and smooth as a lake. By degrees, the baggerow swayed round on its anchor, so as to turn its poop towards the shore; the tide began to rise. The Arabs perceived that they must abandon their intention of sailing that night; and climbing on the yard, they began to furl the sail. For some time, Yousouf continued to pace the deck, the glowing ball of his pipe appearing like a distant star to the eyes of the observant fishermen. At length he retired to the empty cabin, which he had decked with so much care and cost for the reception of Mallika; and the crew lay down to sleep on the deck. At that moment, Tiruvalla drew across the palm of his hand the blade of a well-sharpened knife, and desired his brother to row towards the baggerow. Tirupatty impelled the pirogue onwards with a few strokes of the paddles; and suddenly, he saw with surprise Tiruvalla, knife in hand, throw himself into the sea. As soon as he was in the water, the cunning fisherman hid his head beneath it, swimming noiselessly, after the manner of a shark. Cautiously approaching the baggerow, Tiruvalla seized the cable which held it attached to its anchor. With the aid of his knife, he succeeded in severing the thick rope, and the vessel began to drift towards the shore. Then the Indian returned to his pirogue, and shewed his brother the baggerow moving towards certain destruction.

'Thou seest,' said he, 'that sooner or later they will have to pay for the trick they played us. Let us follow them softly, so as to be ready to pick up whatever we can get when they are wrecked.'

On that low, flat shore, the rolling swell, repulsed by the sand-bank, rises to a height of several feet, and then falls down in foaming breakers. So long as the baggerow continued to float over the smooth deep waters, neither captain nor crew perceived the danger they ran. Soon, however, the vessel's keel struck; the Arabs awoke with a start, and rose terrified, without at first understanding the cause of the terrible shock which made the yard fall on the deck. In its fall, it drew with it the immense sail. Beneath this double weight leaning at one side, the vessel lurched over and

stranded; and the breakers off the bank assailed it with violence. On board, all was confusion; the hurt and bruised sailors cried out lamentably, and those on shore who heard them did not understand sufficiently in what the peril consisted to be able to render them effectual assistance. In such a juncture, the coolness and experience of the captain will often avail to save a ship. Unfortunately, Yousouf found himself in a condition still more critical than that of his men. Surprised in his cabin by the water pouring in through the stern, he had been forcibly dashed against the side; his head bleeding, and half stunned by the blow, he tried to open the cabin-door. Suddenly it yielded under the impulse of a hand from without, and the nakodah found himself confronted with the triumphant visage of the fisherman Tiruvalla.

'Tis I!' said the Hindoo with a ferocious smile. 'Thy money, thy treasures! Give quick, or I finish you with a thrust of my knife!'

Yousouf cast on the fisherman a look of mingled rage and contempt.

'Time presses; the baggerow is fast going to pieces,' said Tiruvalla: 'give me thy money, and I will save thee.'

Time did indeed press. The Hindoo, with a greedy eye, calculated how many minutes the broken vessel might still live. Instead of replying, the nakodah rushed on the fisherman, grasping in his hand his bent cutlass. The two enemies, holding each other tightly interlaced, rolled together on the submerged floor; they dealt random but terrible blows at each other, and the dark water was tinged with their blood. The Hindoo sought to fly, but the Arab, like the dying lion which crushes with his paw the prostrate hunter, continued to stab his side with his weapon. This death-strife ceased only when the stern of the baggerow, opened by the assaults of the breakers, broke up into pieces.

At low-water, the wrecked vessel lay high and dry; most of the crew had been saved, but Yousouf was never seen more. Tirupatty, who had left his brother on board the baggerow, waited for him in vain until morning. Not seeing him return laden with the booty which he had hoped to bring back, the prudent fisherman went out to sea. Sole inheritor of the pirogue, and of the new nets purchased at Alepe, Tirupatty returned to his village, and there quietly resumed his former occupation. He renounced altogether the less honest trade in which his brother had associated him, and which did not by any means suit his naturally timid disposition.

VII.

After the departure of Cherumal, the old gardener, filled with despair, continued to call on his daughter's name in every corner of the enclosure. With a lamp in his hand, he ran amongst the cocoa-trees, and searched the thickets, like a miser who has lost his

treasure. The tears rolled down his gray beard, incoherent words escaped from his trembling lips. He looked like a madman, yet neither his extravagant gestures nor his grotesque appearance would have provoked a smile from the passer-by, for nothing is more sad than to see an old man weep. It is true that his grief was of short duration. Proud of the burden which he carried, the elephant Soubala brought back at a majestic pace the beautiful Mallika, snatched from the arms of the Arab. Cherumal felt happy in restoring her to her father, and in thus so soon paying back the debt of gratitude. He held her before him seated on the elephant's neck, and did not question her as to the danger she had incurred. With a careful hand, he held back from her face the branches of trees which might have reached her, and respected her silence; she inspired him with an attachment too sincere to permit him to speak of his love at such a moment. He felt almost ashamed to find Mallika so mute and dejected, she who had so often amused herself by confusing and discomfiting him with her lively sallies. When he saw from afar the old man, with his lamp placed at the edge of the well, seated on the ground in an attitude of despairing grief, Cherumal said to the young girl: 'Mallika, raise thy head and speak; let thy father hear the sound of thy voice!'

The maiden, like a person aroused from sleep, slowly raised her head.

'Thou art saved, Mallika!' continued the mahout. 'It was I who did it. Fear nothing. I rescued thee from him who was carrying thee off by force'——

'And who told you that he was carrying me off by force?' asked Mallika in a tone of reproach.

Poor Cherumal had little expected such a speech; he perceived that henceforward Mallika would hate him, for having so officiously meddled in an affair which did not concern him. All the grief from which he had saved the old father fell back on his own heart. However, he had still the consolation to think that he had performed a good action, and he did not much repent of his indiscreet zeal.

'Father,' said he to the old man, 'here is your daughter; ask her to forgive me: I acted for the best.'

The gardener, half beside himself with joy, did not attend to the meaning of these words. Weeping and laughing at the same time, he embraced and caressed his beloved child. 'Come down!' he cried to Cherumal, who was departing; 'come, my son, my good Cherumal; Mallika wants to thank you. You have restored me to life, mahout, and all that I have is at your service!'

But the Indian, without replying, disappeared amongst the trees.

Next morning, there was a great deal of talk in the town of Alepe respecting the shipwreck of the baggerow. Some said that the nakodah, by some false manœuvre, had run his vessel ashore; others affirmed that the crew had mutinied, killed the captain, and then wrecked the ship, in order to remove all trace of their crime. Several old women declared that the nakodah was not

dead; that he had been seen galloping away on a fleet horse, holding in his arms a beautiful maiden, whom he was carrying off. It was thus that from each of the elements which had concurred to form the dénouement of this mysterious adventure, public rumour constructed a false or improbable history. These reports, with all their commentaries, soon reached the ears of Mallika; she took care to preserve a prudent silence—the chattering, censorious world around her seemed so little disposed to excuse one moment's weakness. During several months, she continued quietly secluded in her garden, dividing her time between her wonted labours and the watchful attentions which she bestowed on her father. The old man, who never once suspected his daughter of having yielded to a silly preference for a stranger, often conversed with her about the weariness, regret, and various troubles which she would have experienced in the Arab's house. His words produced a strong impression upon Mallika, for she was assured of their perfect sincerity. By degrees the young girl began to ask herself whether the reserved politeness, the proudly elegant manners of the stranger, which had so much charmed her, did not serve to cover a certain degree of haughty selfishness. This question she promised herself to decide when the nakodah should return to Alepe. The following year, as he did not make his appearance at the usual time, she believed that he had given her up for ever. As to the story of his death, Mallika could not bring herself to believe it; a mysterious halo still in her eyes surrounded him whom she would have been content to accept for her lord and master. She rather held by the legend which represented Yousouf as flying with some preferred rival. Thus jealousy and reflection aided the effect of absence in softening her regret; and at length she proved that the fond illusion was completely dissipated by candidly confessing the whole to her father.

The mahout Cherumal, on his part, had not had the indiscretion to betray a secret which was partly his own. How could he divulge the circumstances of Mallika's flight, without shewing at the same time that he on that same evening had played the part of dupe? Besides, the honest mahout was not the man to revenge himself for the caprice of a girl by betraying her. He gave the lie to the Spanish proverb which says: *Nada mas atrevido que el amor despreciado*—'Nothing more impudent than slighted love.'

Although Mallika had often received him badly, and on the last occasion had harshly repulsed him, yet he never ceased to think of her. From the time that he refrained from seeing her, sadness took possession of him, and Soubala had frequent fits of ill-humour.

One day, as he was passing at a short distance from the old gardener's dwelling, Cherumal fell into a profound reverie, so that the elephant, left to his own guidance, slily approached the garden, and perceiving Mallika, stopped and made her a salaam.

'Soubala,' said the maiden, in a subdued voice, 'thou didst rescue me from a great peril; but it is not to thee alone I am indebted—it is to thy master also.'

Cherumal opened his eyes, raised his head, and even at the first hasty glance, perceived that Mallika wore around her neck the coral-necklace. 'Hast thou then forgiven me?' he asked eagerly.

'Father!' exclaimed the young girl, raising her voice, 'come, speak to Cherumal; he's afraid to look at me, lest I should cast some spell over him!'

'Ah! mahout,' cried the old man, 'when I was thy age, I was not so timid. As to spells, that cast by two bright eyes is the most powerful, for it alone is able to heal the wound it makes. Come down, and come near. Thou seest Mallika has forgiven thee everything, even the service thou hast rendered her!'

To the old gardener's great delight, Mallika consented to receive with cordiality the honest and faithful Cherumal. After that day, the mahout rapidly recovered his gaiety, and Soubala shewed no more ill-temper. If by chance you should visit Alepe, you will probably remark a fine elephant which excels in the art of giving salutations—it is the same Soubala.

Whenever any strangers of distinction happen to arrive at the caravansary of Alepe, he is sure to present himself, led by his mahout Cherumal, whose happy countenance bears no trace of past troubles. At a sign from his master, the docile animal raises and places astride on his trunk two or three fine lively little Indians, who seem to play with him as with a friend. After having balanced them in the air with the grave precaution of an experienced nurse, Soubala deposits them gently one by one in the arms of their smiling mother, who is no other than the still beautiful Mallika.

CHRISTIAN SLAVERY IN BARBARY.

WE find in the records of the remotest antiquity, slavery mentioned as an established system as quite a common usage. Abraham had '318 servants born in his own house;' and thousands of children have wept when they heard how Joseph was sold by his unnatural brethren. That it is an 'institution' adapted to a rude state of society only, is satisfactorily proved by its complete extinction in almost all the more highly civilised and refined communities of the earth; and also by its origin being clearly traceable to the lowest conditions of savage life. Women, being the weaker, were undoubtedly the first slaves. The uncivilised man of the present day follows the chase or sallies forth upon the war-path, all labour and drudgery falling to the lot of his female partner. The mere savage hunter of antiquity compelled, by

scarcity of game and other circumstances, to tame and rear cattle for their flesh and skins, required more assistance than his wife could afford, and, consequently, the life of the enemy, vanquished in war, was spared on condition of being the conqueror's slave. The wife then became an overlooker, and woman was raised the first step in the social scale. Agriculture, requiring more labour still, was next discovered and practised; slaves became articles of value and merchandise; and the victorious warrior, instead of slaying his prisoners, sacrificing them to hideous heathen deities, or eating them, as he had formerly done, found it more advantageous to adopt the less cruel alternative of selling them. Thus we see that the horrible system of slavery, the offspring of brute force and barbarism, was, nevertheless, a forward step in the world's march to civilisation. So, as toil and suffering is the ordeal which mankind individually and nationally must pass through before their highest state of progress can be achieved, we may confidently cheer ourselves with the hope, that the last remnant of slavery still existing in Christian lands, and now writhing in its death-pangs, will be the means of raising a degraded race to their proper position among the people of the earth.

The ancient Greeks, puffed with the pride of their superficial refinement, deemed all the rest of the world barbarians, and only fit to be their slaves. The haughty republican Roman, selfish and intolerant, demanding unlimited and aggressive privileges for himself as a citizen, was a brutal master to his bondsman. Under the Empire, the number of slaves increased so much by wealth and conquest, that the poorer class of freemen were glad to secure a subsistence by working on the estates of the great landowners, to which they and their families became bound under the name of *adscripti;* and thus arose that mitigated system of slavery known as serfdom, which prevailed during the middle ages, and which, in some of the northern parts of Europe, is not yet abolished. War and conquest, however, were always the great sources of slavery. England, overrun by Romans, Saxons, Norwegians, and Normans, was long a country of slaves and slave-dealers. To the circumstance of English captives being exposed for sale in the market of Rome, we are indebted for the first gleam of the light of Gospel truth. The Anglo-Saxons held a great slave-mart at Bristol, where they sold large numbers of slaves to the Irish traders. Wolston, Bishop of Worcester, who died in 1095, went year after year to Bristol and preached against the odious traffic; and his zeal was crowned with success, for many of the leading merchants discontinued it. In the canons of a council held at London in 1102, it is written:—'Let no one from henceforth presume to carry on that wicked traffic, by which men in England have hitherto been sold like brute beasts.' Still, however, to a very late period, prisoners taken in war were considered to be the property of their captors: the rich were held to ransom, and the poor condemned to slavery.

Another prolific source of slavery was religious difference—it being long understood that any person who had the power, had also the right to enslave any other person professing a different faith. The Laws of Oleron, the maritime code of the middle ages, described infidels who did not receive the Christian faith, as 'dogs to be attacked, despoiled, and enslaved by all true believers.' The Venetians long carried on a prosperous trade in Sclavonian infidel slaves from the shores of the Adriatic, and they honestly, as the word was then understood, bought and paid for them. But it was reserved for chivalry—Christian chivalry *par excellence*—to commence that hideous system of mingled piracy and slavery, which so long stained with blood and tears the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

The ecclesiastical order of Hospitallers of St John of Jerusalem—originally instituted for the purpose of sheltering and relieving sick pilgrims to the Holy Temple—assumed in course of time a military character and organisation, becoming a rich and powerful body of monastic warriors. When the Christian powers were driven from Palestine, the Knights Hospitallers took possession of Rhodes, and a few other smaller islands in the group so well known in ancient history as the Sporades. Shut up in these islands, yet bound by their vows to wage perpetual war against all infidels, the knights became a considerable naval power, and pursued a continual system of piracy upon their Mohammedan neighbours. All their prisoners were unconditionally doomed to life-long slavery. Manacled to the oars, they rowed the galleys of their knightly captors, who impiously used to boast, that they cared not how the winds of heaven blew, as they carried their own winds in the sinews of their slaves. Four times did the plundered Ottomans unsuccessfully endeavour to expel the priestly pirates from their stronghold. At last Solyman the Magnificent beleaguered Rhodes with an immense fleet and army, and summoned the knights to surrender in the following words:—'The constant robberies with which you molest our faithful subjects, oblige us to require you to deliver up to us the island and fortress of Rhodes.' The summons was treated with scorn; a series of sanguinary battles ensued; and ultimately, after performing prodigies of valour, the order was almost annihilated, and their feeble remnant expelled from Rhodes. After some years' wandering in various parts of Europe, they received the island of Malta from Charles V. Recruiting their numbers, they established themselves on that almost impregnable rock, and pursued their former system of piracy with greater vigour than ever. Al Makbari, an Arabic writer, speaks of Malta in language similar to that which, no doubt, our ancestors have used respecting Algiers. He terms it 'that accursed island, from the neighbourhood of which whoever escapes may well say that he has deserved favour; that dreaded spot which throws its deadly shade on the pleasant waters; that den of iniquity; that place of ambush, which is like a net to ensnare all Moslems who sail the sea.'

Barbary is the general and somewhat vague denomination adopted by Europeans to designate that part of the northern coast of Africa which, bounded on the south by the desert of Sahara, is comprised between the frontiers of Egypt on the Mediterranean, and Cape Nun, the western spur of the lofty Atlas range, on the Atlantic. Imperfectly known even at the present day, in ancient legend it was peculiarly the land of mystery and fable. It was there the Grecian poets, giving their airy nothings a local habitation and a name, placed the site of the delightful gardens of the Hesperides, whose trees bore apples of the purest gold; there dwelt the terrible Gorgon, whose snaky tresses turned all living things into stone; there the invincible Hercules wrestled and overthrew the mighty Antæus; there the weary Atlas supported the ponderous arch of heaven on his stalwart shoulders. Almost as mythical and mysterious is the little we know of the Phœnicians, the greatest maritime people of antiquity, who planted their most powerful colony, the proud city of Carthage, on these fertile shores of Northern Africa. Of the Carthaginians, we can glean a little from the Greek and Roman historians. We know that in turn becoming the rulers of the seas, they explored and founded colonies and trading-depôts in what were at that time the most distant regions; extending their commercial relations from the tropical banks of the Niger to the frost-bound beach of the Baltic. A powerful people ere Rome was built, they long enjoyed their supremacy; at last, the thirst of territorial conquest brought the two great nations into rivalry, and the rich temples of Carthage fell a prey to the legions of Scipio. For a short period after the destruction of Carthage, the energetic subtlety of Jugurtha prevented the conquerors from extending their dominion; but in a few years, the whole coast, as far as the waves of the Atlantic, became a Roman province. It remained so till about the year 428 of the Christian era, in the reign of the Emperor Honorius, when Genseric, king of the Vandals, crossed over to Africa, conquered the Roman territory, and founded a dynasty which reigned for about 100 years. The Greek emperor Justinian then sent Belisarius to reconquer the country; he defeated the Vandals, made their king prisoner, and added Northern Africa to the Greek Empire.

History presents us with a series of conquering races, following each other as the waves upon the sea-beach, each washing away the impression made upon the sand by its forerunner, and each leaving a fresh impression to be washed out by its successor. The irruption of the Saracens followed hard upon the conquering footsteps of Belisarius. Swarm after swarm of the Arabs came up out of Egypt, till Northern Africa was under the rule of the caliphs, excepting a small part of the sea-coast held by the Spanish Goths. They at last were driven out by Musa, about the year 710; and then Tarik, Musa's lieutenant, crossing the narrow straits, carried the war into Europe, defeated Roderick, the last Gothic

king, and laid the foundation of Arab dominion in Spain. The ruthless spirit of religious fanaticism which inspired the followers of Mohammed, destroyed everything it could not change. Romans, Vandals, Greeks, Goths, their laws, literature, and religions, all have disappeared in Northern Africa; the recollection of the most powerful of them is only preserved in the word *Romi* —a term of reproach to the Christians of all nations. Of their more material works, the learned antiquary still finds some traces of Roman edifices, and the remains of a sewer are supposed to indicate the site of Carthage. The warlike enthusiasm of the Saracens was better adapted for making conquests than for preserving them. The great distance from the seat of empire, the revolutions caused by rival houses contending for the caliphate, the ambitious projects of the viceroys inclining them to league with native chiefs, led to a dissolution of the Arabian power in Northern Africa. Consequently, when the dawn of modern history begins to throw a clearer light upon the scene, we find the territory divided into a number of petty sovereignties.

The Saracens in Africa intermixing with the barbarous native tribes, never reached the high position in the arts of peace and civilisation attained by their brethren, the conquerors of Spain. The devastating instinct of Islamism seems to have yielded to a more benign influence, as soon as it entered Europe. When Spain was thoroughly subdued, the natives were permitted, with but few restrictions, the full enjoyment of their own laws and religion; and the Arabs, enjoying almost peaceable possession for nearly three centuries after the conquest, devoted their fiery energies to the acquisition of knowledge. Enriched by a fertile soil and prosperous commerce, they blended the acquirements and refinements of intellectual culture with Arabian luxury and magnificence; the palaces of their princes were radiant with splendour, their colleges famous for learning, their libraries overflowing with books, their agricultural and manufacturing processes conducted with scientific accuracy, when all the rest of Europe was buried in midnight barbarism. To those halcyon days of comparative peace succeeded four centuries of bitter conflict between the invaders and the invaded, exhibiting one of the grandest romances of military history on record. It was long doubtful on which side the honours of victory would descend. At last, the ardour and audacity of the Mussulman succumbed to the patriotic courage of the Christian, and the reluctant Moor was compelled to abandon the lovely region he had rendered classical by the exercise of his peculiar taste and genius.

Immediately after the fall of Granada, in 1492, about 100,000 Spanish Moors passed over into Africa with their unfortunate king Boabdil. Some ruined and deserted cities on the sea-coast, the remains of Carthaginian and Roman power and enterprise, were allotted to the exiles; for though of the same religion, and almost of the same race and language as the people they sought refuge

amongst, yet they were strangers in a strange land; the African Moors termed them *Tigarins* (Andalucians); they dwelt and intermarried together, and were long known to Europeans, in the *lingua franca* of the Mediterranean, by the appellation of Moriscos. At the period of this forced migration, the Barbary Moors knew nothing of navigation; what little commerce they had was carried on by the ships of Cadiz, Genoa, and Ragusa. But the Moriscos, confined to the sea-coast, and debarred from agriculture, had no sooner rendered the ancient ruins habitable, than they turned their attention to naval affairs. Building row-boats, carrying from fourteen to twenty-six oars, they boldly put to sea, and incited by feelings of the deadliest enmity, revenged themselves on the hated Spaniard, at the same time that they plundered for a livelihood. Crossing the narrow channel which separates the two continents, and lying off out of sight of the Spanish coast during the day, they landed at night—not as strangers, but on the shores of their native land, where every bay and creek, every path and pass, every village and homestead, were as well known to them as to the Christian Spaniard. In the morning, mangled bodies and burning houses testified that the Moriscos had been there; while all portable plunder, every captured Christian not too old or too young to be a slave, was in the row-boat speeding swiftly to the African coast. The harassed Spaniards kept watch and ward, winter and summer, from sunrise to sunset, and sometimes succeeded in cutting off small parties of the piratical invaders; yet such was the audacity of the Moriscos, and so well were their incursions planned, that frequently they plundered villages miles in the interior. Then ensued the hasty flight and hot pursuit; the freebooters retreating to the boats, driving before them, at the lances' point, unfortunate captives, laden with the plunder of their own dwellings; the pursuers, horse and foot, following into the very water, and firing on the retiring row-boats till their long oars swept them out of gunshot. The Barbary Moors soon joined the Moriscos in those exciting and profitable adventures; and thus originated the atrocious practice, which being subsequently recognised in treaties made by the various European powers, became, according to the laws of nations, a legally organised system of Christian slavery.

In 1509, Ferdinand the Catholic, anxious to stop the Morisco depredations on the Spanish coast, sent a considerable force, under the celebrated Cardinal Ximenes, to invade Barbary. During this expedition, the Spaniards released 300 captives, and took possession of Oran and a few other unimportant places on the coast. One of those was a small island, about a mile from the main, lying exactly opposite the town since known as Algiers, but previously so little recognised by history, that it is not certain when it received the name. In all probability, it acquired the high-sounding appellation of *Al Ghezire* (The Invincible) at a subsequent period. Carefully fortifying this insulated rock, the

Spaniards, by the superiority of their artillery, held possession of it for several years, as a sort of outpost, and a curb upon the piratical tendencies of the native powers.

One of these extraordinary adventurers, who, rising from nothing, carve out kingdoms for themselves with the edge of their sabres, and gleaming at intervals on an astonished world, vanish into utter darkness, like comets in their erratic orbits, appeared at this time, and changed the destinies of the greater part of Northern Africa. The son of a poor Greek potter in the island of Mitylene worked with his father till a younger brother was able to take his place in assisting to support the family; then going on board a Turkish war-vessel, he signified his desire to become a Mussulman, and enter the service. His offer was accepted, he received the Turkish name of Aroudje—his previous appellation is unknown—and in a short time, his fierce intrepidity and nautical skill raised him to the command of a vessel belonging to the sultan. Intrusted with a considerable sum of money, to pay the Turkish garrisons in the Morea, he sailed from Constantinople, and having passed the Dardanelles, he mustered his crew, and declared his intentions of renouncing allegiance to the Porte. He told them that, if they would stand by him, he would lead them to the western waters of the Mediterranean, where prizes of all nations might be captured in abundance, where there were no knights of Rhodes to contend against, and where they would be completely out of the power of the sultan. A project so much in unison with the predilections of the rude crew was received with enthusiastic acclamations of assent. Aroudje then steered for his native island of Mitylene, where he landed, and gave a large sum of money to his mother and sisters; and being joined by his brother, who, becoming a Mohammedan, assumed the name of Hayraddin, he weighed anchor, and turned his prow to the westward. Arriving off the island of Elba, he fell in with two portly argosies under papal colours. Piracy in these western seas having previously been carried on in the Morisco row-boats only, the Christians were not alarmed, but believing Aroudje to be an honest trader, permitted him to run alongside, as he seemed to wish to communicate some information. They were quickly undeceived. Boarding the nearest one, he immediately took possession of her, and then dressing his men in the clothes of the captured crew, he bore down upon her unsuspecting consort. She was captured also, with scarcely a blow; and Aroudje found himself in possession of two ships, each much larger than his own, with cargoes of great value, and some hundreds of prisoners. The fame of this bold action resounded from the southern shores of Europe to the opposite coast of Africa. Such captives as were ransomed, when describing the appearance of Aroudje, did not fail to recount the ferocious aspect of his huge red beard, so unusual an appendage to a native of the south, and thus he obtained the name of Barbarossa (Redbeard), so long the terror of

the Mediterranean. Taking his prizes to Tunis, one of the small states that had once been part of the great Saracen Empire in Barbary, Aroudje was well received by the king, who allowed him to use the island and fort of Goleta as a naval depôt, on condition of paying a certain percentage on all prizes. Adding daily to his wealth and fleet, the daring sea-rover had no lack of followers: Turkish and Moorish adventurers eagerly enrolled themselves under his fortunate banner.

The precarious position of the petty Barbary states, threatened by the Berbers and Bedouins of the interior on the land-side, and menaced by the Spaniards on the sea-board, was highly favourable to the ambitious aspirations of the potter's son. The district of Jijil being attacked by famine, he seized the corn-ships of Sicily, and distributed the grain freely and without price among the starving inhabitants, who gratefully proclaimed him their king; and in a few years his army equalled in magnitude his still increasing fleet. The fort built by the Spaniards on the island off Algiers was a great annoyance to Eutemi, the Moorish king of that little state. Unwisely, he applied to Barbarossa for aid to evict the Spaniard, and eagerly was the request granted. With 5000 men, the pirate chief marched to Algiers, where the people hailed him as a deliverer; Eutemi was murdered, and Aroudje proclaimed king. The throne thus usurped by audacity, he established by policy; profusely liberal to his friends, ferociously cruel to his enemies, he was loved and dreaded by all his subjects. His reign, however, was short, being defeated and killed in battle by the Spaniards, only two years after he ascended the throne. In such estimation was this victory held, that the head, shirt-of-mail, and gold-embroidered vest of the slain warrior were carried on a lance, in triumphant procession, through the principal cities of Spain, and then deposited as sacred trophies in the church of St Jerome at Cordova. Hayraddin, who is styled by the old historians Barbarossa II., succeeded his brother, but, feeling his position insecure, he tendered the sovereignty of Algiers to the Grand Seignior, on condition of being appointed viceroy and receiving a contingent of troops. Sultan Selim, gladly accepting the offer, sent a firman creating Hayraddin pacha, and a force of 2000 janizaries. From that period, the Ottoman supremacy over the Moorish and Morisco inhabitants of Algiers was firmly established.

Piracy upon all Christian nations was still vigorously carried on from Tunis and other ports of Barbary; but the harbour of Algiers being commanded by the island fort in possession of the Spaniards, was deprived of that nefarious source of wealth. This island was long the 'Castle Dangerous' of the Spanish service; nor was it till 1530, that, betrayed by a discontented soldier, it fell into the hands of Hayraddin. Don Martin, the Spanish governor, who had long and nobly defended the isolated rock, was brought a wounded captive before the truculent pacha. 'I respect you,' said Hayraddin, 'as a brave man and a good soldier. Whatever

favour you may ask of me I will grant, on condition that you will accede to whatever I may request.'

'Agreed,' replied Don Martin. 'Cut off the head of the base Spaniard who betrayed his countrymen.'

The wretch was immediately brought in, and decapitated on the spot.

'Now,' rejoined Hayraddin, 'my request is that you become a Mussulman, and take command of my army.'

'Never!' exclaimed the chivalrous Don Martin; and immediately, at a signal from the enraged pacha, a dozen yataghans leaped from their sheaths, and the faithful Christian was cut to pieces on the floor of the presence-chamber.

The island, so long a source of danger and annoyance to the Algerines, was now made their safest defence, Hayraddin conceiving the bold idea of uniting it to the mainland by a mole and breakwater. This really great undertaking, which still evinces the engineering and mechanical skill of its promoters, was the work of thousands of wretched Christian slaves, who laboured at it incessantly for three years before it was completed. Thus the Algerines obtained a commodious harbour for their shipping, secure against all storms, and, at that time, impregnable to all enemies.

In 1532, the people of Tunis rebelling, deposed their king, and invited the willing Hayraddin to become their ruler. With this increase of power his boldness increased also. Out of his many daring exploits at this period, we need mention only one. Hearing that Julian Gonzago, the wife of Vespasian Colonna, Count of Fondi, was the most beautiful woman in Europe, Hayraddin made a descent in the night on the town of Fondi; scaling the walls, the fierce Moslems plundered the town, and carried off numbers of the inhabitants into slavery. Fortunately, the countess escaped to the fields in her night-dress, and thus evaded the clutches of the pirate, who, to revenge his disappointment, ravaged the whole Neapolitan coast before he returned to Tunis.

The eyes of all Europe were now turned imploringly to the only power considered capable of contending with this 'monstrous scourge of Christendom.' The emperor Charles V. eagerly responded to the appeal, and summoned forth the united strength of his vast dominions to equip the most powerful armada that had ever ploughed the waves of the Mediterranean; the Low Countries, Spain, Italy, Portugal, and Genoa, furnished their bravest veterans and best appointed ships; the Knights of St John supplied a few vessels, small, yet formidable from the well-known valour of the chevaliers who served in them; the pope contributed his blessing; and the immense armament, inspired with all the enthusiasm of the Crusades, but directed to a more rational and legitimate object, rendezvoused at Cagliari—a convenient harbour in Sardinia.

Hayraddin, aware of the object and destination of this vast armament, energetically prepared to give it a suitable reception.

Night and day the miserable Christian slaves, rivetting their own fetters, were employed in erecting new, and strengthening old fortifications; and as a last resource, in case of defeat, the shrewd pacha sent eighteen sail of his best ships to Bona. In July 1537, the emperor's fleet was descried from the towers of Tunis; and Hayraddin made the last dispositions for defence by placing his treasure, seraglio, and slaves in the citadel, under a strong guard, with the intention of retreating thither if the city and port were taken.

Charles, after landing his troops, commenced a simultaneous attack by land and sea. Hayraddin, with much inferior force, yet greater advantage of position, conducted the defence with skill and determination. But in the heat of the conflict, the Christian slaves, distracted with suspense, and excited to frenzy by the thunder of the cannonade, burst their bonds, overpowered their guards, and turned the guns of the citadel upon their Moslem masters. Hayraddin, then seeing that the day was irrecoverably lost, fled with the remnant of his army to the ships at Bona. Charles reinstated the deposed king of Tunis as his vassal, and on condition, that for the future, all Christians brought as captives to Tunis should be liberated without ransom. With 20,000 Christians released from slavery by the power of his arms—the noblest trophy conqueror ever bore—Charles returned in triumph to Europe. Not only did he restore these unfortunate captives to liberty, but he furnished all of them with suitable apparel, and the means of returning to their respective countries. Such munificence spread the fame of Charles over all the world; for though it entailed on him immense expense, he had personally gained nothing by the conquest of Tunis: disinterestedly he had fought for the honour of the Christian name, for Christian security and welfare. Yet we regret to have to add one fact, highly characteristic of the age: when Charles left Africa, he also carried off 10,000 Mohammedans to be slaves for life, chained to the oars in the galleys of Spain, Italy, and Malta.

We must now return to Hayraddin, the second Barbarossa, whom we left in full retreat to Bona, where he had sagaciously sent his ships to be out of harm's way at Tunis. As soon as he arrived at Bona, he embarked his men, and put to sea.

'Let us go to the Levant,' said his officers, 'and beg assistance from the sultan.'

'To the Levant, did you say?' exclaimed the incensed pirate. 'Am I a man to shew my back? Must I fly for refuge to Constantinople? Depend upon it, I am far more likely to attack the emperor's dominions in Flanders. Cease your prating; follow me, and obey orders.' Steering for Minorca, he soon appeared off the well-fortified harbour of Port Mahon. The incautious Minorcans believing the pirates utterly [illegible]ed, and that the gallant fleet entering their harbour [illegible] from the conquest of Tunis, ran to the port to [illegible] the supposed victors.

Not a gun was loaded, not a battery manned, when Hayraddin, swooping like an eagle on its prey, sacked the town, carried off an immense booty in money and military stores, and with 6000 captive Minorcans, returned in triumph to Algiers. This was his last exploit that falls within our province to relate. Earnestly solicited by the sultan, he relinquished the pachalic to take supreme command of the Ottoman fleet. After a life spent in stratagem and war, he died at an advanced age; and still along the Christian shores of the Mediterranean, mothers frighten their unruly children with the name of Barbarossa.

Hassan Aga, a Sardinian renegade, was next appointed to the vice-royalty. A corsair from his youth, he was well fitted for the office, and during his rule the piratical depredations increased in number and audacity. The continuous line of watch-towers that engirdle the southern coast of Spain, and have so picturesque an effect at the present day, were built as a defence against Hassan's cruisers. Once more all Europe turned to the emperor Charles for relief and protection. Pope Paul III. wrote a letter imploring him 'to reduce Algiers, which, since the conquest of Tunis, has been the common receptacle of all the freebooters, and to exterminate that lawless race, the implacable enemies of the Christian faith.' Moved by such entreaties, and thirsting for glory, Charles equipped a fleet equal in magnitude to that with which he had conquered Tunis. A navy of 500 ships, an army of 27,000 picked men, and 150 Knights of Malta, with noblemen and gentlemen volunteers of all nations, many of them English, sailed on this great expedition. To oppose such a powerful force, Hassan had only 800 Turks and 5000 Moors and Moriscos. On arriving at Algiers, Charles summoned the pacha to surrender, but received a most contemptuous reply. The troops were immediately disembarked, though with great difficulty, owing to stormy weather; and the increasing gale cutting off communication with the fleet, before sufficient stores and camp equipage could be landed, Charles and his army were left with scanty provision, and exposed to torrents of rain. A night passed in this miserable condition. The next day, the tempest increased. The next night, the troops, exhausted by want of food and exposure to the elements, were unable to lie down, the ground being knee-deep in mud. Hassan was too vigilant a warrior not to take advantage of this state of affairs. Before daybreak, on the second morning, with a strong body of horse and foot, he sallied out upon the Christian camp. Weak from hunger and want of rest, benumbed by exposure to the cold and rain, their powder wet, and their matches extinguished, the advanced division of Charles's army were easily defeated by Hassan's fresh and vigorous troops. The main body advanced to the rescue, and after a sharp contest, Hassan's small detachment was repulsed, and driven back into the city. The Knights of Malta, among whom a chivalrous emulation existed with respect to which of them would first stick his dagger

in the gate of Algiers, rashly following the retreating Hassan, led the army up to the city, where they were mowed down in hundreds by the fire from the walls. Retreating in confusion from this false position, they were again charged by Hassan's impetuous cavalry, and the knights of Malta, to save the whole army from destruction, drew up in a body to cover the rear. Conspicuous by their scarlet upper garments, embroidered with a white cross, they served for a short time as a rallying-point; but it was not till Charles, armed with sword and buckler, joined his troops, and stimulated them to fresh exertions by fighting in their ranks, that the Algerines were compelled to return to their strongholds. In this desperate conflict the Knights of Malta were nearly all killed. Only one of them, Ponce de Salignac, the standard-bearer, had reached and stuck his dagger in the gate, but, pierced with innumerable wounds, he did not live to enjoy the honour of the foolhardy feat. Another night of tempest and privation followed this discouraging battle; hundreds of the debilitated troops were blown down by the violence of the wind, and smothered in the mud. When the day broke, Charles saw 200 of his war-ships and transports, containing 8000 men, driven on shore, and such of their crews as were not swallowed up by the waves, led off into captivity by the exulting enemy. The rest of the fleet sought shelter under a headland four miles off, and thither Charles followed them; but his famished troops, continually harassed by the enemy, were two days in retreating that short distance. With great difficulty, Charles, and a small remnant of his once powerful army, reached the ships, and made sail from the inhospitable coast. So many captives were taken, and such was their enfeebled condition, that numbers were sold by the captors for an onion each. 'Do you remember the day when your countryman was sold for an onion?' was for years afterwards a favourite taunt of the Algerine to the Spaniard. Enriched with slaves, valuable military and naval stores, treasure, horses, costly trappings—all brought to their own doors—the pride of the Algerines knew no bounds, and they sneeringly said that Charles brought them this immense plunder to save them the trouble of going to fetch it. Hassan generously refused to take any part of the spoil, saying that the honour of defeating the most powerful of Christian princes was quite sufficient for his share.

After this great victory, the Algerines, confident of the impregnability of their city, turned their attention to increasing their power on sea. The vessels hitherto used for warlike purposes in the Mediterranean were galleys, principally propelled by oars rowed by slaves; and in quickness of manœuvre and capability of being propelled during a calm, were somewhat analogous to the steam-boat of the present day, and had a decided advantage over the less easily managed sailing-vessels. Not constructed to mount heavy ordnance, the system of naval tactics adopted in the galleys was to close with the enemy, whenever eligible, and then the

battle was fought with small-arms—arrows, and even stones, being used as weapons of attack and defence. The Algerines, however, labouring in their vocation, as Falstaff would have said, captured many large ships of Northern Europe, built for long voyages and to contend with stormy seas. Equipping these with cannon, they were enabled to destroy the galleys before the latter could close with them; and thus introducing a new system of naval warfare, they gained a complete ascendancy in the waters of the Mediterranean. Nor did they long confine their depredations to that sea. In 1574, an Algerine fleet surprised the tunny fishery of the Duke of Medina, near Cadiz, and captured 200 slaves; but one of the piratical vessels running ashore, a large number were retaken by their countrymen. In 1585, Morat, a celebrated corsair, landed at night on Lancelote, one of the Canary Islands, and carried off a large booty, with 300 prisoners; among whom were the wife, mother, and daughter of the Spanish governor. Standing out to sea the next morning, until out of gun-range, the pirate hove-to, and shewing a flag of truce, treated for the ransom of his captives; and afterwards, eluding by seamanship and cunning a Spanish fleet waiting to intercept him at the mouth of the Straits, exultingly returned to Algiers. In the following century, pushing their piracies still further, the English Channel became one of their regular cruising-grounds. In 1631, the town of Baltimore, in Ireland, was plundered by Morat Rais, a Flemish renegade, and 237 men, women, and children, 'even to the babe in the cradle,' carried off into captivity. Aware of the strong family affections of the Irish, we can well believe Pierre Dan, a Redemptionist monk, who saw those poor creatures in Algiers. He says: 'It was one of the most pitiable of sights to see them exposed for sale. There was not a Christian in Algiers who did not shed tears at the lamentations of these captives in the slave-market, when husband and wife, mother and child, were separated.* Is it not,' indignantly adds the worthy father, 'making the Almighty a bankrupt, to sell His most precious property in this cruel manner?' About the same time, two corsairs, guided by a Danish renegade, proceeded as far as Iceland, where they captured no less than 800 persons, a few of whom were ransomed several years afterwards by Christian IV., king of Denmark.

The existence of such an organised system of piracy may well excite our wonder at the present day; but the truth is, that since the time of the Vikings, to the latter part of the last century, the high seas were never clear of pirates belonging to one nation or another. Besides, the commercial jealousies and almost continual wars of the European nations, prevented them from uniting to crush the Barbary rovers. The English and Dutch maintained an extensive commerce with the Algerines, supplying them with gunpowder, arms, and naval stores; and found it more profitable to pay their

* At a later period, the Algerines did not separate slave-families.

customers a heavy tribute for a sort of half-peace, than to be at open war with them. De Witt, the famous Dutch admiral and statesman, in his *Interest of Holland*, thus views the question. 'Although,' he says, 'our ships should be well guarded by convoys against the Barbary pirates, yet it would by no means be proper to free the seas from those freebooters—because we should thereby be put on the same footing as the French, Spanish, and Italians; wherefore it is best to leave that thorn in the sides of those nations.' An English statesman, in an official paper written in 1671, amongst other objections to the surrender of Tangier, urges the advantage of making it an open port for the Barbary pirates to sell their prizes and refit at, in the same manner as they were permitted to do in the French ports. It is an actual fact that, in the seventeenth century, when England and France were at peace, Algerine cruisers frequently landed their English captives at Bordeaux, whence they were marched in handcuffs to Marseille, and there reshipped in other vessels, and taken to Algiers. This proceeding was to avoid the risk of recapture in the Straits of Gibraltar, and also to allow the pirates to remain out longer on their cruise, unencumbered with prisoners. Numerous instances of the complicity of European powers with this nefarious system might be adduced. Sir Cloudesley Shovel, in 1703, protected a Barbary pirate from receiving a well-merited chastisement from a Dutch squadron; but that need not surprise the reader, for at the same time the gallant admiral had power under the Great Seal to visit Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, make the usual presents, and 'if he could prevail with them to make war against France, and that some act of hostility was thereupon committed, he was to give such further presents as he should think proper.'

The political system of the Algerines requires a few words. The authority of the Porte was soon shaken off, and then the janizaries, or soldiers, forming a kind of aristocratic democracy, chose a governor from their own number, under the familiar title of Dey (Uncle); and ruled the native Moors as an inferior and conquered race. Neither Moor nor Morisco was permitted to have any voice in the government, or to hold any office under it; the wealthiest native, if he met a janizary in the street, had to give way to let the proud soldier pass. The janizaries were all either Turks or renegades (slaves who had turned Mohammedans): so strictly was this rule carried out, that the son of a janizary by a Moorish woman was not allowed the privileges of his father, though the offspring of a janizary and a Christian slave was recognised as one of the dominant race. The janizaries were in number about 12,000; their ranks were annually recruited by renegades and adventurous Turks from the Levant; they served by sea as well as by land, and were employed in controlling the tributary native chiefs of the interior, and sailing in the piratical cruisers. Piracy being the basis of this system, the whole foreign policy of the Algerines consisted in claiming the right of maintaining constant war with all Christian

nations that did not conciliate them by tribute and treaties. When a European consul arrived at Algiers, he always carried a large present to the dey, and as the latter would, in a short time, quarrel with and send away the consul, in expectation of receiving the usual present with his successor, it was found more convenient to make an occasional present, than incur the trouble and risk of a continual change of consuls. In course of time, these occasional presents became a tribute of 17,000 dollars, regularly paid every two years.

The miseries of Algerine bondage have long been proverbial over all the Christian world, yet they appear light when calmly examined and contrasted with other systems of slavery. Most travellers in Mohammedan countries have remarked the general kindness with which slaves are treated. General Eaton, consul of the United States at Tunis in 1799, writes thus:—'Truth and justice demand from me the confession, that the Christian slaves among the barbarians of Africa are treated with more humanity than the African slaves among the Christians of civilised America.' John Wesley, when addressing those connected with the negro slave-trade, said: 'You have carried them into the vilest slavery, never to end but with life—such slavery as is not found with the Turks at Algiers.' In fact, the creed of Islam, not recognising perpetual and unconditional bondage, gave the slave a right of redemption by purchase, according to a precept of the Koran. This right of redemption was daily claimed and acknowledged in Barbary; and though it was only the richer class that could immediately benefit by it, yet it was a great alleviation to the general hardship of the system; and numbers of the poorer captives, by exercise of their various trades and professions, realised money, and were in a short time able to redeem themselves. Again, no prejudice of race existed in the mind of the master against his unhappy bondsman. The meanest Christian slave, on becoming a Mohammedan, was free, and enrolled as a janizary, having superior privileges even to the native Moor or Morisco, and he and his descendants were eligible to the highest offices in the state. Ladies, when captured, were invariably treated with respect, and, till ransomed, lodged in a building set apart for the purpose, under the charge of a high officer, similar to our mayor. The most perfect toleration was extended to the exercise of the Christian religion; the four great festivals of the Roman Church—Christmas, Easter, and the nativities of St John and the Virgin—were recognised as holidays for the slaves. We read of a large slaveholder purchasing a priest expressly for the spiritual comfort of his bondsmen; and of other masters who regularly, once a week, marched their slaves off to confession. The Algerines were shrewd enough to prefer a religious slave to his less conscientious fellows. 'Christianity,' they used to say, 'was better for a man than no religion at all.' Nor were they zealous to make adult converts. 'A bad Christian,' they said, 'can never make a good Mussulman.' It was only slaves of known good character

and conduct who were received into the Moslem community. Children, however, were brought up Mohammedans, adopted in families, and became the heirs of their adopters. Captured ecclesiastics were treated with respect, never set to work, but allowed to join the religious houses established in Algiers.

One of the greatest alleviations to the miseries of the captives was the hospital founded for their benefit, by that noble order of monks, the Trinitarian Brothers of Redemption. This order was instituted in 1188, during the pontificate of Innocent III. Its founder, Jean Matha, was a native of Provence, and, according to the old chronicles, a saint from his birth; for when a baby at the breast, he voluntarily abstained every fast-day! Having entered the priesthood, on performing his first mass, an extraordinary vision was witnessed by the congregation. An angelic being, clothed in white raiment, appeared above the altar, with an imploring expression of countenance, and arms crossed; his hands were placed on the heads of two fettered slaves, as if he wished to redeem them. The fame of this miracle soon spread to Rome. Journeying thither, Matha said mass before the pope; and the wonderful apparition being repeated, Innocent granted the requisite concessions for instituting the order of Redemptionists, whose sole object was to collect alms, and apply them to the relief and redemption of Christian slaves. With whatever degree of suspicion such conventual legends may be regarded, it is gratifying to find that the order was truly a blessed charity, and that our own countrymen were among the earliest and most zealous of its members. Within a year from its institution, Brother John of Scotland, a professor at Oxford, and Brother William of England, a priest in London, departed on the first voyage of redemption, and after many dangers and hardships, returned from the East with 1286 ransomed slaves. It was not, however, till 1551 that the order was enabled to form a regular establishment at Algiers. In that year, Brother Sebastian purchased a large building, and converted it into an hospital for sick and disabled slaves. As neither work nor ransom could be got out of a dead slave, the masters soon perceived the benefit of the hospital, and they levied a tax on all Christian vessels frequenting the port to aid in sustaining it. Among so many captives, there were always plenty of experienced medical men to perform the requisite duties; and no inconsiderable revenue to the funds of the institution was derived by dispensing medicines and advice to the Moslems. A Father Administrator and two brothers of the order constantly resided in Algiers to manage the affairs of the hospital, which from time to time was extended and improved, till it became one of the largest and finest buildings in the city. The owners of slaves who received the benefit of this charity, contributed nothing towards it, but on each slave being admitted, his proprietor paid one dollar to the Father Administrator, which, if the patient recovered, was returned to the master, but if he died, was kept to defray his funeral expenses. For a long period, there was no place of interment

allotted to the captives; their dead bodies were thrown outside the city walls, to be devoured by the hordes of street-dogs which infest the towns of Mohammedan countries. At length, by the noble self-denial of a private individual, whose name, we regret to say, we are unable to trace, a slave's burial-ground was obtained. A Capuchin-friar, the friend and confessor of Don John of Austria, natural son of the Emperor Charles V., was taken captive. Knowing the esteem in which he was held by the prince, an immense sum was demanded for his ransom. The money was immediately forwarded; but instead of purchasing his freedom, the disinterested philanthropist bought a piece of ground for a burial-place for Christian slaves, and, devoting himself to solace the spiritual and temporal wants of his unhappy co-religionists, uncomplainingly passed the rest of his life in exile and captivity.

A few years after the founding of this House of the Spanish Hospital, as it was termed, another Christian religious establishment, the House of the French Mission, was planted in Algiers. A certain Duchess d'Eguillon, at the suggestion of the celebrated philanthropist Vincent de Paul, who had himself been an Algerine captive, commenced this good work by an endowment of 4000 livres per annum. These two religious houses were exempted from all duties or taxes, and mass was performed in them daily with all the pomp and splendour of the Romish Church. There was also a chapel in each of the six bagnes—the prisons where the slaves were confined at night—in which service was performed on Sundays and holidays. The Greek Church had also a chapel and small establishment in one of the bagnes. Brother Comelin, of the order of Redemption, tells us, in his *Voyage*, that they celebrated Christmas in the Spanish Hospital 'with the same liberty and as solemnly as in Christendom. Midnight mass was chanted to the sound of trumpets, drums, flutes, and hautboys; so that in the stillness of night the infidels heard the worship of the true God over all their accursed city, from ten at night till two in the morning.' Such was Mohammedan toleration in Algiers, at the period, too, we should recollect, of the high and palmy days of the Inquisition. We may easily conceive what would have been the fate of the infidels if they, by any chance, had invaded the midnight silence of Rome or Madrid with the sounds of their worship. The only exceptions to the general good treatment and respect bestowed upon Christian ecclesiastics in Algiers was, when inspired by a furious zeal for martyrdom, they openly insulted the Mohammedan religion; or when the populace were excited by forced conversions and other intolerant cruelties practised upon Mussulman slaves in Europe. We shall briefly mention two instances of such occurrences.

One Pedro, a brother of Redemption, had travelled to Mexico and Peru, and collected in those rich countries a vast amount of treasure for the order. He then went to Algiers, where he employed half the money in ransoming captives, and the other half

in repairing and increasing the usefulness of the hospital, where he resided, constantly attending and consoling the sick slaves. At last, thirsting for martyrdom, he one day rushed into a mosque, and, with crucifix in hand, cursed and reviled the false Prophet Mohammed. In all Mohammedan countries, the penalty of this offence is death. But so much were the piety and good works of Pedro respected by the Algerine government, that they anxiously endeavoured to avoid inflicting the punishment of their law. Earnestly they solicited him, with promise of free pardon, to acknowledge that he was intoxicated or deranged when he committed the rash act, but in vain. Pedro was burned; and one of his leg-bones was long carefully preserved as a holy relic in the Spanish Hospital.

In 1612, a young Mohammedan lady, fifteen years of age, named Fatima, daughter of Mehemet Aga, a man of high rank in Algiers, when on her way to Constantinople to be married, was captured by a Christian cruiser, carried into Corsica, and a very large sum of money demanded for her ransom. The distressed father speedily sent the money by two relatives, who were furnished with safe-conduct passes by the brothers of Redemption. On their arrival in Corsica, they were informed that the young lady had become a Christian, was christened Maria Eugenia, and married to a Corsican gentleman; and that the money brought for her ransom must be appropriated as her dowry. The relatives were permitted to see Maria; she declared her name was still Fatima; and that her baptism and marriage were forced upon her. The return of the relatives without either the lady or the money caused great excitement in Algiers. By way of retaliation, the brothers of Redemption were loaded with chains, and thrown into prison, and compelled to pay Mehemet Aga a sum equal to that which he had sent for his daughter's ransom. In a short time, however, they were released, and permitted to resume their customary duties.

When returning from a successful cruise, as soon as an Algerine corsair arrived within sight of the harbour, her crew commenced firing guns of rejoicing and triumph, and continued them at intervals until she came to anchor. Summoned by these signals of success, the inhabitants would flock in numbers to the port, there to learn the value of the prize, the circumstances of its capture, and to congratulate the pirates. Morgan, a quaint old writer, many years attached to the British consulate, says:—'These are the times when Algiers very visibly puts on a quite new countenance, and it may well be compared to a great bee-hive. All is hurry, every one busy, and a cheerful aspect succeeds a strange gloom and discontent, like what is to be seen everywhere else, when the complaint of dulness of trade, scarcity of business, and stagnation of cash reigns universal; and which is constantly to be seen in Algiers during every interval between the taking of good prizes.' The dey received the eighth part of the value of

all prizes, for the service of the government, and had the privilege of selecting his share of the captives, who were brought from the vessel to the courtyard of his palace, where the European consuls attended to claim any of their countrymen who might be considered free in accordance with the terms of previous treaties. In many instances, however, little respect was paid by the strong-handed captors to such documents. The following reply of one of the deys to a remonstrance of the English consul, contains the general answer given on such occasions:—'The Algerines being born pirates, and not able to subsist by any other means, it is the Christians' business to be always on their guard, even in time of peace; for if we were to observe punctilios with all those nations who purchase peace and liberty from us, we might set fire to our shipping, and become degraded to be camel-drivers.' When the newly-made captives were mustered in the dey's courtyard, their names, ages, countries, and professions, were minutely taken down by a *hojia*, or government secretary, appointed for the purpose; and then the dey proceeded to make his selection of every eighth person, and of course took care to choose such as, from their appearance and description, were likely to pay a smart ransom, or those acquainted with the more useful professions and the mechanical arts. After the dey had taken his share, the remainder of the prisoners, being the property of their captors, were taken to the *bestian*, or slave-market, and appraised, a certain value being set upon each individual. From the slave-market the unfortunates were then led back to the courtyard, and there sold by public auction; and whatever price was obtained higher than the valuation of the slave-market, became the perquisite of the dey.

The government, or, in other words, the dey, was the largest slaveholder in Algiers. All the slaves belonging to the government were termed deylic slaves, and distinguished by a small ring of iron fastened round the wrist or ankle; and excepting those who were employed in the palace, or hired out as domestic servants, were locked up every night in six large buildings called bagnes. Rude beds were provided in the bagnes, and each deylic slave received three small loaves of bread per day, and occasionally some coarse cloth for clothing. All the carpenters, blacksmiths, masons, ropemakers, and others among the deylic slaves who worked at trades connected with house and ship building, received a third part of what they earned, when hired out to private persons, and even the same sum was paid to them when employed on government works. Besides, both at the laying down of the keel and launch of a new ship, a handsome gratuity was given to all the slave-mechanics employed upon her. Indeed, all the work connected with ship-building was performed by Christian slaves.

The janizaries never condescended to do any kind of work; the native Moors were too lazy and too ignorant; and the Moriscos being forbidden, by the jealous policy of the dominant Turkish

race, to practise the arts they brought with them from Spain, sank, after the first generation, to a level with the native Moor. Shipwrights were consequently well treated, many of them earning better wages than they could in their own countries. Numbers were thus enabled to purchase their freedom; but many more, seduced by the sensual debaucheries so prevalent wherever slavery is recognised, preferred remaining in Algiers as slaves or renegades, to returning as freemen to their native lands. Deylic slaves, when hired out as sailors, received one-third of their hire, and one-third of a freeman's share in the prize-money. Invariably at the hour of prayer termed *Al Aasar*, all work was stopped for the day, and the remaining three hours between that time and sunset were allowed to the slaves for their own use; on Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath, they were never set to work; and besides the Christian holidays already mentioned, they had a week's rest during the season of Ramadam. Such of the deylic slaves as were employed at the more laborious work of drawing and carrying timber, stone, and other heavy articles, were divided into gangs, and taken out to work only on alternate days.

Many slaves never did an hour's work during their captivity; for by the payment of a monthly sum, equivalent to about three shillings of our money, any one might be exempted from labour; and even those who could afford to fee their overseers only with a smaller sum, were put to the lightest description of toil. Slaves when in treaty for ransom were never required to work; and as no person was permitted to leave Algiers in debt, money was freely lent at moderate interest to those whose circumstances entitled them to hope for ransom. Money, also, was readily obtained through the Jews, by drawing bills of exchange on the various mercantile cities of Europe. Many slaves, however, by working at trades and other means, were enabled to pay the tax for immunity from public labour, and support themselves comfortably in the bagnes. Of this latter class were tailors, shoemakers, toy-makers for the Moorish children, letter-writers, and others; and, strange to say, a good many managed to live well by theft alone. In each bagne were five or six licensed wine-shops, kept by slaves. This was the most profitable business open to a captive—a wine-shop keeper frequently making the price of his ransom in one year; but, preferring wealth to liberty, these persons generally remained slaves until they were able to retire with considerable fortunes. As there was constantly free ingress and egress to and from all the bagnes during the day, the wine-shops were always crowded with people of all nations; and though nominally for the use of the slaves, yet the renegades, who had not forgotten their relish for wine, drank freely therein; and even many of the 'turbaned Turks,' forgetting the law of their Prophet, copiously indulged in the forbidden beverage. The Moslem, however, was, like Cassio, choleric in his drink, and frequently, brandishing his weapon, and threatening the lives of all about him, would refuse

to pay his shot. As no Christian dare strike a Mussulman, an ingenious device was resorted to on such occasions. A stout slave, regularly employed for the purpose, would, at a signal from the landlord, adroitly drop a short ladder over the reeling brawler's head; by this means, without striking a blow, he was speedily brought to the ground, where he was secured till his senses were restored by sleep; and then, if found to have no money, the landlord was entitled to retain his arms until the reckoning was paid.

The largest private slaveholder in Algiers was one Alli Pichellin, Capitan Pasha, or High-Admiral of the fleet, who flourished about the middle of the seventeenth century, and holds a conspicuous position in the Algerine history of the period. He generally possessed from 800 to 900 slaves, whom he kept in a bagne of his own. Emanuel d'Aranda, a Flemish gentleman, who was for some time Pichellin's slave, gives a curious account of bagne-life as he witnessed it. The bagne resembled a long narrow street, with high gates at each end, which were shut every evening after the slaves were mustered at sunset, and opened at sunrise every morning. Though the deylic slaves each received three loaves of bread per day for their sustenance, Pichellin never gave any food whatever to his slaves unless they were employed at severe labour; for he said that 'a man was unworthy the name of slave, if he could not earn or steal between Al Aasar and Al Magrib' (the three hours before sunset allowed to the slaves) 'sufficient to support him for the rest of the day.' We may observe here, that a Moor, Morisco, or Jew, if detected in theft, was punished by the loss of his right hand, and by being opprobriously paraded through the streets mounted upon an ass. At the same time, neither Moor nor Jew dare even accuse a janizary of so disgraceful a crime. Slaves, however, might steal from Moor or Jew with open impunity; for even if caught in the act, neither dare strike a slave; and if complaint was made to the dey, he would merely order the restitution of the stolen goods, refusing to inflict punishment on the following grounds: 'That as the Koran did not condemn a man who stole to satisfy his hunger, and as a slave was not a free agent, but compelled to depend upon his master for food, he could not legally be punished for theft.' Under such circumstances, we may readily believe that the bagnes, and especially that of Pichellin, were complete dens of thieves. Every evening, as soon as the gates were closed, the plunder of the day was brought forth and sold by auction; the sale being conducted, to the great amusement of the slaves, with all the Turkish gravity and formalities of the slave-market. Articles not thus disposed of were left in the hands of one of the captives, who made it his business, for a small commission, to negotiate between the loser and the thief, and accept ransom for the stolen property. An Italian in Pichellin's bagne, named Fontimana, was so expert and confident a thief, that without possessing

the smallest fraction of money in the morning, he would invite a party of friends to sup with him in the evening, trusting to his success in thieving throughout the day to provide the materials for the feast. Of course no satisfaction was obtained when the sufferers complained to Pichellin. 'The Christians,' he would say, 'are all pilfering rascals. I cannot help it. You must be more careful for the future. Have you yet to learn that all my slaves wear hooks at the ends of their fingers?' Indeed, he seems to have recognised the slaves' right of theft so fully, that he was not angry when he himself became the victim. On one occasion, Fontimana stole and sold the anchor of his master's galley. 'How dare you sell my anchor, you Christian dog?' said Pichellin. 'I thought,' replied the thief, 'that the galley would sail better without the additional weight.' The master laughed at the impudent reply, and said no more on the subject. Another characteristic anecdote is recorded of Pichellin and a Portuguese slave, his confidential steward and chamberlain. One day, when cruising off the coast of Portugal, the Capitan Pasha ran his vessel close in towards the land, and having ordered the small boat to be lowered, called the slave, and pointing to the beach said: 'There is your native country. You have served me faithfully for seventeen years. I now give you your freedom.' The Portuguese, falling on his knees, kissed the hem of his late master's robe, and was profuse in his thanks; but Pichellin stopped him, coolly saying: 'Do not thank me, but God, who put it into my heart to restore you to liberty.' While the boat was being prepared to land him, the Portuguese, apparently overpowered with feelings of joy, descended into the cabin, as if to conceal his emotions, but in reality to steal Pichellin's most valuable jewels and other portable property, which he quickly concealed round his person. As soon as the boat was ready, Pichellin ordered him to be set ashore, and not long after discovered his loss when the wily Portuguese was far out of his reach. Pichellin had some rough virtues: he prided himself on being a man of his word. A Genoese, who had made a fortune by trade at Cadiz, was returning to his native country with his only child, a girl nine years of age, when his vessel was taken on the coast of Spain by Pichellin's cruiser. Not being far from land, the crew of the Christian vessel escaped to the shore, the terrified Genoese going with them, leaving his daughter in the hands of the pirates. Immediately when he saw that his child was a captive, he waded into the water, and waved his hat as a signal to the Algerines, who, thinking he might be a Moslem captive about to escape, sent a boat for him. On reaching the cruiser, Pichellin, seeing a Christian, exclaimed: 'What madman are you that voluntarily surrenders himself a slave?' 'That girl is my daughter,' said the Genoese: 'I could not leave her. If you will set us to ransom, I will pay it; if not, the satisfaction of having done my duty will enable me to support the hardships of slavery.' Pichellin appeared struck, and after musing a moment

said: 'I will take fifteen hundred dollars for the ransom of you and your daughter.' 'I will pay it,' replied the Genoese. 'Hold, master!' exclaimed one of Pichellin's slaves; 'I know that man well: he was one of the richest merchants in Cadiz, and can afford to pay ten times that amount for ransom.' 'Silence, dog!' said the old pirate. 'I have said it: my word is my word.' Pichellin was further so accommodating as to take the merchant's bill for the money, and set him and his daughter ashore at once.

Each slave who, from poverty, ignorance of a trade, or want of cunning, was compelled to work in the gangs, always carried a bag and a spoon—the bag, to hold anything he might chance to steal; the spoon, in case any charitable person, as was frequently the case, should present him with a mess of pottage. Only those, however, worked in the gangs who could not by any possibility avoid it; and numberless were the schemes adopted by the slaves to raise money to support themselves and secure their exemption from that description of labour. Some, at the risk of the bastinado, smuggled brandy—a strictly forbidden article—into the bagnes, and sold it out in small quantities to such as wanted it. Scholars were well employed, by their less learned fellow-captives, to correspond with friends in Europe. Latin was the language preferred for this correspondence, because it was unintelligible to the masters; and the letters frequently contained allusions to property, family affairs, and other circumstances, which, if known, would raise the price of ransom. The great object of all the captives whose wealth entitled them to hopes of ransom, was to simulate poverty, concealing their real circumstances or station in life as much as possible; and not unfrequently the Algerines, deceived by those professions, permitted persons of wealth and consequence to redeem themselves for a trifling sum. On the other hand, persons in much poorer circumstances were often detained a long time in slavery, ill treated, and held to a high ransom, on the bare suspicion of their being wealthy. The Jews, though not permitted to possess slaves, had, through their commercial ramifications in Europe, means of obtaining correct intelligence respecting the property and affairs of many captives, which they did not fail to profit by, receiving a percentage on the increased ransom gained by their information. In a similar way, some artful old slaves, of various countries, lived well by making friends with new captives, treating them at the wine-shops, and, under the pretext of advising them how to act, inducing them to reveal their true circumstances, which the spy immediately communicated to his master. A grave Spanish cavalier made his living by settling quarrels among his countrymen, and deciding all disputes respecting rank, precedence, and the code of honour; a small fee being paid by each of the parties, and his decision invariably respected. A French gentleman contrived to live, and dress well, and give frequent dinner-parties, by a curious financial scheme he invented and practised. Knowing many of the French renegades,

he borrowed money from them for certain periods at moderate interest; and as one sum fell due, he met it by a loan from a new creditor. This system, at first sight, would not appear to be profitable; but the renegades being constantly employed in the cruisers, as in a state of continual warfare, some of the creditors were either killed or captured yearly, and having no heirs, the debts were thus cancelled in the French captive's favour. 'In fine,' says D'Aranda, to whom we are indebted for the preceding peculiarities of bagne-life, 'there can be no better university to teach men how to shift for their livelihood; for all the nations made some shift to live save the English, who, it seems, are not so shiftful as others. During the winter I spent in the bagne, more than twenty of that nation died from pure want.' It is clear that the unfortunate captives here alluded to must have been persons unfit for labour, and unable to procure ransom; and thus, being of no service to their brutal master, were suffered to live or die as it might happen. There can be no doubt that the English and Dutch captives, of the reformed churches, suffered more privations than any others at that period, ere knowledge and intercourse had dulled the fiery edge of religious bigotry. All the public charities for slaves were founded by the Roman Church, and their bounties exclusively bestowed on its followers. No relief was ever given to a heretic unless he became a convert; and it is an exceedingly curious illustration of this religious hatred, that it was as rife and virulent in the breasts of the renegades who had adopted Mohammedanism, as it was amongst those who remained Christians. Another great disadvantage which the English captives must have laboured under, was their ignorance of the language. The *lingua franca* spoken in Algiers was a compound of French, Spanish, and Italian, with a few Arabic words; consequently, any native of those countries could acquire it in a few days, while the unfortunate Briton might be months before he could express his meaning or understand what was said to him.

The hardships of slavery were, in all truth, insufficient to extinguish the religious and national animosities of the captives. Dreadful conflicts frequently occurred between the partisans of the eastern and western churches—Spaniards and Italians uniting to batter orthodoxy into the heads of schismatic Greeks and Russians. Nor were such disturbances quelled until a strong body of guards, armed with ponderous cudgels, vigorously attacking both parties, beat them into peaceful submission. Life was not unfrequently lost in these contests. A most serious one, in which several hundred slaves took part on both sides, occurred during D'Aranda's captivity. At the feast of the Assumption, the altar of one of the churches was decorated with the Portuguese arms, with the motto: 'God will exalt the humble, and bring down the haughty.' The Spaniards, conceiving this to be an insulting reflection on their national honour, tore down the obnoxious decoration, and trampled it under their feet. The

Portuguese immediately retaliated, and a battle ensued between the captives of the two nations, which lasted a considerable time, and cost several lives. The ringleaders were severely bastinadoed by their masters, who tauntingly told them to sell their lands and purchase their freedom, and then they might fight for the honour of their respective countries as long and as much as they liked. It is pleasing, however, after reading of such scenes, to find that the slaves frequently got up theatrical performances. One of their favourite pieces was founded on the history of Belisarius.

The negotiations for ransom were either carried on through the Fathers of Redemption, the European consuls, or by the slaves themselves. When a province of the order of Redemption had raised a sufficiently large sum, the resident Father Administrator in Algiers procured a pass from the dey, permitting two fathers to come from Europe to make the redemption. The rule of the order was, that young women and children were to be released first; then adults belonging to the same nation as the ransomers; and after that, if the funds permitted, natives of other countries. But, in general, the fathers brought with them a list of the persons to be released, who had been recommended to their notice by political, ecclesiastical, or other interest. Slaves, who had earned and were willing to pay part of their ransom, found favour in the eyes of the fathers; and slaves with very long beards, or of singular emaciated appearance, were purchased with a view to future effect, in the grand processional displays made by the Redemptionists on their return to Europe.

From a published narrative of a voyage of Redemption made in 1720, we extract the following amusing account of an interview between two French Redemptionists and the dey. The fathers had redeemed their contemplated number of captives with the exception of ten belonging to the dey, but he, piqued that his slaves had not been purchased first, demanded so high a price for each, that they were unwillingly compelled to ransom only three—a French gentleman, his son, and a surgeon. 'These slaves being brought in, we offered the price demanded (3000 dollars) for them. The dey said he would give us another into the bargain. This was a tall, well-made young Hollander, one of the dey's household, who was also present. We remonstrated with the dey, that this fourth would not do for us, he being a Lutheran, and also not of our country. The dey's officers laughed, and said, he is a good Catholic. The dey said he neither knew nor cared about that. The man was a Christian, and that he should go along with the other three for 5000 dollars.'

After a good deal of fencing, and the dey having reduced his demand by 500 dollars, the father continues: 'We yet held firm to have only the three we had offered 3000 dollars for. "All this is to no purpose," said the dey; "I am going to send all four to you, and, willing or unwilling, you shall have them at the price I specified, nor shall you leave Algiers until you have paid it." But

we still held out, spite of all his threats, telling him that he was master in his own dominions, but that our money falling short, we could not purchase slaves at such a price. We then took leave of him, and that very day he sent us the three slaves we had cheapened, and let us know we should have the fourth on the day of our departure.' The reader will not be sorry to learn that the fathers were ultimately compelled to purchase and take away with them the 'young Lutheran Hollander.'

The primary object of the Redemptionists being to raise money for the ransom of captives, every advantage was taken to appeal successfully to the sympathies of the Christian world, and no method was more remunerative than the grand processions which they made with the liberated slaves on their return to Europe. Father Comelin gives us full particulars of these proceedings. The ransomed captives, dressed in red Moorish caps and white bornouses, and wearing *chains*—they never wore in Algiers—were met at the entrance of each town they passed through by all the clerical, civil, municipal, and military dignitaries of the place. Banners, wax-candles, music, and '*angels* covered with gold, silver, and precious stones,' accompanied them in grand procession through the town; the chief men of the district carrying silver salvers, on which they collected money from the populace, to be applied to future redemptions.

The first general ransom of British captives was made by money apportioned by parliament for the purpose, during the exciting events of the civil war. The first vessel despatched was unfortunately burned in the Bay of Gibraltar, and the treasure lost. A fresh sum of money was again granted; and in 1646, Mr Cason, the parliamentary agent, arrived at Algiers. In his official dispatch to the 'Committee of the Navy,' now before us, he states that, counting renegades, there were then 750 English captives in Algiers; and proceeds to say that 'they come to much more a head than I expected; the reason is, there be many women and children, which cost L.50 per head, first penny, and might sell for L.100. Besides there are divers which were masters of ships, calkers, carpenters, sailmakers, coopers, and surgeons, and others who are highly esteemed.' The agent succeeded in redeeming 244 English, Scotch, and Irish captives at the average cost of L.38 each. From the official record of their several names, places of birth, and prices, it appears that more money was paid for the females than the males. The three highest sums on the list are L.75, paid for Mary Bruster of Youghal; L.65 for Alice Hayes of Edinburgh; and L.50 for Elizabeth Mancor of Dundee. The names of several natives of Baltimore—in all probability, some of those carried off when that town was sacked fifteen years before—are in this list of the redeemed. It will scarcely be believed, that strong opposition was made by the mercantile interest against money being granted by parliament for the ransom of those poor captives—on the grounds, as the opposers' petition expresses: 'That if the slaves be redeemed

upon a public score, then seamen will render themselves to the mercy of the Algerines, and not fight in defence of the goods and ships of the merchants.' A more curious instance of our ancestors' wisdom in relation to this subject, occurred during the profligate reign of the second Charles. A large sum of money appropriated for the redemption of captives having been *lost*, somehow, between the Navy Board and the Commissioners of Excise, it was gravely proposed: 'That whatever loss or damage the English shall sustain from Algerines, shall be required and made good to the losers out of the estates of the Jews here in England. Because such a law may save a great expense of Christian treasure and blood!'

The first attempt to release English captives by force from Algiers was made in 1621, after the project had been debated in the privy-council for nearly four years. With the exception of rescuing about thirty slaves of various nations, who swam off to the English ships, this expedition turned out a complete failure. In 1662, another fleet was sent, a treaty was made with the dey, and 150 captives ransomed with money raised by the English clergy in their several parishes. In 1664, 1672, 1682, and 1686, other treaties were made with the Algerines: the frequent recurrence of those treaties shews the little attention paid to them by the pirates.

In 1682, Louis XIV. determined to stop the Algerine aggressions on France; and at the same time to try a new and terrible invention in the art of war. Renau d'Elicagarry had just laid before the French government a plan for building ships of sufficient strength to bear the recoil caused by firing bombs from mortars. Louis, accordingly, sent Admiral Duquesne with a fleet and some of the new bomb-vessels to destroy Algiers. The expedition was unsuccessful, the bombs proving nearly as destructive to the French as to their enemies. The next year, Duquesne returned, and taught by experience, succeeded in firing all his bombs into the pirate city. The terrified dey capitulated, and surrendered 600 slaves to the fleet; but sixty-four of those unfortunate captives being discovered by the French officers to be Englishmen, were sent back to the dey! While a treaty was in preparation, the janizaries, indignant at the loss of their slaves, murdered the dey, elected another, and manning their forts, commenced firing upon the French. Duquesne's bombs being all expended, he was obliged to sheer off and return to France. In 1688, Marshal d'Estrées, with a powerful fleet, arrived off Algiers. The bombs told with terrible effect, and the dey soon sued for peace; but D'Estrées replied that he came not to treat, but to punish. On this occasion, 10,000 bombs were thrown into Algiers; the city was reduced to ruins, and the humbled pirates compelled to sign a treaty dictated by the conqueror. In a few years, however, the demolished fortifications were re-erected stronger than ever, and the incorrigible Algerines busy at their old trade of piracy.

Algerine slavery at last came to an end. At the close of the long European war in 1814, the chivalrous Sir Sidney Smith

proposed a union of all orders of knighthood for the abolition of white slavery. His plan was to form 'an amphibious force, to be termed the Knights Liberators, which, without compromising any flag, and without depending on the wars or the political events of nations, should constantly guard the Mediterranean, and take upon itself the important office of watching, pursuing, and capturing all pirates by sea and land.' Though Sir Sidney's project fell to the ground, yet it had the good effect of calling the attention of the British nation to the subject; and in 1816, Lord Exmouth, with an English fleet, sailed to Algiers, destroyed the dey's shipping, levelled the fortifications, released altogether about 3000 captives, and abolished for ever the atrocious system of Christian slavery. The subsequent history of Algiers is foreign to our subject; we may merely add, that in 1830 it became, by right of conquest, a French colony.

Limited space compels us to say but little respecting the other piratical states of Barbary—Tunis, Tripoli, and Morocco. They, however, only dabbled in piratical slavery, not making it a systematised profession like the Algerines. When, about the middle of the seventeenth century, there were upwards of 30,000 Christian slaves in Algiers, there were not more than 7000 in Tunis, 5000 in Tripoli, and 1500 in Morocco. In the latter part of the sixteenth century, Tunis and Tripoli fell under the power of the Porte, and for some time were ruled by Turkish viceroys; but in a few years the janizaries, as at Algiers, elected their own rulers; and subsequently the native race, overpowering the janizaries, gained the ascendancy over their Ottoman masters. Since Blake humbled the pride of the Tunisians in 1665, and Narbro burned the Tripolitan fleet in 1676, neither of those states has inflicted much injury on British shipping. The treatment of slaves at Tunis and Tripoli was considered to be even milder than at Algiers: the brothers of Redemption had establishments at both places. It was with Tripoli in 1796 that the United States, through their envoy, Joel Barlow, made the treaty which caused so much animadversion. In that treaty, Mr Barlow, to conciliate the Mohammedan powers, declared that 'the government of the United States of America is not, in any sense, founded on the Christian religion.' Notwithstanding so bold an assertion, the faithless Tripolitans declared war against the United States in 1801; and after a contest highly creditable to the American navy, then in its infancy, peace was concluded between the two powers, and 200 captives released from slavery. Both Tunis and Tripoli quietly renounced the practice of Christian slavery, when solicited to do so by Lord Exmouth in 1816.

All the territories which formed part of the Roman Empire in Africa, subsequently fell under the sway of Constantinople, except Morocco. Its fertile soil, almost within cannon-shot of Europe, 'on the very verge and hem of civilisation,' has ever attracted European cupidity, and the patriotic energy of its people

has ever repelled Christian domination. Almost all the semi-barbarous states of the world have fallen a prey to European ambition and enterprise, not only dynasties but races have been extinguished, and yet Morocco is still as free from foreign influence as the surf of the Atlantic that thunders on its sands. At one period, indeed, almost subjugated, it was little more than a Portuguese province, when the Cherifs, a family of mendicant fanatics, claiming to be the lineal descendants of Mohammed, expelled the invaders, and founded the present dynasty. Spain, it is true, still holds two fortresses as penal settlements on the coast; but no Spaniard can even look over an embrasure on the land-side without being saluted by a long Moorish rifle. It is an actual fact, that the governors of those prison forts receive intelligence of what passes in the interior of Morocco, from Madrid.

As in other parts of Barbary, it was the Moriscos, after their expulsion from Spain, that founded the system of piratical slavery in Morocco. Who has not read of the Sallee rovers in *Robinson Crusoe*, and our old ballads? Yet, compared with the Algerine, theirs was, after all, a very petty kind of piracy. The harbour of Sallee, the principal port of Morocco, being only suitable for vessels drawing little water, the piracy was carried on in galleys and row-boats, and was formidable only to small unarmed vessels. In 1637, an English fleet, under Admiral Rainborough, took Sallee, and released 290 British captives—'as many as would have cost L.10,000.' Soon after, the emperor of Morocco sent an ambassador to London, who, on his presentation to Charles I., went to court in procession, taking with him a number of liberated captives dressed in white, and many hawks and Barbary horses splendidly caparisoned. Christian slaves in Morocco were invariably the property of the emperor, and were mostly employed in constructing buildings of *tapia*—a composition somewhat resembling our concrete. In the latter part of the seventeenth century, during the reign of Muley Ishmael, a cruel tyrant to his own subjects, and who had a mania for building, the captives in Morocco were ill treated, and compelled to work hard. Yet even then, one Thomas Phelps, who made his escape from Mequinez, tells us that the emperor came frequently amongst the slaves when at work, and would 'bolt out encouraging words to them, such as: "May God send you all safe home to your own countries!"' and any captive was excused from work by the payment of a *blanquil*—a sum equivalent to our 2d.—per day. In 1685, the emperor had 800 Christian slaves, 260 of whom were English; many of those, however, were subsequently ransomed. After Muley Ishmael's death, the captives were much better treated. Captain Braithwaite, who accompanied Mr Russell on a mission from the English government in 1727, thus describes the condition of the Christian captives in Morocco: 'Most part of them,' he says, 'have expectations of getting back to their native country at one time or another. The emperor keeps most of them at work upon his buildings, but not to such

hard labour that our labourers go through. The *Canute*, where they are lodged, is infinitely better than our prisons. In short, the captives have a much greater property in what they get than the Moors; several of them being rich, and many have carried considerable sums out of the country. Several keep their mules, and some their servants, to the truth of which we are all witnesses.' Morocco was the first of the Barbary states that gave up the practice of Christian slavery. In a treaty made with Spain in 1799, the emperor declared his desire that the name of slavery might be effaced from the memory of mankind.

The adventures of corsairs and captives, being ever of a singularly romantic character, have afforded many subjects to the writers of fiction. At one period, the French, Spanish, and Italian novelists and dramatists borrowed all their plots from this prolific source. Only one, however, was original. Cervantes, having been for nearly six years an Algerine slave, drew captivity from the life; the other writers merely present us with copies of his graphic delineations. The tale of *The Captive*, the novel of *The Generous Lover*, the dramas of *Life in Algiers* and *The Bagnes of Algiers*,* are evidently not mere works of amusing fiction, but were written for a purpose—that purpose being to excite public opinion in the favour of unfortunate Christian slaves, and to arouse the nations of Christendom to efforts for their liberation. The above-mentioned works decidedly appertain to the literature of anti-slavery; and the renowned author of *Don Quixote* must be placed high on the roll of those whom our transatlantic brethren would term 'abolitionist writers.'

The great romance of slavery consists in the escape of the bondsman, whether it be effected by cunning or courage. The contest is so unequal, the chances of the game so much against the runaway, and the stake so high, that the more generous sentiments of human nature are compelled to feel an interest in the event, and shew a sympathy to the struggling captive's weakness, even when prejudice of race and legal enactments deny it to his cause. The working of the fugitive slave-bill in the United States exemplifies this feeling in a remarkable degree. The old romancists and ballad-writers generally connect a love-affair with the escapes of their imaginary captives: from the peculiar customs and social relations of Mohammedans, such an occurrence is highly improbable. In fact, after no little research, we must confess that we never met with an authenticated instance of the kind. A few real escapes are still worth mentioning, although the romantic element of a 'Moorish lady' does not enter into the story.

In 1714, a captive, noticing the outlet of a sewer in the port, determined to go down the sewer of his bagne at night, and discover if it were the same. Finding it to be so, he communicated

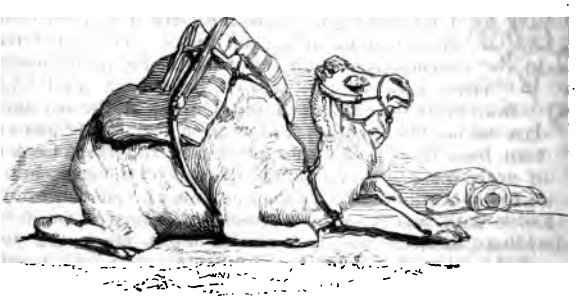
* *El Cautivo, El Liberal Amante, El Trato de Argel, Los Banos de Argel.*

the fact to several of his fellow-captives, and they anxiously waited for a chance of escape. In a short time their wishes were gratified by observing a small row-boat ready for sea, lying close to the mouth of the sewer. At dead of night, a number of slaves descended the sewer; but on reaching the harbour, were attacked by the street-dogs. The noise aroused the guards, who, crying 'Christians! Christians!' ran to the spot, and a fearful conflict ensued. About forty of the slaves, notwithstanding, boarded the row-boat, and throwing her crew into the water, attempted to push out of the harbour. At this eventful moment they were met by a series of unforeseen obstacles—namely, the hawsers of the vessels, which, according to the usual custom of mooring in Mediterranean ports, formed a net-work across the harbour. Dismayed, yet undaunted, the escaping captives, jumping into the water, swam and pushed the boat before them, and when they reached a hawser, got on it, and, as sailors term it, rode it down by their weight, so as to push their light bark over. In a short time, the last hawser was passed; and a dark night and fair wind favouring the fugitives, the second morning afterwards saw them freemen on the island of Majorca. The greatest confusion reigned in Algiers during that night. At first, it was supposed that all the slaves had broken out of the bagnes. The dey, half-dressed, and raving with anger, ran up and down the mole, at one moment inciting his men to the pursuit with the most extravagant promises; at another, reproving their dilatoriness with blows of his sabre. Foaming with rage, he cursed the guards, and sneeringly uttered these prophetic words: 'I believe the dogs of Christians will one day or other come and take us out of our houses.'

In Purchas's *Pilgrims*, we have a quaint account of a gallant escape from slavery. In 1621, the *Jacob* of Bristol was taken by a Barbary cruiser; all the crew were removed to the pirate vessel with the exception of four lads, named Cook, Jones, Long, and Tuckey; and a guard of thirteen pirates, with an officer, put on board the *Jacob*, to carry her to Algiers. 'These four poor youths,' says Purchas, 'being fallen into the hands of merciless infidels, began to study and complot all the means they could for the obtaining of their freedom.' On the fifth night after their capture, Tuckey being at the helm, the other three were ordered to take in the mainsail; the wind being fresh, the Algerine officer went to assist, 'when they took him by the hams, and turned him overboard; but by fortune he fell into the belly of the sail, where, quickly catching hold of a rope, he being a very strong and vigorous man, had almost gotten into the ship again; which Cook perceiving, leaped speedily to the pump, and took off the pump brake or handle, and cast it to Long, bidding him knock him down, which he was not long in doing; but lifting up the wooden weapon, he gave him such a palt on the pate as made his brains forsake the possession of his head, with which his body fell into the sea.' Fortunately, owing to the noise made by the flapping sail, the scuffle was

unheard by the other pirates, of whom four more were attacked and killed, and the rest secured under hatches. The brave lads succeeded in carrying the ship into a Spanish port, 'where they sold the nine Turks for galley-slaves, for a good sum of money, and, as I think, for a great deal more than they were worth!' Honest Purchas thus concludes the narration: 'He that shall attribute such things as these to the arm of flesh and blood, is forgetful, ungrateful, and in a manner atheistical.'

We cannot conclude without alluding to what is at least a curious coincidence. Barbary, situated between the 29th and 38th degrees of north latitude, occupies nearly the same parallel, extends over nearly the same degrees of longitude, and covers nearly the same space as the district termed the Slave States of the American Union. Still more, Algiers, called by an old writer 'the wall of the Christian world,' lies on the parallel of 36° 30′ north, which is the very line that in the United States is known as the 'Missouri Compromise,' and which marks the wall of Christian negro slavery west of the Mississippi. Those two districts, separated by the broad waters of the Atlantic—the most northerly, continental points on both hemispheres, where Christian slavery sought a last hiding-place for its disgusting features—have still other important resemblances which justify us in respectively terming them African and American Barbary. They have both about the same distance of sea-coast—African Barbary being bounded on the north by the Mediterranean, on the west by the Atlantic; and American Barbary on the south by the Gulf of Mexico, on the east by the Atlantic. A reference to an atlas will prove to the reader that there are no two places on the globe of equal extent which present so many distinctive features of resemblance common to both. Mr Sumner, the celebrated American philanthropist, who first pointed out this remarkable resemblance, says, that 'perhaps the common peculiarities of climate breeding indolence, lassitude, and selfishness, may account for the insensibility to the claims of justice and humanity which seems to have characterised both regions.'



JOURNEY FROM THE GAMBIA TO THE RED SEA.

HAVING occasion to sojourn for a time on the western coast of Africa, I was anxious to know something of the people of the interior of that vast continent, concerning whom so many conflicting accounts have been given. This could not be accomplished at Sierra Leone. From the heterogeneous mass of its colonists, who have been brought from more than thirty countries, a few interesting particulars can be obtained; but most of these liberated Africans were torn from their homes in early youth, and their vocabulary of negro-English is too limited to express all a curious person wishes to know of their native condition and manners. Sierra Leone itself has been very differently estimated by different individuals, according to the aspect in which they have viewed it, and the expectations they had formed regarding the people, or their own prospects in going among them. For myself, I am a

great admirer of nature's beauties, and I love to dwell upon the good more than upon the evil I see around; so upon visiting a strange country, I try to forget my English feelings, prejudices, and ideas of comfort, and to estimate things by their own intrinsic value, or the benefits they confer upon the native population. In this view, the peninsula of Sierra Leone appeared to me very grand and picturesque. Its capital, Freetown, is situated on the side of a hill, which rises up gently from the south bank of the river, and is backed by mountains which seem piled upon one another to a great height. It contains many excellent streets and handsome houses, which, with their white fronts and piazzas, and surrounding gardens, give the neighbourhood a romantic appearance. Then the thought, that in this town and the twenty villages with which it is surrounded, there are 50,000 free Africans, who are being trained up in the arts and literature of civilised life, and in the precepts of a virtuous Christianity, atones for many defects, and the want of many conveniences found in England. The peninsular situation of Freetown, and the shortness of its river, which gives no facility of communication with the interior, are its greatest drawbacks as an African settlement. Were it not for this geographical disadvantage, and the unhealthiness of its climate to Europeans, Sierra Leone might be one of the richest and most beautiful places in the world. When its coloured inhabitants shall rise to the manhood of intelligence, it may vie with some of the capitals of modern Europe.

A friendly merchant from the Gambia offered me a passage in his vessel; and as he was going to sail up that noble river, I gladly availed myself of this opportunity of getting an insight into the interior of Africa. On our passage, we stopped at Bissao, a Portuguese fort on the Rio Grande, where I saw many poor creatures in irons, waiting for a slave-ship to carry them to the Brazils. This horrid, filthy, savage place formed a strange contrast with the elegance and cleanliness of Freetown. No wonder! The one settlement has gold and slavery for its object; the other is a daughter of philanthropy and freedom.

The shades of night were being dispelled when we entered the Gambia; and being aided by a sea-breeze and a strong tide, our swift little vessel soon anchored before Bathurst—the seat of government in this colony. It was a lovely sight. The morning sun shone upon a long row of handsome houses, which, with their white fronts and large piazzas, bespoke the presence of comfort and luxury. The island of St Mary's, on which the town is built, is very flat; but the scene is enlivened with business, with a broad expanse of river, and the high lands of Cape Verd on the opposite shore. This is a flourishing settlement, far more favourably situated for trade than Sierra Leone, but otherwise devoid of local interest, on account of the sandy and swampy nature of the soil. This settlement is also in a transition state from African

rudeness to British civilisation. It was interesting to see a number of well-dressed negroes, imitating the Anglo-Saxons in their garb and manners, and bidding fair to be the progenitors of a mighty people on the African shores. There is nothing wanting, save peace and the arts of industry, to make St Mary's a second Calcutta to a coloured population; for, unless the climate should change for the better, it will never have any large number of European residents.

We sailed up the Gambia, propelled by the sea-breeze, which blows during the day, unless when it is overpowered by a strong harmattan from the desert, or by a tornado—which always comes from the east. At night, we were obliged to anchor, except when favoured with the tide, which floated us slowly up the stream. The river soon lessens in width to about three miles, and afterwards to one mile—a breadth which it may be said to retain for 100 leagues. At first, the banks were lined with thick woods of mangrove, a tree which only grows in salt or brackish water. It lets down shoots from the upper branches, which fix in the soil, and form the trunks of new trees; so that an impervious thicket is finally produced. The creek which separates St Mary's Isle from the promontory bearing the same name, is named Oyster Creek, on account of the immense quantities of this fish which adhere to the mangroves and grow there, at low tide exhibiting the appearance of having sprung from the tree; insomuch that strangers have been puzzled by the phenomenon, some actually supposing that these oysters were a vegetable fruit. It was delicious sailing up the river during the month of December. We lived upon deck both day and night, under an awning, to protect us from the sun and the dew; the thermometer ranging between 80 and 85 degrees of Fahrenheit during the day, and falling a little lower in the night-season. The vessel touched at several towns for trading purposes, when I usually went ashore, either to visit the neighbouring places and see the people, or to ramble with my gun and shoot some game. In this way, I was able to form a pretty good idea of the country and of the various tribes who dwell about the Gambia, and are types of the native population of a large portion of the interior.

Before describing these people, it seems necessary to advert to the reigning kind of superstition, which appears to infect all the different tribes, not excepting those who have embraced the Mohammedan creed. Our attention was called to it upon passing a certain place on the river's bank called Devil's Point. Here the pagan part of the crew with great solemnity threw into the water a small portion of everything in the cargo that was eatable, as a propitiatory offering to the Prince of Darkness. This was intended as a supernatural defence against sickness and accident during the voyage, and to insure their returning home in prosperity. The devil is said to dwell on that point of land, and nothing could persuade some of the negroes to go on shore there. These simple

children of Africa are amazingly superstitious, terribly afraid of charms and witchcraft. They wear *greegrees*, or amulets, generally composed of a scrap of paper containing some sacred words, sewn up in a small leathern pouch or purse, and fastened round various parts of the body. Some of them are literally covered with these amulets, for which they pay a considerable price to the *maraboos*, who make a gain of their credulity. Sometimes as much as a horse or a slave has been given for a greegree, under circumstances of great difficulty. As may be expected, the charm often fails; but there is no use in complaining to the maraboo, who has always a subterfuge by which to get out of this dilemma. One of the crew very simply explained this matter, when questioned as to his own experience of the efficacy of greegrees. He acknowledged that they had not always preserved him from evil; but this was owing to some trick played him by other men, or by an evil spirit. For instance, he had bought the large greegree he wore over his breast by a leathern chain round his neck, for a goat and her kid, during the prevalence of a dangerous epidemic. The old sorcerer assured him that no sickness could harm him whilst he wore this preservative and abstained from taking goats' milk, which was a necessary proviso for its efficacy. Having been attacked by the disease, which nearly proved fatal, he reproached the maraboo with deceit, who repelled the charge by informing him, that upon his visit to a certain place, his host wishing to do him an injury, put some milk into his *kooskoos*, and so broke the force of the spell. The poor fellow doubted whether he should give credit to this explanation, but was afraid to relinquish his faith.

Cower is a trading-place of considerable importance, as it is much frequented by Jaloofs, who have some powerful kingdoms in the north of Senegambia; and as I shall not again have occasion to mention this people, as I did not pass through any part of their territory, I would now describe them as one of the most active, intelligent, and enterprising of the negro tribes. The best mechanics in the British settlements, and the most indefatigable traders I met, were Jaloofs. They appeared to me more energetic than the Mandingoes, from whom they differ both in feature and language. Some of the men are of handsome figure; and although their skin is of the deepest black, their nose is not so flat, nor their lips so prominent as those of other negroes. They are the best manufacturers of cloth in the western regions; and those I saw were well dressed. The garb of the men consisted of wide trousers or drawers, reaching a little below the knee, with a loose tunic or frock, embroidered round the neck and down the breast and back. The material is cotton or Indian *baft*, and the embroidery is wrought with coloured worsted. Blue and white are the favourite colours; and these are sometimes used together in alternate strips of narrow cloth. A white cap usually covers the head. The garments used by the women are very

simple and becoming. They consist of two pieces of country cloth called *pangs*, one wrapped round the waist, and reaching nearly to the ankles—the other thrown loosely over the shoulders and bosom. Their hair is tied up in coloured handkerchiefs, so as to form a variegated cone. Both sexes wear sandals. This is the costume of the freemen and respectable class of negroes: the slaves are satisfied with anything. In their domestic manners and customs, the Jaloofs differ little from the Mandingoes and Teucolar Foolahs, whom we shall have occasion to describe.

The Felloops live in the region south of the Gambia, between that river and the Rio Grande. My friend had a little business to transact at one of their trading-towns, and promised me an opportunity of seeing the tribe. It puzzled my imagination how any intercourse could be held with them through those impenetrable forests of mangrove-trees, which extended beyond where the eye could reach. However, the vessel was anchored near a creek, and we took to the boat, which was rowed for miles through one of these natural canals. It was not many yards wide, and I every minute expected to come to its termination. The dark branches met over our heads, and afforded a grateful shade from the fierce light and heat of a tropical sun. All was deathly calm and quiet, except the chattering of monkeys on the boughs, and the occasional screech of a hawk or vulture. Nature was fearfully still and gloomy. At length the trees opened on our right; a landing-place appeared; we leaped ashore; and after walking a few yards, the scene was wholly changed. An open country lay before us, on which the sun shone with dazzling splendour; perroquets and other birds of the brightest plumage flew about in all directions; and we easily bagged a large number of partridges and guinea-fowl, which seemed to have no fear of the gun. We procured horses from a native trader, and rode over level and open ground to visit some of the villages in the neighbourhood. They were small dirty places, and the people appeared very poor; yet the surrounding fields had evidently been cultivated, as the straw of rice and corn crops remained upon them, so that it was difficult to account for their poverty-stricken appearance. A little information threw some light upon this subject. These hamlets were composed of mud-huts of a conical shape, the walls being round, and the roofs thatched with grass, hanging over to form long eaves. They had one rude door on the western side, away from the quarter whence the harmattan and tornadoes blow. I could see no window or chimney. The whole were heaped together without any order, and appeared like a number of large bee-hives. The only people who might be called dressed, were the traders, and a few others whom I saw with the alcaid. Most of those who were going about had only a pang about their waist, and a head-covering. The children were stark-naked; and the young folks of both sexes had a mere apology for an apron. We entered two or three of the houses, as

I called them, and found them all to be similarly furnished. A hurdle of canes, fixed upon some stakes firmly driven into the ground, and a few inches in height, was covered with the skin of a sheep or bullock, to form a bed and bedding, with the assistance of a pang thrown over the sleeper. An earthen jar for water, a pestle and mortar to bray their grain, a pot of iron or clay to cook with, and a few calabashes or bowls, made from the fruit of the gourd, comprehended most of the household garniture. The house of the alcaid, in the principal town, was rather larger than the rest, and contained an outer and inner apartment; being also furnished with a box for tobacco and other valuables, and with some weapons of war and of the chase.

I was introduced to this chief, or feudal lord of the place, whom we found surrounded by a few counsellors and some of his wives, who came to see a white man—always an object of curiosity to African ladies. He had a most ungainly appearance, being nearly blind, with few teeth, and a most haggard countenance. He was scarcely sober, which, I am informed, he seldom is, as he is very fond of rum and tobacco, of which he can get an abundant supply from the traders. A jester sat beside him, and took any liberties with his patron he chose. These buffoons sing, dance, and jest in any ludicrous fashion—their office being that of pleasing their lord by drollery, antic tricks, and fulsome praises. The old chief graciously accepted the small present I gave him, but was quite incompetent to engage in any rational conversation. His wives were little better, and were half naked, a variety of bracelets and necklaces supplying the place of substantial clothing. Vanity had greater influence over them than modesty. Though the Africans are very susceptible of cold, yet, as the weather is generally hot, they have little need of covering, except at night, and then only for a part of the year. During the rainy season, they make a fire in their houses to keep the damp out; and the smoke serves to drive away mosquitoes and other noxious insects. This accounts for the bare clothing of the majority, who are in point of fact domestic slaves, and whom it is unnecessary to cover with garments for the sake of appearance. If these have one or two strings of common beads, their vanity is sufficiently gratified. Further remarks will be made upon their civil condition. It was only the poverty of this town that was apparent; but there were stores of corn and rice which I did not see, herds of cattle grazing at a short distance, goats browsing in the woods, horses in the stables, and poultry in the yards; and what more was wanting to supply the necessaries and comforts of life to a sun-roasted and indolent people?*

* The Felloops are not a fair sample of the negro race. Their vicinity to Europeans, who for so long a time carried on the slave-trade, has perhaps rendered them more fierce and suspicious than Africans in general: indeed, all the tribes along the coast who have been engaged in this barbarous traffic, seem to have acquired a ferocity not natural to the mild and good-tempered negro. A superstitious custom amongst the Felloops of always avenging the death of a relative, has rendered their disposition more gloomy and unrelenting. They trade

Beyond Cower, which is calculated to be 150 miles up the stream, we lost the mangroves; and the dry banks of the river were studded with noble and beautiful trees, such as the African oak and teil, the lofty palm, the monkey-bread and tamarind. We had also passed several verdant islands of all sizes, most of them quite uninhabited by men, and left as a dwelling for the wild beasts of the field and the fowls of the air. The hyæna, jackal, and panther love these lurking-places; the elephant ranges in the interminable forests; the antelope lives in the woods; innumerable alligators bask on the sunny banks of the river; the hippopotamus snorts in the waters and feeds in the prairies; the lordly lion ranges in the skirts of the desert. About 100 miles above Cower is Jinjinberry, or Macarthy Island, which is now an excellent British settlement and colony of liberated Africans—a Bathurst upon a small scale. Here are large depôts of merchandise, a fort, and extensive missionary premises for the conversion and civilisation of the black population. My mercantile friend did not intend sailing up the river further than Macarthy Island; he therefore introduced me to a Gambia trader, who was to start in a few days for the highest trading-place, in a small vessel of about twenty tons burden, built expressly for river-navigation. In the meantime, I had a good opportunity of seeing some of the surrounding towns and villages, especially those of the pastoral Foolahs, who seem to abound in this neighbourhood. These tribes have no country of their own, but locate themselves for a time in the territory of some powerful chieftain, to whom they pay a tribute of cattle for the temporary use of pasture-lands, and to whom they look for protection from foreign violence. They can remove to another locality on very short notice; and it was from fear, engendered by the recent depredations of a notorious bandit chief higher up the river, that many had fled to this vicinity, which was comparatively quiet. They chiefly depend upon the rearing of cattle, in the management of which they are very dexterous, and which they attach to themselves by great kindness and familiarity. They are also industrious agriculturists, and raise a good deal of corn and cotton.

Though I visited several of their encampments, I could see little difference between them except in size; and it will suffice to give a description of one of these movable towns. It was erected in the open country, and presented one of the neatest appearances of a village I ever witnessed. It was a very broad street, containing two long rows of huts, made of wattled cane, and thatched with straw, each in a small separate enclosure, with

much with the British, supplying the traders with large quantities of bees-wax, gathered from the trees of their forests, and rice cultivated in their marsh-lands. They are much given to strong drink, procuring rum from the foreign merchant, and themselves manufacturing an intoxicating liquor from honey. These circumstances account for the unfavourable impressions respecting them produced upon my mind at my first visit—impressions which were not removed by any information I was able subsequently to obtain.

a garden behind. The whole was encompassed with a wattled fence, having a door at each end of the street. Everything was orderly and tolerably clean, the material of the dwellings contrasting very favourably with the unsightly mud-walls of other negro towns. We were soon surrounded by a number of women and children, who came to see the white man, towards whom they bear a very kindly feeling, and with whom they claim a sort of kindred. The appearance of the children was not very prepossessing; but that of the women, especially of the young women, was highly interesting. They have none of the usual peculiarities of the negro shape or countenance. Their skin is fair for an African, of a tawny colour, like that of a mulatto, particularly in their youth. Their features are small, of European character; their hair is black, of a soft silky texture; their shape is sometimes elegant in a high degree. This was seen to the best advantage, as they wore little clothing; the unmarried females having only a narrow strip of cloth tied round their loins; the elder women wore the usual pang for a petticoat, but did not trouble themselves with the upper covering, which they used only upon state occasions. Their hair was tied up with ribbons, and they had bracelets and necklaces of beads, of which they are very fond. The younger children, as usual, ran about in a state of nudity, the girls sometimes having a string of beads round their waist and neck. There were few men present, only enough to keep a watch over the settlement; the majority were at some distance herding their cattle. These are secured at night in a fold, or *korree*, near the village. The korree has a little hut in it, capable of containing one or two herdsmen, who keep watch during the night against thieves, and maintain the fires kindled to scare away wild beasts.

After a familiar chat with the women, they presented us with a calabash of sour milk, which was pleasant and extremely grateful in the heat of the day. Some of the men were weaving cloth in a very simple and unsophisticated way from thread made by themselves. The country around bore marks of having been tilled during the last season, and we passed by a small plantation of cotton-trees. This village of Foolahs had been undisturbed for some years, which accounts for the comfort and abundance in which they lived. In another settlement, on the other side of the river, they did not seem to be so well off; still, they had everything they could need in their plain mode of life; and if they could spend it with a feeling of security, they would have no cause to complain in the enjoyment of an easy and vegetating state of existence. The pastoral Foolahs are extemely timid—like very deer. They explained to us that all fighting was bad, and that they themselves never fought—making a virtue of what others suppose to arise from natural cowardice.

On another day we visited an encampment of Loubies or gipsy Foolahs. They essentially differ from the other tribes, having a

stunted form and haggard countenance: this may proceed from the nature of their occupation, or from intermarriages with the Jaloofs; for we saw two or three young women amongst them of fair complexion and graceful appearance. It has been thought that these Loubies have sprung from a former mixing of pastoral Foolahs with their negro slaves, whose degenerate offspring being cast off by the purer race, have formed themselves into roving tribes of poor condition. Their village was made of small huts, composed of branches of trees and grass, altogether inferior to those which we had formerly visited. Their features were partly Foolah and partly negro, their head flat, and their hair woolly. They work entirely in wood, being the chief coopers of Western Africa. Having selected a spot where the proper kind of tree grows, of a soft white wood, they immediately begin to fell the timber, and construct their temporary dwellings with the boughs. They hollow the trunks into canoes, if near a river; and make bowls, pestles and mortars, spoons, and other utensils out of the large branches: these are sold to other tribes for corn, rice, and garments. They lead a fugitive, vagabond life, and are generally very poor.

The king of Catabar is the most powerful chief in this neighbourhood. He is on friendly terms with the English; and paid a visit to Macarthy Island during my sojourn there, accompanied by several of his head-men or counsellors. He was a tall man, of handsome form, though not of an intelligent countenance, in this respect differing from most of his countrymen. The Mandingoes are a hardy race, sociable, and of mild disposition; but they make courageous soldiers. Their complexion is not so jetty black as that of the Jaloofs, nor is it so tawny as that of the Foolahs; their lips, nose, and hair approach nearer to the style of the thorough negro; but they are generally above the middle size, and well made. I visited some of the Mandingo towns near the island; but they did not differ from those I shall soon have occasion to describe. The king came to pay his compliments to the merchants—which means to ask for presents; not that he personally solicits anything; his attendants do this for him and for themselves, should it not be spontaneously offered. It is of importance to keep him in good-humour, as his territory extends a long way on the north bank of the Gambia, including the shore opposite to Macarthy Island; and such near neighbours ought to be friends as well as allies. His majesty and suite came into a merchant's store when I was present. After a little gossip, a bottle of rum was brought out, and a tumbler half filled with the intoxicating liquor. The king bade them fill to the top; and after drinking it off like water, handed the bottle to one of his men, who immediately corked it, and put it into his satchel. Some tobacco was also given to him, and clasp-knives to his principal attendants; when he took his leave, to perambulate the town, and get as many presents as possible. Though a young man,

he was a terrible drinker, which probably accounts for his want of judgment. One or two hard-looking fellows about him were far more shrewd than himself; they were the principal spokesmen, and seemed to have entire influence over him. He appeared to be idiotic; but was probably half-drunk, or at least as drunk as a man can be who is never very sober. His dress was white—of the same character as that which I have already described—the tunic being much embroidered, and his head-cap encircled with a turban. He wore several large greegrees, which almost covered his breast, and might, doubtless, afford considerable protection in a mêlée, without the aid of witchcraft.

I proceeded on my voyage up the river, having first provided sundry articles for presents—such as Indian baft, tobacco, and knives for the men; and beads, coral, and amber for the women. My object was to proceed as high up the Gambia as convenient, and thence make a short tour inland, to make myself thoroughly acquainted with the manners and condition of the people, and gain what information I could of the regions beyond, from native traders or wandering Bushreens. In this I was eminently successful. We reached Fatatenda—about 500 miles from the sea—the last trading-port of importance, where a great deal of business is done. Here I fell in with a Mandingo *slatee*, or merchant, a Mohammedan, of very mild and social disposition. His house became my home; and he engaged to accompany me on visits to Woolli and Bondoo, with which countries he was well acquainted, and beyond which territories I did not intend to journey. Woolli is a Mandingo country of considerable note, lying at the head of the navigable parts of the Gambia and Senegal; so that it is a passage for much merchandise, on which a small toll or duty is levied. Bondoo lies beyond Woolli, and is a kingdom of the Teucolar Foolahs: these are warlike people, altogether different in disposition and pursuits from the pastoral and gipsy tribes. They possess several powerful independent kingdoms, sharing this portion of the African continent with the Mandingoes and Moors. These nations alternate with each other in an unaccountable manner; but they keep one another in check, and prevent any warrior king from becoming master of the whole country.

Horses being provided, we started at night, and travelled by the bright light of the moon. Our route lay partly through low land, which was now dry and hard, partly through those vast forests for which Africa is celebrated. The former kind of ground is used for growing rice, which is sown in the rainy season, often in the water itself, and in a few weeks is ready for harvest. It is easily cultivated, and is extensively used for food, and as an article of merchandise. The forests are not always a jungle or thick-set wood; in many of them the trees are at some distance apart; and large open spaces appear, where corn is grown, and towns or villages are built. There is abundance of cultivable soil to feed a population many times as large as that which now occupies the

land. The plough and good farming would work wonders: as it is, the corn is easily grown. Each freeman cultivates what land he pleases of that which is not already occupied; and his wives superintend the agricultural pursuits, assisted by the household slaves. After the first rain falls, holes are made in the ground, which has been cleared of stubble; some grains of maize or guinea corn are dropped in and covered over, and the rain and sunshine prepare an abundant harvest: the laborious part of the process is, therefore, very short, and the corn is soon reaped. The hardest work is in winnowing the grain, and pounding it into flour in a large mortar. The slaves employed in these matters are principally females, the men being occupied in tending the cattle, cutting wood, drawing water, and attending their masters in hunting, fishing, or warlike expeditions. The freemen generally lead an indolent life, and the servile class are not hard worked nor ill treated. Prisoners taken in war become slaves, at the entire disposal of their captors, by whom they are generally sold to the slatees, and through them to Europeans or Moors; but the children of slaves born on the premises acquire a right of location, and cannot be sold except for a crime, or unless they are seized for their master's debts, for which he also is liable to bondage. Crimes and grave misdemeanours are generally punished with slavery. The female sex are in a depressed condition, and the domestic slaves in still more humiliating circumstances: but as the latter have a right to the protection of the country's laws, and cannot be severely punished or sold without a regular trial and sentence, their condition is not nearly so bad as that of American slaves, nor is their labour excessive. It is war and the slave-trade which fill the land with horrors, and destroy the happiness of the people.

We passed several small towns, and early in the morning reached Soobakunda, where the inhabitants are called Julors, from being mostly traders in gold, which is brought from Bambarra and other towns in the interior. We breakfasted on milk and kooskoos. This celebrated dish is made by moistening flour with water, and shaking it about in a calabash till it forms into small granules like sago; it is then put into a pot perforated with small holes, which is fixed upon another vessel containing water and animal food. The whole is placed on the fire, that the steam of the meat may ascend to soften and flavour the corn. This dish is far from being contemptible; and when a fowl was stewed in it, as on the present occasion, it made a savoury meal for a hungry man. Cakes of rice and butter were also provided, which convinced me that the negroes know how to take care of themselves.

In this town I first saw two of those curiosities of the human species, albinoes or white negroes, called by the natives *Funne*. One was an infant, the offspring of parents perfectly black; but the child was quite white: the other was a grown-up female of a healthful constitution. This phenomenon is generally supposed

to be the result of disease, especially as their parents may have other children of a negro colour. In fact, the albinoes seldom live long, and always have a sickly appearance. They are regarded as a wonder by the people, though not shunned or viewed with abhorrence.

In the forenoon we reached Medina, the capital of Woolli, where the slatee and myself were courteously treated by one of the principal men, who allotted a hut for our use during the stay we might make in the town. This hut formed one of many contained in his yard or enclosure. Every man of respectability has several wives, each of whom has her own house; other huts are set apart for the slaves, for cooking purposes, or for store-rooms; and the whole are enclosed with a mud-wall or fence, and a gate of entrance. A number of these *soorks*, placed near each other, without any order or regularity, form a town, which is surrounded with a wall or stockade, or both, according to the size and importance of the place. The narrow passages through these soorks do not deserve the name of streets or even of lanes; they are crooked, winding alleys, resembling the mazes of a labyrinth, through which it seemed impossible that a stranger should find his way. The king's residence only differs from others in its superior size; some African princes having from ten to thirty or forty wives. The warrior kings have the walls of their palace or castle made very strong, so as to serve for a citadel in case of need, and have guards placed at the entrances. The wall of their capital is also built in a zigzag form, that its defenders may have better opportunity of firing upon an assailing force.

We supped at sunset, on provisions similar to those on which we had breakfasted, only that a small goat had been killed for butcher-meat, and our host furnished me with very agreeable palm-wine. The natives make only two meals in the day: the first, at about ten in the forenoon; the second, at sunset. The evening was spent in conversation with a company of the slatee's friends, and enlivened by a little music and dancing in the yard. Next day we were presented to the king, who was reclining on his couch, surrounded by his wives and officers. He is an old man, of portly figure, and mild disposition, but of apparently little intellect. He drinks much, being a *soninkee*, though most of his subjects are Mohammedans. He asked a few questions respecting the political state of the Gambia, and the likelihood of peace and good trade. In this he was personally interested, as every king receives a duty upon all the merchandise that passes through his territory. It is levied at the frontier town, and is calculated according to the value of the articles or the number of ass's burdens. These exactions are sometimes very heavy. He also expects a present from every stranger of consequence—an expectation in which he is followed by all his attendants. These presents are also made to the petty chiefs or alcaids of every town in which such visitors stop, and if graciously accepted, they are

furnished with provisions, which cost the natives next to nothing. The ladies were dressed in the usual manner, their head-dress being the same as that worn by females in the upper part of the Gambia—namely, a narrow strip of cloth tied several times round the forehead, often decorated, as in this instance, with beads and amber. They wore abundance of trinkets, were good-looking, and very inquisitive about the domestic manners of the English. They could not understand how a man could manage with only one wife, who would be insufficient to cultivate his ground, prepare his corn, and take care of all his household matters. However, they allowed that if these things could be done by servants, it would be better for the women, that each should monopolise the attention and affections of her husband, as this would prevent many domestic broils and feuds, which a husband often finds it difficult to compose. They did not comprehend our usage of the two sexes eating together—a thing that is never permitted in Africa—and the men shook their heads at such a practice, saying that it would spoil the women, who would never, under such circumstances, render lawful obedience. A few pieces of amber delighted these sable princesses, and they took care that I was well provided with food.

In the evening, there was a public dance, the favourite entertainment of the negroes. It is held by moonlight, or the blaze of large fires kindled for the purpose, and is continued through a great part of the night. They dance or leap to the sound of the drum or the tambourine, accompanying the agile movements of their limbs with shouting, clapping of hands, and choral songs. This amusement was preceded by a wrestling-match, the combatants being nearly naked, and having their bodies lubricated with butter, after the manner of the ancients. The Africans never tire of these recreations, especially of the dance, which is a convincing proof that they are not very hardly tasked in their daily employments. The women are allowed freely to engage in these evening diversions.

We started in company with some traders returning from Fatatenda, and made a slow journey to the frontiers of Bondoo, occupying a week in travelling this distance. Near Woolli, the country was rich and fertile, producing cotton and ground-nuts, besides corn and rice. The ground-nuts find a ready sale with the Gambia merchants, who export large quantities of them to England, the oil which they produce being equal to the finest olive-oil, for which it is commonly sold. Afterwards, we traversed a large forest, in which are towns of different sizes, in the best of which we rested during the daytime. The sun was now very powerful, and we all preferred journeying by moonlight. At night we were also in less danger of being attacked by roving tribes of bandits; and being armed, and keeping together, we had no fear of the wild beasts which prowled around, often gliding by us like distant shadows. We had plenty of monkeys as spectators of our proceedings.

A barren wilderness separates the territory of Woolli from that of Bondoo. The capital was formerly Fatteconda, east of the river Falemé; it is now Boollibanny, on the west side of this stream, which we had not occasion to cross. The kingdom of Bondoo belongs to the Teucolars. The proper inhabitants are now rigid followers of Mohammed, whose creed is more fully taught and adopted by them, than by the Bushreen Mandingoes whom I had hitherto seen, whose conversion to Islamism has often appeared more nominal than real.

Boollibanny is a large town, surrounded with a thick and high wall of mud. We entered through one of its gateways, which are fortified with embattled turrets, pierced with loopholes; and after various windings, arrived at the house of a wealthy merchant, with whom we were to lodge. We were kindly received, and hospitably taken care of, according to the manners of the country. Our host had four wives, all young and pretty. He had travelled a good deal as a slatee; and having amassed considerable property, returned home, purchased these wives, and settled in this town. He still carried on a lucrative trade with the Gambia, but did not now go further into the interior. Bondoo is a country much resorted to by traders, owing to its central situation, as all merchandise for the Gambia from the great north and eastern kingdoms must pass through this territory. A great quantity of gold, ivory, wax, and hides are brought to Bondoo, where they are bartered for European goods. They also receive salt from the Moors, in exchange for corn and blue cloths of native manufacture, which are woven and dyed by the Foolahs in a superior manner. The imposts or custom-duties are heavy, and yield a large revenue to the king, here called *almamy*. He also receives a tenth of all agricultural produce, as lord-superior of the soil; and no business of any kind is transacted without making a present, or *bunya*.

The price of a wife is usually reckoned at the value of two slaves; but when the girl is handsome, her parents make a much higher demand. Her consent is not necessary to the match; but if she positively refuses to be married to the man of her parents' choice, she must continue a spinster, as she cannot be afterwards given to another. If this should be attempted, her former suitor may seize upon her as his slave. The day after our arrival at Boollibanny, we were invited to the wedding, or rather the marriage-supper of a brother of the slatee with whom we lodged. The bridegroom had prepared a plentiful repast, which he superintended with great assiduity, and distributed kola-nuts to the guests. This is a sign and token of friendship. Singing and dancing followed. Meanwhile the bride had been taken to a hut by several matrons, who robed her in a dress of white cotton, and then placed her in the middle of the floor; and having seated themselves round her, gave her a number of discreet instructions respecting her future conduct in life. These wearisome lectures

were often interrupted by companies of girls with songs and dances. About midnight, the bride is taken to the hut allotted for her residence in the yard of her husband, who, upon a given signal, leaves his company to join his wife, and so the marriage is complete. This is all the ceremony used on those occasions by the Mandingoes, to which nation my new friend belonged; but I believe the custom is similar amongst most of the negro tribes. I observed the head-dress of the Bondoo ladies to be richer than that of others: it consisted of a small plate of gold in the middle of the forehead, and strings of white beads encircling their hair, which was also stuck with pieces of coral and amber. A pair of large gold ear-rings, which reached almost to the shoulders, were generally so heavy, as to require to be supported by a thin thong of red leather passing over the crown.

I had a private interview with the almamy, to whom I made a handsome present, and asked permission to remain in his town and territory for two or three weeks, that I might see the manners and ways of the people. His majesty graciously consented, and promised me all the protection in his power, which was quite sufficient for my purpose. We were introduced to some of his wives, who were gratified with coral-beads and amber. A bullock from the king, and messes of kooskoos and rice-cakes from his queens, shewed their approval of the presents received. A few excursions to neighbouring towns proved that my former observations concerning the people were correct; but a slight difference in manners was occasioned by the mixed population of this country, which is inhabited by Mandingoes and Serrawoolies, as well as Foolahs. Other foreigners reside in the capital, for purposes of trade.

We made a journey to Fatteconda, the former capital of Bondoo, in order to visit some maraboos, who were residing in this town. We crossed the Falemé in a canoe, and saw men fishing with nets for a small species of fish, which they dry and make into cakes. The town of Fatteconda is now much diminished in importance, and the whole neighbourhood of the Falemé has been devastated by wars, into the particulars of which it is needless to enter. One of the wives of the slatee with whom I here resided, had recently given birth to an infant, which was *named* on the day of my arrival, being then eight days old. A large calabash of food, made of flour and sour milk, with the flesh of a sheep, was prepared for our entertainment. The child's head was shaved, and the officiating bushreen said a prayer over the dish, each of the guests holding the brim of the calabash with his right hand. A second prayer was said, after which the priest whispered something into the infant's ear, and spat three times in its face: he then pronounced its name, and returned it to the mother. The father divided the *dega* into a number of balls, one of which was given to each of the guests, and several were sent out to sick people, as this dish is supposed to possess great talismanic powers in curing

sickness. When a person dies, a feast is made for the friends, who signify their sorrow by loud wailings. Before nightfall, the body is dressed in white cotton, enveloped in a mat, and interred in the earth under the deceased's hut, or in the shade of a favourite tree. If the grave be outside the town, it is covered with prickly bushes, to keep off the hyænas, which are notable resurrectionists.

Our evenings were spent in private or public entertainments. The former are enlivened by singing-men, who chant the legends and history of their country, and the praises of their employers. Their songs are often accompanied by a kind of guitar or harp, of three, seven, or eighteen strings; additional music is made with a flute, small bells, and the ever-favourite drum. The chorus is always accompanied with clapping of hands. In the daytime, I conversed with the maraboos, especially with Abdallah, of whom more particular mention will presently be made; and visited the *bentang*, to hear the news of the town, or listen to the judicial cases which were there tried. The bentang is a kind of stage, the roof of which is supported upon strong wooden pillars, and a bank of mud or benches of wattled cane form seats and lounging-places. It is generally erected under the shade of a large tabba-tree, and answers the purpose of a news-room and town-hall. Here all public business is transacted, disputes or palavers are settled, and trials are conducted. Judicial processes are often spun out to a great length, the simplest cases being perplexed with endless subtleties by African pleaders, who are most ingenious lawyers and interminable speakers. Two or three cases came under my notice. One was the complaint of a lady against her husband, for having beaten her wrongfully. It seems that this wife, whose turn it was to take charge of her husband's entertainment, had been occupied with some business of his till so late in the day that his dinner was not ready at the proper time. He came home hungry, and not finding matters prepared, used his whip rather freely over his wife's shoulders. The charge was, that he had no right to beat her on this occasion, and that, at anyrate, he exceeded the limits of his authority. On the defence, a husband's prerogative was argued, with a strong appeal to the feelings of the judges, who were composed of some of the chief men of the town. It was a delicate matter for the judges to decide, as the husband in question was clearly in fault; yet they did not like to take the part of a wife. Still, knowing the hasty temper of the accused, they thought it prudent not to allow him wholly to escape censure. It was therefore decided, that although a husband has the right of inflicting a slight chastisement on a disobedient wife, yet in this case the lady was not so much in fault as he supposed; and he was admonished to keep his temper better for the future.

Another lawsuit was of a more complicated character, and one in which the decision was not likely to be biased by the feelings of the judges. A slatee, purposing to take a journey, had lent his neighbour a horse for three months during his absence. The

animal was to be supported by the borrower, and to be at his service. The slatee remained away for a whole year, during which time the mare had a foal, which the borrower retained for himself. The other pleaded that the animal had been lent only for three months, and the foal being born some time afterwards, certainly belonged to him. On the other hand, it was argued that the horse had not been reclaimed at the expiration of three months, and it was certainly intended that it should remain with the defendant all the time of the pursuer's absence; that the former had lost its active services on account of the foal, and therefore rightly kept it as a remuneration for the mare's keeping. This case was argued for two days, as the principal point of *right* had to be determined, and long calculations made regarding the defendant's expenses and trouble, set off against the value of the foal. This estimate would have decided the relative claims of the parties, had the suit not been involved with the character of the loan. At last, as it was proved that the slatee had left no person at home to reclaim the beast, or to take care of it in case of being returned—and had the defendant turned it adrift, he would have been liable for its value in case of being lost—the judges directed both parties to remain satisfied with their present position.

One day, the wives of my host had some contention about a trifle; but allowing their angry feelings to rise, they made a great stir, which was not easily allayed by their lord and myself; for the Africans, though usually mild, are obstinate, and not easily turned straight when once they have got crooked. The rest of the day was a moody one. In the evening, loud cries were heard in the neighbouring woods; and when it was dark, Mumbo Jumbo entered the town, and proceeded to the bentang, to which all the inhabitants were called by beat of drum. I had heard much of this redoubtable personage, and had some curiosity to see him, though I had no particular desire to witness his infliction of justice, if so it may be called; and, after the scene which had taken place this day in our yard, I trembled on behalf of my sable female friends. They also appeared very uneasy; and there was a sarcastic smile depicted on their husband's face, which boded no good. Mumbo is an unknown man, disguised in a dress of bark, armed with a rod of public authority. The usual songs and dances commenced, though many of the females did not engage in them so heartily as usual; but all kept their own thoughts and apprehensions in their own bosoms, and endeavoured to put the best appearance upon their fears. As midnight approached, I became much concerned lest one of our host's wives, who had begun the affray this morning, should be the subject of punishment. She had always been very kind to us, and we should have felt much at her being exposed to shame and suffering in this African pillory. We were, therefore, greatly relieved, and so were the slatee's ladies, when Mumbo Jumbo pounced upon another female of known turbulent character, who was instantly stripped naked,

tied to a post, and beaten with a rod by the mysterious functionary amidst the laughter of the assembly. The women were loudest in their derision of their unfortunate sister. It is a terrible warning to refractory wives; and Mumbo is regarded by the females with great awe, whatever levity they may assume on the occasion of his visits, for the purpose of vaunting their own conjugal fidelity and obedience.

Fatteconda is between 400 or 500 geographical miles east of Cape Verd, the journey to it by the Gambia being about 700 miles. This district includes settlements of all the principal negro tribes who dwell in these latitudes, and of whose mode and manners of life a pretty full account has been given. The interior is chiefly occupied with kingdoms of Mandingoes, Foolahs, and Moors. Not intending to proceed further, I endeavoured to gain all the information possible respecting the middle of this vast continent. For this purpose, I stayed a week at Fatteconda, engaged in frequent conversation with Abdallah, who behaved in a very friendly manner. He was a native of Bondoo, and a Mohammedan in his creed, held in high repute by his countrymen. Animated with youthful zeal, he had made a pilgrimage to Mecca, thus traversing the whole breadth of the continent; and having returned in safety, he had been for many years the chief-priest of a neighbouring town. The account of his travels, as given by himself, cannot be expected to be so full of incident and interest as that furnished by a European. He had no object of discovery, but merely passed through the country with an ulterior design. His dates and distances were altogether unintelligible; and, with few exceptions, he retained only a general idea of the territory through which he passed. This was, however, a sufficient addition to the sketch I have given, to afford a pretty good view of the people who inhabit this belt of central Africa, from the Great Desert on the north, to the Niger on the south, and from the Atlantic to the Red Sea. East of the Kong Mountains, and south of the Niger, the natives are described as more savage than those who live northward; and the kingdom of Ashantee is well known for its horrible cruelties. With these parts, Abdallah had nothing to do, having pursued his way eastward in as straight a line as circumstances would permit. We therefore conclude our own narrative with an account of the main features of Abdallah's journey.

The pilgrim associated himself with a small band of merchants who were going to Sego, a great mart of commerce on the Niger. They took the direct route through Kapoo and Kaarta, carefully avoiding Ludamar and other regions possessed by the Moors. This bigoted and ferocious people have crossed the Great Desert, and inhabit its southern border, where they have seized upon an extensive belt of territory belonging to the negroes. Other wandering tribes of Moors, who dwell in the desert, come to a more cultivated region when their own pasturage is burned up by

successive months of heat, and retire to their wild abode after the commencement of the rains. They bring salt from the pits of the desert, and exchange it for corn, cloth, and other necessaries. They are terrible marauders, often attacking the negroes, with whom they profess to be in friendship, and plundering them of their cattle or their own liberty. These slaves are sold to Europeans for firearms and ammunition. The boldness of the Moors, and the fleetness of their horses, make them a terror to the neighbouring states, which are seldom able to resist their sudden attacks, much less to make reprisals. They are excellent horsemen, able to rein up their steeds when at full gallop, and to perform various feats of equestrian boldness. It is a great object with them to have chargers of the finest breed, since they depend upon them in their incursions into the negro territories: and they are said to feed them three or four times a day, giving them milk in the evening. Twelve slaves are sometimes given for one of these horses. The physiognomy of the Moors is as wild as their habits, so that a stranger might take them to be lunatics. The cruelty and cunning of their disposition are not often surpassed. Their accoutrements consist of a double-barrelled gun, a large sabre, a powder-horn slung over the shoulder, and a leather bag for bullets. The soldiers have no pay, but the plunder they obtain. They chiefly subsist on the milk and flesh of their cattle, and generally go to the extremes of gluttony and abstinence, being capable of enduring an extreme degree of hunger and thirst. They pay little attention to agriculture, but are good workers in leather and iron; the women also weave covers for their tents from goats' hair. The Moors have singular notions respecting female beauty, the perfection of which is thought to consist in a corpulence so great as to incapacitate the woman from walking without assistance. It is the chief object of a girl's education to attain to this unnatural size, so that she may gratify the taste of some future lord, to whom she must pay the most abject obedience. The Moors treat their domestic slaves with great harshness, and feed them badly. All the men wear white turbans, and the females have a peculiar bandage of white cloth about their heads, to shelter their face from the sun, but often go abroad veiled. They have none of the hilarity and good-humour of the negroes; but are proud, indolent, and voluptuous in the extreme. This race is one of the chief scourges of western Africa, so that their very name is abhorred and dreaded by the natives. It was they who murdered Major Houghton, and caused so much suffering to Mungo Park on his first expedition.

Abdallah and his party passed through Kasson, a mountainous country, lying on that ridge of hills which forms the northern boundary of the Valley of Senegambia. After passing its chief town, Koniakarry, they met with an extraordinary adventure, which was nearly proving disastrous to the coffle. They were suddenly attacked by an immense swarm of bees, against whose

assaults they could not defend themselves; and the whole party took to an ignominious flight. One of the horses was so severely stung by these insects, that he threw his rider, who was with difficulty rescued by his companions. The tormented horse plunged into the woods, and was afterwards found dead, having been suffocated by the bees entering his mouth and nostrils. Many others, both men and beasts, suffered much; and it was many hours before the party could be collected, and again put in marching order. They required to keep a vigilant watch against wild beasts, by which this region is much infested; nor could they bivouac in the open air, for fear of their attacks. They next entered the plains of Kaarta, a level and fertile country, but encumbered with very extensive woods. Its capital is Kemmoo, and its inhabitants, a well-doing people, though they had recently been afflicted by a war with Bambarra. East of Kemmoo, they traversed a vast wilderness, studded with some small towns, till they reached the frontiers of Bambarra, and then passed through a similar country towards Sego. This region is full of elephants, which were often seen both singly and in droves, but which seldom do any mischief unless they are attacked. The hunters, armed with long guns, frequently conceal themselves in a small hut beside a river, near the place where the wild beasts come to drink, and, unobserved, shoot their prey. Veering toward the south, the travellers took a more direct road to the Niger than that followed by Mungo Park, and so reached the banks of this noble river, at a town called Yamina. Here they rested for a few days, to recover from the fatigues of their long journey, and then travelled along the bank of the river to Sego, the capital of Bambarra. Sego includes four towns, two on each side of the Joliba or Niger, all fortified with high walls. The houses are better than in most negro towns, generally of a square form, with flat roofs; some are large and have two stories. Taken as a whole, this is probably the most populous place in this part of Africa, and exhibits an unwonted degree of richness and semi-barbaric splendour. The king goes out magnificently apparelled, and has a large palace containing several squares, guarded by many soldiers. His majesty's servants keep the ferry across the river, which is so much used as to bring him in a good revenue. The Niger is here about a mile broad, and is crossed by very long canoes, capable of carrying cattle, rowed by slaves of the prince.

In Segocorro, which was formerly the royal residence, a barbarous custom prevails. As a kind of sacred spot, it is visited by the king before he goes out to war; and here he prepares his greegrees and other charms to insure success in his undertaking. Some African chiefs spend much time in such mystic preparations, which cast a considerable damp upon the courage of their enemies, whose superstitious minds are easily impressed by any unwonted proceeding of a religious kind; and they dread to fight against men who are thought to have obtained the aid of a supernatural

power. To make the greegrees of Segocorro more effectual, the place is consecrated with the blood of human victims. When a prisoner of rank is taken alive, they keep him in bonds until the next fast, when he is brought here to a house appropriated for this purpose, and being laid upon the ground, his throat is cut. All the blood is allowed to flow out and saturate the earth, and the body is thrown forth to be devoured by wild beasts. For eight days after this sacrifice, no one passes the blood-stained premises without making obeisance by taking off his cap or shoes. So superstitious are these people, that whenever one of the king's wives has a son born on a Friday, it is immediately put to death.

The neighbourhood of Sego is in a high state of cultivation. Here the shea-tree abounds, from the fruit of which a vegetable butter of high repute is obtained. It is a kind of oak, bearing an acorn or berry in shape like an olive; under the rind of the fruit is a kernel, from which the natives, by boiling, prepare a butter, not only richer than that made from cow's milk, but having the advantage of keeping for many months without being salted. The shea-tree grows in the woods without cultivation, and the gathering of the berries gives temporary employment to many of the people, who find the butter to be a useful article of commerce as well as of consumption.

Having parted from his friends at Sego, Abdallah proceeded a long day's journey to Sansanding, another considerable town on the Niger; its population exceeds 10,000, and it is a place of great traffic, being much frequented by Moorish merchants from the north. Here is a large market-place, with separate stalls for different kinds of goods, which are brought from all quarters; a general market is held once a week, when much merchandise changes hands. Our traveller embarked in a large canoe with some traders from Timbuctoo. In four days they reached Jinney, stopping each night at one of the towns or villages which line the banks of the river. The broad stream is here studded with small green islands, where some Foolahs feed their cattle, secure from the depredations of wild beasts; and the scenery is represented as being rich and charming. The land, which is cleared of wood, is in a good state of cultivation; and the river abounds with fish, which are taken in nets made of cotton twist. The town of Jinney is about the same size as Sansanding, and is inhabited by people of different tribes—chiefly Foolahs, Mandingoes, Bambarras, and Moors. It is built on a small island belonging to Massina—a kingdom of Teucolar Foolahs: they are strict Mohammedans, and have a custom of making all pagan negroes conform to Mohammedan practices during their stay in Jinney. The people are rich and gay, like those of Sego, carrying on a lucrative traffic by means of the river. Sailing down the stream, Abdallah's party in two days entered the Lake Dibbie, the size of which has not been ascertained; but the natives say that they lose sight of land one whole day in crossing it from west to east. Keeping the north side of the lake,

the travellers passed along the river which issues from its north-east corner, and in three weeks' sail from Jinney, arrived at Kabra, the port of Timbuctoo, about a day's journey from this celebrated city. This place has derived great interest amongst Europeans from vague reports of its grandeur, and the mystery with which it was so long enveloped; but Abdallah did not seem to attribute any great importance to the town, except on account of its central situation, which makes it a rendezvous for caravans coming from the east and north. His account agrees with that received from other native travellers. Timbuctoo is rather larger than Jinney or Sansanding, and entirely depends upon the transit of commerce for its support, as its own neighbourhood is nearly a desert. It is chiefly inhabited by negroes, though there are Moors dwelling in it, the king being subject to the sultan of Massina. The houses are not better than those of other towns; indeed, Abdallah spoke in rather disparaging terms of it, comparatively with Jinney and Sego, which are more magnificent. The people are rather turbulent.

Abdallah here met with a slave brought from Maniana, a country south of the Niger, and apparently cut off from all civilising influences with other tribes. The inhabitants are a wild, barbarous people, who do not scruple to eat the flesh of their enemies, and are generally considered men-eaters. He learned that all the nations of the southern district are more savage than those of the north. They are perfect negroes, living in the vicinity of the great slave-trade, which gives an unnatural ferocity to the tribes engaged in it, and sets them all at war with each other.

Beyond Timbuctoo is the country of Houssa, in which are seven provinces, each with its capital town, and a prince for its governor; the whole under the authority of a sultan, who resides at Sackatoo. To this city Abdallah travelled, in company with a caravan to Kanoo, one of the principal marts of central Africa. It was a tedious and dangerous journey through the country of Poole, where Mungo Park was killed in the river, the king having probably been deceived by the chief of Yaour, who said that Mungo's party wished to pass by the country without giving any presents, he himself having received and appropriated them. After much fatigue, they reached the capital of the Felattas, which is a well-built town with high walls. It has twelve gates, a spacious market-place, two large mosques, and other houses for prayer. The palace is like a square town or fort enclosed with walls; and the houses of the principal people are built on the same plan, but smaller. They have a great many slaves, whom they employ in agriculture, weaving, leather, and iron work. The Felattas are a warlike people, and have made extensive conquests in the neighbourhood: they are slave-hunters, forming expeditions for attacking the negro villages and capturing their inhabitants. These poor captives are either employed in domestic service, or sold to the caravans which proceed to Timbuctoo or Kanem and the coasts

of Barbary. The slave-trade is a great curse to this part of Africa, producing incalculable distress to the people, and retarding the progress of legitimate trade. The country round Sackatoo is well cultivated, and a large quantity of corn is sold to the Tuarick Arabs in exchange for salt. These wild horsemen inhabit the desert regions north of Houssa—an immense country, where they live in rude independence, like other Arab tribes. Although unable to cope with the negro kingdoms in regular warfare, they commit great depredations by sudden incursions, and plunder caravans which are not sufficiently guarded. They are now at peace with the sultan of Houssa, and many of them reside in the principal towns of this kingdom.

After resting in Sackatoo, the travellers proceeded on their way to Kanoo, through a country partly open and partly wooded. This great city, so much lauded by Africans, is the chief town of commerce in central Africa: it contains gardens and fields within its walls, a circumstance which makes it appear more populous than it really is. If, however, it have twice as many inhabitants as Timbuctoo, this will allow a population of nearly 40,000, of whom one half may be reckoned slaves. The houses are like those of Sego—square, and having two stories, after the custom of the East. They have a middle room or covered court, used as a reception-room, into which the other apartments on the ground-floor open; from this a staircase leads to the upper chambers, which are principally dormitories. The market is presided over by an officer, who lets out the stalls, and fixes the prices of each kind of merchandise. All kinds of provisions and fruits, as well as live animals, are here sold, with wares of native manufacture, and goods from Barbary, Egypt, and Europe. The market is kept clean, and is under very strict regulations; the medium of exchange is not in bars, but in cowries, or little shells brought from the coast, nearly 1000 of which go to a pound sterling. Here is a large slave-market—the first regular thing of the kind that Abdallah had ever seen, and it made a deep impression upon his memory and heart. He described the poor creatures as being seated in rows in two long sheds—one for men, the other for women—and dressed out for the occasion of sale with a number of ornaments. The buyer inspects them narrowly, and after the purchase, returns their trappings to be used in adorning others. The sight struck our pilgrim's mind with a horror of the traffic, as being too degrading to the human species: he had often before seen slaves bought and sold in an off-hand way, and had never been impressed with the evil of the practice; but this regular marketing of men and women opened his eyes to its inhumanity. The Felattas are not harsh to their slaves; and on occasion of the Rhamadan, or the death of their master, several are usually set free. This is in direct variance with the custom of the Ashantees, who put many to death at a religious festival or on the decease of a chief.

Abdallah thought the kingdom of Houssa to be in some respects better, in others, inferior to his own country; the style of the houses and the mode of living were certainly superior, and the lands were better cultivated, some tracts yielding two crops in a year by dint of irrigation. He deemed the Tuaricks better than the Moors, not being so faithless or hard-hearted; yet the southern nations were generally more cowardly, and used more savage arms. Instead of the musket, the foot-soldiers use the bow and arrows; horsemen are equipped with spears, swords, and shields. The swords come from Malta and Europe; the shields, the first which he had seen, are usually round, covered with hide, and having an iron handle: this defensive weapon is used by all the tribes of this part of Africa. The chiefs often wear quilted cotton armour for the head and body when they engage in battle—a practice which Abdallah condemned as injurious to the body; and savouring of cowardice.

Our pilgrim had always been treated with great respect and kindness wherever he had travelled. As a pilgrim to Mecca, he was regarded with much veneration by the negro Mohammedans, and even the fiercest tribes looked upon him with considerable deference. He had brought a little merchandise from home, with which he trafficked on his way; and these resources were spun out to a great length by the hospitality and presents which he received; for he was a good Arabic scholar, and wrote out portions of the Koran, which the devout received with eagerness to read, and the ignorant made into saphies and greegrees. Finding himself well regarded by a company of Tuaricks who had come to Kanoo with a large quantity of salt, he accepted the offer of their protection as far as Kanem. They had brought 2000 camels' burden of this valuable commodity from the pits of Bilma, on the road to Fezzan, and were about to return home, laden with slaves, cloths, and other commodities.

Abdallah went forward with the Tuaricks, who set off in high spirits. The road to Bornoo is laborious, as many parts are woody and desert; it is also dangerous on account of the marauding parties who frequent it for the sake of plunder. But this caravan was too powerful to fear molestation from any banditti. They passed through the Bedee territory, and then entering that of Bornoo, proceeded to the capital, named Kooka, near the Lake Tchad. The people of Bornoo are complete negroes. They often wage war with the Felattas, but at the time of Abdallah's visit the two nations were at peace. The sultan resides at Birnie, a town by no means equal to Kooka, which is governed by a sheik, on whom the real power of the empire seems to devolve. Kooka is like the other populous cities we have described—fortified with a mud-wall, having a large market, and well provided with all the necessaries of life. Lions and elephants abound in the neighbouring deserts. The latter are frequently hunted for the sake of their ivory; and young lions are kept as domestic pets by some of the great men.

The caravan took the road along the eastern side of the magnificent lake, which is studded with many islands of different sizes, where rude tribes of herdsmen live in independent security, the neighbouring princes, from the want of a naval armament, not being able to subdue them. They passed through several towns, one of which, named Burwha, is fortified as a kind of frontier defence against the Arab tribes. At length they reached Lari, the last negro town of Bornoo, where the pilgrim had to part from his Arab friends. They pursued their way northward through the desert, the east of which is inhabited by Tibboos, the west by Tuaricks.

Abdallah waited at Lari for a small company who were assembling to cross the desert, three days' journey to Bergoo, and thence to Darfur, where they would join the great caravan from Soodan and Darfur to Mecca. This was one of the most distressing parts of his pilgrimage. Hitherto, he had been favoured with perfect protection from human enemies, and his comrades had always been powerful enough to drive off the wild beasts which prowled around them. He had occasionally suffered a little from fatigue and thirst, in passing through woods and desert parts of the route, but nothing more than might be expected by the best provided traveller through these tropical regions. He was now on a track through the wilderness between two negro kingdoms—the northern part infested with wandering negro Arabs, who are notorious robbers; the southern belonging to the weak and thinly-peopled kingdom of Begarmi. When they had reached about the middle of their journey, the caravan was attacked by a party of Bergoo Arabs. The travellers were mounted on camels, the Arabs on fleet horses. The freebooters raised a shout, and dashed forward, thinking the negroes would take to flight, and leave their baggage and slaves behind them. The negroes, indeed, are generally terrified at the very sight of an Arab, and very seldom make any attempt at defence. But on this occasion there were some who had been accustomed to the appearance of the enemy, and knew the extent of their prowess; and being themselves good spearmen, they resisted the onslaught, and drove off the banditti, having wounded several of the company. They proceeded on their route, boasting of their prowess, and magnifying their own deeds of valour. But in the evening, to their unspeakable dismay, they perceived in the distance a much larger band approaching. Those that were well mounted on dromedaries instantly fled, leaving their merchandise and wives, and the slaves who were on foot, as a booty to the robbers. Content with the prey, the Arabs did not pursue the fugitives, lest they should turn round in self-defence; but having secured all the valuable part of the caravan, retired to their tents in the wilderness.

Abdallah and his friends who had escaped from the marauders were in no little distress at their loss; but a more pressing source of uneasiness now harassed them, inasmuch as they had been

driven in their flight out of their proper track, which they could not regain. They wandered about all night in the desert, suffering intensely from thirst and fatigue. The morning brought them no relief; and when the sun shone upon them with his scorching beams, they were ready to faint, and gave up all hope of deliverance. Their anguish of body and mind was almost overwhelming; and two wounded members of the party who lagged behind must have perished on the sands. At length, the camels began to prick up their ears, and gallop forward, shewing signs of their scenting water. The drooping spirits of the riders revived, and in a short time they reached some wells, where they slaked their thirst, and lay down to repose from their fatigue. Whilst doing so, their sentinels were surprised at hearing the lowing of oxen, and on making cautious observation, found that some camels and cattle were coming to drink, under the guard of a few Arabs and their attendant slaves. The party then hastily retired, and concealed themselves and their beasts behind a mound of sand, waiting their opportunity. When the Arabs were dismounted, and totally off their guard, the spearmen flew upon them with all the fury of revenge and desperation, and laid them prostrate in the dust. Not one escaped to tell the news; for two or three who had fled, were pursued on dromedaries, and put to death. The negroes flew upon the spoil, and having satiated their hunger with the flesh of a slaughtered bullock, instantly set off with the booty, for fear of a new enemy. The captured slaves, under promise of liberty, guided them through the desert, with which they were acquainted, and eventually conducted them to a town of Bergoo. Here they were manumitted, according to promise: but they requested permission to accompany them to Darfur, of which they were natives—a permission which was readily granted, in return for services to be performed on the road. The captured beasts were disposed of in the market, new wives were bought by the pilgrims, and having recruited strength and courage, they continued their journey eastward.

Their triumph was short-lived; for they had scarcely entered the desert when the deadly simoom blew across their track. Falling flat on their faces, they allowed this angel of death to pass over them; but some rose no more—they had inhaled the fatal gas, and were instantly numbered with the dead. On the following day, the sand-wind blew, and almost buried them in the waves of this subtile ocean; the caravan were greatly dispirited, and reached Cobbé, the capital of Darfur, more dead than alive. A few days' rest and amusement, however, restored the negroes to their wonted spirits. So changing are the scenes of African life, that it is impossible to calculate upon the continuance of prosperity any more than upon the shifting wind. Darfur is a poor kingdom, its capital mean, and not containing more than 2000 or 3000 inhabitants. Towards the east, the negro tribes seem to become more *rude and ignorant*, not being so conversant with strangers as are

those of the large central towns previously described, nor so much mixed up with the commerce of Europe. The natives here wear scarcely any clothing, their manners are wholly unrefined, and their dwellings are no better than huts. Though professed Mohammedans, they indulge in intoxicating liquor, and have no limit to the number of their wives. Southward, the people are said to be still more barbarous, and the inhabitants of Darfur bring slaves from these districts, regarding them as inferior to themselves.

At length a caravan was prepared for Mecca, taking the route through Kordofan and Sennaar direct to Suakim on the Red Sea; but this journey of 1000 miles could not be accomplished without great difficulty and privation. After reaching Sennaar and the banks of the Nile, they came into a rich country; for wherever this far-famed river overflows its banks, it changes the wilderness into a fertile field. Here was plenty for man and beast, and no want of water. The caravan presented a strange and anomalous scene; the principal persons, consisting of chiefs and rich merchants from Soodan, were richly dressed in their various costumes, mounted on the finest horses, whilst their wives were seated on gaily caparisoned camels; others rode dromedaries, camels, or asses; a motley crowd of slaves and servants attended on foot—cattle and beasts of burden mingled with the crowd; armed horsemen rode up and down to protect the caravan and keep it together, serving both as soldiers and mounted police; a few distant pilgrims like Abdallah might easily be known by their different features and apparel. The day was spent in travelling, the night in revelry and pleasure, according to the negro fashion. The merchant pilgrims had brought gold-dust, ivory, civet, and rhinoceros' horns; and would doubtless return to Negroland with a smaller retinue of slaves. Their goods were sold to traders who visited the caravan at different towns to purchase these commodities in exchange for provisions and foreign merchandise. The rich men were very kind in supplying the wants of the poor, especially those who had travelled from far to perform the eventful pilgrimage to the holy shrine of Mecca.

The common people of Sennaar adopt the dress which is usually worn in the east of Africa. It is very simple, being a long shirt of blue Surat cloth, which reaches from the neck to the ankles. The men leave this garment open at the neck, and many of them wear a sash round the waist. The women button up the shirt at the neck, and have a veil or cloth thrown over the head and face. The houses are built of sun-dried clay, mixed with a little straw or stubble to make it firmer. The better kind of dwellings have two stories, the upper one reached by an outer stair, and having a parapet-roof, to make it a convenient lounging-place. The people live chiefly upon millet and rice, but are very fond of beef, which they are said to eat almost raw. They have an abundant supply of cattle, fattened in the rich pastures of the Nile, and a fine breed

of horses. The town named Sennaar is an unhealthy place, and the king lives in a neighbouring village. Mr Bruce records some singular circumstances connected with the government of this country. The king is an absolute monarch; but whenever it is determined by the great council of the nation that his continuance in office is no longer for the good of the people, he is immediately put to death by an officer appointed for that purpose. This functionary is always a relative of the king's, and is his grand-chamberlain. His office of executioner is not regarded as in the least degrading, or as being inconsistent with friendship for the royal person. The eldest prince succeeds to the vacant throne; when the Sid-el-Coom immediately puts all his brothers to death, that there may be no fear of a dangerous rivalry. No account is made of the princesses, as they never ascend the throne; they are treated with no more respect than if they were private persons, and no public provision made for their support. Mr Bruce asked the Sid-el-Coom if he was not afraid or ashamed of coming so frequently into the royal presence, knowing what office he would probably have to perform. The officer replied, that he felt nothing on this account: he was one of the king's best friends, and his master knew that he would have no hand in hastening his death. But when the matter was absolutely settled by the nation, the execution of it was only a point of etiquette; and it was far better to have it decently performed by a friend, than by a mob or hired assassin. The late king, it seems, was very unwilling to die, and frequently requested the officer to let him escape; but when he found his entreaties useless, he quietly submitted to his fate; it appearing far better to die in a private and regular way, than to be given up to the malice of his enemies. This regular way for royalty to die, is to lie tranquilly down, and have the throat cut with a sword. The king, once in his life, ploughs and sows a piece of ground—a strange coincidence with the Chinese custom. At some distance from Sennaar, pits are dug in the ground, and the inside plastered with clay, to form subterranean granaries. When filled with corn, they are plastered over and covered up, that they may be a provision in times of dearth, when the Arabs have wasted the crops or destroyed the food in the towns. Mr Bruce thought the climate delightful for a short time of the year in summer; but when the rains had ceased, and the intense heat of the sun had dried up the soil and rotted the stubble, and the deadly winds began to blow, he pronounced it to be one of the most accursed spots on the face of the globe, fit only for a cruel, degraded, and intemperate population.

Before leaving Sennaar, Abdallah's caravan divided into two parts. One company, consisting principally of those merchants who had slaves to dispose of, having also bought more of these unhappy beings in Sennaar, took the route to Dongola, through the desert of Bahiooda; thence, after skirting a bend of the Nile, across the eastern side of the Great Desert, to the Great Oasis, by

which they would finally reach Egypt. This is a long and dreary journey; for many days, the eye sees nothing but vast plains or hills of sand, often put into motion by strong winds, and threatening to bury a whole caravan under their huge waves. Here many a traveller meets his doom, especially the slaves who journey on foot; for whom there is no chance of escape, if they faint from thirst or fatigue. Even the sagacious camels lose their way, in consequence of the moving or drifting sands, and frequently perish with their riders. The usual routes of the caravans are marked with the whited bones of men and beasts, who have fallen victims to the winds of the desert. When an anticipated well has been unexpectedly filled up with sand, numbers of footmen, and even riders, usually perish. It is strange how a thirst of mere pecuniary gain can induce men to undertake such toilsome and dangerous journeys.

The other part of the caravan, including all the pilgrims to Mecca and traders with Arabia, proceeded along one or other bank of the Nile, to Shendy, the largest town in this region. It is said to contain nearly 1000 houses, which compose several distinct quarters, separated from each other by large market-places. The houses are respectable, each having a courtyard, from which doors open to the various apartments. A great deal of merchandise here changes hands, as this is the principal mart on the route to the Red Sea. On leaving Shendy, the pilgrims traversed the district of Taka, principally inhabited by Bedouin Arabs, who are like all their brethren, great thieves. It is reckoned a fertile district, in comparison with the desert regions around, having many verdant spots which are highly productive; and its corn or dhourra is much valued at Jidda. The caravan, however, suffered much from pestilential winds, which blow along the range of mountains that separate the plains of Nubia from the Red Sea. Though not absolutely suffocated by a fatal blast of the simoom, most of the company were much enfeebled by the pestiferous atmosphere, which usually produces sundry distempers, as well as a general enervation of the bodily frame. But the religious enthusiasm of the pilgrims greatly increased as they drew near to the sacred place on which their hopes had been long fixed, and a visit to which seemed more desirable than life itself. Abdallah's eye kindled as he spoke of their ardent zeal, the rapture of their wild devotions, and the pleasures enjoyed in their evening assemblies. They met together after the fatigues of the day, in company with dervishes and other holy men, and listened to the legends of saints and pilgrims, their spiritual revelations, their dreams and visions of Paradise. The mind was thus wrought up to an intense pitch of excitement, which, in a tropical climate, might have produced violent fevers, had it not been for their fastings and the debilitating effects of their daily journey. Many of them were much weakened, a few became deranged, and were regarded with all the more veneration by

their fanatical brethren. At length they reached Suakim, and after halting for a few days, embarked for the opposite shore, where they landed at Jidda, the seaport of Mecca. The remaining distance of forty miles was traversed with the greatest enthusiasm, and they entered the holy city in triumphal pomp.

The accustomed rites were performed; the sacred stone was perambulated; the other holy places were visited; and the pilgrimage was completed. Abdallah's emotions were indescribable; for he now thought himself to have attained the best end of life, and to be sure of a place in Paradise. He spent days in holy rapture and in all the joys of mental revelry—a foretaste of the happiness which reigns in the city of the blest. Abdallah had secured the highest honour which the world could afford; he would henceforth be esteemed pre-eminently holy, one of the elect, a soul secure of everlasting felicity. His name now became Hadjee Abdallah, and he was entitled to wear the green turban—a sign of the Prophet's peculiar favour.

Having also visited Medina, the hadjee returned to the Red Sea, and having embarked at Yambo, at length found his way to Syené, the southern limit of Egypt. Here he met with a party going to Dongola, where a caravan would be formed for Darfur. Such caravans are few and far between—a space of two or three years sometimes intervening. It would not have been any object with Abdallah to wait a longer period at Syené, for time was of no importance to him; but he had taken a dislike to Sennaar, and he preferred a route which should not lead him through that country. Its inhabitants, though professing the Mohammedan creed, were, as he thought, practical infidels, given up to intoxicating drink, and even eating swine's flesh in secret. He wished to get as soon as possible to the negroes of central Africa, whose manners and feelings were more congenial with his own: among them, a hadjee would be held in the highest regard, and his writings, prayers, and teaching duly appreciated, so that he would be able to live in comfort until an opportunity arrived of returning to his own country.

Striking across a bend of the Nile, our hadjee and his friends again joined the river, and skirted its western bank, till they fell in with the caravan-road from the Desert to Dongola. He was much pleased with the southern Nubians; for though poor, they approached in form and feature nearer to the character of his own countrymen. Indeed, some of the tribes are tall and handsome, but they differ from each other through intermarriage either with Arabs or with negroes. Dongola is also a poor country, now under the dominion of the Mamelukes, who, when expelled from Egypt, seized upon this district, and instituted a petty government of their own. The land is principally cultivated by slaves. When the caravan had assembled, and all needful preparations were made, they entered upon their toilsome journey across the Desert. Abdallah had never before been so long in a complete

wilderness; and, accustomed as he now was to travel, he felt the passage to be very irksome and overpowering. Day after day no object met the eye but the glistening sand; the sun's rays beat upon the pilgrims with sultry heat; and the parching wind increased rather than diminished their distress. Whirlwinds of sand sometimes blew around them, threatening to bury them alive; and for two days they were obliged to keep within their tents, and envelop their heads in mantles, lest they should be choked with a storm of dust which half covered their camp. Abdallah easily understood how any deviation from the right track must inevitably lead to the destruction of a whole caravan, and he felt no desire for a second journey through the vast desert.

He returned to the country of his birth by nearly the same course which he had previously taken—through the heart of Africa—having obtained a considerable increase of knowledge concerning men and manners. Notwithstanding the decision of Solomon to the contrary, he felt that the eye is satisfied with seeing, and the ear with hearing, and he had no wish to enlarge his acquaintance with the world. This pilgrimage had cost him three years of the prime of his life, and it was now time to settle in the world. His paternal property furnished a small capital, with which he purchased two wives in addition to his inherited slaves, and he became a maraboo of distinction in the neighbourhood, rejoicing in the imposing title of Hadjee Abdallah.

From the foregoing account, it will be manifest that the negro tribes of North Central Africa occupy a peculiar position in the scale of civilisation. They can scarcely be called barbarous, although they are not civilised. They know many of the arts of life in however imperfect a manner. They understand a little of agriculture, rearing of cattle, weaving and dyeing cloths, tanning and working of leather, manufacturing of iron and plain smith's work, basket-making, working in gold and silver, and other handicraft matters. Their wants are few, limited as they are by the nature of the climate, where much clothing would be a burden, and a plain vegetable diet is more wholesome than a rich and luxurious one.

The great want of the negroes, not to mention religion, regards literature and the fine arts. The only book they can be said to have is the Koran. Few of them understand the Arabic language well, although they may be able to read a few pages, and to intone the lines after the manner of the Maraboos; nor can the most learned of the priests, who speak Arabic, nor the Moors, who use a dialect of this language, comprehend many of the dark sayings of Mohammed. Even if they could, there is nothing in the book to increase their knowledge, enlighten their understanding, or humanise their heart. On the contrary, this form of religion is always found to engender fierce bigotry, and produce savage feelings. As it allows its votaries to kill or enslave all who do not conform to its creed, and even declares this to be meritorious before

God, it furnishes the native cupidity of the heart with a ready excuse for deeds of violence and depredation.

Mohammedanism frowns upon painting and statuary, lest these should lead to heathenish idolatry; and such works of art are almost unknown to the negroes. Most of them are terrified at the sight of a picture, thinking it the result of the sorcerer's art; and to attempt to take their portrait, would almost drive them out of their senses. The mild and virtuous precepts of Christianity require to be introduced, to put an end to war, slavery, and polygamy; and a free intercourse must be opened up with really civilised nations. Hitherto, the external communications of the negroes have been chiefly with the Moors, from whom they have learned a little good and much evil. As they are great travellers, and apt imitators of their betters, there is reason to hope that they will derive much benefit from active intercourse with the British settlements and the republic of Liberia, now occupying an extensive portion of the western coast. Could useful education and the humane arts of life be introduced amongst the tribes of the Niger, as far up as Boossa, to which place there is no impediment in the navigation of the river, an ameliorating leaven would quickly spread throughout the interior of this vast and populous continent.

ALLAN VAUGHAN.

I.

IT was Christmas-day of the year 18—. With its accustomed solemnities or gaieties we have nothing to do, our present purpose being to describe what aspect it wore within an old country-house, which stood on a slight eminence overlooking the flat meadows of Buckinghamshire.

It was a low substantial stone-built mansion, containing comparatively few apartments, but these of proportioned size. The windows of the lower and more public rooms were so strongly bowed as to form within an ample recess, to which access was gained by steps, while those above opened casementwise; and all were so heavily framed, that not even the wintry winds, as they swept over the wide-spread fields, sufficed to shake them.

There were outhouses, sufficient, at a distant view, to suggest the idea of a farm; but they were disused and dilapidated; and the whole stood enclosed in neglected gardens, through which the river Ouse wound its drear undeviating way.

On the day in question, a more cheerless scene than the outward world in this locality presented, was scarcely conceivable: a thick mist hung over the landscape, concealing the fact that the greater part of the surrounding meadows were lying under water. Here and there, a keen eye might have detected the shivering and phantom-like form of some impoverished elm or abject poplar, or the stiff tower of the modern brick-built church; but the effort would not have been a remunerative one.

Within the house, or at least within the large dining-room, the prospect was more cheering. A huge wood-fire, supported on the hearth by two amazing griffins, glowed like a furnace, throwing its exhilarating reflection on the oak-panels of the opposite wall, and illuminating with an effect of fantastic vitality the heavy physiognomies of a certain ale-house company, depicted in a grotesque Dutch painting, hanging near the centre. The furniture of the apartment was most uncomfortably in keeping with the date of the house—ponderous, perpendicular, hard—fit to accommodate none below a race of heroes. The softest lounge available was the tapestry rug, of which a young girl of about sixteen, the only occupant of the apartment, had taken discreet possession. Though lying full length upon it, there was nothing listless in her attitude; her elbow was propped on a thick open volume of old plays, from which her eyes often wandered with an expectant and half-amused expression. One glance into those eyes, on the part of an intelligent observer, would have been surely followed by a second, for their power of attraction was great. They were beautiful in the minor points of shape and colour; but it was the expression of eager intelligence, of latent passion, which formed their most obvious characteristic, and provoked speculation as to the nature and nurture of their possessor. Excepting the brow—and that, although broad and fair, was very far from the symmetry which results from a well-balanced intellectual development—the eyes were the only absolute beauty her face claimed, for the other features were at once irregular and strongly marked. Her slight supple figure promised fair for womanly perfection, but the age of grace was passed, and that of dignity not yet come.

She was the eldest daughter of the hereditary possessor of the little demesne in question, a man whose means released him from the necessity of practical exertion, and who had given himself up to antiquarian research and its literature with all the exclusive devotion which seems to characterise that school of philosophers. He lived amongst black-letter books and antediluvian sympathies; a learned man, unquestionably, in his particular province, but one whom any intelligent child, walking out with him into the fields, might have puzzled by the simplest inquiries concerning the

commonest facts of the living breathing world around him. He had lost his wife in the third year of their union, and was painfully perplexed by the responsibility the two girls she had left behind her devolved on him. His mother-in-law relieved him of the difficulty, by undertaking the charge of both during their tender youth. May, the youngest, who had been so named by a caprice of the mother, who had borne her in that month, was a pretty, docile, delicate child, and soon became the supreme favourite with her grandmother. On the score of her health, she was tenderly educated at home; and when the time arrived at which it had been agreed the sisters should return to their father's house, Mrs Liston announced her intention to adopt May in all points as a daughter, and with little difficulty persuaded the easy parent to consent to a plan which not only enriched his daughter but relieved himself.

Margaret, on the other hand, the subject of our story, had been very differently treated. She was, in fact, at least to ordinary observers, neither lovely nor lovable, and, moreover, self-willed and unmanageable. She distracted Mrs Liston's quiet household with her riotous games, and fairly alienated her grandmother's heart by her inveterate propensity to question the why and wherefore of every command, and to defend with most vehement obstinacy her own crude notions of right and wrong. The one unfailing remedy in such cases, both for the weak nerves and feeble hand of the governor, and the provoking insubordination of the governed, is to send the culprit to school; therefore Margaret was sent thither.

Mrs Liston was not unjust; she sent her to a good, reputable establishment, and gave her permission—for she had undertaken the charge of the children's education—to learn what accomplishments she pleased. Margaret, who was reputed to have no taste for music, and who, in fact, cared nothing about such music as had hitherto come within sound of her ears, left that science unattempted, and gave herself up to German and drawing. She was as little in her element amongst the forced proprieties and indigenous meannesses of a fashionable boarding-school, as in her grandmother's London abode; and carrying in her bosom the fearless heart of a reformer, I need not say she was perpetually at war, not only with her schoolmates but her teachers. Mrs Liston was in despair at the accounts she received, and at the obviously slight amelioration of Margaret's manners and temper. She herself chafed under the perpetual reproofs she encountered, like a caged and exasperated eagle which tears his own plumage in default of more legitimate prey; and under an extraordinary pressure of injustice, proposed to her grandmother that henceforth she should spend her holidays with her father. From that period, she had done so, and at home became a favourite, though, I must own, for rather negative qualities. Her father liked her, because she gave him no trouble, having a way of life

of her own, and never disturbed him in his study; the faithful servant, who had remained with her master as housekeeper ever since her lady's death, liked her, because she made no attempt to take the domestic authority out of her hands; and the inferior servants welcomed her advent, as bringing 'some life into the dead-alive place.'

Life she did bring into it—the life of a strong, wild, undisciplined nature, which was stretching out on all sides hands of entreaty and desire, and grasping nothing, seemingly, but the empty air. The surrounding country was a cross to carry: she loved the severe and grand in scenery, and here there was nothing more beautiful than the green grass of the level meadows, and the quiet waters, with their lilies and forget-me-nots, of the river Ouse. 'O for mountains or moors!' groaned Margaret, as she stood looking out on the weary landscape. 'I would rather live on the edge of a volcano, or under the brow of an avalanche, than here—inasmuch as terror is better than torpidity.'

For all that, she did not give up the outward world: she had the means of riding on horseback, and she made the most of this exhilarating gratification. The borders of the adjacent counties were no *terra incognita* to Margaret; and every point of beauty which struck her artist-eye within the range of her excursions, had been set down by her clever pencil, and exalted into poetry by the aid of imagination and colour. Then, as a matter of necessity, she was a great reader; I do not mean a student or scholar, but a devourer of books. No one looked over her library, or ever took the trouble to countermand the orders for books she sent to London, in which way all her pocket-money went, with the exception of her somewhat random charities. A grave man would have been astounded at the works she read, sighed to think she had run the risk of contamination here, and smiled at the audacity which opened there some perplexed volume of science or philosophy. Margaret had knit her girlish brows over the Kantian theories, kneeling absorbed by the hour together in the window-seat, with the glow of a radiant sunshine falling on the page, and lifting up at length her dazed eyes, had vaguely regretted that depth and darkness had struck such firm hands together. A short time after, she was in all probability lost to sense and sound over the pages of some extravagant and so-called worthless novel, which at least had power enough to keep Margaret out of bed till she had safely accompanied to the altar or the grave, as the case might chance to be, the hero and heroine of the narrative. As for poetry, she drank that in almost as fast as the vital air, and with an admirable latitudinarianism of taste. Wordsworth and Keats, Cowper and Byron, Pope and Shelley, were each read with a delight which, though doubtless differing in degree, was equal in kind. Plays, however, were her favourite indulgence, for they brought home to her the action and strife of existence, from which she herself was shut out.

At the time our story opens, she had returned home finally from school, having easily persuaded her father that, being in her seventeenth year, she was past the age for the class-room, and was quite able to prosecute her further studies alone. She was full of plans for the future, proud of being at length her own mistress, and with as vague a sense of the actual duties and responsibilities of life as may be supposed from her non-education. Very little society had Margaret ever seen, and of that immediately around her, her opinion was, the less seen the better; but this Christmas-day was to bring guests to the house of another kind. An early friend of Mr Stanhope had lately returned to England, after a long sojourn in Italy, where he had resided on account of his wife's health. The death of the lady relieved Mr Foster from the necessity of an exile which had always pressed heavily upon him, and he hastened home at once to his paternal estate, not distant many miles from that of Mr Stanhope. One visit he had already paid his old friend, but Margaret chanced to be out; he was, however, coming on this day to dine with them, and also to bring with him a nephew, whom he had adopted several years before, in compliance with the urgent request of his childless wife.

Now, it was this young man who was the main object of Margaret's interest, and for whose advent she was so impatiently waiting. The motive of this solicitude may be regarded by some as a condemning proof of the frowardness of her disposition, for, in truth, she had heard a very bad account of him. According to the statement of Mr Foster, made to his old friend in the privacy of his warm study, and repeated by her father to Margaret, young Allan Vaughan was an ungrateful, dogged, graceless fellow.

'I have treated him like a son,' had Mr Foster said, 'and he hates me as if I was his enemy. I sent him to Oxford, and he has barely escaped without disgrace; not that he wants brains, but he does not choose to work them. I offer him his choice of a profession, and he sets his face stubbornly against each and all. How he means to get his living, is best known to himself: I only know he shall not hang much longer upon me. But, my good friend,' pursued the uncle, waxing warmer, 'I could put up with his indolence and wilfulness, if it were not for his base ingratitude. He grumbles at the bread he never refuses to eat, and spurns the giver while he takes the gift. In brief, he has no heart'—Mr Foster himself was a man of sensibility, who carried *Tristram Shandy* in his pocket, and with whom the story of Lefevre was a perpetual well of waters—'he never cared for my poor wife, who doted upon him like a mother.'

When all this and some other things were repeated to Margaret —for sympathy with the domestic troubles of the lonely widower had worked up Mr Stanhope to the pitch of a vigorous recital—by some strange contrariety of nature, or some discrepancy in the accusations, palpable only to female intuition, she flatly refused

credence to them, and instituted herself all at once the defender of a young man of whom she had heard nothing but what was bad. Here, in fact, lay the cause: her generosity repelled this unmitigated condemnation, and her own impatience of dependence induced a sympathy with his condition. Besides, he was clever, and Margaret instinctively used this false balance as a partial counterpoise. Her father grew fretful under her unexpected and ridiculous opposition.

'Do you suppose, child, my friend Foster does not speak the truth?' he asked; 'I almost fear you must be deranged, to defend in such a way a person you know nothing about.'

Margaret laughed, and prudently forbore to say anything further on the subject, but none the less she anticipated Christmas-day.

This backward glance has been a condensed one, and now we may go forward.

II.

Margaret's quick ears soon detected the sound of horses' hoofs on the damp, reeking gravel-walk, and she sprang up and went to the window. The two gentlemen who were dismounting, and one of whom was calling lustily for a groom to take their horses, looked like phantoms, viewed through the thick mist; and uncle and nephew were quite undistinguishable. Margaret, highly diverted by the rising choler which the tone of voice betrayed, as it seemed to waste its power upon the desert air, flew down stairs, drew back the heavy latch of the frontdoor, and ran out to them into the fog.

'You might shout till doomsday before you made old Harry hear,' she exclaimed, making her way up to the exasperated horseman: 'give me the bridle, and I'll lead the animals to what was once a stable, and then wake up our factotum, who is in a dead sleep by the kitchen fire. Come, you needn't hesitate; I'm not afraid,' she added laughing, as the strangers made an abortive attempt to see what she was, in spite of the fog. 'You seem to be shivering: go into the house!'

'In the name of the seven angels, what are you?' asked a voice too deep and strong, she felt sure, to belong to the querulous widower. 'A wraith evolved out of this abominable mist? or flesh and blood, in the shape of what is almost as uncertain?—maid or mistress?'

'I'm Margaret Stanhope, at your service, Mr Vaughan,' said she, courtesying; but he could not see she did. 'Help to find the doorway for Mr Foster, and then lead round his horse, and follow me.'

Mr Foster made several polite speeches and feeble disclaimers through the fog, but suffered himself to be housed, and engaged to have old Harry roused, and sent round to the stables at once.

Allan Vaughan, in endeavouring to follow Margaret's instructions, stumbled over sundry impediments in his path, and recovered his footing with a muttered anathema.

Margaret held out her hand to him. 'Take hold,' she said, 'or we shall have you in the Ouse. Ugh! it would be a chill drear death on such a morning! Now, here we are at the stable, and there is Harry hobbling out to meet us. We will go into the house that way, and shall be so much the sooner at the fire.'

In considerable bewilderment of mind, Allan followed his conductress, who flew up the broad oak staircase, and into the cheery dining-room, with most uncourteous speed, and never looked back for her companion till she stood laughing and out of breath on the tapestry rug.

The first thing he did when he got within the range of the fire, was to seize the poker and stir the glowing mass vigorously; but the wood was too much calcined for a blaze; only myriads of sparks rushed up the wide chimney.

'I must give it up,' he said, 'for I suppose you won't oblige me by leaning to the light?'

Margaret rang the bell, and ordered a fresh log to be brought, which was done accordingly, and being full of turpentine, it blazed to satisfaction.

Margaret, we have said, was not beautiful; but the animation of her fine eyes, the glow of heat and pleasure on her cheek, and the perfectly easy attitude of her tall supple figure, rendered her, at that moment at least, what we are apt to call *striking*. It was, however, a fastidious eye that surveyed her; one which marked every deficiency in critical beauty, at the same time it took in every charm. A brief comprehensive glance was enough for him, but it was not enough for her.

Without helping out our meaning by allusions to antique abstractions, Allan Vaughan was perfect in physical beauty. Every limb of his frame, which was just at the height where strength and grace unite, might have been modelled by some idealist sculptor, without the least strain upon his refining faculty; and every feature of his face, which could have stood the test of geometric measurement, would equally have defied the amendment of art. However, the sublime repose which is the characteristic of such beauty in antique representations, was wanting to him: a sort of sullen impatience obscured the perfection of his countenance; an air of arrogant disdain marred the grace of his movements. As he now stood before the fire, wringing out the wet from his curling locks, and drying the damp garments that steamed in the genial warmth, an acute observer might have perceived that he resented the wrong the weather had done him, as if it had arisen from a personal enmity.

'I am sorry you are so wet, Mr Vaughan,' said Margaret, recovering from her first stupor of admiration: 'it's not a pleasant morning for a ride.'

'Not a pleasant morning! With what provoking moderation you express yourself, Miss Stanhope! My English vocabulary fails in describing what it is: a few Italian expletives would help me better. That's a fine language for abuse.'

'Is it? I don't think so. Its curses fall soft as blessings on the ear; and if I heard aright, as we stumbled along just now, you find our own tongue pretty efficient.'

Allan liked her better for this speech, and sat down to observe her once more, and to smooth his ruffled temper.

'Of course, you know Italian, and I suppose you read poetry, as you use such poetical diction on ordinary occasions? Are you a *very* accomplished young lady?'

'Very! I can neither play a note, nor dance a figure, nor work in embroidery, nor'—— But here her companion interrupted her.

'Good heavens!' he exclaimed, 'you are a *rara avis*. Nothing remains now for me to hear, but that you read Greek, and study the *Principia*.'

'If you are laughing at me,' cried the indignant girl, 'laugh, and welcome! I can't read Greek, but I wish I could; and I have had many a try at the *Principia*.'

'E possibile?' said Allan, leaning forward for a closer inspection; 'and, I'll venture to say, understood a good part of it? I beg your pardon, Miss Stanhope, but you certainly are a most remarkable girl.'

'I should be sorry if I were not, in some sort,' said Margaret bluntly.

'Ay?' asked he, with a mocking smile on his lips—'what do you mean?'

'I am not prepared to tell you, for, from what I see, you would have little enough sympathy with it.'

'Sympathy! For mercy's sake, don't use that word; it smells of my uncle, and makes me sick.'

'You must have a very weakly or diseased organisation, then,' returned Margaret, laughing. 'It's a very good word, and means one of the best things in life.'

'Of course you speak from experience?'

'Yes, in some degree; that is, I have felt a good deal of it, I have never found much. Perhaps,' she added, looking at him earnestly, 'you have found more than you have felt?'

'Oh! I see,' said Allan with a laugh: 'they've been poisoning your mind against me, as the popular phrase goes; but for all that, you gave me your hand to keep me out of the water, and in return'—— He paused, looked at her more scrutinisingly than ever, and then shook his clustering curls with a melancholy expression, that went to the girlish heart of his observer.

'Come!' said Margaret, 'don't check the impulse of gratitude.'

'I won't,' he answered; 'but it is not an impulse of gratitude. I want to grumble, and I seize my opportunity. Supposing I were to tell my story in my turn, and shew you what an ill-used fellow I am, would you listen to me?'

'To be sure. I like a story above everything; and as we may see a good deal of each other hereafter, it is a sensible way of beginning acquaintanceship.'

Allan settled himself as comfortably as he could in his uneasy chair, threw his head back, closed his eyes, and fell for a few seconds into rumination; then rousing, bent forward with his hands on his knees, and his fierce glance intent on the fire.

'I am three-and-twenty years of age,' he began; 'was born of poor parents, who gave up life soon after I started upon it; and I never earned a shilling in my life. Do you catch my inference?'

Margaret thought she did; but from motives of delicacy forbore to state it, and shook her head indefinitely.

'Oh!' laughed Allan bitterly, 'my feelings are not of that milk-and-water tenuity which can't bear the right phrase. I just mean, that since the moment my uncle Foster, cambric handkerchief to eye, led me away from my father's grave—into which I stared down with stupid wonder—up to this same hour, I have been a dastardly dependent. I who have raved by the hour together in the debating-club about freedom, and scribbled on the same topic by the quire, never drew the breath of independence since I was an infant! The sound of the word Liberty sets my imagination on fire; and all the time I am bound hand and foot, and have no claim but that of charity to the bread I eat and the clothes I wear.'

Allan trembled with passion as he spoke, and as a vent for his feelings seemed imperative, he seized the poker, and stirred the fire furiously.

'You wonder at this sudden burst,' he went on, 'and that, like a bad actor, I am able to begin warm; but my sentiment on this matter is like a caged beast, generally raging out of sight, but always raging. Moreover, I have been goaded on my way here as much by my own reflections as my uncle's animadversions; and just now, if I do not speak, I shall burst. Speak!' he added with a vehement expletive, 'if I could speak!'

'Speak!' reiterated Margaret, gazing at him in increasing amazement; 'but why not act? We will say nothing about the right or wrong of such feelings as you describe, but having them, what makes you go on in this way? Why, I would begin and earn my own living to-morrow!'

'There's the tug!' cried Allan. 'What profession can I enter without my uncle's capital and countenance? Besides, I detest them all. To what could I turn to earn my living, without a shilling in my pocket? If I had a spirit to starve, well and good, but I have a mind to live.'

'I can think of many things you could do,' pursued the uncompromising Margaret, 'even without a shilling in your pocket. You might get a situation as teacher in a school or family, or you might turn shopman even. If I felt as you do, I would rather serve out butter and cheese behind a counter, than sit at Mr Foster's table.'

Allan coloured. 'You are right,' he said; 'but though the feeling is strong enough to make me hate my humiliation, it is not so strong as to enable me to break from it in that way. I'm a moral coward, and should not be able to respect myself from the moment I tied on an apron.'

'It would be hard,' laughed Margaret, with an arch glance of admiration; 'but is the chandler's counter the only alternative?'

'No; I have sometimes thought of a very different alternative,' he replied gravely; 'but you are so provokingly matter-of-fact, I am afraid you will laugh me to scorn. I may rely upon your forbearance?—Well, then, what say you to earning my bread by my pen—to a sudden plunge into the literary mêlée? I am clever.'

Margaret's cheek flushed. 'Clever!' she repeated disdainfully; 'that won't do. I don't know much of the world, but I read a good deal about it, and mere *cleverness* won't stand the wear and tear of such a strife. If you had talent, perhaps—genius'—— Her voice softened as she pronounced the sacred word.

'I have,' said Allan, drawing himself up with dilating eye—'I have both. You doubt it? Listen then.'

He pushed back his chair, and began to recite a poem as he paced up and down the room. It was an appeal to the latent patriotism of modern Italy, and undoubtedly it was a very effective appeal. There were the important elements of vigour and individuality in it, and a wealth of imagination that promised well for the future poet when discipline had clipped the redundant plumage. It also gathered a good deal from the energy of the speaker; and Margaret listened with every pulse beating in excited sympathy.

Vaughan looked into her kindling eyes, and smiled consciously. 'A genuine triumph,' he said; 'but you must let me recite something else to you.'

This second poem was lyrical—so he called it: it was, she thought, exquisitely tender and delicate, and proved his possession of distinct powers.

'What think you now of my scheme?' he asked, sitting down and drawing close to her, for there was henceforth a confessed sympathy between them. And then, O reader, followed a discussion between this young man and maiden over which your benevolent experience would have sighed: you would have longed to have burst the bubble they were blowing with the breath of your wisdom, and to have called out to both: 'Life is not what you take it for; in but few cases is such a victory won!'

When young eyes look into the future, they see the shining goal in the distance, but overlook the impediments which lie between it and them—impediments over which they are far less likely to leap exultant than to stumble and fall. It was an easy thing, by that glowing fireside, for Allan Vaughan to sever connection with his uncle, make his way to London, knapsack on

back, and commence at once in some humble garret his literary enterprise. It was easy to talk of difficulties, and of overcoming them; easy to gather the sparkles of fame as they fell thick around him; easy, in imagination, to hear the blast of reputation waxing louder, and to seize, ere middle life, independence of means as well as an honourable name.

And Margaret, in her ignorant enthusiasm, fanned the flame of his purpose. True, it was a risk, but who would gain if they never played till the game was sure? True, it needed strength of mind, and heart, and intellect; but was he not strong? True, success did not always wait on the footsteps of merit; but in *this* case——

III.

It is not necessary to enter into much detail of Allan Vaughan's past life. Mr Foster, without being a much worse man than his neighbours, had imbittered and soured the temper and character of the youth. This gentleman believed, that in adopting the child of his wife's sister—who had married a curate with eighty pounds a year, and died of genteel starvation as much as from any other cause—he performed an act of unexampled liberality; and he exacted from the boy an amount of recognisant gratitude he was very little disposed to pay. As a child, Allan had of course a very imperfect sense of the destitution from which he had been saved; but he had a very active one of the constraints and annoyances of his position. Mr Foster pulled a perpetual check-string over the high animal spirits and saucy independence of his nephew, preached him long and sentimental sermons about the duties he owed his benefactor, and never bestowed the smallest favour without robbing it of everything agreeable by the air with which he conveyed the idea: I give—you receive.

Allan grew up to hate his uncle: as Mr Foster himself said, he took the gifts while he spurned the giver. He took what was offered, because it was a personal advantage not to be foregone; and Allan, from boyhood, balanced his personal advantage against his humiliation. More than once, his exasperated pride had hurried him to the point of running out from that humiliating roof into the wide world of adventure; but it was only to the point. 'I might starve,' thought he; and he pressed back the insult on his resisting heart, and bit the quivering lip to keep in the shout of defiance. The older he grew, the more intolerable this thraldom became, and yet the more difficult to throw off, for habit began to make the comforts and luxuries of life indispensable—and, moreover, by nature, Allan was indolent and self-indulgent. It was a hard world to look out upon; his was a soft hand for the fight. So had things gone on till he was three-and-twenty; school and college had equally confirmed his sense of the degradation of his position, and of the trials of self-support. He had not exerted

himself to shine at either; he had brilliant talents, and a slight effort saved him from disgrace; and where was the stimulus to a great? His vanity did not furnish it, for he had a sullen contempt for university honours, and the emoluments seemed to him a worse and less honest slavery than that he should quit; and so wilfully had he set his face against the three professions, that he was indifferent to the learning taught there as a stepping-stone to success in them. Still, all this time his imagination caressed with increasing passion the idea of independence, and, moreover, gradually dawning upon him came the exultant consciousness of intellectual powers that might make independence possible when sought, and in a pleasant road. He discussed the idea often with himself; but cold, poverty, starvation even, held up warning hands, and froze his resolution. His aunt, meanwhile, died,—who, although too weak to be his friend, had been as kind as her husband and her own health, which was her first concern, would permit—and Mr Foster returned to England, and brought his perpetual surveillance to bear upon his nephew.

The experience of the next few weeks was almost too much for Allan. He would go and earn his own living, stripping off from him every present and future obligation. So he resolved, but day after day found him considering the resolve. Who knows how long he might have considered it, if that ride through the fog, with his uncle's bitter revilings in his ears, had not wrought up his nerves to tension-point, and if the ardent Margaret had not been at hand to stir his spirit to its depths with the strength of her own enthusiasm? However, it was stirred: no later than the next morning would he break his chain, and start off for London. He would call in upon her on his way, and bid her good-by, and receive her encouragement. 'Why, he looked upon her already as his guardian-angel;' and then they fell to again to their ideal sketching of future chances and beatitudes.

All this time the two old gentlemen talked over their own concerns in Mr Stanhope's cosy study, little wotting what important affairs were being transacted in the next room. They never guessed it throughout the day. How should they? for Allan was less moody than was his wont, and Mr Foster had Margaret's brilliant acquaintance to make, and his own conversational talents to display. Neither he nor his absent friend noticed with what contemptuous significance the flashing eyes of the young people met, when he delivered himself of a sentiment of more than ordinary refinement of feeling.

The next morning, Margaret felt restless and ill at ease; she had a strange sense of responsibility weighing on her mind, for she could not but be conscious that what she had said had gone a good way to confirm young Vaughan in his purpose. As she had said, she did not know the world; but she knew enough to excite a deep solicitude for the issue of such a dangerous experiment as his. The preceding day, her kindled enthusiasm and the novelty of the

idea had blinded what crude judgment she had; but it was awake and in vigorous action now. Granting the necessity and integrity of the course he meant to take, was he strong enough to pursue it? Margaret's mind was of a strong and penetrating nature, and she felt, rather by intuition than deduction, that the one with which she had been brought into contact was not so. Passion, emotion, swelling self-confidence, are sharp but brittle weapons, apt to snap beneath a long-continued pressure. What was wanted was a self-respect which neither negation nor detraction could shake—a self-mastery equal to the conquest of the most clamorous temptations, and a resolution dauntless enough to keep at bay despondency and despair. Margaret shook her head doubtfully as she pondered the matter, and half resolved to try to dissuade him from attempting the enterprise with powers so inadequate. When he came, however, she yielded to a new influence. He came flushed and triumphant from his parting interview with Mr Foster, and as full of exultation as if his object were achieved, instead of in contemplation.

'I have told him my mind, Margaret,' he said, wiping his hot brow, and throwing back his hair with conscious effect, 'and I am a free man now.'

'How did he take it?' she asked.

'He was speechless with rage, and I did not wait till he had recovered his faculties. I emptied my pockets before him. I have not a sou of his dross about me. These clothes that I am in I bought with money earned from an *article* or two. Would that I could wipe out the obligations of the past!' This seemed like thorough-going energy, and Margaret smiled, relieved. Then an anxious inquiry suggested itself: 'Do you mean, you have absolutely no money at all? Nay, that's too chivalrous!'

'I have a little jewellery in my knapsack yonder, that belonged to my father and mother—an old watch, a gold chain, a ring or two; and they will stand awhile between me and starvation—not that I fear starvation!'

'Oh,' cried Margaret eagerly, 'if you would but sell them to me!—I am so fond of old trinkets!' Allan coloured, hesitated, and smiled. 'No, no,' he said at length; 'no new obligations on the very threshold of my undertaking. Ten thousand thanks, *mia cara*, but I am not yet in extremity. Come! I must be going; the days are short, and the journey long.'

'Do you walk?' asked Margaret aghast.

'How else should an adventurer enter the field of his labours?' returned he gaily.

'O Allan!' apostrophised Margaret solemnly, as she gazed into his flushed and beaming face, 'it is not light work you are going to do. You will look graver soon.'

'Would you have me cross the bridge before I come to it? or do you think I am less likely to work well, because I carry a bold heart, light with the heavenly sense of independence. God bless

you, Margaret! You did me good yesterday—I shan't forget my obligation.' He rose up, and held out his hand to her. 'Nay,' he said, 'that's too cold an adieu for such a parting, and the character of our acquaintanceship does not calculate the time it has lasted. Let me kiss you, Margaret, on both cheeks, after the fashion of Italian friendship. I mean no disrespect.' Margaret suffered it with tears in her eyes, and trembling lips. 'You will write, remember!' she said.

'Punctually—I have but one friend. Stop! I must take something with me that belongs to her.' He cut off a lock of her dark hair, kissed it with a sort of mocking sincerity, put it between the leaves of his pocket-book, and departed. Margaret indulged in a passionate fit of crying when he was gone, and then, in order to cheer her spirits and collect her thoughts, took a long ride on horseback.

Before the day was done, Mr Foster came over to pour out his full heart to his friend Stanhope. Allan was most cordially anathematised, his own wrongs and blighted hopes movingly dwelt upon, and then he said 'he never wished to hear his nephew's name again.' However, he soon did hear it, and that from his own lips, for he could not cease from the subject, and from consoling himself with the reflection, that 'one thing was certain—he could never come to any good.' After this first occasion, the subject was dropped, or at least never mentioned before Margaret, who was no favourite with Mr Foster, and whose life went the same dull round as heretofore.

For two months, Allan Vaughan wrote frequently, and then his letters ceased; but they had produced one natural effect: they had bound Margaret's heart as well as interest fast to his fate, and his sudden silence changed the torpor of her life, of which she had complained, into an agonised experience of fear and anxiety. She wrote again and again, until her letters were returned through the post-office, with the hopeless official '*Not to be found*' written across them.

Not to be found! There was something ominous in the phrase to her imagination. He was lost, then, in that weltering sea of human life—he had failed, succumbed. Succumbed? Who was strong enough to stand against the power of stubborn circumstance? What force of manhood can resist starvation? Every terrible story of literary distress and extremity rushed into her memory, and tortured her with self-reproach: why she had urged him to this ruin! Now she saw in its length and breadth the madness of the scheme, the ninety-nine chances against the one for success. Now she saw the unfitness of the elected champion, and shuddered at the possibilities that, after all, she only vaguely apprehended.

She read his letters day by day, in hopes of getting some new *lights*, extracting some fresh consolation; but she saw them under a different aspect from that they had before presented. The first

were natural and cheerful: he told her of the incidents of his journey, where he had pitched his tent, and for how mean, that is, how small a sum he hired it, and how very humbly he lived—almost testing the possibility of Dr Johnson's well-known financial statement. At this time, he did not deny hardship and difficulties, but he talked manfully about them. He told her the few papers he had brought with him had been accepted by certain periodicals, and how proud he should be when they met her eye; and he was working hard at more. Full of hope, of self-reliance, of a rash but still beautiful trust in the future, these epistles were full of eloquent and poetic feelings and expressions, and no wonder Margaret loved the writer. The subsequent ones were less personal and minute, fuller of generalities and of fine writing, with a taint of bitter misanthropy and a sweeping democracy of principle in them. The last she had received, which at the time she had thought more cheering and animated, seemed to her now forced and reckless.

What should she do? Any human being, she said to herself, in the same strait as Allan, would have a supreme claim on her sympathy; much more one she knew, one so young, beautiful, and gifted. Could she let the matter rest, and make no effort? What signified her deciding negatively when effort was impossible? she did but beat the empty air, and resolve to do when there was no point for action to rest on. Margaret's state of anxiety and restlessness began to affect her health; she grew so pale, and seemed so different from the lively, almost reckless girl of a few months ago, that it even attracted her father's attention.

'I think you want change of scene, Margaret,' he remarked; 'you mope yourself to death here.'

Margaret suddenly caught a new idea. 'Yes,' she said eagerly, 'I am sure a change would do me good. Mrs Liston invited me last winter to visit her; I will ask if I may come now. I should like to see May.'

And so Margaret went to London, buoyed up by as wild a hope as ever a young girl cherished—the hope of finding a clue to one unit out of the mass. Her grandmother considered her very much improved, and was kind and gracious; and May, who had grown as lovely as her childhood promised, was gentle and affectionate. But there was no sympathy between the two sisters: the character of the one was as tame as that of the other was decisive. May was sweet-tempered and unoffending, but she had no individualities of opinion or taste; she always walked in the path that was pointed out to her. Margaret soon discovered the expression of her own bold and often extravagant views ings shocked her sister's sense of propriety, and so she ceased k confidentially to her. Besides, her own state of mind was e that disposed her to sociability: more and more was the f disappointment eating out the vivacity of her youth.

IV.

We now return to Allan Vaughan. Long before his journey to London was accomplished, his light heart sank like lead at the prospect he was facing. Cold, hunger, and weariness were things of the prostrating power of which he had had before no experience, and he felt them keenly. When he entered London at the close of the following day, it seemed to him a strange city. He had known it formerly, but it was under a totally different aspect; then he had trod its pavements a *gentleman*, if a dependent. Did he, wet, travel-stained, and penniless, feel himself one now? did he walk with as firm a step, as erect a gait, as then? He did not; he walked with downcast eyes, and gave his right of way to any one who seemed to exact it; he felt poor, he felt humbled. He seemed not the same man to others; he was not the same man to himself. Is the reader ready to cry out upon his craven spirit? Let him examine himself well, and see if his own self-respect be not derived rather from extrinsic circumstances, and the estimate in which others hold him, than from the impregnable fortress of his own searched-through and approving consciousness.

Far enough was Allan Vaughan from the heroic man, but heroism is rare, and human nature wide; and, moreover, the ready sneer for the moral weakness of our brethren is never seen on the lips of the hero himself. Allan, with some difficulty, for he brought no references, and his worldly goods were small, found a humble or rather miserable lodging, for which, however, he was to pay five shillings a week. He paid this sum in advance, for he had turned his trinkets into money at the first jeweller's shop on his road, and this small store was all he had to live on till he had turned his writings into gold.

He was so benumbed with cold, that he ordered the woman of the house to light a fire in the wretched little grate, and when lighted, he cowered over it, vainly endeavouring to warm his frozen limbs by its feeble mockery of heat. His landlady, however, touched by his condition, and penetrated by his handsome face and good manners, brought him up, in the fulness of her heart, a jug of heated ale, and never in his life before had Allan felt such a gush of gratitude or drunk so delicious a draught. He went to bed after it, and slept till morning.

Morning, except in the lowest stages of misery and degradation, dawns with the freshness of a new existence on the young, and even Allan felt its renovating power. Bread is cheap, and water cheaper, and he satisfied a healthy appetite at a very small outlay. Then he looked over his papers, and went out to leave them at the offices of the respective journals for which he had destined them. Then, under the influence of the bright frosty morning, he walked some time in the parks, and planned his future course.

The distinctness of his hopes and aspirations gave a delusive reality to his day-dream—he wondered he could have felt so crushed last night. He thought over a poem he had half resolved to write, and his step grew more elastic, his eye brighter, as ideas and images seemed to grow in his mind, and words sprang richly up in all the melody of rhythm.

It was before this mood had died away that he wrote to Margaret, but it did soon die away. Evening came on, and threw a sympathetic gloom on Allan's spirits. Fire he could not afford, and he sat with paper before him and pen in hand, with no better light than the traditional lamp of the student afforded. He sat with his head on his hand, and his eyes fixed on the unwritten sheet—unwritten, for he felt as if the very faculty of composition had forsaken him. Other minds might find biting cold and a craving appetite a stimulus—they seemed to paralyse him; and then he felt a longing for unmanly indulgences his mode of life had made almost inevitable: a longing to give up effort, and sink into a luxurious indolence of body and of mind—a longing to put from him the cares of life, by turning to some frivolous but absorbing amusement. Allan gave up his task, and paced his room in an agony of mind, not produced so much by present circumstances as future foreboding, by a miserable latent consciousness: 'I am not equal to my undertaking.' He cut all short by going to bed, and resolutely shutting out thought and courting sleep.

Every day cannot be detailed; but a little immediate comfort was at hand. Several of his papers were accepted, and brought him in a little money; others were declined: 'The editor meant no disparagement to the literary merit of the production, but it was scarcely suitable for his magazine.' With success, Allan's hopes rose; and for a few weeks, in this small way, he was successful, and Margaret heard frequently from him. He believed himself courageous when he was sustained only by his good-fortune, and now he set to work upon the poem he had in contemplation. His work—he wrote it by the fireside, for he had persuaded himself this indulgence was lawful and necessary—interested him, and he bestowed great pains upon it. It was an irregular production, pretending to no particular distinctive appellation, and set forth a story of female heroism as shewn during the war for Greek independence, when such virtue was in repeated exercise. The talent displayed therein was of an order that if not genius, touched near the boundary-line; but it also abounded with those faults that help a critic to a brilliantly witty condemnatory estimate, which goes near to crush or madden its victim.

Allan read it aloud to himself with conscious and noble triumph. 'It is in me,' he said; 'they cannot deny it; but why should they attempt to deny it?' His plan was to publish this and some minor poems in one self-contained volume—that is, if he could

find a publisher. He entertained no very extravagant hopes on this subject—he knew it might be difficult, but he believed it would be possible. It was on a morning in March that he prepared to go out on this exciting adventure. He was in an anxious, though not hopeless mood; his scanty finances were very nearly exhausted, and so much of the genuine poet's enthusiasm he possessed, that he had laboured to perfect his poem without any intermission of the labour for magazine writing. He had no money coming in; he had even nothing on hand that could be turned into money.

It was a bleak morning, with a searching wind; those well fed and clothed, coming from and going to a warm fireside, might possibly have called it a bracing morning. Not so thought our poor Allan as he walked slowly on, glancing with increasing bitterness at the luxurious equipages which impeded his progress where he wished to cross, and at the sight of boundless wealth which seemed to mock his hunger, for very scantily that morning had he breakfasted. Now and then, a sudden glow warmed his heart and flushed his face as he grasped more firmly the manuscript he held—a consciousness of power and dignity beyond sight, indeed, but also beyond price.

We are not about to give in detail what has been so often given before, under all aspects from the tragic to the grotesque, and with all degrees of skill—a poor author's search for a publisher. Allan was neither more fortunate nor more unfortunate than others; but he failed signally. Some would scarcely vouchsafe a look or word when they understood the nature of his work; others exasperated his irritable and excited nerves by telling him that poetry was not a marketable article, except under rare and arbitrary circumstances. Another, a benevolent, but thick-sighted man, advised him in prolix strains to abandon the most beggarly of all professions, and waste his youth no longer. Allan took up his poem, and left the shop. Every feeling of his heart was gall and wormwood; the sense of injustice, the prospect of absolute want, seemed to strike out all the generous instincts of his nature. Could he but revenge himself—could he but defy misfortune! Hate, spleen, despair raged at will, and he attempted no self-control. Could Margaret have seen him that night as he sat over his poem with glaring eyes and clenched teeth, or stamped the floor in his impotent frenzy, would she have worshipped her hero any longer?

'Live?' asked Allan desperately, 'how am I to live, now that this means of support has failed me? for I never mean to expose myself a second time to the humiliation of this day.' And then, to soften despair, came anguish, as the thought of his confident hopes and golden castle-building fell upon his mind, and, crossing his arms over his rejected poem, he bowed his head and sobbed like a child. His tears refreshed him; he wept away a great portion of his concentrated bitterness, and raised his head with comparative calmness. Allan had had no careful moral training;

of the divine principle which at once includes and transcends morality, he knew nothing. His creed of right and wrong, of virtue and dignity, was at best no more accurate than human reason, or higher than human pride. It was the latter he called to his aid now; he felt the unmanliness of such complete abandonment, and roused himself to get the mastery of it. No, he would not despair yet; he would renew the effort; he would not so soon give in. Besides, how had he vaunted of his spirit! was he so soon to give himself the lie? And the recollection of the energetic and earnest Margaret lent a quota of strength to his renewed purpose.

Renewed, however, it appeared in vain. He did so far succeed as to get his poem read and even commended, but no more; and, moreover, the periodical market was glutted, and either his articles were returned for want of space, or their insertion, and consequent payment, was so long delayed, that he might have starved meanwhile. Allan Vaughan, however, clung to life with all the tenacity of youth; dearer it seemed to grow to him as it became more wretched and precarious. He, forced to give it up, endowed by nature so richly! What intense self-pity he felt for his wasting beauty, his decaying vigour! what mingled rage and agony at every new defeat, at every nearer approach of abject want!

One night, as he came out of some office where he had been constrained to go to fetch a rejected manuscript too valuable to lose, for it had a chance of bread in it, a man, who had been watching his reckless manner and the whole aspect of his person, stepped up and tapped him on the shoulder. Allan was in a mood to resent the indignity, and turned round savagely.

'No offence, sir, I hope,' said the other, nodding significantly; 'I think I know my man. Perhaps you could find time to take another journal on your list? Ay, just possible?' The manner was familiar and offensive in the extreme, and Allan felt it so to the quick; however, his case was desperate, and he schooled himself to ask what he meant.

'The *Rallying-point of Freemen*, sir; a hundred thousand copies sold weekly—first-class paper—known wherever the light of civilisation shines—the poor man's best, incorruptible friend—the scourge of the rich; the beacon of men in power—one of the main props of the empire. Take me, sir?' Allan did not, for he thought the man was intoxicated, and tried to move on. Hereupon, his companion incontinently seized his arm.

'I 've had my eye upon you,' he said, 'and know my man. I'll take you on my squad, if you like, and you shall try your hand on a leader to-night. Every man can't write for the *Rallying-point*, but you can. My best hand lies dead, and you shall take up his pen. Come with me where we can comfortably talk the matter over. I must have it within the hour; and you shall see the colour of my gold before the ink's dry.' Allan, bewildered as he was, followed his strange conductor. A few minutes after,

they were both seated in the comfortable parlour of a neighbouring public-house; a hot fire blazed, a smoking dish of steaks and oysters was set between them, and the instinct of hunger made Allan eat what was offered him almost without a pause of astonishment.

'Now, sir,' said his host, when the cloth was cleared, and Allan had turned round to the cheering fire—'a little trouble on your part will wipe out mine host's score, and make me your debtor for so many sovereigns;' and he counted out five on the table; 'but, first, we will have a glass of wine. I know'—with a sly wink—'where the divine essence dwells.'

Allan had never been intemperate; but the little he drank that night excited his weakened and overstrained nerves; and while he drank he listened to his new benefactor's statements of the grievances and wrongs of the poor, the oppression and injustice of the rich, and how the *Rallying-point* was the bold champion of the one, the relentless castigator of the other. Allan's brain was hot, and he was predisposed to the subject, which was, moreover, treated with a kind of coarse, boisterous eloquence. When pen and paper were placed before him, and he had received the necessary instructions concerning the subject he was to treat, he fell without difficulty into the required strain. His own experience during the last few months gave a zest and cordiality to his invective—a feverish sympathy with his fellow-sufferers. He did not stay to discriminate where lay the wrong, but threw it wholly, and with all his strength of hand, where he deemed the balance of happiness and fortune was to be found. He threw it towards Bingley—for such had the editor of the *Rallying-point* given as his name—and leaned back flushed and excited in his chair.

'Hum!' said he, 'it must do; but if the sentences were broken, they would sparkle more. There's the fee, sir; and I may as well have your address, lest we want further dealings together. Good-night.' And thus had the young idealist fallen! When, a few hours later, he held the sheets of the *Rallying-point* in his hands, he felt he had never known degradation till that moment. Side by side he found himself with all that was gross in libel and scurrilous in abuse; for this journal was one of the many which attains the worst ends by the foulest means, which throws poison into the wounds it affects to heal, and stabs the welfare of the working-classes while feigning to promote it. Allan loathed his work so much as scarcely to be able to read it; he loathed it more when he had read it. Under any excitement, could he have written thus? He took it up from the ground where he had flung it, and read it through once more. He had not written thus; here were not the shafts of his polished satire, but the knotted bludgeon of abuse; here was Bingley's editorial amendment. Oh, could Marguret see that sheet!

He sat down and covered his face with his hands; a momentary impulse had seized him to rush to Bingley's office and give

vent to his indignation, but a consideration that crimsoned his cheek with shame, and yet was suffered to conquer him, held him back.

'When next,' said Allan, 'the point of starvation comes—can I fall lower? Shame! shame!'

Under his burning sense of dishonour, Allan made new and strenuous efforts; but a vain hope it proved to be, that of supporting life on the fluctuating proceeds of periodical articles. In two days, he turned his fine poem into a melodrama, and offered it to a second-rate theatre; an answer was promised as speedily as the press of business would allow—which meant some months hence. He began to write a novel, but left it incomplete; he had not the heart to go on; he knew it was inferior in merit to his poem, could he expect a happier fate for it? At last, in desperation, he changed his course; he wrote for inferior magazines, which were well pleased to secure the services of one who used his pen so well in their particular cause, for Allan gave up conscience and principle, and wrote for hire; advocating what he despised, teaching what he did not believe, abusing that which at heart he honoured. 'I must live,' he said, 'even at any cost;' and it was no uncommon thing now for the fulminating leader of the *Rallying-point* to be penned by his hand, while, perhaps, in some daily newspaper of a higher stamp, he had taken up, in indignant rhetoric, the other side of the question, and that within the same hour.

Worse things followed—if anything can be worse than such prostitution of conviction and talent: he became mixed up with society that excites while it debases, and drawn into partnership with the vices and gross pleasures of the men, half-brutish, half-intellectual, who serve to fill the lowest, but, alas! not least efficient place in the ranks of literature. At their brilliant riotous orgies, none was a greater favourite than Allan. Who sang a song with such effect? who struck so hard and true in repartee, or declaimed with the same power when his spirit was up? And who so miserable as Allan, when the hour of clear reflection came, and he considered his own dishonour, and how the heroic dream of his youth was passing away, grown dim and almost unrecognisable amidst the phantom forms of the *once possible?*

V.

Margaret still lingered month after month in London: there was a faint chance, so long as the same city held them, of meeting Allan Vaughan; there would be none in the desolate home of her father. Mrs Liston was quite willing she should stay as long as she liked; she was really becoming attached to Margaret: the strong deep current which flowed beneath her repressed manner and constrained taciturnity she did not suspect; but taking her for

what, to her spectacled glance, she seemed to be, found her growing almost to her mind.

By one of these coincidences which in books we call romantic, but which it is becoming a truism to say, are to be met as often in everyday life, she went to the very house where Allan had his lodging. Margaret had observed that an under-servant of Mrs Liston's, who was a favourite with herself, looked, as she went about her work, as if in great distress of mind, and had inquired into the cause. The poor girl told her that her mother was very ill—dying, she believed; and added with sobs, that she was the only relation and friend she had in the world. Margaret interested herself in the matter deeply, partly from natural kindness, partly from her craving for some secondary interest that might overly the one at present uppermost in her weary mind. With her grandmother's permission, which she had the wisdom to solicit dutifully, she went with the girl to visit her mother, and see how the case really stood. It was not the woman who had given Allan the hospitable draught of ale, for he had often changed his abode, constrained by the fluctuations of his fortunes, but it was Allan himself that Margaret met on the threshold of the door, just as she was about to leave the house after her visit of charity.

'Margaret!' 'Allan!' The cry of recognition was instantaneous, but where was the imagined blessedness of this discovery? Not on his side; for he shrank with undisguised repugnance from the clear glance of her steadfast eyes: not on hers; for in that very movement, in the first impression of his countenance and figure, as shewn by the light of the candle which the astonished servant-girl raised, she saw her ideal was dishonoured. As she cast down her eyes, the glow that rose to her cheek brought the same to the worn face of Allan.

'Let me pass,' he said, for the two blocked up the narrow passage: 'I am fathoms below word or second look from you.' Margaret prevented him by a burst of tears; it might seem a childish and ill-timed weakness, but she could not help it. Was this the end of that noble day-dream, of all her sweet, romantic, extravagant hopes and fancies? And more—the sound of Allan's voice had the old vibration, the gesture with which he tried to pass her, the old grace, though both tone and grace were impaired; and these subtleties, miscalled trifles, it is which touch the heart. Allan paused: to leave her in tears seemed impossible, and yet to appropriate those tears to himself by any attempt at consolation, seemed a mockery of his position. He looked stricken, humbled, irresolute. Margaret recovered herself at once.

'Allan,' she said, 'I must talk to you, I must hear what you have to say. Don't be afraid of any severity; I know how hard it must have been!' This touched Allan to the quick.

'Hard!' he repeated—'my God, it has been hard! Margaret' —— He could get no further without betraying the choking emotion which he wished to conceal, not so much out of shame, as

from fear lest she might think it an unworthy appeal to her sympathy; but the sentence left unfinished said much, and he stretched out his hand towards her with a gesture that essayed to express an instinct of his nature. Her presence vividly recalled the remembrance of what he had been—full doubtless of the froward faults of youth, but clear of the multiform sins which stained his conscience now; it seemed also to rouse a dim consciousness, that if there was yet a hope of salvation for him it was in her. Margaret sent back the girl to her mother, who happily was not so ill as to be unable to lend a sympathetic ear to her strange story, and opening the door of an empty room at hand, went in, and Allan followed.

She was too much excited to sit down, but stood restlessly by the table, against which he had taken a chair, and, as if to avoid her gaze, had bowed down his head upon his crossed arms. There was something in the attitude more than Margaret could bear.

'Allan,' she entreated, 'look up! So long as we are alive, we must not despair. Tell me what you can about yourself; it will do you good!' And, in short, Allan did tell her; at least he told her of his struggles and defeats before his fall, and without exaggerating by one declamatory word the disappointments and extremities of his experience. Her presence evoked all that there was of goodness and manhood left. Still, even from its very simplicity, the story was calculated to work powerfully on the susceptible mind of his hearer. A benignant pity, a passionate sympathy, by turns expressed itself in the beautiful eyes intent on the face which gave a mournful emphasis to his recital. When he paused and ventured to look into her face, it gave him a new strength.

'I have not done,' he said, 'but I will hide nothing. Whether you will cease to pity me, I cannot tell; at least you shall not pity me blindly: I should be worse than I am to dupe your goodness.' He did not dupe it; he told her the truth so far as the truth was fit for her ears, concealing no fraction of his literary and moral degradation.

'Now,' he said in conclusion, 'you have heard my story, and, Margaret, to the end of life, I shall remember you listened without shewing repugnance or contempt. God knows you must feel both; He knows I deserve it; He knows, too, how sorely I was tried.' Allan rose up as if to cut short the interview.

'Farewell,' he said; 'we can have nothing more to say: you forbear condemnation, but there is no more fellow-feeling or kindliness possible.' There was a settled hopelessness in his manner that startled Margaret to action.

'Allan,' she asked in reply, 'what do you mean to do to-morrow? Not as you have done to-day?'

'Oh!' cried Allan with sudden passion, 'I am past that! In vain, Margaret, in vain! I have tried with all the strength I have, but it was too weak. You know not how I have fallen, how degraded I have become, how bound to my degradation! Don't

torture me with lost possibilities.' A look as of old—one of utter amaze—dilated Margaret's eyes.

'You give up life, Allan—deliberately choose the evil, and let the good go! Why, to what depths will you sink?' Then recovering a gentler tone, and approaching him tenderly: 'Allan, I wish I had the tongue of an angel to-night, to speak out what I am sure are truths. Hope never dies on this side life, and effort never should. You have no right to give up trying; you are bound, bound by God and man, to rise up and strive onwards, as if you had never fallen. What will your shame and condemnation be, if you do not? What language can convey the cowardice, the wickedness of this consentment to evil?' Her face lighted up, and her voice trembled with the intensity of her conviction. Allan flinched under her words.

'If you pity me, Margaret, have done! I could sit down and write about the beauty of penitence, the possibility of reformation, the responsibilities of life, in a manner that would make your cheek burn and heart beat. You can tell me nothing but what I know, urge nothing I do not grant; but I have lost the power of action and effort. I see—dimmer than it was once, but still I see—a golden paradise, but I have not strength to take one step towards it. I am fast losing the desire; who but a child cries for the unattainable?' He covered his face with his hands as he spoke, and struggled with his tears; Margaret smiled between her own.

'The lost never weep,' she said. 'Come, Allan, what is it that binds you to this life?'

'The impossibility of living any other: what can I do?' Margaret felt this to be a problem; felt it the more painfully at every fresh glance at his faded and reckless countenance: there was no divinity traceable in the wreck of that beauty.

'I am not prepared to answer that,' she said gravely, 'though I don't doubt, if you had the will, you would soon find the power of doing something. Do, Allan, search yourself through, and see if there be no manliness left; do think of what you are pledging yourself to, and ask whether life can be borne long amidst such shame! If anything is in my power, I will help you.'

'Help me!' Allan poured forth a torrent of passionate gratitude and incoherent admiration; for if Margaret did not succeed in stimulating him to the point she wished, she at least excited his imagination and heart. These expressions, however, Margaret gently interrupted: it was growing late, and she had the fear of Mrs Liston's displeasure before her eyes; moreover, it appeared to her that at present no more was in her power. Could she come to Allan with some practical scheme in her hand, as well as her power of ardent speech, some good might be done; but she feared the one was vain without the other. He did seem as if incapable of a decisive personal effort. She took leave of him with the promise of writing on the morrow.

Margaret went home with the full determination of wasting no time in vain regret, but to bend all her energies upon the discovery of some way of extrication and assistance for Allan. But her feelings were not so perfectly under her own control; when alone in her room, she went over in detail all he had told her, considered and reconsidered every extenuating circumstance, until she pitied him with such intensity that it became necessary for her own peace of mind to stimulate her sense of his wrong-doing. What power of resistance greater than high animal spirits and self-confidence had he brought with him for the strife? That he had fallen, was not to be wondered at; who would have been strong enough to conquer but one who brought with him the impregnable weapons of the divine armory?

'Ah!' thought Margaret, 'this is a lesson I need to learn. I have been too apt to think we are enough for ourselves, and to try to stimulate myself and others by an appeal to nothing higher than our human dignity. Very far in some natures this may go, but still the limit is sure; and with such as Allan, what would become of them if there was not a power beyond themselves? God grant he may make his appeal to it!'

VI.

When Allan was left alone, despair and passive humiliation yielded to a frenzy of complex passions. When *last* he had parted from her! was the uppermost thought, and it wrought powerfully on all the good and evil within him. To remember how he had stood before her—the conscious hero, the prospective conqueror of the difficulties and temptations under which he had sunk so signally—was enough to make him burn with shame and tremble with self-contempt. Then he had been her equal, or even, as he had thought in the conceit of his manhood, her superior; then had they stood side by side, joining hands in building their heaven-aspiring castles, and voices in narrating their heroic dreams: now, what a chasm of separation lay between them! Allan rose up and paced the floor of his narrow room. Out of place, and almost despicable as it may seem in his situation, a paroxysm of passionate tenderness straitened his heart. The words spoken then, the one kiss exchanged, the dark curl cut off from above the glowing cheek—all the details of that almost childish scene came back vividly upon his mind, both gathering something from, and lending something to, the more momentous effect of that which had just transpired. If the deep interest the enthusiastic girl had taken in his fate had captivated Allan's heart, the magnanimous pity of the almost woman touched and stirred his soul. It was not that she had suppressed her contempt; no such feeling had existed. Sympathy instead of disdain she had offered, and words of stimulating expostulation instead of

reproaches. She did not, earnest and pure-hearted as she was, throw him off, nor stand aloof from his sorrow and ruin. She still talked to him of a future: how much of it, after all, might it be in his power to realise?

Allan paused by his window, and looked down on the still crowded thoroughfare below—a great impulse was struggling into life. She had talked of writing to him on the morrow. Write she might; and deeply would he value the consolation and aid of a letter from her hand; but whether she wrote or not, whether she marked or failed to mark the working of her appeal, a last effort should on that day be made. With all the strength that remained would he strive to burst the disgraceful bonds that held him to his present life, and laying his false pride in the dust, seek to support life by any means however humble, so long as they were but honourable.

'And should I fail,' said he—'to live longer thus under my own contempt and her reprobation, is impossible; I have at least the option left me to cease to struggle against death.' The last word excited more solemn and juster thoughts than those which had hitherto occupied him; a consciousness arose that he had transgressed against something higher than his own outraged ideal, and stood bound to redeem the past by far more rigorous and imperative obligations than those which Margaret's generosity or his own gasping sense of self-respect laid upon him.

Allan looked up to the clear starry slip of sky which overhung the narrow street—small fraction of the one mighty firmament which was at that same moment spread over the plain of the vast Pacific and the breezy tops of the everlasting hills! Some such reflection passed for a moment through his poet-mind, but it scarcely amounted to a regret. There, as in regions freer and more eloquent of His presence, God was to be found, lending an ear, ever graciously attent to the cry of his erring and struggling creatures; and Allan's prayer and confession were none the less audible because breathed from the centre of a tumultuous city, and from a heart too full of shame, remorse, and sorrow, to find distinctive words for the one paramount necessity—pardon for the past, and help for the time to come.

When, after a sleepless night, spent in considering and maturing plans for the future, Margaret's promised letter of expostulation and earnest entreaty reached him, it only served to deepen a resolution formed independently of its aid. Allan went out that morning, and manfully sought for honourable work. He had given up all dependence on his pen; for not only had he proved its inefficiency, but he felt unworthy to use it. He failed that day, and he tried again the next, lowering his before low requirements, but still in vain. Every employer looked askance upon one with such evident marks of the poor and desperate adventurer in his person and air. A hard fight it was with Allan at the close of this miserable day to hold aloof

from the scenes where he had been accustomed to bury his sense of wretchedness; to sit down, cold, hungry, exhausted, in the terrible silence of his little chamber, instead of rushing out into the genial warmth of the appointed tavern, where, amidst the delirium of intoxication, and the rattle of the dice-box, the past and future were forgotten. And when the second day became a third, and so on till a week had elapsed, it was only with strong crying and tears, with passionate appeals to God, with efforts hard and cruel as a death-struggle, that he still kept his ground. It was an heroic strife, but he brought to it weakened powers, and perhaps could scarcely have sustained it long. Beyond his strength he was not tried, though to its very limit, for Margaret herself came to the rescue. She had succeeded in obtaining for him a very humble and laborious situation in the official suite of a relative, who was on the point of sailing for India to take possession of the rich government appointment which a series of lucky deaths had most unexpectedly brought him. He was only a distant relative, and a worldly, matter-of-fact man, and Margaret had had immense difficulty in obtaining this small favour: had she been asking half his province, one would have supposed she could scarcely have had more.

She urged Allan to accept it: there was some hope of advancement in it; and, moreover, a separation from his native country seemed to her even desirable under the circumstances. His duties would be both tedious and difficult; but would it not be well to suffer himself to be forced to exertion? It was unnecessary to have pleaded so earnestly: had the sacrifice and hardships been double what they were, Allan would have accepted it; and he wrote the rejoicing Margaret to that effect. The hardest thing was the prospect of the entire separation from her; but he felt as if there was presumption in the very sorrow. It was fit he should labour at a distance. If ever his labour were crowned, if ever the second dream of his youth were fulfilled, then perhaps he might return, and seek to renew, at a becoming distance, that strange brief friendship which had had such a power over him.

There was no parting interview between them; Allan felt he had no right to ask it, and Margaret shrunk from proposing it. She learned when the vessel sailed, and poured out on her knees passionate prayers for Allan's safety and success: it was the one deep interest, it would be the one great joy of her life. It seemed now, as if for the first time for some months, she could draw a deep breath of repose, and look round once more upon the world, to which her own sorrow had made her indifferent. True, there was no security as regarded Allan, but there was hope; and it was her happy tendency to look to the bright side of things.

This strange episode in Margaret Stanhope's life had an abiding influence over her. Hitherto, she had been a girl of generous impulses, and had attained to many right and noble views of

things, but she had lived selfishly. Her own intellectual culture and delight, the gratification of refined tastes, had been her chief business; and in those instances where she had striven to redress the cause of the wronged, to help the poor, and comfort the unhappy, it was less the result of any steadfast, deep-rooted principle, than the strong emotions of a mind endowed with a natural magnanimity. Now, for the first time, she realised that he who lives wholly for himself, lives in vain; that life is neither college nor cloister, but a field of labour where each man should help his fellow. It may be gravely questioned, whether, in the sight of the Supreme Judge, Allan Vaughan, in the midst of his miserable career, was more guilty than are the hundreds of men of ease and pleasure who live a life of conventional prosperity, but of absolute selfishness.

To Margaret, all human temptation, conflict, and suffering, became of intense interest: the divine principle of benevolence sprang and was developed in her soul; and rising above the crude narrow theories which had before contented her, she set to work upon whatever duty she found it in her power to perform, not as a task of obligation, but as a divine privilege—sustained by the conviction, that the mercy of God was boundless as His power, that no necessity, no extremity of guilt or error, transcends its limit. It was well for Margaret that she had such a heart to work, and such sources of consolation; for her own life did not promise to be a very happy one.

For more than a year she heard nothing of Allan Vaughan, and when she did hear his name incidentally mentioned, and mentioned in honourable connection with his conduct, her deep delight was impaired by the regret that he had not himself informed her of his welfare. She comforted herself at the time by thinking that perhaps he delayed such information until he had reached a higher point; but as the lapse of time went on, and still he did not write, and still she heard of his advancement, her heart sank. Could he have forgotten her? Would it still be impossible for her to respect him as she fain would do? She felt very solitary at home, and not so happy as she was wont to be; for her father grew more irritable and exacting as age increased. Margaret might have left him, for in spite of the comparative seclusion of her life, she had had more than one offer of marriage. She felt grateful for the affection which the mingled dignity and sweetness of her character attracted; but though she loved all men as brothers, she loved none well enough to divide life with. A romantic shadowy passion might her love of Allan Vaughan be considered, but it was strong enough to exclude the entrance of any other.

The protective and stimulating relation in which at one time she had stood to him, had given perhaps a new element to, but taken nothing from her love. He might not be worthy; but love is primary, not a corollary, and from the first moment of

their meeting he had captivated her heart; the feeling had strengthened on anxiety, fear, disappointment, and renewed hope, until its strength was invincible, not to be shaken even by his present silence—even by his apparent ingratitude.

So honourably had Allan distinguished himself in India, that Mr Foster came to the point of forgiveness: 'he had always said that Vaughan, with all his faults, had his good points;' and having no nearer kith or kin, he made his will in favour of the former reprobate, communicating the same to Mr Stanhope, who communicated it to Margaret.

A tender thought did occur to the mind of the latter, that it was a pity Allan should spend his prime of youth in exile and exertion, when he had wealth secured; but it was only the feeling of the moment; the next, she acknowledged it was better as it was. Besides, better was it for him to remain at a distance, since he seemed to have forgotten her, than that her endurance should be taxed and tested by his proximity.

Three years after Allan Vaughan's departure, he returned home to England, not with any intention of remaining there, but to fulfil a responsible commission, which his efficient and honourable conduct had succeeded in obtaining for him. It is not possible, in a narrative of this length, nor is it necessary, to detail the events of that time—events which were rather those of the inner life than the outer world. Indolent and self-indulgent by nature, it was no feeble will or light conviction that sustained him in the performance of a laborious and uncongenial duty: no mere sense of self-respect, no force of ideal passion, no memory of past shame, would have been strong enough, without the addition of a higher principle, to have enabled him to resist the manifold temptations of his new position and surrounding influences, until they lost their power to tempt.

VII.

Three years was the term he had marked out for his probation, and as one form of it, he had denied himself all kind of communication with Margaret. He had come to the conclusion, that no other power of resistance was of worth than that which was self-derived, and that unless he could keep his ground without the aid of her support, or the consolations of her generous friendship, he would be unworthy of both. If, at the end of that time—but then Allan paused and denied vehemently, although in vain, to his accusing conscience, that he cherished a single hope more ambitious than that of claiming her approval and regaining her respect.

Strongly must such hopes have clung, however, if we may judge from the excitement of feeling which the prospect of seeing her on his arrival in England produced. Questions which he had

succeeded in putting from him on the other side of the ocean, gathered a painful force of importunity now. Did he expect to find Margaret, beautiful, accomplished, and gifted as she was—reader, he thought she was this, and more—and after a three years' interval, unmarried? If she were married, it was vain longer to conceal from himself what had been the golden though veiled hope, the potent though disguised stimulus of the last few years of his life, or what would be the extent of the anguish and disappointment with which he should surrender it. If she were not—presumptuous it might be, and was; but happiness was at stake, and his youth not past the flush of daring, and he would at least draw near and see how much of hope was left him. But when he had it in his power, his heart failed, and he did not draw near. His connection with the family relative procured him an entrance into Mrs Liston's house, and here he spent most of his spare time. He had learned that Margaret was not married, nor about to be so; but there was something in the idea of that dreary solitude which awed him. He might have ventured to approach her in a crowd; but not there, where the associations of his past self-confidence and fall were so rife. Besides, would he have self-control enough to hide from those clear eyes, when she held out the cold hand of decent friendship, that his fingers tingled with a lover's ardour? And how could he expect more? Had he left so rich an aroma behind him, as to overpower the silence and growing indifference of three years? Allan was something of a coward still; but shame will have its rightful dues; so, day after day, he went to Mrs Liston's, hovering vaguely round the lovely May, asking her indefinite questions about her sister, and listening patiently to her mild talk by the hour together, in hopes it might take—which it never did—a Buckinghamshire direction. Most people thought he was courting Mrs Liston's grand-daughter, and May herself had her fears. 'For I should be sorry to disappoint him,' she said, 'for I don't like him much, although he is so handsome—he fidgets me so!' She even, in one of her periodical letters to her sister, mentioned Allan—said how often he was there—how handsome he was—what constant attention he paid her—and how she did not nor should ever like him. She said nothing about his inquiries after herself, for really the circumstance had never struck May.

And now Margaret, bowing her noble head over that silly letter, owned she was miserable. She saw now how far that vague hope had gone to illuminate the dark experiences of her present and future life, what it would become, what it had become, to her. And then so much of complex bitterness was in this draught! May, the abductor of her blessedness—the careless winner of what was beyond price to her! And more than that, throwing away what she had won—wounding to the death, with the same gentle hand, the hearts of both—oh, it was hard to bear!

Margaret rose up and paced the old dining-room; there was

something of fierceness in the glow on her cheek and the glitter of her dark eyes. She had hoped so long—had such a wealth of affection, such a faculty of happiness in her throbbing bosom. The room had exactly the same aspect as on the morning she first saw Allan. The fire cast the same glow, the picture caught the same effects; beyond were lying the inundated meadows; and yonder, through a lighter mist, rose the same melancholy, ghostly trees.

She was different, though; yes, better and wiser, more womanly, more gentle; but that was not her reflection. She thought only of the elasticity of youthful spirits crushed, the hilarity and hopefulness of girlhood daunted. Softer emotions supervened; the hardness of disappointment yielded to a softer anguish. 'I suffer,' said Margaret, the tears rushing to her eyes, 'and will not he?' She sat down and covered her face with her hands; the thought of his sorrow was uppermost now—a magnanimous sympathy strongest. 'He was not bound to love me; he has done me no wrong; and he has played his part in life like a brave man since we parted. Who knows but the fallen how hard it is to rise? Surely, when the sharp battle is won, they might venture to hope to be happy. Allan, would that you were! would, ten thousand times more, that I could make you happy!'

She raised her head with a start of surprise, to listen to the unusual sound of a horse's hoofs upon the reeking gravel. Allan's leave of absence was running short, and desperation gave him courage. He had awaked early that damp misty morning of December, and by suffering his imagination to rest upon the idea that Margaret's home must just then be looking as he had first seen it, and perhaps she there alone, his heart caught heroic fire. Yes, he would go; he would read in the first glance, hear in the first tone, what fate awaited him. If disappointment—well, he was a man; he must brace up his strength once more for a harder conflict with himself. Allan knew the stable, heard that Margaret was at home; he knew the old dining-room too; and with all the old impetuosity of his nature, not yet quieted, heightened by the excitement of a rapid two hours' gallop, he made his way unannounced into her presence.

Had Margaret been prepared for his coming, she would have gathered up pride, dignity, and I know not what of womanly reserve; but she was entirely off her guard. Her strong impulsive nature had its triumph, vindicating her constant heart in the sudden exclamation with which she pronounced his name, and the instinctive movement with which she sprang to meet him. There was no time for doubt or misconception: what was May's trivial letter to balance against the voiceless arguments of his kindled glance, and the tremulous passion with which he clasped her in his arms?

That was a day of golden sands, and the winged hours left traces of their flight in the welling gladness of the heart of each.

By the light of the same fireside, as they discussed their earlier dreams, did they now, hand clasped in hand, discuss the united future which stretched its serene, certain shores before them. Some, perhaps, could they have overheard their talk, would have said they dreamed still; but the facts of their subsequent life vindicated the wisdom of that hour. Allan's and Margaret's life was a practical 'Excelsior'—not like that of the poet, whose hero attains his goal without a single fall over the manifold besetments of life, but that of the sons and daughters of humanity—that is, they sometimes lost their footing, but not their dauntless energy; and, even if worsted in some sharp encounter, picked up their scattered weapons and renewed the fight, sure of a stronger arm to aid their weakness, and of a final victory.

CURIOSITIES OF BURIAL.

THE rites of sepulture engaged the most serious attention of almost all ancient nations. Their noblest edifices were most frequently their tombs; and the chief pride of the living was the magnificence with which they interred the bodies of their dead. This anxious concern for the pomp of burial may easily be accounted for, when we reflect that to a people whose religion revealed not the immortality of the soul, the earthly remains of their friends and relatives would be doubly sacred. It has been argued that a future existence was anticipated by even the remotest nations of antiquity, and this assertion is founded upon the sublime doctrines of the Platonic philosophy; but it must be remembered that the belief was entertained only by the highest intellects—by the philosophers and the poets. Not in *their* pages must we seek the vestiges of old religions, for the vices

and the poet were ever at variance. Idolatry trembled before the day-star of wisdom: Socrates died for the truth.

Egypt excelled all other lands in the splendour of her tombs: the Libyan and Arabian mountains are strewn with them, and the Pyramids are the monuments of kings. There is something touching in the yearning towards immortality that prompted this race to perpetuate their bodies in spices, and their fame in hieroglyphics, both of which have endured till their nation has passed away, and their very language become a mystery. Their monuments, however, speak with silent tongues, and tell us many things. Paintings, temples, and the treasures of the tomb, afford us an unerring knowledge of the life, religion, and funeral ceremonies of the ancient Egyptian. It is of these last we are about to speak.

When a wealthy Egyptian died, his body was removed, and embalmed by the physicians, who appear to have united the profession of a surgeon with the business of a barber. The process of embalming was both tedious and expensive; occupying seventy days in the performance.

The brains were first extracted, being scooped out at the nostrils, and the cranium filled with spices. The stomach and entrails were next removed, and their places supplied with myrrh, cassia, and other spices. The body was then laid soaking in nitre for the period just named; and at the expiration of the seventy days it was withdrawn from the nitre, and wrapt in bandages, which were of various colours—generally brown, buff, or maroon, but sometimes salmon-colour, and even blue. These bandages were covered with pitch and gums, and adhered closely to the figure of the deceased: the face was frequently gilded, and the hair cut off and wrapt in a cloth-roll at the head of the coffin. The mummy was then returned to its kindred, and was by them adorned with rich jewels, and placed in a superb case, ready for the ceremony of conveying it to the ancestral sepulchres. A diadem was placed upon the head; the arms were covered with bracelets, and the fingers with rings of gold, and ivory, and engraved carnelian; a fillet of beads was suspended round the neck, and a pectoral plate representing the gods was laid upon the breast. Corn, papyrus, wooden combs, and sepulchral images, were laid in the coffin beside him; and these latter generally represented the deceased in an Osirian dress; one hand holding an axe, the other a hoe, and the cord of a small flat basket which was hanging at the back. Thus attired, he was supposed to enter the Hapi-moou, or Elysian fields, where he would be engaged in agricultural pursuits. The rolls of papyrus were inscribed with prayers to Osiris and Charon, for the safe-conduct of the body over the lake, at the opposite shore of which lay the City of the Dead—that is, the Necropolis, or burial-ground.

But before the ceremony of interment could take place, a solemn judgment had to be pronounced upon the dead by more than forty judges, who assembled on the opposite shores of the lake to pass sentence, and hear any accusations that might be produced against

him. If it were shewn that he had led an evil life, the honour of burial was refused him; but if otherwise, all present joined in his praises and in the performance of the ceremony. The corpse was then deposited in the sepulchral boat or canoe, and laid upon a bier, under a rich canopy supported by four columns, with capitals carved in the form of a lotus; the female mourners sat at the head and feet, and at the left side stood the priest, clothed in a leopard-skin—a garment to which some idea of peculiar sanctity was attached—and reading from a roll of papyrus. Before him was placed a large vase, and a similar one at the prow of the vessel, with an altar and a burning sacrifice. The rower sat in the stern, and plied two oars or paddles. Thus the body was conveyed across and deposited in the sepulchre.

Of the tombs of the Egyptians, an old historian—Diodorus Siculus—says as follows:—'The Egyptians consider this life as of very small consequence, and value therefore a quiet repose after death. This leads them to consider the dwelling-places of the living as mere lodgings, in which, as travellers, they reside for a short time; while they call the sepulchres of the dead, everlasting habitations, because the dead continue in the grave for an immeasurable length of time.' This view of life is highly characteristic of the grave and melancholy nature of the ancient Egyptians. A sombre sadness pervaded all their works, and broods even now above the remnants of their former glory. The ruined palaces of ancient Thebes—the city of a hundred gates—the solemn colonnades; the lofty obelisks; the long lines of sphinxes, with their mild human beauty and dumb significance; the crumbling porticos and painted columns—all possess, apart from the desolation of death, that national spirit of sublime grief which dictated to them the architecture of their temples; which prompted them to hew their mountains into vast ranges of tombs; which taught them to construct the gloomy and gigantic Pyramids, and which looks forth upon the eternity of Time from the sorrowful features of the Great Sphinx.

In ancient Greece, the bodies of the dead were consumed by fire. The Athenians occasionally interred their bodies in the earth, but it appears that by law the practice of burning was enjoined.

The origin of this ceremony is ascribed by the historian Andron—preserved by the scholiast, or commentator on the first *Iliad*—to Hercules. This hero having induced King Lycimnius to allow his son Argæus to accompany his forces against Laomedon, king of Troy, took a solemn vow to bring the youth back again to his father. Argæus, however, being slain in action, Hercules resorted to the expedient of burning his remains, and restoring them to the father in compliance with his oath. Such is the Greek tradition, which is by no means an improbable solution of the question. When a noble Greek expired, the corpse was carefully washed with water and fragrant essences, the limbs anointed with precious oils, and the body laid upon a couch of

ceremony, where it remained for three days, that all friends and relations might pay their last respects to it.

When Achilles stands lamenting beside the slaughtered Patroclus, the following are the cares bestowed by the attendants upon the lifeless warrior:—

'The sad attendants round
Cleanse the pale corse, and wash each honoured wound.
A massy caldron of stupendous frame
They brought, and placed it o'er the rising flame:
Then heaped the lighted wood; the flame divides
Beneath the vase, and climbs around the sides:
In its wide womb they pour the rushing stream;
The boiling water bubbles to the brim.
The body then they bathe with pious toil,
Embalm the wounds, anoint the limbs with oil,
High on a bed of state extended laid,
And decent covered with a linen shade;
Last o'er the dead the milk-white veil they threw;
That done, their sorrows and their sighs renew.'

A piece of money was then placed in the mouth of the deceased, which was designed for Charon's fare when he wafted the departed soul across the Stygian Lake: the coin was laid under the tongue of the dead. This fable was derived from the practice of the ancient Egyptian people lately mentioned, whose bodies were conveyed across a lake to the place of sepulture, and was by the Greeks received for truth. This custom, however, was disused in those parts which were supposed to be in the immediate vicinity of the infernal regions, and possessing a direct and easy road. A cake composed of flour and honey was also deposited with the corpse, which was designed to appease the fury of the dog Cerberus, which guarded the gates of hell, and thus to insure for the ghost an undisturbed and safe entrance. Hence Virgil, when he sends his hero into the lower regions, provides him with 'a sop in honey steeped,' which occupies the ravenous hound till he has passed by. Dante, less obliging to Cerberus, whom he styles *il gran vermo*—that is, 'that great worm'—causes his guide to hurl a great lump of clay into his extended jaws.

While the body of a Greek remained in the house, a large vessel of water stood before the door for the use of those employed about the corpse; for, like the Jews, they held that pollution was contracted by touching the dead, and that frequent ablutions were necessary for purification. The manner in which they evinced their grief was extravagant. The friends and relatives of the deceased not only absented themselves from banquets and entertainments, but they divested themselves of their ornaments, lay upon the ground, strewed their heads with ashes, beat their breasts, and even rent their flesh with their nails. When persons of rank died, the whole city mourned; schools, senate, temples, and all places of public concourse were shut up. At the end of the third day, the funeral pyre was prepared: this was large in proportion to the wealth and station of the deceased, and consisted of the trunks of trees laid crosswise in the form of a bier. The body was

then laid on the top; spices, frankincense, myrrh, and perfumed oil were heaped over it; and the friends of the departed cut long locks off their hair, and cast them upon it. The eyes of the dead were opened, that they might look towards heaven; and his garments were laid upon the pyre. The last valediction was then pronounced three times by the attendants, and the nearest relative kindled the pile with his face turned away from it, invoking the assistance of the gods that the winds might fan the flames and speedily reduce the body to ashes. While it was burning, those around poured libations of wine upon the fire, and called loudly upon the name of the dead.

The old Greek poets made considerable use of these funeral ceremonies in their dramas. Their three greatest writers—Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, who each wrote a tragedy on the subject of *Electra*—have made the offering of hair to the manes of the departed a principal incident in their plots. In all three, the arrival of Orestes from a foreign country is discovered to his sister by the lock of hair which he had consecrated to the memory of his murdered father, and which he had deposited upon his tomb. There is a very splendid description of the burning of Patroclus in the twenty-third book of the *Iliad*, which we transcribe from Pope:

'The people to their ships return:
While those deputed to inter the slain
Heap with a rising pyramid the plain.
A hundred foot in length, a hundred wide,
The growing structure spreads on every side;
High on the top the manly corse they lay,
And well-fed sheep and sable oxen slay:
Achilles covered with their fat the dead,
And the piled victims round the body spread;
Then jars of honey, and of fragrant oil,
Suspends around, low-bending o'er the pile.
Four sprightly coursers, with a deadly groan
Pour forth their lives, and on the pyre are thrown.
Of nine large dogs, domestic at his board,
Fall two, selected to attend their lord.
Then, last of all, and horrible to tell,
Sad sacrifice! twelve Trojan captives fell.
On these the rage of fire destructive preys,
Involves and joins them in one common blaze.'

After the bodies were thus destroyed, the ashes were collected into urns by the survivors, and interred in costly sepulchres. Rings, pieces of money, cups of precious metals, lamps, and vessels containing aromatic liquids, have been discovered in these cinerary urns; and at the time of consigning them to the tomb, we are told by the poets, that they were wreathed with amaranth and myrtle, and clothed in silk and linen. When the ashes of Hector were buried, Homer says—,

'The snowy bones his friends and brothers place
(With tears collected) in a golden vase;
The golden vase in purple palls they rolled,
Of softest texture, and inwrought with gold.'

A high degree of romance was attached to this mode of burial among the Hellenic heroes. Even in death, and in the last resting-place, friendship subsisted in the urn as it had subsisted in life. The dust of Achilles was mingled, at his death, with that of Patroclus; and Artemisia, queen of Caria, loved her husband Mausolus with such infinite tenderness, that she caused his ashes to be fused in a liquid, which she drank. It was a consolation to such affectionate natures to know that they should be neighbours in the sepulchre, and even to have their urns placed side by side, with the names and inscriptions touching each other.

The practice of burning the dead among the ancient Romans was attended with numerous and pompous ceremonies, and existed from a remote period. The deceased remained for seven days unburied, and on each day was washed with hot water and fragrant oils, that in case he only slumbered he might thus be awakened. In pursuance of this last chance, his friends, when they met around the corpse, uttered a loud shout (*conclamatio*) of lamentation—somewhat as the Irish keeners of the present day—hoping thus to break his slumbers. The third and last conclamation was on the seventh day; when, if he still remained silent and motionless, his body was embalmed, richly clothed, and placed on a couch near the door, with his feet towards the street—to signify that he had no more to do with life or with his home, but now only looked forth upon the road to his grave. The business of the funeral was intrusted to the *libitinarii*, or undertakers, whose profession it was to execute these last offices of the dead. They became wealthy in their sombre employment, and kept many servants, such as the *pollinctores*, *vespillones*, &c., to execute the working department. These functionaries erected a funeral-altar beside the body of the deceased, on which his friends offered incense daily; they also garnished the gates of his mansion with boughs of cypress; but this latter was only done in the case of a man of birth or fortune. On the seventh day, the people were assembled together by a crier, who went through the streets proclaiming the ceremony of interment. When all were met together, friends and strangers, the last conclamation was given; the bed was then adorned with a purple covering, and a trumpeter led the way, followed by a body of old women, called *præficæ*, singing praises of the departed. If he had held any office in the state during life, waxen images of all his predecessors were borne before him in the procession. The body then came, lying upon a couch, which was carried by his nearest relatives, and was followed by his children, kindred, friends, and attendants, clothed in deep mourning. The corpse was then deposited in the Forum before the *rostra*, and the next of kin pronounced a funeral oration, which chiefly consisted of commendations on the life and virtues of the departed, and which also alluded to the services of his predecessors. If none of his kinsmen would venture on this

public display of eloquence, some learned orator in the city was engaged to fulfil the office. The highest attainment of happiness, in the opinion of Pliny the Younger, was for a distinguished Roman to receive the last commendatory honours from the lips of the eloquent Tacitus. The oration concluded, the corpse was then conveyed to the *pyra*, or funeral pile, and there consumed. His friends first cut off one of the fingers, to be interred with a separate solemnity. When all was burned, and the flames quenched with libations of wine, the ashes were gathered together and placed in an urn; the priests sprinkled the assembled company with clean water; the oldest of the præficæ crying aloud '*ilicet*,' dismissed all present, and the people retired, with a formal farewell to the ashes of the dead.

The urn was then deposited in a sepulchre, and surmounted by a monument: one of these, in the Campagna of Rome, which is yet standing, has been celebrated by Lord Byron, in *Childe Harold*, in the verses beginning,

'There is a stern round tower of other days;'

it was erected by a Roman knight to the memory of his wife. Another is the tomb of Caius Cestius, an old majestic pyramid which stands in a quiet spot, now the Protestant burial-ground at Rome, where so many of our countrymen have found their last home, and where Keats and Shelley sleep beneath the violets which bloom there in unexampled luxuriance. But to return to our ancient Roman funerals. The bodies of the emperors were burned with great solemnities; and, in addition to other ceremonies, were accompanied to the pyre by satyric choruses dancing and singing before the body. This ludicrous and inappropriate custom was carried to so great an extent at the funeral of Vespasian, that the Roman mime or jester, Favo, acted the character of the deceased monarch in the funeral procession, mimicking his speech and gestures. The urns of illustrious characters were of copper, silver, gold, and porphyry. Severus and Trajanus were interred in golden ones, and the latter had for his monument the superb column which bears his name. The coffin of Alexander was of solid gold; but in the earlier days of the nation, Numa Pompilius, contrary to the custom of that age, died commanding that his body should be buried in a stone-coffin, without undergoing the rites of cremation; and that his books of ceremonies, which consisted of twelve in Latin and twelve in Greek, should be buried beside him in another. The funeral of Cornelius Sylla, the celebrated dictator, was very splendid: the body was attended by the whole of the Senate and the Vestal Virgins, and hymns were chanted in celebration of his great achievements. When the Emperor Tiberius died, his corpse was burned in Rome with much pomp, and his successor, Caligula, pronounced his funeral oration. Funeral games were also established by the Romans to perpetuate the memory of their friends.

These games consisted generally of processions, and combats of gladiators around the funeral pile. In very remote times, they sacrificed their captives to the manes of the deceased. These games were abolished by the Emperor Claudius, and the practice of burning was disused, according to Gibbon, during the reign of the younger Theodosius, in the beginning of the fifth century.

Many Roman urns have been discovered in Britain, beneath tumuli, and in fields. These have generally contained not only ashes, but silver and copper coins of Vespasian, Trajan, Adrian, Commodus, Severus, and others; but more frequently of the reigns of Diocletian, Constantine, Victorinus Posthumius, and some even as late as Adrian. Besides coins, incense-pots, ustrinal vessels, lamps, bottles containing oils and wines, cups and lachrymatories are repeatedly found in them. The lachrymatories were small glass or earthen bottles in the form of phials, which were filled, at the Roman funerals, with the tears of the præficæ and friends of the deceased, and interred carefully with the ashes, as an evidence of their grief. This offering was supposed to be very satisfactory to the soul of the departed. There was a Roman urn discovered by Cardinal Farnese containing very superb relics; amongst which were gems engraven with the heads of the gods, an elephant carved in amber, an ape of agate, a grasshopper, a ball of crystal, three glasses, two spoons, and six nuts of crystal.—(*Vigeneri Annot.* in 4 Liv.) It was contrary to the Roman laws to bury gold with the dead; a law transgressed by those emperors who were interred in urns of the precious metal. There was one exception, however, to this rule, which appears odd enough to readers of the nineteenth century—namely, *a clause which permitted the burial of such gold as fastened false teeth in the mouth of the deceased;* thus sparing the children and friends of the dead the painful task of pulling from their heads the artificial teeth which they had been accustomed to wear. It seems strange to find that these expedients of vanity or convenience were practised in Rome nearly 2000 years ago.

The usual custom of the Romans was to bury their dead without the city-walls, along the roadside; but the exceptions to this rule were numerous. Some were interred in the temples, but the most part in the open country, as the traveller who crosses the Campagna of Rome, and explores the ruins of Pompeii, may discover for himself.

The principal approach to this latter city was by a road lined with monuments, and terminated by a handsome gateway. This road was called the Street of Tombs. The grave of the priestess Mammea is the most remarkable of these, and the inscription on the base tells us that it was erected to her memory by decree of the decemvirs. It is a handsome erection of stone, with frightful and dilapidated masks affixed on the outside; within, were large piles of stone, in the midst of which stood the urns of the family.

on a small altar, surrounded by others in the niches of the wall, probably containing the ashes of slaves and dependents. An elegant stone-seat forms a semicircle in front of this grave, by the roadside, and is capable of accommodating thirty persons. Here, in the old times, green trees made a summer shade, and the women of Pompeii assembled in the quiet evenings, to visit the tombs of their departed friends, and to watch the busy throng passing through the city-gates.

The three nations to which our observations have hitherto been confined—the three greatest of antiquity—with rare exceptions, burned the bodies of their dead; but to many an ancient people this practice was abhorrent, especially to such as worshipped fire or the sun. These deemed it a pollution of that deity to offer in his element the last relics of mortality.

The Chaldeans—otherwise known as the Babylonians—were worshippers of the igneous principle. In the remotest periods, they limited their adoration to the sun and moon; but soon multiplied their divinities, by deifying Bel or Belus, one of their kings, and by worshipping Venus under the name of Mylitta. This people deemed it a sacrilege to the sun to consume the dead by fire; they accordingly embalmed the bodies in honey, and so preserved them. Their funeral ceremonies and lamentations greatly resembled those of the Egyptians.

From the same superstition, the gentle and persecuted sect of the Parsees—known likewise by the opprobrious name of Guebres in India—object to cremation as a burial rite. They practise the singular custom of exposing their dead to be devoured by birds of prey, rather than burn or bury them. M. Niebuhr, in his narrative of Eastern travels, says of this proceeding: 'I saw on a hill at Bombay a round tower, covered with planks of wood, on which the Parsees lay out their dead bodies. When the flesh is devoured, they remove the bones into two chambers at the bottom of the tower.' This tribe, though followers of Zoroaster, and believing in Ormuz (the god of light) and Ahrimanes (the god of darkness), pay a certain tribute of worship to the sun, the moon, the stars, and to fire, as visible images of the unseen Deity. Their veneration for this element induces them to keep a sacred fire perpetually burning, which is supplied with fragrant wood, both in their temples and in the dwelling-houses of wealthy individuals. In a temple at Bombay, there is a fire which has not expired for three centuries. The Parsees have a great dread of polluting the fire; their Mobed, or high-priest, and their Destours, or curates, wear a veil over the mouth for fear of injuring the purity of the flame with their breath.

The Magians, an ancient religious sect of Persia, whence the Parsees likewise dated their origin, were worshippers of God, whom they adored in fire, which was esteemed by them as the brightest and noblest symbol of his divinity. Their religion bore much affinity to that of the Parsees, inasmuch as they professed

dualism, or the belief in two principles—one, the beneficent deity, Oromasdes; and the other, the evil deity, Arimanius; represented by the Hindoo exile under the previously mentioned titles of Ormus and Ahrimanes. These people, equally scrupulous, discountenanced the burning of their dead, and, being desirous of preserving only the bones of their relatives, gave over the rest of the body for the prey of vultures and dogs.

The Bactrians, who were the inhabitants of an ancient kingdom of Asia, now called Khorassan—the same in which Thomas Moore laid the scene of one of his Eastern legends in *Lalla Rookh*—followed the same practices as the Magi, though in a more barbarous manner. Of this country, we have but little information; it is supposed to have been conquered successively by the Assyrians, Romans, Scythians, Huns, and Tatars. The original race of Bactrians were, however, a warlike and savage tribe of nomadic habits, and were considered the best soldiers in the world. Their appearance was very terrible, being of enormous stature, and wearing rough beards, and long hair streaming down upon their shoulders. These barbarians not only suffered the corpses of their friends and relatives to be eaten by dogs, but, it is said, kept large and savage ones to devour such as lived to an extreme age, or who were enfeebled and useless through long sickness. On this subject, Camden relates, that 'never any neglected burial but some savage nations, as the Bactrians, which cast their dead to the dogs; some varlet philosophers, as Diogenes, who desired to be devoured of fishes; some dissolute courtiers, as Mæcenas, who were wont to say—

> Non tumulum curo; sepelit natura relictos.
> I'm careless of a grave; Nature her dead will save.'

Diogenes, however, was not alone in his wish to afford a meal to the finny tribe. The Ichthyophagi, or fish-eaters—a people mentioned by Ptolemy, and inhabiting the region which lay between Carmania and Gedrosia, bordering on the Persian Gulf—must share with the Cynic the fame of this peculiar taste. Their bodies were invariably committed to the sea; and by this means they repaid in the completest manner the obligations which they had incurred to its inhabitants; for, surely, it was but just that a nation who had, during life, subsisted entirely upon fish, should, in death, return the compliment by affording a dinner to the race they had persecuted. The Ichthyophagi constructed their huts of large fishbones, of which the ribs of the whale served them for beams and rafters, and the jaws for doors. The mortars in which they pounded their fish—the vessels wherein they set it to bake in the sun—and the bowls which formed their dishes at table, were nothing else than the joints of the vertebræ of the same sea-monster. From the accounts given by Herodotus, Strabo, Plutarch, and others, it appears that this people indeed kept cattle; not for eating, not for the purposes of barter, not for the value of their skins, but—to feed their fish withal.

The Scythians, to whom we just now alluded as the conquerors of the Bactrian tribes, had a mode of burial, or rather non-burial, peculiarly their own. This nation was of warlike propensities, and spread in vast hordes throughout Persia, Germany, Italy, Gaul, Britain, and Ireland. Their origin was unquestionably Asiatic; but all history regarding them is enveloped in too great obscurity to be in any way depended upon. They objected to burial in the earth, drowning in the sea, and destruction by fire; and having thus rejected three of the elements, made choice of the fourth—and suspended the bodies in the air. Ælian records that the dead were sewn up first in skins, for fear that birds of prey should devour them; they were then suspended on the branches of trees, and so gradually decayed, the sport of every breath and every storm. Not all the Scythian tribes, however, followed one course in the disposal of their dead; it was the Colchians who hung up this strange fruit among the foliage of their native forests. We will now relate how others of the tribes performed their funeral rites. One general custom among the Heruli, another tribe, was for the women to hang themselves on the death of their husbands—not from an impulse of any great affection, but because it was fashionable to do so, and their neighbours, by avoiding their society, would have punished the breach of propriety they committed in venturing to live. In another district of Scythia, the lamenting friends and weeping relatives of the departed testified the depth of their grief and the height of their affection, by eating him—the extent of their love being gauged by the extent of their appetite. When a king of the Scythian tribes expired, horses and slaves were sacrificed in honour of his memory.

The Balearians, who inhabited the two Balearic Islands, now known by the names of Majorca and Minorca, had a still more revolting custom of inhumation, described by Diodorus Siculus. They used a great quantity of wood and urns of a large size to contain their dead, but dispensed with the agency of fire. They bruised the flesh and broke the bones of the corpse, crammed them into the urns, and laid heaps of wood upon them.

The ancient Germans, who believed that none would be admitted to the paradise of Odin but such as died sword in hand, or, at all events, who had signalised themselves by martial exploits, used to bewail the fate of such of their countrymen as lived to an old age, considering it dishonourable in this life and hopeless in the next. In pursuance of this belief, they had a custom of affectionately hastening them on their road to heaven, to preserve them from lingering ignominiously on earth. Servants, sick persons, parents, wives and children, were treated all alike; and sometimes they even extended the practice to themselves. This barbarous system prevailed in Germany till the commencement of the fourteenth century. If the intended victims desired their fate, or were prepared cheerfully to submit to what they knew was inevitable, their judicial

murder was preceded by a fast, and their funeral was celebrated with a feast, in which a profuse hospitality was the principal feature: mead and beer were placed in abundance before the guests; and the exit of the father, mother, or brother, as the case might be, was the signal for their lamenting survivors to indulge in an excess of drunkenness. If, on the contrary, the victim was averse to his departure, and endeavoured to shun it, the ceremonies took place in silence and the deepest mourning, as a signal of their shame and grief at his cowardly terrors. Their funerals were performed with the utmost plainness, the only pomp in which they indulged on the occasion being to burn the bodies of their great warriors on a funeral pyre of some peculiar kinds of wood. This bier was not adorned, like the Grecian piles, with spices, and gums, and fragrant herbs; neither was it fed with the garments of the deceased; but his military accoutrements, his armour, sword, shield, and spear, were cast into the flames, and sometimes his riding-horse. The ashes were then gathered into an urn, after the fashion of the Romans and others, and buried in the earth. Vast numbers of these have been dug up all over the country. When an ancient German died, his wife was expected to resort to some violent death as a means of following him, otherwise she was excluded from the Paradise or *Walhalla* of Odin.

The customs of the Prussians and Venidi were in most respects identical with the above.

The funerals of the antique Danes were conducted with a much greater display of wealth and profusion. When a prince or king received the rites of cremation, the corpse was laid on a high pile of wood, and burned with great solemnity. Gold, silver, coins, and jewels, were flung into the fire, and the chief-mourners paced gloomily around the burning pyre till all was consumed, exhorting the bystanders to cast in liberal offerings in honour of the deceased. It appears that in Denmark the ceremony of burning was conferred as a mark of distinction only upon kings, princes, and military chiefs. The lower orders of the people were buried in common graves, dug in the earth. Cinerary urns have been discovered in Norway as well as in Denmark, which gives us every reason for believing that burning was a national ceremony among the ancient Normanni, in common with most northern people. These urns have been found to contain, not bones only, but other substances likewise, such as knives, pieces of iron, and fragments of brass and wood; and in one instance of a Norwegian urn, a brass-gilded Jew's-harp was discovered. Large stones were frequently found arranged so as to encircle the urns—in this respect resembling the Rollrich stones in Oxfordshire.

The mode of sepulture employed by the ancient Britons is involved in much obscurity. The descent of the nation, however, from the northern tribes, would lead us to believe that the practice of burning had been instituted among them from the earliest period. It has been supposed by some antiquaries that cremation

was not introduced till the time of the Roman invasion; but this is expressly confuted by a remarkable passage in Pomponius Mela, wherein he states that the Druids and high-priests of Britain taught the doctrine of the immortality of the soul to the youths, their disciples; and that they exhorted them to courage and fearlessness in war, that they might enjoy happiness in a future state. Therefore they burned and interred with the bodies of the dead such things as they had most needed during life. Roman coins have been found in these urns of ancient Britons, after the money of the conquerors came into use in this country; but the usual Roman adjuncts, such as lachrymatories, incense-vessels, &c., were never interred with them. Bones, skulls, ribs, and other remains, yet bearing traces of the action of combustion, are the general contents; and such things as combs, boxes, handles of small instruments, nippers of brass, crystal globes, and coloured glass-beads, have frequently been found in barrows and urns of the native Britons. Coal and incinerated wood have likewise been turned up to the extent of several yards around these sepulchral vases, which define the very spot on which the *ustrina*, or place where the pyre was erected, had stood. Funeral urns have been found chiefly in the neighbourhood of Salisbury Plain, Southcreek, Buxton, Thetford, Yarmouth, Norwich, Burghcastle, Thorpe, Walsingham, Brancaster, &c., beneath tumuli—or *barrows*, as they are styled in ancient topography, and *cairns*, as they are commonly called by the peasantry—or artificial hillocks. There is a difference, however, between barrows and cairns; the former being constructed of earth—generally such as is not found in the spot, but which has been transported from some distance—and the latter being composed of stones of all sizes heaped together in a conical form, with a flat stone crowning the apex. In this, again, we may trace such resemblances to the Pyramids of Egypt as might furnish speculative matter to the philosophical antiquary—as regards shape, at least, without reference to magnitude.

When the grave of King Arthur, in the Abbey of Glastonbury, was opened by command of King Henry II., Giraldus Cambriensis, who was present, beheld the bones of that monarch lying in the trunk of a tree, with his sword on one side of him, and his beautiful queen Genevra on the other. The hair of the latter was long and flowing, and as bright as gold, but which, however, sunk into dust when it was touched. The king's bones were of an unusually large size, and in his skull there appeared ten or more wounds. A large flat stone was laid a few feet nearer the surface, with a leaden cross let into it, along which was the following inscription, cut in rude Roman characters:—

HIC JACET SEPVLTVS INCLITVS REX ARTVRIVS IN INSVLA AVALONIA.*

The tomb was then closed, and the tablet with the leaden cross

* Here lies buried the illustrious King Arthur in the island of Avalon.

set up in the monastery of Glastonbury, where Leland examined it; but what became of it on the dissolution of the institution is not known. The above was copied by Camden from an attested copy by Leland. This statement, the truth of which we have no reason to doubt, throws some light on the mode of interment practised in Great Britain after the discontinuance of cremation and urn-burial.

Barrows and cairns are also very frequent in Scotland and Wales. Pennant describes one in the Isle of Arran of a vast height, and measuring 114 feet in circumference. These barrows, when opened, have been found to contain urns made of calcined earth, and containing burned bones and ashes; others have held stone-chests containing bones entire; and in some were bones only, without either urns or chests. From this we may conclude that the early Gaels did not invariably consume their dead by fire, but interred some, urnless and coffinless, in a grave dug a few feet beneath the surface of their native heather. Their chieftains and heroes were perhaps those honoured with a funeral pyre. The Scotch tumuli are round, not very high, and are generally surrounded by a narrow fosse. They vary in size, and it is conjectured that they were large in proportion to the rank and power of the deceased. The sands of Skail, in Sandwich, one of the Orkneys, abound in these round barrows. Some of them are mounds of earth, and others are of stone covered with turf. In one of the former cairns a coffin was found, made of six flat stones, but too short to contain a body at full length; the skeleton was therefore found with the knees pressed to the breast, and the legs doubled along the thighs. In others, where the bones were laid at length, small bags made of rushes have been found at the feet of the skeletons, containing ashes, probably those of their children, or of some near members of their family. In one barrow, a similar bag was found to contain multitudes of small beetles; and as these insects have been discovered by Eastern travellers enclosed with mummies of the sacred ibis, it leads us to a singular inquiry whether these two people, so far removed and unknown to each other, these ancient Scotch and ancient Egyptians, could have entertained the same superstition about them, or have derived that superstition from one common source?

The skeletons found thus entire shewed no traces of burning, but others, again, whose bones were in a calcined state, retained evident marks of cremation. Many of these barrows and cairns have the appearance of raised family-vaults. Two ranges or tiers of stone-coffins have been found in many of them, which makes it probable that they belonged to one particular family; and that, on the demise of any of its members, the tumulus was opened, and the remains of the departed laid to rest with his fathers.

The ancient history of the Gauls is enveloped in so much obscurity, as to afford us scarcely any certain information of their religious rites or domestic habits. We know, however, that they

burned the bodies of their dead with much pomp and solemnity.* Whatever had been necessary or dear to the deceased while living, they burnt with him at his death; conceiving that such gifts or sacrifices would be as acceptable to his spirit as they were to his earthly nature. Slaves, mistresses, wives, horses, and treasures shared his fate on the funeral pyre. This fearful expenditure of life was but one feature among the thousand ferocities that made up the sum of the national character of the ancient Gauls. They were perhaps the most barbarous people of antiquity. Bloodshed was their employment, plunder and liberty their glory. They indulged greatly in feasting, yet their feasts seldom terminated without quarrels and murders. They were more feared by their neighbours than any other nation, and, at last, the very name of Gaul carried terror along with it. When they were not engaged in a war with some other country, they were at variance among themselves. Cæsar tells us, that not only all their cities, cantons, and districts, but even almost all families, were divided and torn by factions. Such was their passion for freedom, that on the least danger of servitude, or incapacity through sickness, wounds, or age, they put an end to their own lives, or entreated their friends to kill them; herein presenting a counterpart of the false heroism of the ancient Germans: and sooner than capitulate with an enemy, they would put their wives, children, and slaves to death, and then kill one another. The Druids of Britain were an offshoot of the Druids of Gaul, whose practices and precepts enjoined the burning of the dead.

We find by internal evidences in the Old Testament, that the ancient tribes of Judea practised both inhumation and cremation in their rites of burial. Their general and most extensive custom was to bury the bodies of their dead in caves and sepulchres, one of which belonged to one family, and served as the place of interment for many generations. So much importance did they attach to the disposal of their remains after death, that, like the ancient Egyptians, we find the purchase and preparation of their tomb was one of their chief concerns while living, if a family-vault was not in the possession of their race. When a Jew had this place of sepulture already in his family, his most earnest desire, on the prospect of death, was that his bones might be laid with his ancestors. Thus Barzillai, at the age of fourscore, petitions David the king to suffer him to return to his native city, in those pathetic and beautiful words, lamenting the deprivations of extreme age, that can scarcely be repeated too often:—'I am this day fourscore years old: and can I discern between good and evil? *can thy servant taste what I eat or what I drink? can I hear any more the voice of singing men and singing women?* wherefore then should thy servant be yet a burden unto my lord the king? . . . . Let thy servant, I pray thee, turn back again,

* *Cæs. de Bell. Gall.* vi.

that I may die in mine own city, and be buried by the grave of my father and of my mother.' When the man of God, who was sent from Judah to Bethel to rebuke Jeroboam, transgressed the divine command by partaking of bread and water in the dwelling of the old prophet, the heaviest clause in his punishment was not so much the being killed by the lion that met him by the way, as that his carcass should not come to the sepulchre of his fathers. Regarding the preparation of the sepulchre during life, there is abundant testimony both in the Old and New Testament, one of the most remarkable of which is in the last chapter but one of *The Gospel according to St Matthew*, where Joseph of Arimathæa begs the body of Jesus: 'And when Joseph had taken the body, he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, *and laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn out in the rock:* and he rolled a great stone to the door of the sepulchre, and departed.' That certain tribes of Judea burned their dead after the fashion of other nations of antiquity, is also to be demonstrated from texts of the Old Testament. For instance, nothing can be plainer than the following:—'And it shall come to pass, if there remain ten men in one house, that they shall die. *And a man's uncle shall take him up, and he that burneth him, to bring out the bones out of the house,* and shall say unto him that is by the sides of the house, Is there yet any with thee? and he shall say, No.' And again, when the Philistines found the body of Saul, and fastened it to the wall of Beth-shan, and the people of Jabesh-gilead heard of that indignity, we are told that 'all the valiant men arose, and went all night, and took the body of Saul and the bodies of his sons from the wall of Beth-shan, and came to Jabesh, *and burnt them there.* And they took their bones, and buried them under a tree at Jabesh, and fasted seven days.' And again, if more were needed, we have the record of the pyre of Asa: 'And Asa slept with his fathers, and died in the one and fortieth year of his reign. And they buried him in his own sepulchres, which he had made for himself in the city of David, and laid him in the bed which was filled with sweet odours and divers kinds of spices prepared by the apothecaries' art: *and they made a very great burning for him.*'

Their funeral rites were very solemn and magnificent. When any Hebrew died, his friends and relatives rent their clothes—a custom still imitated by the modern Jews, who cut away a small piece of their garment as a token of affliction. They used then to bend the thumb of the deceased into the palm of the hand, and fasten it by a thong in that position; because the thumb then having the figure of the name of God, they supposed that the devil would not dare to approach him. When the procession arrived at the place of cremation or sepulture, they addressed the dead in somewhat the following manner:—'Blessed be God, who has formed thee, fed thee, maintained thee, and taken away thy life. O dead! he knows your numbers, and shall one day restore your life!' Then followed a funeral oration or eulogium in honour of

the deceased; a practice borrowed probably from the Romans. A prayer was then offered up, called the Righteousness of Judgment—the face of the deceased was turned towards heaven—the priests bade him 'Go in peace,' and no more remained to be done save the inhumation in the bosom of the kindly earth, or the more spiritualised and cleanly burning with fire. Like the Greeks, the Hebrews believed that pollution was received in touching the body of a dead person; and in the manner in which they washed and anointed the bodies of the departed, their funereal music, and their funereal feasts, we cannot but observe the many points of resemblance between their ceremonies and those of the various classic and barbarous nations of which we have previously treated.

The funerals of the Spartans were as characteristically simple and stern as their other institutions. Contrary to the customs of most antique nations, graves were permitted to be made within the city-bounds; they even interred their dead close to their temples. This was done to make the idea of death familiar to the minds of the people, by having it near their homes and places of worship, as it was conceived that when the tombs were at a distance, men forgot their awful and imperious necessity. No jewels or coins, or implements of any description, were suffered to be interred with the dead; lamentations and tears were forbidden in public, because their lawgiver, Lycurgus, deemed such manifestations beneath the heroic equanimity of the Spartan race; splendid monuments were also prohibited, and no inscription, however brief and modest, was permitted over the tomb of the warrior, unless he had the good-fortune to be killed on the field of battle: in that case, a short and appropriate epitaph was graven on the stone. Such women as dedicated themselves to a religious life, received the same funereal honour. The Spartan mourning was limited to eleven days. On the twelfth, the mourner sacrificed solemnly to the goddess Ceres, and cast away his sombre weeds.

The Etrurians buried as well as burned the bodies of their dead, and were very splendid in the building and decorating of their tombs. It appears that inhumation was with them a mark of distinction; since, in some of their tombs, large urns, supposed to contain the ashes of slaves and dependents, have been found in the porticos and outer chambers, while the bodies of their masters were suffered to fall to gradual decay within the inner sanctuary.* These tombs are of three kinds—namely, those hollowed out of the cliffs in long ranges, terrace above terrace, and communicating by flights of steps cut in the rock; those made in the form of conical pits, which contain generally a small niche for votive offerings, or for the reception of a sepulchral altar; and, lastly, the tumuli, resembling those of all other nations. The rock-hewn tombs are

* For a very brief and perspicuous account of the 'Sepulchres of Etruria,' see *Chambers's Papers for the People*, No. 2.

exquisitely painted with details of the life of the deceased, and the urns in which ashes have been discovered, display some of the most elegant forms of antique pottery. Many inscriptions have been found on the walls of these sepulchral apartments; but their sense, unfortunately, remains a mystery. Could they be deciphered, it would doubtless add a most valuable and interesting page to ancient history; but it is not so. Time has swept their race from the earth; no echo of their speech yet lingers amid their native mountains; their human tongues are dust, and their thoughts extinguished for ever.

'Tombs only speak the Etrurian's language.'

Having reviewed thus briefly the funeral rites of the most remarkable nations of antiquity, we now purpose glancing over the modern ceremonies of such people as offer any curious and amusing matter for our readers.

To begin with a race who may be fairly supposed to practise at this day the same ceremonies which were performed by their forefathers many ages ago, we will select the Chinese, who are, in themselves, their belief, and their institutions, the most ancient-modern people—to use the language of Polonius—in the knowledge of man.

If we might rely upon Chinese historians, their empire would boast an antiquity of from 3,276,000 to 96,961,750 years.

Granting the Celestial Empire every advantage of unlimited antiquity, we may conclude, from their zealous exclusion of foreign improvements and knowledge, that they have remained stationary in all their customs and ideas for an inconceivable length of time; and, consequently, that their burial rites—of which we are about to speak—differ, in this nineteenth century, in no particular from the very customs of their race ages before the foundation of the Greek and Roman empires.

There is no business in the life of a Chinese so important to him as his funeral, and no object of art or science in which he is so much interested as his coffin. A wealthy man will expend 1000 crówns upon this ghastly piece of vanity; a poor man will give all he is worth; and a son is frequently known to sell himself for a slave, that he may purchase a rich coffin for his father. Of course, it frequently happens that the coffin remains empty for several years, when it has been prepared during the life of its intended occupant. The owner considers it the most attractive and valuable piece of furniture in his house; but we can scarcely believe that the vainest of Chinamen should feel any impatience at the delay.

When at last the period arrives that it shall remain untenanted no longer, and the wealthy Chinese breathes his last, the body is clothed in his richest robes of ceremony, perfumed, and adorned with every decoration to which he was entitled during life. The body is then seated, thus attired, in a chair of state, and the wives,

children, and relations prostrate themselves before it with lamentations and tears. The hall of ceremony is next prepared with hangings of black, white, and violet-coloured silk, and on the third day, the deceased is laid in the coffin, which has been previously sprinkled with lime, and is transported thither. Here it remains for four days longer, during which time it is visited by the friends and relations, who are formally invited to pay their respects before the day of interment. An altar is placed in the centre of the hall, on which stands an image or picture of the deceased, or else a carved ornament inscribed with his name. Flowers, perfumes, wax-lights, and incense are distributed in all parts of the room. The visitors, on entering, salute the body as they would if the man were still living, prostrating themselves, and laying their foreheads several times upon the earth; after which they make an offering of perfumes and wax-lights upon a table prepared for the purpose. Their salutations are returned by the eldest son, who stands in an attitude of dejection, clothed in white, and wearing a girdle of cord, on one side of the bier; his brothers then come from behind a curtain which hangs near him, and creeping along the ground, salute the visitors also, then rise and return whence they came. The wives and daughters, who are concealed behind the same drapery, fill the room with their cries; and the priests are the whole time chanting melancholy hymns. The visitors, when they have performed these ceremonies, proceed to an inner apartment, where they are served with dried sweetmeats and tea. Those who reside at too great a distance to pay this visit, send a note of apology. All these calls are afterwards returned by the eldest son of the deceased, and it is the etiquette of his friends not to be at home when he arrives.

When these invitations and solemnities have been fulfilled, the funeral takes place, attended by all who had previously paid their respects to the dead. The procession is very imposing. A troop of men march first in single file, bearing a number of figures in painted pasteboard, representing slaves, lions, tigers, horses, elephants, &c., to burn over the tomb—a custom which originated, doubtless, in the actual sacrifice of animals and human victims, but which had been thus modified into the mere effigies. Other men follow next in two files, with perfumes, banners, and censers breathing incense. Then musicians, playing sorrowful music upon various national instruments—namely, drums, pipes of bamboo-cane, bells, sonorous stones—somewhat resembling our rock-harmonicon—and stringed instruments of the lute species. The coffin then follows upon a kind of funeral palanquin, which is carried by sixty-four bearers. A domed canopy of violet-coloured silk is erected over the body; the four corners are richly embroidered and ornamented with tufts of white, and a costly net-work is laid over the top. Immediately behind the coffin walks the eldest son, as chief-mourner, clothed in a robe of coarse canvas, and leaning on a staff. He assumes an attitude of extreme grief,

and stoops like an aged man. His brothers and other relatives come next, in white dresses; and after them, a great number of chairs covered with white stuff, containing the wives, daughters, and female slaves of the deceased. On their arrival at the cemetery, the coffin is laid in the sepulchre of the family, and the painted effigies previously mentioned are burned with much ceremony. A splendid banquet is then prepared in a building appropriated to that purpose, where the mourners and assistants are sumptuously entertained at the expense of the eldest son. When the feasting is over, they renew their marks of homage to the tomb of the deceased, and return thanks to the chief-mourner for his hospitality; to which he replies by signs only. The magnificence of these ceremonies is proportioned to the rank and wealth of the departed; and if he is a mandarin or dignitary of the empire, a certain number of his relations remain for one or two months as near the tomb as possible. They reside in apartments especially provided for them, and renew every day their signs of lamentation and regret. During the whole of this time, the tables are refurnished every morning, as lavishly as on the day of interment, and the priests act the steward's office in doing the honours of the 'funeral baked meats.' A paper is hung over the gate of the burial-ground, setting forth the name, rank, and remarkable actions of the deceased. The mourning of the sons continues in China for three years, during which time wine and meat are forbidden them, and they are not permitted to be present at any public assembly, or any ceremony of the state.

The Chinese cemeteries are very handsome and spacious, and are always situated on an eminence at some short distance from the city, and planted with pines and cypress trees. The tombs are of different styles, according to the various provinces in which the burial-grounds are situated, and also in proportion to the station of the deceased. The coffins of the poor are placed under a thatched shed, or enclosed in a small brick edifice built in the form of a tomb. The monuments of the wealthy are shaped like a horseshoe, whitened, and elaborately finished; but the mausoleums of the mandarins and nobles are far more imposing and splendid. A vault is first constructed, in which the coffin is enclosed, and over this vault a pyramid is raised of tempered clay, twelve feet high and ten feet in diameter; a coating of lime and sand is then washed over this pyramid, giving it the appearance of stone, and rendering it firm and proof against any severity of season. Trees are then planted around it in regular avenues, and a large altar of pure white marble is placed before it, on the middle of which are placed vases, candlesticks, and censers of exquisite workmanship. Besides this, a number of painted figures, representing officers, slaves, soldiers, horses, camels, lions, &c., are arranged around the tomb in different rows; which, by their lifelike yet motionless guardianship, present a very solemn and imposing appearance.

The funeral ceremonies of the Hindoos are too well known

to need more than a brief summary of the usual manner in which they burn the bodies of their dead. When a native dies, the body is washed in the sacred waters of the Ganges, and then laid upon a funeral pyre, constructed of bamboo stakes, firewood, dry straw, and reeds, on which is laid a quantity of grease and rosin. This pyre is about five feet in height, and is covered over with a sheet for the reception of the corpse. Flowers, parched rice, and betel-leaves are then scattered on the body, and some of the rice is placed in the mouth of the deceased by the attendant priests. A little earthen lamp is then lighted at each of the four corners of the pile, more firewood, straw, and rosin are laid over the body, and the nearest of his relations sets the whole on fire with a burning torch.

The frightful custom which formerly prevailed whenever a Hindoo left a widow at his death, of the unfortunate woman offering herself alive on the funeral pile, is now almost abandoned, thanks to the determined opposition of the British government in all parts of their dominions. Travellers who have witnessed the ceremony have asserted, that this fulfilment of a mistaken duty has been performed by them with the utmost constancy and courage, and was apparently quite a voluntary sacrifice. Still more terrible, however, is the religious enthusiasm that induces young men, in the bloom of life, to immolate themselves to the honour of their deities, and be buried alive. This fanaticism is most common in the tribe of Gosannees, but prevails through all parts of Hindostan. The influence of the East India Company has been exerted to the utmost in this instance, as in the former, to suppress these religious suicides, and with some success, as they are effectually prevented in all their territories. When a ceremony of this nature is made public, vast multitudes assemble to witness it, and a number of the Brahmins attend to offer up prayers on the occasion. A deep pit is then dug, in which the self-devoted victim stands upright; the earth is thrown rapidly over him until he is entirely covered; a tomb of solid masonry is immediately raised above his head, and at distant intervals in the year, solemn rites, and offerings of honey, spices, incense, rice, flowers and fruits, are performed over his tomb, in memory of his saintly death; which is supposed to have been an acceptable oblation to Siva, the deity of destruction.

The tombs of the wealthy Hindoos are sometimes very splendid; and the grand mausoleum of the Taj Mahal, which was built on the southern bank of the Jumna by the Emperor Shah Jehan for himself and his favourite sultana, has been designated as one of the most elegant, extensive, and perfect works of Eastern architecture. It is built of the purest white marble, on an immense platform of the same material, having a lofty minaret of light and exquisite form at each corner. All around this imperial tomb are suites of superb apartments, also of white marble, richly decorated with precious stones. The two sepulchres, which are situated in the heart of the sanctuary, are inlaid with wreaths of flowers and foliage

in the natural colours, entirely composed of carnelians, lapis-lazuli, onyx, verd-antique, and every variety of agates, so beautifully finished, as to present the appearance of an ivory model enriched with jewels. This mausoleum cost ninety-eight lacs of native money, or L.980,000 sterling.

The Burmese practise the rites of cremation, and attach great importance to the ceremonies of their funerals. When a man of rank dies, his body is enclosed in a varnished coffin, and the *talapoins*, or priests, sing solemn hymns over it. After a grand procession, the body is laid upon a pyre of precious woods, erected near some temple; and the spectacle is frequently heightened in magnificence by the introduction of theatrical performances. After the pyre has been lighted, it is suffered to burn till a considerable part is consumed, when the body is rescued from the flames, and the remaining portion is interred in the neighbouring cemetery. The reason assigned by the talapoins for not reducing the corpse entirely to ashes is, that they suppose the deceased to be more happy when part of his remains escape the destructive properties of the fire. The tombs are in the form of lofty pyramids, and those of their kings are very magnificent. It was formerly the custom to bury treasures with the dead, but on discovery that the penalties of sacrilege were insufficient to control the daring robberies which were committed on the graves, that practice was discontinued, and instead of treasure, offerings of trifling value are now interred—images, painted papers, &c. Food is also buried by the side of the corpse, that, if hungry, it may be satisfied; for they are persuaded that, after death, they proceed to another world, where they will stand in need of all things that were necessary to them in this.

The Tonquinese—a people inhabiting a large and fertile country on the south-west of China, and whose king is a tributary of the Celestial Empire—resemble the Chinese in their language and customs, having originally descended from that people. Their funeral ceremonies also resemble those of the Chinese with respect to the procession and mourning, but here the similarity ceases. The Tonquinese burn the bodies, and deposit the ashes in cinerary urns. Over the tombs of the rich, a wooden tower is erected, from twenty to twenty-five feet in height. The priest then ascends to the top, and utters a funeral oration in praise of the deceased, and when this is spoken, descends, and sets fire to the structure. The people who assemble to behold this imposing sight, are then regaled with a banquet provided for the occasion. On the death of the Tonquinese *bua*, or king, his corpse lies in state for a period of sixty-five days, during which time the royal tables are every day laid out with the same state as if he were yet living, and the feasts are every evening distributed among the poor people and the priests. At the end of the lying in state, a splendid procession sets out with the body to the burying-place of his ancestors; and though the journey is so

trifling as to be accomplished with ease in a couple of days, it usually occupies, on this occasion, seventeen days of travelling. The great officers of the crown are compelled by law to mourn for three years, the nobility for six months, and the common people for three. No public amusements can take place for three years after the funeral.

The funeral ceremonies of Turkey are particularly solemn and well ordered. The body is carried by the nearest relations of the deceased, chanting passages from the Koran, and by them deposited in a mosque. From thence it is again carried to the cemetery, and buried by the *imaum*, or priest, who pronounces over it a funeral-sermon. A handsome monument is shortly afterwards erected to mark the spot, and the relatives of the dead return on certain days to renew their signs of grief at the tomb. The men testify their regret by offering alms and prayers; and the women, by decking the monument with flowers and green leaves, and by watering the earth all around it. The burying-grounds round Constantinople are very spacious and beautiful. The monuments are of stone, and some of marble, and very costly. They generally consist of a flat stone, shaped like a coffin, with a pillar at the head, and a smaller one at the feet. The head pillar is ornamented with a turban, carved in stone, if the deceased was a man; and the different shapes of the turbans denote the rank or profession of the occupant. A brief inscription in gold characters sets forth his age and name. The tombs of the married women are decorated with a plain pillar, those of the unmarried have a rose carved upon the top. The sepulchres of noble families are enclosed with railings, and planted round with trees; and those of the sultan and his great officers have lamps constantly burning in them. The origin of this custom may be traced to a period of very remote antiquity. It has been suggested by Mr J. A. St John, that 'in consequence of the sepulchral monuments of antiquity having been erected as so many dwelling-places for the manes, which, in their dreary solitude, might sometimes stand in need of light, it was customary in many countries to keep a lamp constantly burning in tombs.'

When a native of Guinea expires, his wives and relations commence howling hideously, and proceed to shave their heads, and smear a chalky substance over their bodies, as outward tokens of their despair. They then equip themselves in their oldest garments, and traverse the streets of their native town or village, crying aloud the name of the deceased. The body is then dressed in its best attire, with its most valuable coral ornaments, scimitar, and other articles of personal adornment, and laid in a coffin, with its fetiches beside it. These fetiches are the idols which this nation worships; they are generally nothing more than large wooden pipes, filled with earth, oil, blood, bones of men and beasts, feathers, hair, &c., and are supposed to possess great sanctity and virtue. These idols the African is supposed to

require in the after-life, and when his body is interred in the earth, they are buried with him. The attendants who conduct the funeral and bear the coffin to the grave, return, after the ceremony is finished, to the house of the deceased, where they are entertained for several days by the survivors.

The Congoese maintain the practice of cremation. On the death of a native grandee, the body is placed in an amphitheatre appropriated for the purpose, which is elevated six or seven feet from the ground. The corpse is then made to assume a sitting posture, with the hands resting on the knees, and is robed in its richest garments. Fires are kindled all round the body, at a sufficient distance to preserve it from ignition; and as fast as the clothes absorb the moisture, they renew them, till the body is completely dried. It is then buried with great pomp.

The death of a Hottentot is accompanied by a dismal shrieking, yelling, and clapping of hands, in which demonstrations all his friends and neighbours concur: this uproar is kept up with undiminished energy for four or six hours, at the end of which time all the inhabitants of the *kraal*, or native village, assemble in front of the hut of the deceased. The men then form themselves into one circle, and the women into another, clapping their hands and shouting 'Bo, bo, bo!' which is 'Father, father, father!' They proceed then to remove the body for burial, and to this end, instead of bringing it out in the easiest manner, through the door, they unroof the hut, and draw the corpse up through the entrance thus effected. The deceased is then taken to some cave or cleft in a neighbouring rock, and there left; but they are careful to close up the entrance with stones and rubbish, that the body may escape being devoured by wild beasts.

For a description of a funeral in Otaheite we cannot do better than detail one as it was witnessed by Captain Cook and some of his officers and men. They found the dead body lying in a canoe, which was placed on the beach in front of the *morai*, or temple. Four native priests were in attendance; also the king, several chieftains, and a crowd of men and boys. As Captain Cook approached the temple, himself and followers were requested to remove their hats. One of the priest's attendants then brought a young plantain-tree, and laid it at the feet of the king, while another approached bearing a tuft of feathers. A long prayer was addressed by one of the priests to the native deities, and at its conclusion, the priests and attendants went over to the canoe on the beach, and sat down beside the dead body, which was taken out of the boat, and laid upon the ground. Some of the hair was plucked from the head of the corpse, and the left eye was taken out. It was then carried and laid under a tree, near which were placed three carvings in wood. Here the priests again commenced their prayers for the dead, and expostulated with him for having left them. The body was then conveyed to the principal part of the temple, the drums beating slowly all the time; and,

while the priests continued offering their prayers and supplications, the assistants dug a grave about two feet in depth, into which they threw the corpse, and covered it in with stones and earth. A dog was now sacrificed, and afterwards a pig; the priests carefully examining the entrails of the victims, as if expecting to derive some prophetic indications from the study. On the following day, these ceremonies were repeated. More pigs were butchered in honour of the dead and of the gods; more prayers were offered up, and the funeral was at length concluded.

The American Indians practise several different modes of burial, and some tribes have been known to burn the bodies of their dead warriors. We will describe one or two of these varieties.

When a warrior of some of the tribes expires, he is lamented by all his associates, who testify by every means in their power the most affectionate sorrow for his loss. No business, however important, is transacted till the pious ceremonies for the dead are performed. The body is first washed, anointed, and painted, as if for battle, with red and yellow ochre. The squaws then utter the most mournful cries, and sing songs, descriptive of the bravery and swiftness of the deceased, the number of scalps he had taken, and the constancy with which he had endured every privation. The men, his former companions, mourn in silence around the corpse. The whole village then assembles to witness the interment, and the deceased is dressed in his handsomest ornaments. The grave is prepared, and the Indian laid in it. Close beside him are placed his bows and arrows, his tomahawk and pipe, and all the things that he valued most in life, as well as a quantity of provisions to supply his bodily necessities during the journey he is supposed to make from this world to the next. The funeral solemnities are accompanied with feastings. After the inhumation of the dead is finished, the surviving relations remain in their wigwams for several days to indulge their grief. When a few weeks are past, however, they revisit and open the grave, for the purpose of clothing the remains of the body in clean garments, when they repeat all the previous solemnities. But the most frightful of their ceremonies is that called the Feast of the Dead. The day for this banquet is fixed by a council of chiefs, who provide everything which may contribute to its magnificence, and invite the neighbouring tribes to partake of their hospitality. At this entertainment, all who have died since the last feast of the kind are disinterred, and even such as have been buried at a distance are sought for, and brought out of their graves to this rendezvous of death, which presents a scene of horror too appalling for the pen to describe. When the banquet is concluded, the bodies are dressed in fine skins, and, after being for some time exhibited in this horrible pomp, are again restored to earth with much ceremony, and honoured by the celebration of funeral games.

Others dig a large round hole, in which the body is placed in an

erect position. The grave is then roofed in with planks, to support the earth with which it is covered. They inter with it some native money, which is called *wampum*, and is made of white and purple beads strung upon leather; also the war-weapons of the deceased and other necessaries. The relations are careful not to let grass grow upon the grave, and constantly visit it, with renewed lamentations.

Some western tribes burn the bodies of their dead. An anecdote of one of these scenes is related by an officer who was present on the occasion; he says, that a boy of a western village having died, his parents made a pyre of split wood, laid the body solemnly upon it, and deliberately set fire to it. While the pile was burning, they stood gravely regarding it without any outward evidences of sorrow; but when all was consumed, they gathered the bones together with many tears, put them into a box, and carried them away.

Some tribes inter the dead in a sitting posture, and cover them with a pile of earth and stones in the form of a tumulus or barrow. Some hang their dead in trees, like the ancient nation of Colchians.

The tribes of Oonalaska and Nootka Sound inter their dead on the tops of hills, and place a little tumulus over the grave. Every passer-by throws a stone on the heap, which soon becomes of a large size, and accounts for the existence of many of these barrows in America, which have an appearance of great antiquity, and have afforded much matter for speculation to the learned.

The death of a Circassian is attended with the most solemn sacrifices of their church, which is a corruption of Christianity. The people and priests assemble in the field of burial, and there make an offering of a goat, in the following manner:—They first kill, and then flay it, and stretch the skin on a wooden cross, with the head and horns attached to it. This cross is fixed in a hedge to preserve it from the cattle, and close beneath it a fire is kindled, over which a caldron is hung, and the flesh of the goat boiled in it. As soon as it is sufficiently cooked, they eat it; and when the feast is over, the women withdraw, and the men prostrate themselves before the skin on the cross, and repeat their prayers to it. The ceremony then concludes with smoking and drinking, and frequently with a quarrel. When a Circassian wife loses her husband, she is obliged, according to their fashion, to scratch her face and bosom till they bleed, in proof of her excessive affliction. This is a great tax upon the moral courage of the ladies, who are in this country particularly beautiful. The Circassian widower must also disfigure himself, by striking his face with a whip till it produces black spots on the skin, which spots he exhibits with pride for a considerable time after, as the testimony of his grief.

The funeral of a Georgian occasions great expense to his family, in consequence of the extreme rapacity of the clergy, who claim

receive enormous fees from the dead as well as from the living; and may be said to overact their pastoral character by a too frequent fleecing of their flock. The Georgian priest or bishop demands the extravagant sum of 100 crowns for performing the last rites, and insists upon full payment, even though it ruin the wife and children of the deceased to comply with his terms. When this fee is received, and not before, the bishop deposits a letter on the breast of the corpse, which is addressed to St Peter in the most friendly manner, requesting that apostle to admit the soul of his departed protégé through the gates of heaven; and assigning, as his title to that privilege, the generosity of his survivors in paying the 100 crowns aforesaid.

The Mingrelians, their neighbours, are even worse off in respect of their religious servitude, for their priests have still less conscience than those of the Georgians, and a still greater capacity for plunder. On the death of a relation, the Mingrelians give way to violent expressions of grief, which, on the day of interment, they contrive to drown in excessive intoxication. The principal source of their affliction is, however, the exorbitant tribute they are compelled to pay to the bishop, in surrendering to him all the personal property of the deceased, whether horses, arms, clothes, furniture, or money. The same fate awaits the reverend gentleman himself when he dies; for, by a beautiful system of retributive plunder, the Mingrelian prince, in his turn, pounces on his ill-gained wealth the moment he breathes his last. The Mingrelian clergy, however, during their lifetime, have the best of the matter, as it is in their power not only to oppress and tax the wretched people, but even to sell their wives and children for slaves, to commute the worst crimes for bribery, and to receive large sums for predicting the future.

The Tatar tribes practise both cremation and burial. The Mongol Tatars burn the bodies of their princes and chief-priests with much solemnity, sometimes walling their tombs round, and ornamenting them with high poles and draperies. The Kundure hordes do the same, and afterwards inter the ashes beneath large monuments. The Manchous and Ingrians bury their dead twice over. First they place the body in a shallow grave, leaving an aperture at the head by which the face of the deceased is left exposed; the relations then visit the tomb daily, and bring with them provisions and drink for his use; the former of which they convey to his mouth with a spoon, and the latter is left by them in small tin drinking-vessels, standing around the margin of the grave. At the end of some weeks, this disgusting ceremony is given over; a fresh, deep grave is excavated, and the body buried peacefully in the earth. The lower classes of the Tatars are interred with less ceremony, and their graves indicated by little tumuli of earth and stones. When a military chieftain of importance is buried, all his arms, his favourite horse, and even his servants are buried in the same grave; but this custom prevails only among the Calmuck

tribes. This last ceremony appears to date from a very remote period of the Tatar history, since, in a number of ancient sepulchral mounds which are scattered over a large plain near Tomsk, there have been discovered among the ashes of the dead not only treasures of gold, silver, brass, and precious stones, but the bones and trappings of horses, hilts of swords, bridles, armour, and elephant trappings. From the number of graves, and the yet unexhausted valuables which they contain, it appears that many thousands of the antique Tatar race must have there fallen and been buried. The Tatars have a legend that Tamerlane had many engagements in this part of the country with their Calmuck forefathers, whom he in vain endeavoured to subdue; but be this as it may, the vast number of graves are only to be accounted for in some such manner. Some castings of exquisite design have also been reclaimed from them; armed warriors on horseback, full of spirit and freedom, in brass and silver, are the most striking among these; and some figures of deer cast in pure gold, and of very delicate workmanship, have also been disinterred. On one occasion, when an arched vault was uncovered and opened by some Siberian travellers, the form of an armed man was seen lying upon a silver table, with his lance and bow in his hands, his sword by his side, and his shield at his feet. His countenance and attitude expressed the profoundest repose; he seemed to have lain down to rest while keeping guard in the tomb, and to be then only sleeping. As soon as they touched the body, it shrunk, and crumbled into dust. The value of the table and arms was very considerable. If the Calmucks ever surprise these plunderers of the tombs, they interrupt and punish them, and take from them all their booty; for they have a great respect for these vestiges of their former puissance, and abhor disturbing the ashes of the dead. The Jakuthians formerly burned their dead, or hung them on the trees; it is now, however, the custom of this tribe to bury them in the earth. The Theleuti practise burning and burying indiscriminately. The Tshulimzians are terribly afraid of the dead, but imagine that the dead are equally afraid of fire; they therefore kindle a large fire close to the body, and every person present leaps through it, to be free from the deceased, as beyond that boundary they think he dares not follow them. The theological knowledge of the Tshulimzians is exceedingly limited; being exhibited principally in the observances of baptisms, marriages, and fasts; in going to church, in making the sign of the cross, and in eating dead horses and offering up the skins to the devil. Not so the Wogulians, who absolutely deny the existence of the Evil Power, who believe in a great creating and preserving Power, and confidently anticipate a resurrection and a heaven. The Wogulians bury their dead without any ceremonies except sacrifices of animals and feasting. The rest of the Tatar tribes conform to one or other of the funeral ceremonies just related. 195

In Kamtschatka there is a striking distinction between the treat-

ment of the poor and the rich after that visitation which should level all differences of rank and possessions; and yet, we think there are few Europeans who would not, in this remote continent, prefer the ignominious lot of the inferior Kamtschatkan. The latter is dressed in his best clothes, or else enveloped in matting; and a grave is then dug for him on the sea-shore, in which he is laid by his wife and children, and covered with earth and snow. The wealthy man is, however, laid with his clothes and arms in a small boat made of the wood which is drifted by the sea upon their shores; this boat is then hung upon a sort of scaffolding made of poles, and so left to decay in the open air.

The Russians are highly superstitious about the dead. After the corpse has been washed and dressed as it was in life, a priest is sent for, who prays for the soul of the departed, purifies the room with incense, and sprinkles holy-water upon the corpse while it remains unburied. On the day the funeral takes place, the body is accompanied to the grave with many outward testimonies of grief by the relations; the priest then produces a paper, drawn up and signed by the bishop and another clergyman, which purports to be the passport that will admit the deceased to heaven. The precious document is placed between the fingers of the corpse, and the sorrowing friends having seen the earth closed over him, return to the house of the departed, where they indulge in affliction and brandy for forty days; till, under those combined influences, they are almost in a condition, at the end of that time, to send for the priest and passport on their own account. During the forty days, the clergyman says prayers every morning over the grave; for though the Russian has no belief in a purgatory, he thinks that these attentions may prove an assistance to his friend on the long and fatiguing journey from this world to the next.

The Laplander is the most superstitious of Europeans. He professes Christianity; tells all his secrets to, and places the utmost confidence in his black cat; practises augury and divination; and keeps a magic drum in his house, for the purpose of consulting with the devil. When he is dying, he is exhorted by his friends to die in the faith of Christ, and to bear his sufferings with resignation: but they take care, however, to be out of the way when his last moment arrives; and if this event happens so suddenly as to take them by surprise, they quit the place as speedily as possible, believing that his ghost remains in the body for the purpose of tormenting and playing tricks with his survivors. The deceased is then wrapt in woollen or linen coverings, and laid in the coffin by some person selected for that service; but no one can be found who will undertake the office, unless he is first protected against the ill-will of the manes by a consecrated brass ring, attached to his left arm. Christianity has not yet abolished all the funereal superstitions of the Laplander, but, before his conversion, they were singularly ludicrous. In the coffin of a man they used to place an axe, a tinder-box, a flask

of brandy, some dried fish, and some venison. With a woman, they likewise interred her scissors and needles. All these things were supposed to be useful to the Laplander after death. With the axe, he was believed to clear away the bushes and brambles that might obstruct his path to the next world; with the tinder-box and its appurtenances, he might strike a light, should he find himself in darkness on the day of judgment; upon the provision, he was to subsist during the journey. Certainly nothing could be more considerate. For three years after the burial of a relation, they were accustomed, from time to time, to dig holes by the side of the grave, and place within them such things as were agreeable to the inmate during life, such as tobacco, brandy, and reindeer tongue. They believe that, after death, their souls will enter upon a paradise abundant in all these luxuries; that the reindeer, their zealous servant, will there partake their felicity—

> And think, admitted to that equal sky,
> Their faithful dog will bear them company.

In Italy, the dead are carried to the place of interment dressed in their best attire, and uncovered to the light of day. The rich expend enormous sums on their funeral processions, and with them it is a point of pride to decorate the body of the deceased with the utmost magnificence. When, however, the service has been read, and the ceremony in the cathedral been solemnly performed, the body is carried once more home, stripped of its gorgeous jewels and robes, and then buried privately. Not so the poor and the diseased; for the manner of their burial we will extract the following description from the pages of J. Fenimore Cooper, in his amusing *Excursions in Italy*:—'A large proportion of the people of Naples die in the hospitals; and even of those who do not, perhaps half are unable to leave means for their interment. A place has, accordingly, been provided for those who are interred at the public expense.

'The Campo Santo is at a short distance from the city, enclosed by high walls. There is a chapel near the entrance, with a few rooms for the uses of the officials. As I understand the arrangement, the earth was removed from the entire area, when the cavity was walled up into 365 separate vaults. As there is, however, so much of that soft material in this vicinity, I am not certain that the desired number of vaults have been cut in the tufa, the effect being the same in the two cases. Each vault has a large hole in the centre, that is covered by a stone, fitting closely. This stone has a ring in the centre; and a movable lever, with its fulcrum, and all on wheels, is in readiness to remove it. Each night the lever is applied to a new ring, and a stone is removed. At an appointed hour the dead arrive in covered carts. Our guide affirmed that, after the religious service, they were then *dumped*, to use a New York term, from the cart into the hole; and judging by what I witnessed, I think this probable. The bodies are next

sprinkled with quicklime, and the stone is replaced and closed with cement. At the end of the year, little is found besides bones, which are removed to a bone-house, or vault, kept for that purpose. The hole, however, is not closed for twenty-four hours, the fees paid by the curious being an inducement to keep it in readiness to be opened during that time.

'When W—— and I presented ourselves, we were received by a cadaverous-looking priest and sexton, on whose appearance this constant communication with the remains of mortality had produced anything but an aspect of devotion. Our wishes being known, after examining the place generally, we were desired to look into an open vault. It was quite empty, and indeed clean. The lever was then applied to the ring of the covering of the vault last filled, and a more revolting and hideous spectacle has seldom been witnessed than the one we saw. Seventeen dead bodies were lying naked beneath the hole, in a way that I can only compare to the manner in which Jack Straws fall! If they had not actually been dropped from the cart, no care had been taken even to lay them side by side; but they were placed just as chance had ordered it. A few rags served as apologies to decency; but whether they were actually brought from the hospitals in this state, I cannot tell you: the guide affirmed that they were; but one cannot confide in the information of guides.'

The funeral customs of Spain resemble those of Italy in most respects. The dead are carried to the grave with their faces uncovered, and preceded by a long line of priests singing the death-chant, and bearing lighted tapers in their hands; and the coffin is followed by a train of mourners and people. The Spanish nobles are dressed in their robes of ceremony, and buried in them; but the plebeians are buried in the costumes of friars and nuns. Young unmarried girls are carried to their graves with chaplets of flowers on their heads, and bouquets in their hands. After the corpse is interred, the priests sprinkle holy-water on the tomb—every drop of which, they protest, will extinguish a part of the purgatorial fire through which every member of their church is condemned to pass. Masses without end must be offered up on the death of any person; and notwithstanding the frequent poverty of the survivors, this expense must be incurred, even though it ruin them altogether. The repose of the living is thus frequently sacrificed to the repose of the dead. The soul of a Spaniard is, by law, liable for the claims of his creditors after death. Their priests appear to have the most accurate information of all the affairs of the other world: indeed, one might suspect them of having, like the leading journals of the present day, 'our own correspondent' in purgatory, for papers may frequently be seen attached to the doors of the churches, bearing this important announcement: '*To-day, a soul is delivered.*'

The funeral ceremonies of modern Greece resemble those of Italy and Spain in the leading features of the solemnity. As soon

as a death occurs, the nearest female relatives of the deceased wee and cry unceasingly, and, indeed, refuse both rest and sleep unti they can exist no longer without them. The procession is accom panied by priests and friars of the Greek Church, and by th friends of the departed, who utter long and dismal cries, and wea their hair dishevelled and hanging upon their shoulders. If th body be that of a young girl, it is dressed in white, and the hea is crowned with flowers. The women cast roses, and scatte scented waters on the bier as it is carried through the street The interment is succeeded by the funeral-feast, which is pro vided by the nearest relation of the deceased; and with thi entertainment the burial ceremonies are terminated.

CHRISTINA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

SCARCELY had the roar of the cannon ceased after the great day of Leipsic, or the shouts of victory died away which had everywhere throughout Germany greeted the triumphal procession of the great hero of the Thirty Years' War, when there reached Stockholm, borne as it were on the wings of the wind, the news of another glorious victory at Lützen, filling up the measure of the national joy and exultation. The people shouted on, regardless of certain muffled sounds of wo which kept slowly approaching ever nearer and nearer, till at length every voice was still, and every ear could hear that the great Gustavus Adolphus—the Lion of the North—the mightiest of all the champions of the Protestant cause—the victor of many a hard-fought field, had met at Lützen a hero's death. So sudden was the revulsion, so deep the general depression, that it seemed

for a time as if Sweden herself was about to pass away with her great monarch. She was hurled at once from the very summit of her greatness. In the person of Gustavus, she had been the leader of a great work, which was still far from its completion. The Protestants, never famous for unanimity, and displaying in this war fully the usual amount of petty jealousy and mistrust, had been kept together by him who could both think and do, who united strength of will and strength of arm; and wherever they might now turn for a leader, it could not be to Sweden, who must henceforth, as the nation then feared, be of small account in the Protestant League, the total rupture of which seemed not improbable.

The war had now lasted for twenty-three years; the resources of Sweden were miserably exhausted; in many parts of the kingdom, loud discontents prevailed, rendering new exactions dangerous; the heir to the throne was a child, a girl of six years; the widowed queen, Maria Eleonora of Brandenburg, was a beauty with a weak mind; on one side Denmark, spurred by former jealousies, looked threateningly on; the king of Poland, on the other, like another Sigismund, was on the eve of reviving the slumbering claim to the ancient inheritance of his house; while in Sweden itself a considerable party clamoured for a republic. In this crisis, the promptitude and energy of the men to whom Gustavus had confided the government on his departure—the famous Chancellor Oxenstiern being the chief—saved the kingdom. They hastened to acknowledge and do homage to his daughter, and to proclaim her everywhere as queen.

Christina, queen of Sweden, so celebrated for her talents and eccentricities, was born at Stockholm on the 18th of December 1626. Two children had already been carried to the grave, and when the hopes of the parents were a third time revived, they were flattered and fretted with all manner of prognostications. The child was to be a prince—that was certain, the astrologers declared, by every sign, including mysterious dreams that had visited the parents. His birth, however, was to be fatal either to the king, the queen, or himself; but if he outlived the first twenty-four hours, he would rise to great celebrity; for at the birth, as at that of Gustavus, appeared the rare combination of the Sun, Venus, Mercury, and Mars. When the moment arrived, and the child was ushered into the world, its head covered with hair as with a helmet, and having a strong and harsh voice, the general hope was thought fulfilled, and the news flew even to Gustavus that a prince was born. When his sister, trembling to undeceive him, approached with the infant, he mildly said: 'I am content, dear sister, and pray God may preserve her to me;' ordered *Te Deum* to be sung, and all the usual rejoicings as for a prince, and also smilingly remarked: 'She will be clever, for she has tricked us all.' Thus was every prophecy falsified.

According to Christina's own account, her life and health in her

infancy were exposed to continual danger by wicked attempts ascribed to the agency of the king of Poland—such as a large beam falling close to her cradle, intended to crush the small occupant; but for verification of all these injuries she had nothing to shew but a rather high shoulder, which she contrived to conceal by skilful dress and gait. These attempts, of which she could know nothing, and which would have frightened no one less than herself, are chiefly the usual stories of idle gossipping attendants. Constant war demanded the presence of Gustavus, but during the short intervals spent at home, he shewed a tender interest in his daughter. On her recovery from an apparently hopeless illness at the age of two, he ordered public thanksgivings in all the churches. When in 1630 he departed, never to return, he arranged, as if prophetically, all his affairs, seemed sunk in thought, and took so tender a leave of his daughter, that she who scarcely ever shed tears, is said to have wept for three days; while, on the contrary, the news of his death affected her little—natural enough, and shewing the usual feeling of children towards the present and the absent. Two letters of Christina have been preserved, written to her absent father, one of which runs thus: 'Most gracious and well-beloved father, because I have not the happiness of being with your majesty, I send you my humble counterfeit. I beg your majesty will with it think of me, and soon come again to me: send me, meanwhile, something pretty. I will always be pious, and diligently learn to pray. Praise God, I am healthy. God give us always good tidings of your majesty, and I will always remain your majesty's obedient daughter, CHRISTINA.' The other is nearly in the same words, both shewing that Gustavus had made religion an important element in his daughter's education. Of the brilliant deeds which shed a halo over her infant days, Christina says exultingly: 'I was born among palms and laurels; I slept under cover of their shadows; my first slumber was nourished by trophies; victory and fortune seemed to sport with me.' By the fatal victory of Lützen, the palm and the laurel were exchanged for a darker shadow; the child-queen must sleep under the cypress, and wake to the weight of a diadem.

Early in 1633—about two months after the death of Gustavus—the States were assembled, and when the proposal was made to acknowledge his daughter as their queen, a country deputy demanded: 'Who is she? We have never seen her;' upon which Christina being led into the assembly, the same deputy exclaimed: 'It is she! The very nose, and eyes, and brow of Gustavus Adolphus! She shall be our queen!' Murmurs were turned into applauses; she was seated on the throne, and comported herself, it is alleged, with all the dignity of a queen. A regency of five was agreed on, the president being Chancellor Oxenstiern, the celebrated minister; two others of his name and family were also included in the regency. By the testament of Gustavus, the queen-mother was excluded from all share in her daughter's

education, which was to be thoroughly masculine; and he confided her to the care of his sister Catherine, the wife of the Prince Palatine, which created much jealousy, as it was feared they might attempt to marry the queen to their son. The queen-mother, who had been with her husband at the seat of war, returned with his body to Sweden; and when Christina, at the head of her court, went forth in great pomp to meet the mournful procession, her features the precise image of her father's, her mother caught her in her arms, bedewed her with tears, half smothered her with embraces, and kept her with her in entire seclusion for two years, during which she never quitted the body of her husband. At the end of that period it was interred, though her desire was never to part with it during her life. Her chamber had been hung with black, and even the windows darkened; day and night, wax-torches shed their mourning light: she lived as in a grave, and seemed a very priestess of death. Her husband's heart, incased in a jewelled casket, was suspended to her bed; every day she wept over it; and afterwards, to perpetuate her sorrow, instituted the order of the 'Golden Heart,' the decoration of which was a heart-shaped medal. Although her husband had, with good reason, shewn no confidence in her judgment, he had loved her with an extreme tenderness. The melancholy uniformity of this life in nowise either dulled or chilled the buoyant mind of Christina, who says herself, that her impatience of it caused her to spend much of her time in study, which she might otherwise have frittered away. From her eighth to her tenth year, she studied six hours in the morning and six in the evening, excepting on Saturday and Sunday—an amount of application neither natural nor wholesome, and greatly to be attributed to its being her recreation. Like all weak people, the queen-mother had strong prejudices, and one was, that she would not permit her daughter to drink water; and Christina recounts, that having a strong repugnance to beer and wine, she often suffered from excessive thirst; and having been detected one day stealing the rose-water from her mother's toilet, she was severely punished, but became a water-drinker for life. With an early dislike to everything unmeaning and absurd, she abhorred, as a relic of barbarism, the fools and dwarfs that swarmed around the queen-mother. Everything with Christina must have or subserve a purpose. Even as a child, nothing alarmed or surprised her. When only two years old, Gustavus having her with him in one of his journeys, on entering the fortress of Calmar, the governor hesitated to fire the salute, lest the noise should terrify the child. Gustavus exclaimed: 'Fire! She is a soldier's daughter, and must learn to bear it!' Far from being startled, she laughed and clapped her hands, which so pleased her father, that he thereupon conceived the unfortunate idea, little foreseeing the effect, of giving her so masculine an education, that she forgot her sex, and was even heard to regret that she had never headed an army, or seen blood flow in mortal

strife. In her extreme youth, she liked to play the queen. When only seven, she was called on to receive the Muscovite ambassadors, but was warned by her ministers not to be afraid or laugh at their uncouth appearance and long beards. 'Why should I be afraid?' said she; 'what have I to do with their beards? Have you not also long beards? and yet I am not afraid of you!' At the audience, she comported herself with so much queenly propriety as to excite the admiring astonishment of the strange visitants.

It was only from compassion for the poor widowed queen that Christina had been so long permitted to remain under her care. At nine, she was placed, according to the instructions left by Gustavus, under that of his sister Catherine, of Axel Bauer—described as a courtier—and of John Mathias, a man both of parts and virtues, whom Christina never ceased to regard with respect and affection, though she severely tried his equanimity, as well as that of all who approached her, so great were her impatience, arrogance, and obstinacy. Before she attained the age of fourteen, she had thrown off all control, and resented the slightest opposition to her many caprices; and had not her taste led her to much and constant study, which her rare quickness rendered easy, she might have grown up as ignorant as she was arrogant. So unwearied was she in her studies, that she fatigued all her instructors. She says herself: 'The men and women who taught and waited on me, I fatigued furiously; they were quite in despair; I gave them rest neither night nor day; and when my women wished to persuade me against such a manner of life, I ridiculed them, and said: "If you are sleepy, go to rest; I can do without you."' She was an excellent classical scholar; at fourteen, she could read Thucydides in the original, and was a great admirer of the ancient heroes and poets, especially of Homer and Alexander the Great. Besides lessons in the classics, history, and philosophy, she acquired as an amusement, and without any assistance, German, Italian, Spanish, and French. She was also learned in mathematics and in astronomy; Mathias, a great theologian and pious man, constantly instructed her in religion, teaching her from Luther's Catechism, and laying before her a collection of moral maxims from the best writers. Of feminine accomplishments, dancing was the only one she applied to. In her autobiography—*La Vie de la Reine Christine, faite par elle-même, et dediée à Dieu*, a curious fragment of a few pages, written in French, with characteristic force, but no elegance—from which we have already quoted, she says: 'I had early an antipathy to all that women do and say.' Surrounded almost entirely by men, she neglected the graces and virtues of her sex. She was insensible to cold and heat; took long walks with long strides; rode and hunted, managed a horse and used a gun to admiration. She says: 'Although I loved the chase, I was not cruel, and never killed an animal without a true feeling

of compassion.' She was quick to discern and despise the flattery always offered even to infant monarchs. She says: 'Men flatter princes even in their cradles, and fear their memory as well as their power; they handle them timidly, as they do young lions, who can only scratch now, but may hereafter tear and devour.' An excellent code of instructions was drawn up by the regency, for the guidance of those who had the more direct management of the queen. She was to understand that the duties of prince and subject were reciprocal; she was to love and esteem her people, and be affable in her deportment towards them; while instructed in the laws and customs of other lands, she was to prefer and reverence those of Sweden; a certain number of young ladies of rank were to be educated with her; she was to be denied not only pernicious books, but all trifling and merely amusing works; to be brought up strictly in the Lutheran faith, and in early study of the Scriptures, as the basis of all knowledge and virtue. Nothing more easy than to draw up a plan; but even had Catherine and Mathias been endowed with a rare mixture of saintly patience and Spartan firmness, what could they effect with a pupil who at fourteen harangued her senate and dictated to her ministers? About this time died the Princess Catherine, on which Christina wrote a letter of sympathy to the Prince Palatine, and said 'she hoped not with words only, but in deeds, to repay to the children all the love and fealty shewn to her by their mother.' There were nominal successors to this lady, who might possibly, had she lived, attained an influence over Christina, which it is certain no one else ever did. The queen-mother, seeing that any ascendancy for her was more hopeless than ever, and highly offended, fled secretly to Denmark, to the great alarm of Christina and the regency, the two countries being more sundered than before in political relations. She had never liked Sweden or the Swedes, and now was heard to declare that she 'would rather live on bread and water in strange lands, than feast on royal fare in Sweden.'

At sixteen, Christina began to preside in the senate; gave her opinion with promptitude and propriety; and seemed from this time to inspire a hope that experience would cool down her strange effervescences, and issue in a long and auspicious reign. During her minority, by the vigour and sagacity of Oxenstiern, the war was carried on with high credit, if not always with success, Sweden giving such generals as Torstenson and Wrangel to command the allied armies against the famous Wallenstein, Piccolomini, and Tilly. The Emperor Ferdinand would fain have made peace, on condition that Christina would give her hand to his son, believing to flatter her with the prospect of becoming empress of Germany; but to this and all other proposals of marriage, so much desired by her senate, and which now thickened upon her, she either turned a deaf ear or made them subjects of amusement. Gustavus had destined as her husband the young

elector of Brandenburg; Oxenstiern, it was said, was ambitious enough to wish to marry her to his favourite son; two sons of the king of Denmark, Don John of Austria, Philip IV. of Spain, Ladislaus, king of Poland, and John Casimir, his successor, all entered the lists; but to canvass their pretensions and jealousies were idle—to all she had the same answer: she would remain independent both as a woman and a queen.

At eighteen, she was declared of age, according to the laws of Sweden, and was the only considerable sovereign in Europe who then maintained the royal dignity in person. The Emperor had become imbecile; Spain was governed by Olivarez in the name of Philip; Louis XIV. was still a minor; and Cromwell was king of England, but without the name. All eyes were fixed on Christina with wondering interest, which ripened into admiration when the wise and vigorous acts of her opening reign became known. She made salutary and profitable regulations as to commerce, taxes, and the coinage; she brought skilful shipwrights from Holland, and greatly added to her fleet; she richly endowed the university of Abo in Finland, which she had founded in her minority, and established a library, which, in a few years, amounted to 10,000 volumes; she added to the revenues and privileges of the university of Upsal, and founded at Stockholm an academy of literature.

Only a few generations had passed away since, by the prowess of Gustavus Vasa, Sweden, then an obscure corner of Europe, had been delivered from the usurpation of the Danes. The great Gustavus, by his military exploits and general political influence, had raised it to a high degree of glory and importance, which, in the minority of Christina, even when the prestige of a hero's name was gone, had been honourably maintained. Such was the inheritance to which she brought a vigorous mind, youth, health, talent, a sublime idea of her high destiny, and a salutary feeling of the tremendous responsibility it involved. True, she was proud, passionate, and capricious; but she was also frank, generous, and apparently honest in her intentions. Literature was as yet to her an amusement, not a mania. Understanding most of the modern languages, she spoke and wrote fluently in Latin, German, Italian, and French, the last being that used at court. She was her own prime minister; received and read all the dispatches, dictated, and afterwards corrected the replies. For many months she did not sleep more than three to five hours in the twenty-four; and was once, as she herself tells us, 'seized with a sickness almost unto death, through fatigue and application to business.' Foreign ministers marvelled at, and her own people admired her unwearied attention to state affairs, and the unbounded influence and resolution, before which aged and experienced statesmen bowed. She was more despotic than any Swedish monarch had been since the time of Eric XIV.; but then she was an easy, frank, generally good-humoured despot.

In person, Christina is described as under the middle size; b
well formed, except the slight deformity in her shoulder; h
features rather large in proportion to her figure; her countena
mobile and vivacious, unless when she purposely controlled i
her eyes a brilliant hazel, quick and penetrating; her n
aquiline; her mouth wide, and not agreeable in repose; h
smile, however, bright and pleasing, and her teeth fine. Of t
profuse light-brown hair, she took little care, only combing it o
a week, sometimes only once a fortnight. In dress, she w
extremely negligent, never allowing herself more than a quar
of an hour for her morning-toilet; and she wore, except on st
occasions, a suit of plain gray stuff, made short for convenience
walking and riding; a black scarf round her neck, and rarely a
ornament. She generally wore a man's fur cap, or tied her ha
with a knot of ribbon; later in life, she used a wig. She w
temperate, even abstemious in eating; cared not what she ate; d
was never heard to remark on any dish at table. Much as s
liked to play the queen, and assume a haughty expression, dism
ing with a look those who approached her, in ordinary conv
sation she was so familiar, that no one would have taken her fo
woman of rank, far less for a sovereign princess. Openly profess
contempt for her own sex, she scarcely condescended to notice, l
less converse with any of her women, with the exception of one
her maids of honour, the Countess Ebba Sparre, whom she alwa
called, 'La belle comtesse.' She was young, beautiful, amiab
and unobtrusive, but did not attempt to exercise the slighte
influence over her royal mistress, who never ceased to treat h
with respect, and even with kindness.

Christina, too clever not to appreciate the transcendent tale
of Oxenstiern—more than equal to those of Richelieu, whom
surpassed in wisdom and integrity—and too politic openly
quarrel with him, yet shewed him and his party little favour, a
was mean enough to sow dissension among her ministers, t
she might hold the reins more tightly in her own grasp. I
content with distinguishing by her favour Count Brahé, gra
justiciary of Sweden, and Count de la Gardie, her grand-chamb
lain, whom she loaded with honours, and opposing these to
Oxenstierns, she put herself at the head of what might be cal
the French party; gave much of her confidence to M. Chanut,
French minister; and finally offended them all by raising to a s

the safety of Sweden—the queen was so satisfied with the highly advantageous terms procured by Oxenstiern, that she presented him with a large estate, created him a count, and pronounced his eulogium in the senate, after the manner of the ancients. We thus see what a large measure of justice and generosity was mingled in the other qualities of a character which presented, indeed, a strange tissue of contradictions. Her name is also honourably associated with the Peace of Westphalia, concluded in 1649, after a lengthened congress, the most celebrated in modern Europe, until that of Vienna. A woman, with her fatal advice and her allowable ambition, had been the principal cause of the Thirty Years' War; a young queen of twenty-three, from her barren little kingdom in the north, now stretched forth her sceptre, and commanded peace. Another remarkable woman, the landgravine of Hesse, shared with Christina in the glory of this peace, part of which has been claimed by the French historians for Anne of Austria, who was nothing but an agent in the hands of her ministers. In this congress, Christina was represented by John Oxenstiern, son of the chancellor, and Adler Salvius; and her correspondence with them shews a rare mixture of cunning, sagacity, impatience, and resolution. Salvius acted as a sort of curb and spy on Oxenstiern, whom she suspected of sharing his father's views, that the continuance of the war was almost certain to add to the possessions as well as to the glory of Sweden. What Oxenstiern had gained by making peace before, he now more than lost by his desire for continued war. All the eminent services of the family were forgotten, they were treated with caprice and ingratitude, and the great statesman suffered the usual penalty for having served his sovereign too well. Christina loved war and glory, often expressed her desire to lead her own armies, and devotedly admired Condé, who was her great hero. It is impossible, therefore, not to admire the strong sense, which, in the face of all these predilections, induced her, a young, wilful, powerful, and unscrupulous woman, to insist on putting an end to a long and vexatious war.

From contemporary writers—Stiermann, Arckenholtz, Puffendorf, and others, including our own ambassador Whitelocke—we learn something of the internal condition of Sweden at this period. The progress in cultivation of the arts and sciences, introduced or encouraged by Gustavus, some of which were still in a state of mediæval darkness, had not extended to the daily life, manners, and habitations of the people. They were simple, moral, and upright then as they are now; for travellers in Sweden testify that overreaching and incivility are unknown, and that you may with perfect safety leave your baggage on the highway. Whitelocke recounts, that once when travelling in Sweden, a casket of gold he was carrying with him burst open, and the contents were scattered on the highway. When every one brought to him what he had gathered, the exact sum was found to be restored. The

people, however, were so ill clothed, that even the deputies appeared at the Diets in torn clothing. Among the middle and higher ranks, luxury was unknown. The houses of the most distinguished persons were unsightly, the rooms whitewashed and without decoration, the furniture tasteless and uniform; at meals a kind of canopy was placed over the table, in case the spiders' webs should fall into the food. Riding was usual, rarely were equipages used. The strangest old usages still prevailed in dress; and there is a grave and lengthened correspondence extant between the Prince Palatine and his mother, as to whether he should have an everyday suit made, or begin to make use of one of his Sunday suits. In 1644 lace was prohibited. In the time of Gustavus Adolphus, there was more luxury in food than formerly; still, it consisted chiefly of large joints of meat; rarely were cakes or pastry to be seen at the royal table; and the same dishes of meat were often served up the second day. The use of silver was almost unknown: at the marriage of Gustavus Adolphus, the company were served from tin vessels, 'because the king had none other serviceable.' His mother bargained for her own wine, and when a merchant presented his bill, would beg for delay. Festivals and family-meetings, baptisms, betrothals, and weddings, were destitute of all elegance; and such excesses prevailed in eating, and especially in drinking, that in 1644 an order was issued prohibiting such celebrations. At the marriage of Gustavus Adolphus, 177 awms of Rhine-wine were drunk, and 144 tuns of beer, besides other wines and spirits. Profane swearing was quite usual, even in high ranks, and among otherwise moral people—pervading even the most ordinary conversation; Christina herself being the most noted offender. Scuffles were of everyday occurrence, even among the court attendants, who used to throw glasses in each other's faces. The nobility were often most remarkable for a rudeness in life and manners, to which the long-continued war could not fail to contribute.

After the proclamation of peace, which was celebrated by Christina with public rejoicings, the States-general began again to press her on the subject of giving a king to Sweden, and now proposed her cousin Charles Augustus, the connection of which they had formerly been so jealous. In 1647, he had been appointed general-in-chief of the Swedish forces in Germany; he was brave and accomplished; he had been her playfellow in childhood, when she was wont in sport to call him her 'little husband;' he was the only suitor for whom she had a personal regard; she always treated him with favour and distinction, but had never uttered a word on which he could build any hope as a lover. When she was twenty-one, he ventured gently to remind her of her childish preference and promise; but she insisted that all should be forgotten that had passed between them, adding, however, that when she was twenty-five, she would declare her final resolution; and if she did not then marry him, she would not marry at all,

and would take steps to secure his succession to the crown; to which he replied with much gallantry, that on any other terms than as her husband, he would reject the offered crown. She gaily rallied him on his romantic ideas; and when he would have gone on to protest, she stopped him, and said haughtily, that if he should die before the period named, it was sufficient honour for him that he had been thought worthy to aspire to the hand of so great a queen. So saying, she dismissed him. Puffendorf gives all this from a memorandum left by Charles himself; and Mathias and Count de la Gardie were present during the interview. Charles acted throughout with the most consummate dexterity, which probably would have succeeded with any other woman; but besides that Christina, unlike our Queen Elizabeth, never condescended to contemptible and absurd coquetry, she believed, probably with good reason, that the prince's affections were more pure and direct towards the throne than to her who sat on it; for when Constable Torstenson said to her, that the prince would never marry any one unless accepted by her majesty, she remarked sarcastically: 'Yes, the crown is a pretty girl.' When Mathias ventured to hint that the constitution of the kingdom obliged her to marry, he had to suffer a great outburst of wrath. 'Who upon earth,' she exclaimed, 'shall *oblige* me to do so, if I do it not of my own freewill?' Then admitting that the good of her kingdom was a powerful motive, to which she might one day yield, but would not be bound, she added: '*Nor heaven, nor earth shall force my will!*' Mathias remarked that all Europe had for years regarded the prince as her destined husband. She replied: 'What care I? When people are tired of talking about me and my affairs, they will find some other subject of conversation.' When pressed on another occasion on the score of giving an heir to the crown, she replied: 'It is just as likely I would be the mother of a Nero as an Augustus'—a likelihood which her enemies echoed, only substituting the next degree of comparison. At length the crown, by the constitution of Sweden, not being strictly elective, but the succession subject to the approval of the States, Christina having artfully eluded all expression of her intentions, suddenly declared Charles to be crown-prince of Sweden: the act was agreed to by the Diet, and signed in March 1650, the aged Oxenstiern weeping and protesting as he signed; for either his sagacity foresaw, or there had already, it is alleged, reached him rumours of the queen's intended final step of abdication.

The same year, the coronation of Christina was celebrated with prodigious pomp, the heralds proclaiming her, according to the fashion of the country, *king* of Sweden. Crowned with laurel, and sparkling with jewels, she paraded the streets seated in a car, drawn by four white horses, after the manner described by Plutarch; her treasurer marching before and scattering medals among the people. She was received at the entrance

to the palace by the queen-mother, who had now returned to Sweden. But what most delighted the people was a triumphal car, which entered the arena during the sports, and moved along the whole length on hidden springs; also an artificial mountain, forty feet high, representing Parnassus, which glided self-impelled, before the astonished multitude, having a company of musicians seated on its summit, habited as Apollo and the Muses, filling the air with sounds of harmony. As a memorial of the event, a lofty pyramid was erected, with an inscription on it, drawing largely on the credulity of the people, informing them, in classical parlance, that it was erected by the three Amazonian queens in honour of Christina. For the last two years, Christina had devoted herself to literature and science, to the neglect of the duties of government, which will account for the nature of the displays and the flatteries of her learning, which were pronounced in almost every language, at her coronation. She was now in correspondence with most of the learned men in Europe, and attracted to her court men of science, real or pretended philosophers, whose interest and practice it was to flatter her vanity of her new acquirements, causing her court to exhibit that mixture of scholastic pedantry and elaborate trifling so well ridiculed by Molière in his *Femmes Savantes*. The celebrated Grotius had been honoured by Gustavus Adolphus, and was afterwards, in the minority of Christina, her ambassador to France. She treated him with great distinction; and when, against her entreaties, he resigned his office, owing to failing health, she presented him with 12,000 crowns; and on his death, wrote a feeling letter to his widow, purchased his valuable library and manuscripts, and presented them to the university of Upsal. Since his death, Salmasius, the antagonist of Milton—a man whose learning Johnson says 'exceeded all hope of human attainment,' which he rendered vain by failing to apply it—and Vossius, the celebrated theologian and antiquary, were chiefly distinguished by Christina, and are considered to have exercised an evil influence on her, unsettling her religious opinions, and engaging her in vain metaphysical disputes. Both being men of bad lives, their moral influence was worse than the intellectual. Descartes, too, who had often boasted that he valued his liberty more than the smiles of the most powerful monarch, was won by the flatteries of Christina to visit her capital, where he died in four months—a beacon to all vain boasters to ponder the words, 'Let him who thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.' He had stipulated to be freed from court ceremonial, but the queen required his attendance in her library every morning at five. This exertion and the coldness of the climate, threw him into a consumption. The single consolation he enjoyed—that of quietly [illegible] and looking on the beauty of the Princess Palatine of Elizabeth of Bohemia—was denied him. It resented by the queen, that the issue of his hastened. On the most unworthy of her

embroiled her court with their disputes, she lavished immense sums, in reward of their flattery, which degraded literature in the eyes of her simple rough Swedes. To gratify her whims, she would make grave and profound scholars play with her at battle-door and shuttlecock; and once made two famous Greek scholars perform a Greek dance for her amusement. What most deeply offended her people, however, was the partiality she shewed for a French physician called Bourdelot, an ignorant insolent quack, whose powers of pleasing consisted in singing little airs, and playing on the guitar, being knowing in the *cuisine* and in all sorts of perfumes. Having persuaded her that study would injure her health, she threw aside her books, and insulted the very men she had invited to her court. He ridiculed or slandered all who possessed her confidence, and was the cause of the disgrace of De la Gardie. Her mother remonstrated in vain, till at length the murmurs of her people could no longer be silenced, and she dismissed this creature, loaded with presents; but no sooner was he gone, than she ridiculed him in turn; and threw from her his first letter, saying: 'Fy, it smells of rhubarb!' and began now to call him her 'agréable ignorant.' During his influence, which lasted little more than a year, the rest of her former so-called learned favourites amused and revenged themselves by unmercifully pillaging her of great part of her curiosities and splendid library. Having little real taste, and no experience in art, she had been cheated to an incredible extent in medals, pictures, and sculptures. A story runs, that at the instigation of an antiquarian pedant, she offered 30,000 florins for a bronze medal of Otho; and she actually cut down some really valuable Italian pictures to fit the panels of one of her galleries.

For intrepidity and presence of mind, when sudden danger assailed, she was remarkable. Two instances in proof of this are recorded. Three years before her coronation, when attending divine service one day in the palace church, at the close of the sermon, when all had knelt down to prayer, a man pressed through the crowd, and entered the gallery where the queen sat, unobserved by all but Count Brahé, who called to the guards; which the queen hearing, she arose, and with the utmost composure, touched the chief guardsman, who was still on his knees. He sprung up and seized the man by the hair, when he was within two steps of Christina. He had one knife in his sleeve, ready to strike, and another in his pocket; and turned out to be a teacher in the Gymnasium, who had of late shewn symptoms of unsoundness of mind. The queen protected him from the popular rage, and desired him to be placed under proper restraint. On another occasion, when on her way to visit her fleet in the harbour, and passing along a plank from her barge to the vessel, Admiral Flemming, on whose arm she leaned, slipped and fell into the wat· dragging his royal mistress after him by clinging to her When extricated with difficulty by her equerry, she called

them to save the admiral, who had sunk; and when he was afterwards loudly blamed for endangering her life, she excused him, on the plea of the strong instinct of self-preservation; and added laughingly: 'You should rather praise than blame him, for he had certainly been drowned had he acted otherwise.' She changed her dress, and dined in public as if nothing had happened. She was also the first to discover a fire which broke out in her own palace, and which lasted from six at night till three in the morning, consuming her suite of drawing-rooms, among other damage. She remained amidst the tumult, and nearly choked with smoke, till papers and valuables were as far as possible saved.

Since the Count de la Gardie had fallen into disfavour, the Oxenstierns had regained their former influence, and Bourdelot had been succeeded by the Spanish ambassador Pimentelli, a man as elegant and polished as the other was low and coarse. Being of insinuating manners and matchless political skill, the Spanish interests supplanted those of France; and he is said to have fixed the wavering mind of the queen in favour of Roman Catholicism. At this period, all her duties seem to have become irksome to her. She who had formerly outwearied all by her devotion to business, could now scarcely be got to sign necessary state-papers. She would turn away from her secretary, and say to Prince Charles: 'Will you never deliver me from these people? *Ce sont pour moi le diable!*'

During her short reign, the country had gained much in taste; and many luxuries had been introduced and improvements effected. Several of the towns had been increased, and palaces had arisen in place of hovels; great additions had been made to the royal palace, which was formerly of the most simple description, and the apartments provided with costly furniture; services of silver were not only used in the palace, where tin had formerly sufficed at the wedding-feast of Gustavus, but Oxenstiern gave a banquet to Whitelocke, at which flourished a whole service of silver. While advances in taste and luxury told of outward improvement, the queen had suffered abuses to creep into the administration, and all her affairs were entangled; her revenues were exhausted, and the crown-lands alienated by her profusion. Remonstrance was met by impatience; she was at once jealous of her authority and weary of the restraints it imposed. She would plunge into a round of amusements, invent masques and ballets, in which she frequently performed a principal part. Once she performed the part of Amarantha in a pastoral, and then instituted the order of the 'Amarantha,' which she bestowed on persons of both sexes in her court and on some of the foreign ambassadors. When not excited by such pastimes, she was moody and fretful—she sighed for the independence of a private station; in southern climes, she might dream out an existence such as her beloved classic poets knew how to invest with every charm; and having found, that to enact for a night the written drama only brought

satiety after it, she resolved to treat the world to a real drama, which would not only dazzle and confound the present, but all future generations.

When, in 1654, Christina first declared her intention of abdicating, it seemed so unlikely a step for a young woman of twenty-eight, fond of power and glory, her people were fain to regard it as a whim—a sort of threat to excite wonder, but which she would never put in execution. When she persisted in her declaration, the whole senate, with Oxenstiern at their head, remonstrated, but in vain. Prince Charles added his entreaties in a seemingly earnest and honest manner. All doubt was at an end when, in an assemblage of the States at Upsal, on the 21st of May, in an eloquent speech, in which she vaunted her own virtues and services to her people, she tendered her resignation, commending her successor to their loyalty and affection. The president of the senate, in the name of the nobles, the archbishop of Upsal, in that of the clergy, and the chief burgher, in the name of the citizens, severally made speeches of remonstrance. There then followed a scene, which is thus described in Whitelocke's Journal:—'In the last place, stepped forth the marshal of the boors, a plain country fellow, in his clouted shoon, and all other habits answerable, as all of the rest of the company were accoutred: this boor, without any congees or ceremonies at all, spake to her majesty, and his address was after this phrase: "O Lord God, madam, what do you mean to do? It humbles us to hear you speak of forsaking those who love you as well as we do; can you be better than you are? You are queen of all these countries, and if you leave this large kingdom, where will you get such another? If you should do it—as I hope you won't for all this—both you and we shall have cause, when it is too late, to be sorry for it; therefore my fellows and I pray you to think better on't, and keep your crown on your head; then you will keep your own honour and our peace; but if you lay it down, in my conscience, you will endanger all. Continue in your gears, good madam, and be the fore-horse as long as you live, and we will help you the best we can to bear your burden. Your father was an honest gentleman, and a good king, and very shining in the world, and we obeyed him and loved him as long as he lived; and you are his child, and have governed us very well, and we love you with all our hearts; and the prince is an honest gentleman, and when the time comes, we shall be ready to do our duties to him as we do to you. But as long as you live, we are unwilling to part with you; and therefore I pray, madam, do not part with us." When the boor had ended his speech, he waddled up to the queen without any ceremony, took her by the hand, and shaked it heartily, and kissed it two or three times; then turning his back to her, he pulled out of his pocket a foul handkerchief, and wiped the tears from his eyes; and in the same posture as he came up, he returned back to his place again.' Christina was equally unmoved by

homely as by studied eloquence. On the 6th of June following, she appeared in the hall of assembly for the last time as a sovereign. Clad in the royal mantle of blue velvet and ermine, embroidered all over with little gold crowns, the sceptre in her hand, and the crown on her head, she mounted her high silver throne, and having read the act of renunciation, she released her subjects from their oath of allegiance, and made a sign to Count Brahé to advance and remove the crown from her head. On his hesitating to do so, she took it off herself, and presented it to her successor, who received it kneeling, never wore it in her presence, and caused a medal to be struck representing this scene, with the inscription, 'I hold it from God and from Christina.' When she threw aside the royal mantle, it was seized, and torn in pieces by the multitude, each being anxious to obtain a portion as a relic.

With this strange outburst ended the popularity of the queen. The people at once began to discover in her abdication an abandonment of her duties; in her love of foreigners and foreign countries, a want of patriotism. Seeing the immense property she was carrying out of the kingdom in jewels, gold, and silver, and other articles of value, to the amount of some millions of crowns, their indignation was so great, that serious thoughts were entertained of arresting her, and forcing her either to reside in the kingdom, or to give up the pension assigned to her, and the rich treasures she was carrying off. Rumours of this intention having reached her, she changed her route in great alarm; refused the escort of armed vessels designed by Charles to convey her from the shores of Sweden; and set out so secretly, that her departure resembled a flight, her principal attendants even not knowing whither they were going. She scarcely breathed freely till she reached the frontiers, when she threw off all restraint; dismissed her women, retaining in her service only four gentlemen, two of whom were Count Dohna, her chamberlain, and Count Steinberg, her equerry, and a few inferior servants. She travelled on horseback, under a feigned name, and quitted her kingdom with childish delight, glorying in a freedom she was certain to find more irksome than the restraints from which she had escaped; for, from the grave defects in her character and education, she was still less fitted for private life than for wielding a sceptre. She had shewn no feeling on her departure, and no one regretted her. From Ebba Sparre, now the wife of Count Jacob de la Gardie, and whom she seems to have loved as well as *she* could love, she parted without a tear; as also from her mother, who was, we are told, 'sick with grief, mortification, and incessant weeping.' Old Chancellor Oxenstiern feigned illness, shut himself up, and would not assist at any of the ceremonies attending the abdication or coronation.

Christina, on her way to the Netherlands, took the route of Hamburg, where she resided for some days in the house of her banker, a rich Jew. The first considerable stay she made was in Antwerp, where she met the unfortunate Elizabeth, ex-queen of

Bohemia, who thus writes of her:—'I saw the queen of Sweden at the play; she is extravagant in her fashion and apparel, but she has a good, well-favoured face, and a mild countenance.' This from the sister of Charles, who, besides other reasons, could not be expected to judge favourably of the devoted admirer of Cromwell. Here also she met with her favourite hero Condé, of which interview Elizabeth writes:—'The meeting betwixt the queen of Sweden and the Prince of Condé was to neither of their content, for he desired to be received as she received the archduke (Leopold, stadtholder of the Netherlands), which she refused, saying, she had done too much in that, and would do so no more; yet he came to sée her *brusquement à l'improvist*, and did nothing but *railler* her in his talk, which put her so out, as she said almost not one word. This was the morning: after dinner she sent to know if he would see the play at night; he said he would obey her, but desired to know whether he should come known or as unknown; for if he came as Prince of Condé, he looked to have a *chaise-a-bras* as the archduke had. She said he had better come unknown: so he came; and she stood all the play *raillant* with *Monsieur Quito*, the prince's favourite. The next day, the prince went to Brussels, neither of them well satisfied with the other.' When the queen herself repaired to Brussels, she was received in great state by the archduke, although she seems to have been very distasteful to him; for Elizabeth says: 'I believe the archduke wishes her at Antwerp, for she persecutes him very close with her company; and you know he is a very modest man.' He seems to have lodged her for a time; for the queen of Bohemia, in her letters to Secretary Nicholas, from which we have quoted—to be seen in Evelyn's Correspondence—thus concludes: 'As for the archduke, he may thank God to be rid of the queen of Sweden, who is lodged at the Count of Egmont's house in Brussels, where she stays all the winter.' The day after her formal entrance into Brussels, on Chrismas-eve, 1654, she made a private recantation of the Lutheran faith, and professed herself a convert to the Romish Church, in the presence of the archduke, the Spanish ambassador, the Count Montecuculi, and a few others. She afterwards heard mass, and received the communion. This act, though private, was celebrated publicly by balls, masquerades, and hunting-parties. Cardinal Mazarin sent a company of comedians from Paris, whose performances in French and Italian operas and plays greatly delighted Christina—rather a rare and novel way for a priest to do honour to such a solemnity, but more than solemn enough to match with the levity and impiety of her who is said, after receiving absolution from a Dominican father, to have uttered the words: 'If there is a God, I shall be well caught.' In a letter to Ebba Sparre, written at this time, she describes her occupations as consisting in 'eating and sleeping well, studying a little, conversing, laughing, and witnessing French, Italian, and Spanish comedies.' She then makes a strange perversion of the

language of Solomon, adding: 'Every one ought to live content, eating, drinking, and singing.' When the archduke inquired what confessor or chaplain she had brought in her train, she carelessly replied, that in travelling from Sweden, she had got rid of all useless lumber. The Jesuits, several of whom had come to Stockholm after the Peace of Westphalia, and during the last two years, were said to have conversed much with her, and fixed to their faith the mind that had been set a-wandering by Bourdelot and Salmasius, wishing to believe in her sincerity, were willing now to make a saint of this illustrious proselyte, if she would have been dishonest enough to permit of it. One of them in preaching before her said: 'Your majesty shall hereafter be placed among the saints!' With a sarcastic smile, she said: 'I should like better to be placed among the sages!' This anecdote is curious as shewing that, although she delighted in the éclat of playing a part before mankind, she had no taste for others assisting her in it, which we would call a strange mixture of honesty and dishonesty, were it not that even while acting, she made no secret that it was all a trick, by which she was neither tricking mankind nor herself. Indeed, her conduct at this time, and for two years before her abdication, shews such mad levity and gratuitous recklessness, with such sudden changes of humour, spirits, and purpose, as, coming from a woman of undoubted talent, that we cannot but feel forced to the conclusion, that her intellects had become disordered.

The festivities at Brussels were scarcely ended, when news arrived of the death of the widow of the great Gustavus, and also that of the celebrated Oxenstiern, both, it is said, of a broken heart, in consequence of the queen's conduct; but we are disposed to receive most of such statements with reservation, seeing how much the human heart can endure without breaking, often destined to die many living deaths, and yet still to live on. The queen-dowager had been, it is said, 'cut to the heart by the indifference with which her daughter had parted from her, and refusing all comfort, fell into a languishing distemper, and expired.' Some of the laudatory lives of Christina recount that she was much affected on hearing of her mother's death. Oxenstiern is said to have died with the name of Christina on his lips, saying: 'Tell her she will repent of what she has done;' a message she received with a smile. She had repaid his services with ingratitude, had often vexatiously opposed to him men without talents and without character; but she was the daughter of the great Gustavus, the embodiment of the nation's glory, a glory she had now so tarnished! When news of the queen's conversion arrived in Stockholm, the first burst of the national indignation was vented on her old preceptor Mathias, who was accused of not having guarded the queen's mind against error. The accusation was unjust, but men are never just at such times: vain was every attempt at defence; he was disgraced, and deprived of his bishopric.

Had it not been for the king, to whom she wrote, appealing to his gratitude, the senate would have withdrawn the revenues granted her. She had by this time lavished all her ready money on players, parasites, and priests, and it was now time to quit Brussels, and proceed to Rome, agreeably to the most pressing invitations from the pope to take up her abode in that city. In her suite, amounting to nearly 200 persons, were now two ladies of honour, merely ornamental, however, for she never made use of their services, nor even noticed them. The men were chiefly Spaniards and Austrians, and there were only four Swedes of quality, two Jesuits, and a Dominican. At Augsburg, she is said to have shed tears when shewn the table at which her father dined after the victory which completed the conquest of Bavaria. At Innsprück, in presence of a number of the German nobility and some of the imperial archdukes, she made a grand public renunciation of the Protestant faith, and was received with great pomp and solemnity into the bosom of the Catholic Church—followed, as at Brussels, by banquets, balls, and comedies, and a general magnificence so dazzling, that she was constantly exclaiming in childish glee: '*O che bella! che bella!*' On the evening of the day in which she made her solemn profession in the cathedral, she was present at a comedy arranged expressly for her, which drew from her the remark: ''Tis but fair that you should treat me to a comedy, after I have treated you to a farce!' After a stay of eight days at Innsprück, she proceeded on her journey, and began to be received with greater honours the nearer she approached the Eternal City. On the 19th of December 1655, at seven in the evening, she entered Rome incognito, by the light of many torches, and with an escort of Swiss guards. She was conducted by two cardinals into the presence of his holiness, and after three low obeisances, she kissed his foot, and then his hand; after which she was seated in a chair of red velvet and gold. They then held a long and animated conversation together; and she was conducted to splendid apartments prepared for her in the Vatican, the library of which she visited next day; and after a few days spent in private felicitations, concerts, and visits exchanged with the pope, when all things were in readiness, she made a grand public entrance into Rome, seated on a white horse, presented to her by the pope, clad like an Amazon, having a cardinal on each side, and surrounded by all the principal nobility and clergy. Amidst discharges of artillery and to sound of trumpet, as if she had been a victorious empress, she traversed the streets, and entered St Peter's, which had been adorned with her arms and emblazoned with her deeds, where she was received by the pope, who testified his joy at her conversion; adding, that in heaven there would be still greater rejoicing. The Roman ladies seem to have been somewhat scandalised at her masculine attitude and attire; but on being told she had fought against the king of Denmark, they thought her Amazonian appearance quite suitable. After a second round of

festivities, she took up her abode in the Palazzo Farnese, and spent many months in inspecting the antiquities of Rome, becoming acquainted with the learned men, and visiting the various academies. One day, when loudly admiring a statue of Truth by the sculptor Fernini, one of the cardinals said to her: 'God be praised that your majesty loves the truth, which is often distasteful to persons of your rank.' 'I do not doubt it,' replied she; 'but all truths are not made of marble.'

Her letters to Ebba Sparre about this time exhibit a marked change of tone, indicating that in the midst of daily concerts, masquerades, and plays, she was beginning to feel that all was vanity, and to sigh, as the roughest and least loving and lovable of mankind will sometimes sigh, for quiet sympathy. She writes: 'Am I still as dear to you as I formerly was? or have I deceived myself in fancying I was dearer to you than any one else? Oh! if it be so, do not undeceive me, but leave me in the happy delusion, that I am beloved by the most amiable being in the world.' Poor Christina! We know not what was the reply, but the fact seems to be, that Ebba Sparre had never either loved or professed to love her, and had found her departure a relief. Christina soon began to be viewed with suspicion at Rome, caused by her levity of manner and freedom of language, also the contempt she shewed for the nobles and for women even of the highest rank. She embroiled herself with the pope by openly joining the Spanish party; a dangerous sickness also seizing her, she made use of this as an excuse for quitting Rome; and when the time of the malaria was approaching, she set out on a visit to Paris, in August 1656, having been invited thither by the French court. So low was she both in purse and credit, her pension from Sweden being as unpunctually as it was grudgingly paid, she was obliged to pawn her jewels to defray the necessary expenses of the journey. The Duke de Guise was sent to receive her, and her route seemed a triumphal procession, the honours due to a crowned head being accorded her. In the amusing Memoirs of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, we have the following account of Christina, now in her thirtieth year:—'I had heard so much of her *bizarreries*, that I was afraid lest I should have laughed in her face; but though she astonished me beyond measure, it was not so as to provoke a smile. She was of a small slight figure, a little deformed, with light eyes, an aquiline nose, a large mouth, fine teeth, and a very expressive countenance. Her dress was a short gray petticoat, laced with gold and silver; a flame-coloured doublet, also laced with gold; a lace cravat; and a black hat, with a plume of feathers.' She astonished this lady by throwing her legs over the arm of her chair, swearing and laughing loud, and even putting men out of countenance by her eccentric and audacious talk, in the midst of which she would have strange fits of absence, recovering as if from a dream. She made a public entrance into Paris, preceded by a body of 1000 cavalry, mounted, in male attire, on a superb

white charger, with pistols at her saddlebow, the Duke de Guise riding by her side. The people, who looked on her Amazonian appearance with wonder and admiration, rent the air with their shouts. She was conducted to Notre Dame, where *Te Deum* was performed, and thence to the Louvre, where she was splendidly lodged and entertained. This was the last time regal honours were publicly awarded her. At Chantilly she was met by Cardinal Mazarin; and here she gave an instance of her great penetration, by addressing Louis XIV., then only nineteen, who had mingled with the crowd, and been presented to her under a feigned name, as *mon frère*, but with no other designation of his quality. He was then timid in female society; but she exercised her powers of fascination, and they conversed with mutual pleasure. The court was then at Compeigne; and at her first interview with Anne of Austria, she is described as wearing a black wig, much disordered by the wind, and all awry on her head; her complexion was coarse and sun-burned; she had no gloves, and her hands were so dirty that the original colour could not be discerned; she wore a shirt and vest, and the same short gray petticoat, and held a riding-whip in her hand. The budding Grand Monarque actually took one of those dirty hands in his, and led her to table; and whatever may have been the amazement of the court at such a strange visitant, not only was there no expression of it, but all honours were paid, and the general opinion agreed with that of Madame Motteville, that after the first half hour, she 'could not help considering Christina with interest, and even with admiration.' On witnessing the French and Italian comedy, she laughed immoderately; loudly expressed her pleasure or disapprobation, so as to attract every wondering eye; and would sometimes retire to the back of the box and fall into a profound reverie, from which even the queen could not rouse her. Madame de Motteville says: 'She often sang in company as well as dreamed; was unequal in mood and free in talk, as well on religion as on other subjects calling for modesty in her sex; she swore; never remained long in the same place; and in presence of the king, queen, and court, put up her legs on the seats. In spite of her strange appearance and stranger habits, she always sustained her dignity, could not be approached familiarly, and seemed everywhere mistress.' She left Paris in November, all her triumphs now at an end, in a hired carriage with but few attendants, her costs through France defrayed by the king. An absurd report ran that she had wished to captivate Louis, but it never gained general credence. On her return to Rome, she felt so much the absence of all demonstration, and the evident indifference towards her, that, sighing for the gaieties of France, she found pretexts—amongst others, that of witnessing a ballet in which Louis himself was to dance—for repeating her visit, and arrived at Fontainebleau in October 1657, vainly expecting a renewal of the former honours, and not yet alive to the truth, that she was no longer a novelty, or how largely her

eccentricities and conversion had contributed to the general wonder and admiration. She now appeared in 'an old worn-out vehicle, an old yellow petticoat, an old red jacket, and a dirty hood,' and was attended by Chevalier Santinelli, *called* the captain of her guards, and the Marquis Monaldeschi, her chamberlain. She took up her quarters in the palace of Fontainebleau, and there committed that strange and mysterious deed of horror at which the whole of Europe stood aghast.

Monaldeschi, her chamberlain, an Italian of good family, had long stood high in Christina's favour, and had been intrusted by her with the most important affairs, of what nature has never been explained, or her reasons for beginning to doubt his fidelity. She now watched his every motion, opened his letters, discovered his treachery, of which, when she hinted to him that some one was playing false, he accused another. She then said to him: 'What does such a traitor deserve?'

The marquis replied: 'Death on the spot; and I am willing either to inflict or endure it, for it is only an act of justice.'

'Good!' said she; 'and remember your words, for I promise you I will not pardon him.' She then sent for the prior of the convent of the Holy Trinity, Père le Bel, and telling him that she demanded from him the secrecy of his order, put into his hands a sealed packet, which he was to return to her at the time and place she should require. Meantime, the suspicions of Monaldeschi were awakened by the non-arrival of his letters; he began to wear a coat-of-mail, and seemed to contemplate flight. Four days after she had spoken to the prior, on the 10th of November, she summoned Monaldeschi into her presence. He came, pale and trembling; but at first she spoke on indifferent subjects. Soon, however, the prior entered, as she had appointed, and by another door, Santinelli, with two armed men, and the doors were instantly secured. She then asked the prior for the packet, and held it up to Monaldeschi, asking him, in a loud and angry tone, if he knew it. At first, he denied it, and maintained it was her own writing. She then brought forth the originals. After some vain subterfuges, he threw himself at her feet, and begged for forgiveness, confessing that he had pronounced his own death-sentence. The armed men now drew their swords; Monaldeschi continued his abject entreaties that the queen would listen to his justification. The scene had lasted more than an hour, when Christina, with the utmost calmness said to the prior: 'I go, and leave this man in your hands: prepare him for death.' They then both threw themselves at her feet, and begged that his punishment might be banishment for life. She replied, it was better to die than live without honour, and renewed her reproaches for his treachery. She then departed with the words: 'God shew mercy to you as I have shewn justice.' While the men stood over him with drawn swords, Santinelli, moved to pity, went out to intercede for the wretched man. The prior also again supplicated the queen

with tears, and by the wounds of the Saviour, to have mercy, but in vain. Some writers say that Monaldeschi, still unable to believe that the queen would carry out her purpose, refused to confess himself, till she, ridiculing his cowardice, coolly said: 'Give him a stab, to shew him I am in earnest!' and that he received two wounds before confessing; but the story is too atrocious for belief. Others say he defended himself to the last with the strength of despair. It is time to draw a veil over this scene of horror. The body was interred, by desire of the queen, in the convent of the Trinity, and she gave 200 francs for masses for his soul.

On hearing of this signal violation of all law, justice, and humanity, the king, not feeling himself entitled to demand a justification which Christina, in virtue of her divine right as queen, did not condescend to offer, requested that she would not appear in Paris for some time. She remained in seclusion for two months at Fontainebleau, and was then invited to celebrate the carnival in Paris; but she was so ill received, that she saw it meet to make a speedy departure. On her return to Rome, there was still a display of respect to cover the general distrust; but from this moment there was no more liberty for her there, for the pope appointed as comptroller of her household Cardinal Azzolini, a subtle Italian, who was to be a spy on all her actions, and so completely overreached her, that false as he was, he retained her confidence to the end. On state occasions, to avoid being eclipsed by the Italian nobles, she would pledge her jewels and plate; to prevent which, and make her still more subject, the pope gave her a yearly allowance of 12,000 crowns, which, however, scarcely lessened the labour of Azzolini in settling their continual disputes.

In 1660, died Charles Gustavus, king of Sweden, in the flower of his age, and midst dreams of warlike glory, leaving as sole heir an infant son in waning health. Christina instantly set out for Sweden, leaving her affairs in the hands of Azzolini. Her pretext was to demand the more punctual payment of her revenue; but there can be no doubt her real object was the resumption, if possible, of the crown. At Hamburg, she met with the celebrated Algernon Sydney, who thus writes in the *Sydney Papers*: 'She is thought to have great designs, of which every one judges according to their humour. Some think she will pretend to the crown; others, that she will be contented with the regency; and there doth not want those that say, that she is employed from Rome to sow dissensions in Sweden. I have conversed a great deal with her, and do not believe a word of all this.' Another signal proof, coming from such a man—if proof were yet awanting—of her immense power of pleasing and of dissimulating. He adds, however: 'Though all the principal persons of the senate owe their fortunes to her, no man can undertake that she may not pass the rest of her life in some castle in Sweden.' Great, indeed, were the excitement, fear, and jealousy, when her approach became known. No sooner had she passed the frontiers, than every step

was watched; she was forced to send back to Hamburg all her foreign attendants, including her confessor, and to hear mass in the chapel of the French Embassy. The payment of her pension she was obliged to receive as a favour, after signing a second renunciation of the crown; and she was required either to renounce the Romish faith or quit the kingdom. Parival says, that with tears and clasped hands she sued for her rights, as she termed them. One day when the clergy were remonstrating with her on her change of religion, and her attempt to have mass said in the royal palace, the old archbishop of Upsal enlarged on the intrigues of the pope, and how he would wish to destroy them all both body and soul, she replied: 'I know him better: he would not give four thalers for all your souls.' After a seven months' stay, she was constrained to depart, with what inward mortification and bitter repentance may be conceived, and spent a whole year in Hamburg, in the laboratory of the alchemist and the pursuit of the philosopher's-stone. In 1662, she returned to Rome, and enjoyed the triumph of seeing the pope humbled by France: but unable to remain at rest, she again left that city in 1666, and proceeded to Hamburg, whence she sent a memorial to the Swedish Diet, desiring permission to reside in the kingdom as a private individual. When she received the answer, she had advanced as far as Norköping; but on seeing the nature of the document, in which there was an implied accusation of treason, severe allusions to the murder of Monaldeschi, an affected belief that she was a tool in the hands of the pope, a decree against her residing in any of the Swedish dominions but Pomerania, or approaching the court of the young king, concluding with a cutting remark on the tendency of the family of Vasa to grow cruel and tyrannical as they grew old, she instantly left the place, and returned to Hamburg. Her old favourite, La Gardie, is said to have been among the most bitter against her, and to have boasted, that on her former visit he had made her tremble. At Hamburg, she gave a grand banquet, followed by a lyrical ballet, founded on the *Jerusalem Delivered*, in which she took the part of Armida. A gleam of good-fortune now came to cheer her. News arrived of the death of the pope, and the election of her friend Clement IX., which she celebrated by a grand fête, illuminated her palace, and exhibited a transparency of the Romish Church trampling heresy under her feet; which so exasperated the good Protestant citizens, that they broke her lamps and windows, and nearly pulled down her palace, herself escaping with difficulty. She took all in perfect good-humour, and sent 2000 crowns to the sufferers in the affray.

In 1667, the elective throne of Poland had become vacant; and as Christina was among the most eager competitors for it, her hopes were now raised to a high pitch, owing to the important aid she expected to receive from Rome, whither she returned in *November* 1668, when the affair was still pending. Sanguine and active, she was indulging in old visions of despotic rule, and

of leading in person a Polish army, when Clement IX. died, to the no less regret of the Romans than of Christina; for with him died her hopes of the crown of Poland. She intrigued in vain to raise her friend Conti to the papal chair, the successful candidate being an old man of eighty, who loved ease, and had no other passion than avarice. Christina now resumed her studious habits, and spent the next few years in collecting works of art, making experiments in chemistry, corresponding with learned men and societies, and sometimes interfering in the political intrigues of the continent. Seeing she had given up all thoughts of returning to Sweden, her revenues were more regularly paid, and she was thus enabled to maintain some state, her retinue amounting to nearly 400 persons. She may almost be called the founder of the celebrated Academy of the Arcadia, which took its rise from the meetings in her palace. She fostered the genius of astronomers and poets; and if the latter sung her praises rather too warmly, it is a fault we are inclined to reckon among the virtues, just as we include ingratitude among the unpardonable sins. She raised the poet Filicaja from the depths of poverty, loaded him with benefits, and educated his family; and when he became one of the first lyric poets of Italy, we admire him all the more that he employed his genius in immortalising his munificent patroness.

We next find Christina embroiled with a new pope. The foreign ambassadors and their suites had, from ancient times, enjoyed certain privileges, which had gradually extended so far beyond their residences that the ends of justice were frustrated, there being no less than two-thirds of the city in which criminals could not be arrested. The pope resolved no longer to suffer this abuse; and after long negotiations, the different powers gave way, the privileges to be henceforth confined to their residences and the persons of their suites. One day, however, a criminal, who had been seized by the *sbirri*, escaped, and took shelter in a stable attached to the queen's palace. It was locked, but he clung to the chain with the strength of despair, though they put a cord round his neck, and he was on the eve of strangulation. The noise of the affray reached the ears of Christina, who was in her chapel; and she instantly ordered Landini, now captain of her guards, to rescue the man, and cut down the officers of justice if they resisted her will. The *sbirri* sunk on their knees, and resigned their victim, who was led in triumph by the populace, who kept shouting: '*Viva la Regina.*' The pope complained of the insult offered to his authority; the queen, of that to her dignity and the violation of her precincts. The pope desired his treasurer to write demanding that Landini and his companions should be delivered up to justice; to which Christina replied in a letter become famous for its pith and brevity: 'To dishonour yourself and your master is then termed justice in your tribunal? I pity and despise you now, but shall pity you more when you become cardinal. Take my word, that those whom you have condemned to death, shall live, if it please

God, some time longer; and if they should die by any other hand than His, they shall not fall alone.' It was not till after her death that the pope succeeded in abolishing these abuses. He had met his match. In everything she foiled him, abetted as she was by the French ambassador. She went about with her suite armed. When one of the cardinals reminded her it was the pope she was defying, she replied: 'What if he be a pope? I will make him know that I am a queen.' One warm day, when she had paraded the streets with her armed servants, the two offenders especially conspicuous, he sent her some fine fruit from his garden on Monte Cavallo, with a polite message. She thanked him, but added: 'Do not let the pope imagine that he can lull me to sleep with his feigned courtesies!' At length, determined to carry his point, he excommunicated the French ambassador, and withdrew Christina's pension, to which she only said: 'Tell him that I have accepted his benefits as a penance inflicted on me by the hand of God, and I thank him for having removed from me such a subject of shame and humiliation.'

A traveller who saw her at this period—when she was about sixty—thus describes her. 'She had discarded the doublet; the black wig, the laced cravat with its knot of scarlet ribbons; and her attire, though scarcely more becoming to her sex, was more suitable to her age. She was usually habited in a coat or vest of black satin, reaching almost to the knees, and buttoned down the front; under this, a very short petticoat. Her own light-brown hair, once so beautiful and luxuriant, was cut short, and combed up so as to stand on end, without covering or ornament. She was very short, fat, and round; her voice, features, and complexion completely masculine, and in no respect agreeable. Her eyes, however, retained their brilliance, and her tongue bewitched as oddly as her eyes.' Of her own appearance and feelings as to the approach of old age, she writes to a French lady: 'I am not grown handsomer since you saw me—far from it; and I am still as ill satisfied with my own person as ever. I envy not those who possess fortune, dominions, treasures, but would fain raise myself above all mortals by wisdom and virtue; and that is what makes me discontented. *Au reste*—I am in good health, which will last as long as it pleases God. I have an extreme aversion to grow old, and hardly know how I shall get used to the idea. If I had had my choice between old age and death, I think I should have chosen the latter without hesitation. But since we are not consulted on this point, I shall resign myself to live on with as much pleasure as I can. Death, which I see approaching step by step, does not alarm me. I await it without a wish and without a fear.'

Bishop Burnet visited Rome in 1687, and she seems to have been very facetious with the bustling, learned prelate: she told him she had now become one of the *antiquities* of Rome. She said to him: 'Providence had need have a special care of this Holy See of ours; for since I have lived here, I have seen four popes, and (with an

oath) all fools and blockheads.' Christina was a great patroness of music, and even in Sweden had some of the best Italian musicians in her service; and the first theatre for operas in Rome was erected in 1671, partly under her auspices. Dr Burney says: 'The year 1680 is rendered memorable to musicians by the opera of *L'Onesta d'Amore*. . . . This early production of Scarlatti was performed in the palace of the queen of Sweden.' This elegant and original composer, the founder of the Neapolitan school of music, and the precursor of Handel and Purcell, always remembered her with the most lively gratitude. She had a perfect passion for medals, and once contemplated giving a history of her life in a series of these, the designs by herself. Nearly one hundred were indeed engraved, the last of which has her head on one side, a bird of paradise on the other, soaring far above land, sea, and clouds, with an Italian inscription thus translated: 'I was born, have lived, and will die free.' When sitting to Dahl, the Swedish painter, she asked him what he intended to put in her hand. 'A fan, please your majesty.' 'A fan!' she exclaimed, starting up with a tremendous oath—'a fan!—A lion, man! a lion is fitter for the queen of Sweden!' One day, when she was laughing and talking during mass, the pope, as a gentle rebuke, sent her his own rosary. Her reply was a vulgar Italian expression, signifying that she had not become a Catholic to tell her beads.

It appears that in her last days, wearied of her standing dispute with the pope, she had entered into negotiations with the view of erecting for herself an independent principality in Germany; but the hand of death arrested her, and a malignant fever, with which, from her naturally strong constitution, she struggled hard, twice recovering after she had been given over, at length carried her off on the 19th of April 1689, aged sixty-three years and four months. In her last moments, she sent to solicit pardon of the pope for her offences against himself; and he, apparently as forgiving as she was humble, sent her a plenary absolution for all her sins. Azzolini drew up a will, by which, with the exception of a few legacies, he was made sole heir to her property, amounting to about L.500,000 of our money. Her medals and antiques, the finest in the world, were purchased by the Odescalchi family; her books and manuscripts, by a future pope, and they are now to be seen in the library of the Vatican. The pope had offered her 60,000 Roman crowns for the pictures hung in her presence-chamber. Pictures once belonging to her, now adorn the walls of Stafford House, the Bridgewater Gallery, and the National Gallery. The funeral was celebrated with great pomp in the Church of St Peter, the pope officiating, all the cardinals and chief nobility assisting at the ceremony. She had desired that her only epitaph should be these words: *Vixit Christina anni LXIII.* (Christina lived 63 years); but there is said to be a long Latin inscription on the cenotaph in St Peter's, erected to her memory by Cardinal Albani. Cardinal Azzolini died three months after Christina, and

thus derived no personal advantage from his vast inheritance, Christina left behind her several works in manuscript, some of which were lost, and a great collection of letters. Arckenholtz published her *Reflections on the Life and Character of Alexander the Great*. She left some maxims, after the manner of Rochefoucauld, a few of which we give.

'Fools are more to be feared than the wicked.

Whatever is false is ridiculous.

There is a species of pleasure in suffering from the ingratitude of others, which is reserved for great minds alone.

We should never speak of ourselves either good or evil.

There is a star above us, which unites souls of the first order, though worlds and ages separate them.

To suffer for having acted well, is itself a species of recompense.

Life becomes useless and insipid, when we have no longer either friends or enemies.

We grow old more through indolence than through age.

The Salique law, which excludes women from the throne, is a just and a wise law.

Cruelty is the result of baseness and cowardice.

This life is like an inn, in which the soul spends a few moments on its journey.

To speak truth, and to do good, is to resemble, in some sort, the deity we worship.'

The fragment of her autobiography—a late thought, which she did not live to complete—is solemnly dedicated to the Author of her being, 'as having been, by His grace, the most favoured of all His creatures.' She thanks Him for having made subservient to His glory and to her happiness, the vigour of her mind, the possession of health, fortune, royal birth, greatness, and all that could result from an assemblage of noble and admirable qualities. To have made her absolute sovereign over the bravest and most glorious nation of the earth, was, she says, assuredly the least of her obligations to Him, since, after having bestowed upon her all these blessings, He had called her to the glory of making the most perfect sacrifice of all her fortune, her greatness, and her splendour, for His sake, and greatly restoring what He had so graciously lent her. She then gives a list of her faults, which she says she had the power to dissemble, but did not take pains to correct. 'I was distrustful, suspicious, ambitious to an excess. I was choleric and hasty, proud and impatient, scornful and sarcastic.' She says she had many other faults, which she passes over in silence, only with this complacent remark, 'because there is nothing perfect in this world.'

Christina prided herself much on her prophetic powers, and on her vast penetration; on that acute spirit of calculation as to the springs of human action, and the necessary results, to which she gave the name of 'terrestrial astrology.' It was one of her maxims, 'Terrestrial astrology is better than celestial.' In a letter to Olivekraus, she says: 'Without being an astrologer, I predicted

everything that has happened to the king of England; and the affair of the persecution of the Huguenots of France, has been the last fatal blow to this poor prince, who, too much of a bigot, and too little of a politician, has brought about his own ruin, by allowing himself to be governed by the cursed race of Jesuits and monks, who always spoil everything they meddle with.' She saw in Cromwell another Gustavus Vasa, and loved to compare him with her great ancestor; and ridiculed the pomposity and laborious trifling of Louis XIV., at a time when he was either feared or lauded and deified by the whole of Europe; and Cromwell, on the other hand, scorned and vilified, denied even the possession of talent necessary for the maintenance of his usurpation. Then at the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, when the sage and grave Chancellor Le Tellier exultingly left the presence of his master, after receiving his signature to the fatal deed, and before the ink was dry, devoutly pronounced the *Nunc dimittis;* when the easy, pleasant, and humane Madame de Sévigné was writing to her frigid, ungrateful daughter, in high delight at the news, saying how fine a thing it was, compared to which no king had ever done or ever could or would do aught so memorable; when the highest masters were profaning their sacred, divine-lent talent—one drawing pictures of hideous forms flying at sight of the chalice, another representing the writings of Huss and Calvin, with an enormous bat covering them over—Christina could proudly say: 'I remonstrated against all this;' and her admirable letters to Louis himself, and to the Chevalier Terlon, are still extant, to attest the clearness, the policy, and the humanity of her views. When misery and wretchedness followed—when many districts of France were nearly depopulated—when, in one silk-mill, the number of workers was reduced from 700 to 70, and other manufactories in nearly the same proportion—while, scared and terrified at the appalling effects of their own work, the very men who had shouted and exulted, and led the van in the dire work of persecution, were, many of them, sheltering the wretched Protestants, and assisting them to escape from the fair land of their birth, carrying industry and prosperity to many a barren spot, now to blossom and triumph over desolate France—again Christina could lift her voice and say: 'I foretold all this.' We are glad to give this testimony to her moderation and her prescience, saddened, however, by the regret, that those qualities did not extend to, or, rather, begin with her own conduct and the regulation of her own affairs. Wonder, however, we do not, seeing that the wisdom even of the wisest of men is too often exercised exclusive of themselves—so rare is the combination of coolness and insight, the faculty, or the willingness to use it, of seeing as clearly with the eyes of others as with their own. Passion, prejudice, or what we think to be our own interest, first settles the matter; then comes the mock-trial at which the judgment performs no higher part than that of a

suborned witness. A fresh, untutored, even unsound mind, nay, a child, may thus pronounce a better sentence for us than we can for ourselves. Now, Christina we hold to have been of decidedly unsound mind; not of that description of unsoundness which freed her from responsibility, but which, leaving her still among 'the unconfined,' rendered her dangerous both to herself and others. In her very soberest moments, her character abounded in the most unexampled contradictions; and when her passions were excited, she made a total wreck of reason and humanity. She saw into every inconsistency, and yet was inconsistent to the last degree. She left a maxim against egotism, and was the greatest egotist of her day. She was honest and open to a fault, reckless of appearances and in giving of offence; her frankness startling and abashing mankind, her audacity causing them to tremble; and yet from the meanest and most paltry motives, and to serve the most petty ends, she would pursue for weeks and months a steady, sure, and skilfully-laid train of dissembling, in which she, the most impatient of human beings, exhibited all the patience we are wont to ascribe to those who have attained an entire mastery over their passions. She could shew the greatest magnanimity, could forgive the offender and raise the fallen; with untiring benevolence she could foster genius, and minister to the necessities of the poor; and yet she was cruel and revengeful, standing like a vulture over its prey, and quite as impervious to pity. She could receive Jesuits at her court, and send to Spain for others still more famous for skill in controversy; hold long and deep converse with them, affect to be convinced by their arguments, and profess to be guided by their principles; then act out the whole trick of her conversion, in which she neither deceived herself nor the world: and afterwards, when boasting of her insight and the fulfilment of her prophecies, she could unceremoniously set them aside as 'a cursed race who spoil everything they meddle with.' Not that her insight had not its bounds. We say nothing of her being duped by an impudent, ignorant quack like Bourdelot, for that was only for a time; but to the very last, the false and subtle Azzolini ruled her by a system of such matchless duplicity, the very perfection of the art, bowing and cringing and ensnaring, ruling her absolutely, while she imagined she ruled, that she continued to regard him as one of the first of men, and spoke of him as greater than Oxenstiern, who, with open front and honest heart, had spoken the truth to her, who had borne with all her ingratitude, and wept bitter tears when he put his hand to that deed which placed it beyond his power to serve her longer.

There is a curious old book, published some two centuries ago, called *The History of the Sacred and Royal Majesty of Christina Alessandra Queen of Swedland; with the Reasons of her late Conversion to the Roman Catholique Religion; as also a Relation of the several Entertainments given her by divers Princes in her Journey to Rome, with her magnificent Reception into that City*—written

evidently by a devout Catholic, desirous of doing all honour to so illustrious a convert. There is much amusing prolixity in describing her great devoutness, and the wearisome ceremonies it was necessary to go through on the way. We are told, that when she got beyond the Swedish boundaries, 'she was taken with a plurisy, or stitch in her breast, which forced her to stay eight daies;' that when she heard at Brussels of the death of her mother, 'she quickly retired to a house without Bruxells, called Tervoren, and remained there three weeks, to divert her afflictions, returning thence afterwards to the city, where all did condole with her majestie; she likewise put on mourning in her mind, depriving it of all recreation and passetime;' that at Cullen (Cologne), where 'she was welcomed by all the canon on the walls,' there also 'the magistrates gave her the accustomed present of twenty-five great bottles of wine, which the queen caused to be given to the Carmelite discalceat nuns, together with other almes, the effects of her generous piety:' in another place, 'the magistrates presented the queen with fish, wine, and oats—presents usually made to all princes and great persons, by the imperial cities of Germany.' We are told how Holstenius, and Father Malines, the Jesuit, were despatched by the pope to meet the queen at Innspruck, and the letter of His Holiness is faithfully given: 'To Our most dear Daughter in Christ, Christina, the illustrious Queen of Swedland;' and concluding, 'given at Rome at St Maries the greater, under the seal of the Fisher,' &c. And then how 'the queen very reverently received it, and with a modest blush, shewed evident signs of the joy in her heart.' Then follows an account of the public profession made by Christina in this city, at which 'the queen was cloathed in a gown of black silk, very plain, and without any ornament but a crosse of five faire and rich diamonds at her breast;' and how 'Father Standacter, a Jesuit preacher, made a sermon in Dutch, so elegant, learned, and so fit for that action, that it ravisht the affections and applauses of all;' and how 'the *Te Deum* was accompanied by the roaring of above fifty pieces of artillery, many mortar-pieces, and an infinite number of muskets, as likewise with the ringing of the bells.' At the church of St Dominique, in Bologna, 'she beheld the five books of Moses, written in Hebrew in thin leather by the prophet Esdras, and read some of the words.' At Ancona, she saw 'the tip of the iron of the lance which opened the side of the Lord Jesus; the right foot of St Anne, the mother of the most glorious Virgin Mary; and the queen kneeled before them, and kissed them with great devotion.' At Loretto, this devotion reached its height. 'As soon as she discovered the top of the holy house, she alighted out of her litter, and kneeling with very great devotion, kissed often the ground, then returned into her litter, going on to the bending of the mountain, when afterwards she alighted again, and walked to the church.' Here she completed her renunciation of all the pomps and vanities of the world, by laying down 'at the feet of

the holy image her crown and her royal scepter, empailed with jewels of great value.'

We are not here to account for the discrepancies of authors. We think we have fairly represented the character and career of Christina. She has been charged with gross immorality; we are inclined to think without reason. It is easy to imagine how such a charge should arise; difficult, indeed, to see how she could escape it. Her strange recklessness and waywardness—her unwomanly ways, manners, and language—all she did, and all she left undone, formed one of those unaccountable medleys to which the vulgar must add a climax, in their uneasy, restless dislike to everything that is mysterious. Her desertion of her people when they were still willing to have her rule over them, even after she had begun to be negligent of their interests; her open contempt for her own sex, and the sums she lavished on unworthy objects, would naturally sharpen the imaginations of many to recount wonderful stories after her departure, which had no previous existence or foundation. Many zealous Protestants, also, must have been too seriously offended by her change of faith, to deal out even-handed justice to her. But when, on the other hand, we find Catholic authors, in their natural exultation over a distinguished convert, not only concealing the worst of her eccentricities, and clipping her down into the shape of an ordinary mortal, but proceeding thereafter to dress her up in the garb of a saint, we are entitled to demur. She will ever remain a striking example of the worse than uselessness of great talents, high station, and splendid opportunities, without that sobriety of mind, that steadiness of walk, that appropriation and application, and well-measured use of great gifts, which can alone render those available.

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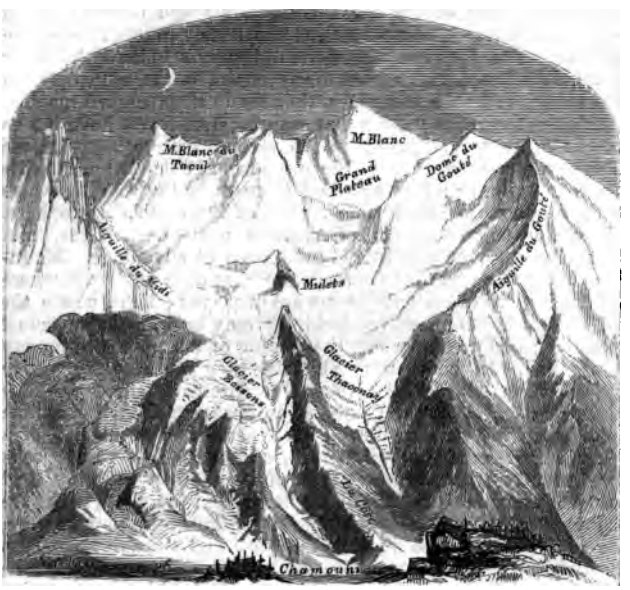

MONT BLANC AND ITS GLACIERS.

SOME strange sort of enchantment hangs about the high places of the earth: poets have not yet grown tired of celebrating their glories; travellers never cease to speak of their wonders; artists flock to them as sources of inspiration; the mightiest of modern conquerors built what he designed to be the monumental perpetuation of his renown upon their tops; the first great lawgiver brought down his sacred tablets from their clouds; even science has been glad to linger *centuries around the*ir feet in deep speculation concerning th

mysteries enshrined above. In every epoch and in every age, mankind has sought the majestic presence of mountain forms, in order that it might lay down before them its tribute of admiration and of reverential fealty.

So far as scientific men are concerned, it is by no means surprising that they should have liked to make frequent visits to mountainous regions. To them, difficulties are always delights; sages possess the voluptuous tastes of the butterflies, as well as the business instincts of the bees: their habits lead them as much to hover round reservoirs of sweets which they cannot rifle on the moment, as to flit from honey-yielding recess to honey-yielding recess. Philosophers find a fourfold charm in the contemplation of mountains: in the first place, they see in them rugged moulds, which the formative powers that sculptured the earth have left as records of past operations; in the second place, they perceive in them the means whereby the conversion of desolation into life is still carrying on: they also find them to be the sole highways to those otherwise inaccessible regions of the earth's atmosphere, where the subtile agents of creative plan—heat, light, and electricity—may be caught and questioned at advantage. Mountainous districts are, to the eye of science, at once museums, where the productions of an antique art are displayed; halls, where the wheels and levers of active machinery may be watched in actual operation; and courts, where the bearing of conflicting testimony is weighed. In addition to all this, they are also suggestive spectacles, in which aërial tints and chromatic effects may be studied, as they blend and unblend in gorgeous diversity: at one moment, their forms are draped in the semi-transparent folds of a fleecy cloud; anon the veil is torn, and their clear white peaks stand out from a translucent field of gray; then the gray field becomes an azure sky of infinite distance, and the white peaks are changed into jagged masses of burnished gold; by slow degrees, the gold deepens into flaming crimson, and the crimson fades through purple into black; the shadow of night appears in the valleys, and, step by step, mounts up to the highest summits, until at last a sable reign is established through all the wide expanse, and the twinkling stars look down upon the sleeping scene.

So soon as some towering mountain presents itself before the eye, the question is involuntarily suggested to the mind—how has this wonderful object been formed? Is it an enormous mound piled upon the level surface of the earth, as the sons of Titan were said of old to have piled Pelion on Ossa, when they conspired to scale the heavens?—or is it, as the signification of the term mountain* seems rather to indicate, a fragment left behind when powers not less gigantic than the fabled Titans hollowed out some stupendous excavation? Modern science, in reply to this question,

* The term mountain has probably been derived from the Greek word μενω, which signifies 'to remain.'

states that mountains are neither heaped-up mounds nor abandoned columns: it shews that they are merely wrinkles of the earth's skin; little puckers of its outer shell, formed, as the wrinkles of a shrivelled fruit are, by the diminution of internal bulk. Grand as these magnificent structures seem when viewed by themselves, they yet sink down into nothing when they are compared with the stupendous sphere on which they stand; the highest European peaks do not quite attain the elevation of three miles above the ocean, and the earth is 8000 miles across; consequently, nearly 2700 Alpine ridges might be piled one on the top of another, before their collective height would equal the earth's breadth. If a seam of lead projected an inch and a half upon the dome of St Paul's Cathedral, that seam would hold the same relation to the height of the entire building beneath, that the ridge of the Alps bears to the diameter of the earth.

The prevalent notion among men of science regarding these surface-wrinklings of the terrestrial substance is, that they have been thrown up as the material of the earth has been squeezed into narrower dimensions during the process of cooling; they conceive that its entire mass was at one time molten by intense heat; and that, as this heat escaped into space, the outer surface condensed into a solid shell; and then, as the interior fluid cooled still more, that this fluid abandoned the crust which was arched over its boiling surface, until at last the unsupported shell fell in by its own weight, splashing up the molten rock through the yawning cracks to form the granite mountains as they now present themselves. Some believe that, even at the present time, the solid rocks of the earth go a very short distance down. M. Cordier, for instance, maintains that, at the depth of twenty-three miles beneath our feet, iron and granite run like water; and that, at the earth's centre, the heat is 160 times more than that which would serve to fuse iron. This notion is truly by no means an agreeable one at the first glance. The idea that the so-called solid foundation of our globe is, after all, a remorseless furnace, that is able to lap up even the most stubborn adamant as if it were a bundle of straw, and that this furnace is not further away from any of us than a short hour's journey at railway speed, requires rather firm nerves in the recipient, when it is presented as a novelty. Mr Fourier, however, has, by his researches, robbed even this idea of its terrors. He has shewn that the earth might be in a state of actual incandescence at a depth of eighteen miles; and that yet, in consequence of the low capacity of its substance for the conduction of heat, no perceptible warmth would travel thence to the surface. He has also demonstrated, that if, at the depth of thirty-six miles, the temperature were 200 times higher than that of boiling water, 200,000 years would elapse before the terrestrial inhabitant would find his climate one degree warmer, even if the heat stopped at the surface when it got there instead of being shot off at once into the chasms of space.

It must be stated in passing, however, that scientific authorities are not by any means agreed on this question of mountain-making. Many still adhere to the views of Hutton, who thought that the protrusion of the molten granite caused the cracks and contortions of the earth's solid substance, instead of following as their consequence; that, in fact, the outer shell cooled and contracted faster than the internal fluid nucleus, and was therefore shivered when the compressed elasticity of the interior became too great for the strength of its own material. Others, with Sir Charles Lyell, reject altogether the notion of an original central heat, and are convinced that mountains have been raised by the operation of chemical changes, occurring in confined regions of an entirely cold and solid sphere. However this may be, there can be no doubt that when the mountains first upreared their heads, beds of granite rock, miles thick, were twisted and doubled up as if they had been only sheets of pasteboard—those who have seen sheets of iron pared and bored by the power of steam, will at once comprehend how even so much more difficult a task might be performed when the mighty hand of nature was addressed to the work. Miles of granite are no more to the throes of the earthquake, than plates of beaten iron are to the strokes of man's machinery. But a potentate of highest dignity is kept waiting while we thus linger upon preliminary considerations. We must, therefore, take our leave of debatable ground, and enter at once the precincts of that royal court, where the 'monarch of mountains, crowned with his brilliant snow diadem, sits on his rocky throne.'

When the lands of Italy, Turkey, and Greece were first upheaved from the deep, one long curved crack broke the solidified surface of the earth where the line of greatest tension fell. The course of this crack is now traced by a continuous ridge of giant mountains, that bends like a vast horseshoe, and runs from the southern extremity of Italy to the southern extremity of Greece and the shores of the Black Sea, enclosing the basin of the Adriatic within its loop. This ridge is called the Apennine range so long as it constitutes the backbone of the Italian peninsula. It is named the Balkan Chain where it runs through Turkey. The curve of the loop forms the northern boundary of the plains of Piedmont and Lombardy, and separates Switzerland from Italy. Throughout this portion of the range, extending from the neighbourhood of Genoa to that of Triest, scarcely one remarkable summit can be found that is not covered with perpetual snow. So far, therefore, it has been designated the chain of the Alps or White Mountains—the word alp being derived from an old Celtic term which signifies white.

Where these Alps rise the highest, between the Swiss valley of the Valais, the cradle of the infant Rhône, and the plains of Piedmont, they are called, for distinction's sake, the Pennine Alps. Here, for a distance of sixty miles, giant succeeds to giant, the wonderful mass of the Monte-Rosa being at one end of the

line, and the even yet more magnificent Mont Blanc, with its cluster of attendant peaks, at the other. Every notable summit in this mountain-tract is above 9000 feet high, and, from the main central ridge, transverse offsets run on either hand, enclosing short valleys between them. These lateral valleys begin above, in the eternal snows of the principal chain; below, they open into the valleys of the Rhône and the Po. The snows of the north side of the Pennine Alps supply a river of France, that empties itself westwards into the Gulf of Lyon; those of the south side feed an Italian stream, that makes its way into the Adriatic. Where the secondary valleys of the Swiss and the Italian side meet above, a sort of notch or depression in the main chain is generally formed. Very often these notches can be traversed by passengers; they are then called necks or cols, and constitute the natural passes that connect the valleys of Switzerland with the Italian plains.

Towards its western extremity, the Pennine chain turns sharply towards the south, leaving the frontiers of Switzerland altogether, and jutting quite into Sardinia. So soon as it has made this southward bend, it begins to stretch itself up higher and higher, until at last one solitary summit overlooks all the neighbouring peaks, from a proud elevation of nearly three miles above the sea. This solitary summit it is that is popularly known as Mont Blanc; although, perhaps, in more accurate language, the entire snow-covered mass around should be called the White Mountain, and that one culminating-point should be termed the calotte or crowning-cap. Further towards the south than this highest peak, the mountain group rapidly sinks, until it is divided from the Graian Alps by the Pass or Col of Bonhomme.

In the midst of this court of subservient attendants, the mountain monarch stands somewhat aloof from all, his broad back propped up by buttresses that rise almost precipitously out of the deep Piedmontese valley of the Allée Blanche, and his calm face overlooking Savoy and the Vale of Chamouni. His right shoulder, the Mont Blanc du Tacul, sends down an arm that ends in the Needles of Chamouni, which skirt along the borders of the beautiful valley bearing the same name. The left shoulder, the Dome du Gouté, gives rise to a corresponding arm which stretches nearly to the town of Sallenche, and there terminates in the rocky promontory called Mont Lacha. Beyond the right arm, the groove of the Mer de Glace winds down to Chamouni. Beyond the left, the subordinate ridges of Bionnassay and Miage, fall like prominent lines of the majestic body, seen through the royal robe.

On either side of Mont Blanc, two grand lateral valleys run in the direction of the greatest length of the mountain mass. These valleys begin at either end, in elevated passes, which are, nevertheless, free from snow during the summer season. As the valleys descend from these passes, their outer walls of rock rise

higher, until nearly opposite the grand central summit. There wide gaps are left, through which the melted snow pours on one side, as the river Arve, which runs through Savoy to join the Rhône, below Geneva; and on the other side, as the river Doire, which flows through the Piedmontese Val d'Aoste, to mingle with the Po. By means of the passes at the Swiss ends of these lateral valleys, travellers are able to cross the Pennine chain, from Savoy and Piedmont into Switzerland. It, accordingly, has become a favourite proceeding with sight-seers, to make what is called the tour of the mountain, by traversing the entire circuitous line of the valleys and passes, in order that they may contemplate the monarch on all sides and under all aspects. From the heads of the valleys, very grand profile views of him are enjoyed, with the entire length of the flanking valleys stretched out in front. From the gorges, near to which the Savoyard town of Sallenche and the Piedmontese village of Courmayeur stand, he is contemplated in full face, or directly behind, to still greater advantage. The lateral valleys immediately beneath his base are called the Val de Chamouni, on the Savoy side, and the Allée Blanche, or White Passage, on that of Piedmont.

The entire group of peaks that are clustered immediately around the monarch mountain, are clad in perpetual snow, unless where their sides chance to be too smooth and precipitous to allow the frozen substance to make good its hold. Snow lies all the year round in Switzerland at a height of 680 feet above a mile and a half. But these peaks are nearly all of them more than two miles high. The summit itself only wants ninety-six feet more height to be three complete miles above the sea-level—it is about two miles and a half higher than the surrounding valleys. Now, at the first glance, it seems somewhat strange that Mont Blanc can retain a mantle of snow all the year-round. When the ground in the Swiss or Savoyard valleys is scorching beneath the almost tropically fierce rays of a July's sun, the adventurous traveller mounts for an hour or two up towards the source whence the burning beams descend, and, lo! he finds himself completely enveloped by ice. He has not got away from the solar heat, for his face is blistered at the very time that his feet are frost-bitten, and his bones pierced by the chilling wintry blast. When our ancestors of a remote age first found themselves in this sort of predicament, they fancied they had unwittingly strayed into the battle-field where Frost and Fire were waging a deadly and remorseless conflict. Now, however, science has changed all this. Where the old superstition saw belligerent powers, she finds friendly and beneficent influences, that not even the savage wastes of the Snow Mountain can destroy. It is easy to show that some of the best known and simplest of the physical laws of nature require snow to dwell for ever on mountains reared into the higher regions of the atmosphere, even when under the rays of the burning sun.

Air is one of the most transparent of the substances with which man is acquainted. Objects can be seen through it for great distances almost as if there were nothing in the line of sight; but it is also as pervious to heat as it is to light. The hottest glare of sunshine passes through without warming it, provided only it is not in contact with any other material body. If there were no earth or other solid substance in contact with the atmosphere of the torrid zone, it would be as cold there, even with the perpendicular beams of the sun falling through it, as it is in mid-winter at the dreary pole, where no sunshine comes for months. When the air does get warm, it is because it receives heat from the warm earth by means of contact; but when once air near the earth's surface grows warm, it grows lighter also, under the influence of the warmth, and flies up like an infinite host of little balloons, pressed thither by the colder and heavier air that descends in virtue of its greater weight. Perchance the reader will say: How can the ascent of warm air make snow on the tops of mountains? Yet a moment's patience, and he will see.—The air that goes up because it is warm and light, gets lighter still as it mounts, as a mere consequence of its ascent; down below, it was held under the crush of tonweights of its own substance. Every square inch of air on the earth's surface bears the pressure of fifteen pounds of substance like itself piled over it. The skin of an adult man supports fifteen tons of it as the man moves about; and his body is only kept from being disorganised by the load in consequence of the resilient elasticity of the fluids it contains. Up above, only a portion of this pressure is experienced, much of the heavy air having then been left below; relieved from the crush, it swells to a larger bulk, or becomes rarer. A current of air climbing the sides of Mont Blanc from the plains of Italy has, by the time it rests on the summit, escaped one-half the pressure it originally sustained, and, accordingly, has become twice as light and thin. But scientific men know, that when air-like bodies, which they call gases, get rarer, they also get colder. The heat which made them warm while in a denser state, is absorbed into their substance—as water is drawn out of sight into an empty sponge—and is employed in the hidden or latent state in keeping them rare. Having lost their sensible heat by the act of rarefaction, they accordingly become very cold. This, then, is the cause of the presence of ice and snow in regions that are elevated so far towards the burning sun when it crosses above them at noon. Air, in the neighbourhood of such localities, continually arrives from a lower level where it had been more subjected to compression, and is therefore always in a state of recently effected expansion. Rare air requires more of the principle of heat to be hidden away in it, in a closely combined and insensible condition, to keep it in its existing form, than dense air does. Heat that was before sensible as warmth, is consequently absorbed and rendered inappreciable by the act of expansion; and the air that has lost its sensible heat, of necessity becomes

cold; the watery vapour that was associated with it freezes into snow, and falls on the mountain-top. More snow is deposited than the direct rays of the sun can melt during cloudless days, an accumulation, therefore, takes place, which clings to the rock. The air does not get warmed to any appreciable extent by the immediate rays of the sun—because, in the first place, as has been stated, the sunbeams pass through clear air without leaving any of their warmth in it; and because, in the second place, the sun's heat is consumed, when it reaches the solid surface the air lies in contact with, not in warming that surface, but in melting as much of the snow as it can. So long as any snow remains, the surface temperature must be kept down to the point of frost. The sparkling heat of the sunshine flows down the mountain in streams of freshly melted water, instead of ascending in currents of the atmosphere, as it would if there were no snow. Lofty mountain-tops are for ever white, because they are always surrounded by air cold from extreme rarefaction—because they are already furnished with an enormous ice-store for the sun to expend its burning beams upon—and because the air cannot be warmed directly by the sun's influence, although filled for hours by the most scorching solar blaze.

But if snow continues to fall at intervals on the tops of lofty mountains, and, with the exception of the comparatively trifling waste hot sunny days effect in it, lies there at all seasons of the year, what becomes ultimately of the vast accumulation? Is the White Monarch doomed to be crushed at last beneath the augmenting masses of his own shining diadem, or has he some means whereby he can confine its increase within the limits of a convenient weight? Do snow-mountains grow for ever, or has nature said to them, as to the waves of the sea, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no further?' The eye at once detects the answer to this interesting question when it rests on any of the great Alpine ridges. It sees not only the widely-spread snow-mantle that covers the highest peaks, but it also notices snow-fringes hanging down therefrom into the neighbouring valleys. The traveller who makes the tour of the Mont Blanc group, may count no less than thirty-four such festoons of ice and snow projecting far down among the naked rocks and the uncovered pastures of the lower region, some of them even reaching to the central streams that run through the great lateral valleys. Wherever a ravine descends between the transverse secondary ridges that are sent off from the snowy mass, these pendants appear. Towards their lower extremities, where they are most open to observation, the snowy substance is found to have been changed into hard translucent ice; on this account they are called glaciers, a term derived from the French word for ice.

But glaciers are not merely pendants, or gigantic icicles; they are really streams of mingled snow and ice setting down—sluggishly, it is true, but not the less surely—from the great snow-reservoirs of the mountain-tops into the natural outlets that guide them

They are, in fact, the means which nature provides for carrying off the frozen accumulations that would otherwise lodge for ever where deposited. The snow that falls on lofty mountains runs down into neighbouring valleys, just as rain does when it falls on lower hills. But there is this difference in the two cases—the rain pours off freely along the declivities as it falls, while the snow clings together with a certain amount of tenacious obstinacy, and only yields when the augmenting weight above becomes too much for its powers of coherence. The lateral ravines of the mountains, in general, open into the lower valleys by comparatively narrow outlets, so that the downward slip is checked to a certain degree. Wide-spread masses of snow have to squeeze through confined channels; they would not move at all if not driven to do so from behind. But more snow falls above; and tons upon tons of weight are added to the load already sustained where the mass meets with resistance. In consequence of the vast pressure, and of the influence of alternate thawing and freezing in these lower regions, the snow has become changed into dense ice; but even that ice must yield. Blocks of it, hundreds of feet thick, cannot stand the crush of miles of widely-spread snow lodged against them on surfaces that incline upwards to thousands of feet, so they crack, and twist, and squeeze, until at last they are forced onwards. The adamantine substance becomes like softened wax under the pressure to which it is exposed, and runs into every gully, and takes the form of every rocky obstacle against which it is thrust. Solidity, after all, is but a relative quality, and depends as much on the circumstances in which the so-called solid is placed, as on its internal nature. Water may be easily poured out of a jug, but ice cannot by any means be served in the same way. Nature, however, can make ice pour when she addresses herself to the task. A body that seems to be solid, proves to be otherwise under the test of her management. Substances vary immensely in their consistency; every degree of transition may be found between absolute solidity and perfect fluidity. Water itself is a little viscid, for it runs more quickly at the top and centre of a stream than it does at the bottom and sides; yet it readily flows along a declivity that sinks six inches in a mile—one part in a length of ten thousand. There are other fluids that are so much thicker they will not flow unless they rest on a surface inclined sixty inches in a mile; yet other substances may be placed on a slope that rises out of the horizontal several degrees without their parts exhibiting any tendency to slide over each other; but these begin to move directly if a sufficient weight is made to act upon them from above. Pressure, then, counteracts their tenacity. Ice will rest motionless on inclined planes that approach more than half-way to the perpendicular, if the bottom of the mass be supported, until there is so much of it that the weight of the higher portion is more than the coherency of the lower portion can sustain; then the whole begins to move, half yielding and half sliding. In some

large glaciers where the snow-feeders are thousands of feet above the termination of the ice-stream, the ice travels from between the rocky barriers into the valley, at the rate of about two feet in the day. It has been calculated, that if the entire frozen mass in these were, by some stroke of magic, converted all at once into water, the bottom would begin to move under the pressure of the weight above, at the rate of 44,000,000 of feet in twenty-four hours. Glacier ice, although possessing some of the attributes of fluidity, is nevertheless, then, 22,000,000 times less fluid than water. Professor Forbes first proved that the ice of glaciers really does flow down their channels after a fashion. He watched holes dug into different parts of the ice of the Mer de Glace, through a small telescope furnished with a graduated circle, and planted in a fixed station upon the rocky bank, and he found that these marks were carried downwards by the ice-stream further in a day when they were on the lower part of the glacier than when on the upper; and that they also travelled faster when in the centre of the channel than when near its side. The daily progress near the top of this glacier amounts to about ten inches; near the bottom, to about sixteen inches at the side, and twenty-five inches in the centre. When the professor was upon the Mer de Glace in the year 1832, he picked up some fragments of wood on the ice that were subsequently identified as portions of a ladder the illustrious naturalist M. de Saussure had left near the top of the glacier in 1788, when he spent seventeen entire days beneath the canvas of a tent pitched at the Col du Geant. The movement of the ice was by this means estimated to have amounted to 16,500 feet in forty-four years, giving an average rate of about 375 feet of advance for each year. It has been calculated, that a block of granite discharged into one of the head-feeders of the Mer de Glace during the reign of Charles I., would be now just about making its escape from the lower termination of the ice.

Large glaciers, such as the Mer de Glace, project quite into the cultivated valleys, and often, after a series of cold and wet seasons, turn up the turf before their advancing toes, which then act as if they were gigantic ploughshares, worked from above by the strengthened spirits of the frozen heights. In warmer and drier times, the glacier, however, retreats instead of advancing. The ice at its extremity is then melted away more quickly than a fresh supply is brought down from above. Occasionally, the glacier toe neither advances nor retires among the cultivated grounds, just as much frozen substance being melted off from beneath as is brought down from above. Then the richest profusion of summer-flowers may often be seen, hanging almost in contact with the frigid mass. The water that results from the melting of the ice flows off from the glacier as a sparkling stream, issuing, in most instances, from a crystal cavern that is hollowed beneath.

The snow that is deposited on the top and sides of Mont Blanc

settles gradually down into all the ravines and gullies that lie between the prominent ridges and buttresses, consolidating into ice as it goes, and pressing onwards quite into the lateral valleys. Two of these frozen streams present their extremities in the Valley of Chamouni; two others appear in the Allée Blanche; and two others issue into the Valley of Montjoie, beyond the arm that stretches to Mont Lacha. The white mantle of the monarch is looped up into folds as it descends towards his feet; and the folds that fall in front, between the arms and towards Chamouni, are called the glaciers of Bossons and Taconnay, while those which fall behind, into the Allée Blanche, are termed the glaciers of Brenva and Miage. The towering form that shines on the eye, so far in the direction of Geneva, is, after all, but a huge pile of snow, collected upon a cluster of pinnacles of rock, and gliding down into the natural ravines that exist between. On the Chamouni side, the slope of the higher part of the mountain is so gentle, that the snow is able to cling to the surface of the rock everywhere, excepting upon the very summits of a few isolated peaks that just penetrate through the frozen mass. Towards the Allée Blanche the inclination is so much more rapid, that vast precipices of granite present themselves to view in all their rugged nakedness. When seen under this aspect, the White Mountain seems scarcely to deserve its name. Owing to the difference of the slopes on the side of Savoy and towards Piedmont, the glacier ice advances much further in one lateral valley than it does in the other. It stops some distance short of the central stream in the Valley of Chamouni; but in the Allée Blanche it is pushed quite across the valley, and in one place thrust far up against the opposite cliff. In 1818, the ice of the glacier of Brenva overthrew a small chapel built 300 feet high on the face of the mountain.

Courted and frequented as the regal White Mountain of Chamouni now is, a short century ago it was scarcely known beyond the precincts of its own valleys. The earliest notice of it in print occurs in an old book describing a visit of Dr Richard Pococke to Chamouni in 1743. His attention seems to have been caught by its appearance and magnificent dimensions. Seventeen years after Dr Pococke's visit, the great philosopher of Geneva, M. de Saussure, was haunting the base of the mountain, and casting his longing eyes on its tempting summit. In 1760, he offered a reward to any adventurous chamois-hunter who would find him a practical route for accomplishing the ascent. Incited by the offer, Pierre Simon of Chamouni twice attempted to scale the slippery mass: once from the Mer de Glace, and once from the glacier of Bossons. Both attempts, however, issued in failures. In 1775, four Chamouniards penetrated some way into the great valley of snow, from which the glaciers of Bossons and Taconnay descend. They found this route free from all mechanical obstacles that could have arrested their progress, but they were so completely overcome by fatigue and

oppression, due, as they thought, to the heat of the sun's rays in the confined valley, but which, no doubt, was caused by the unrecognised influence—the rarity of the atmosphere in so elevated a region—that they abandoned their undertaking in despair. In 1783, three other guides from Chamouni reached the same position, by the same route, but they also were beaten by their novel sensations, and returned, declaring that it was impossible to continue to breathe long in the suffocating place. It was one of these hardy mountaineers who amused M. de Saussure so much by declaring, that if he ever ventured up again, he would take nothing else with him but a parasol and a smelling-bottle. In 1784, two chamois-hunters followed their game, in the ardour of the chase, so far up the glacier of Bionnassay, which lies behind the arm that descends from the Dome du Goûté, that they believed themselves to be only a few hundred feet away from the top of the central summit. A few days afterwards, M. Bourrit, a friend of M. de Saussure, induced them to return upon their steps, and this time they declared they went so high that they saw the summit only divided from them by a single narrow ravine of snow. The next year, M. de Saussure endeavoured to repeat the feat under their guidance. He had a hut of stones built at the base of the Aiguille du Gouté, a peak placed high up on the mountain's side, just beneath the left shoulder, and passed the night there. The next day the party climbed to a considerable elevation up the steep precipices of the Aiguille, but they found such a profusion of freshly fallen snow, that they were obliged to desist long before they reached the last year's station of the guides.

In 1786, three guides scaled the Aiguille du Gouté from the glacier of Bionnassay, and at last stood upon the Dome du Goûté, with a narrow ridge before them leading to the summit. This ridge, however, was flanked on either hand by such fearful precipices, and afforded such precarious footing on its edge, that even these bold and practised mountaineers dared not attempt to traverse it. They returned to Chamouni by the glacier of Bossons; but during the descent, one of the party, Jacques Balmat, strayed from his companions in search of crystals, was caught in a storm, and found himself unable to rejoin them. He squatted in a hole in the snow through the night, and the next morning, finding that he had abundance of time on his hands, he took it into his head to explore a little on his own account before he went down to Chamouni. He reached his home in safety in the evening, but was ill for some days afterwards, in consequence of the long exposure he had suffered. He was attended during his indisposition by a physician of the place, Dr Paccard; to this gentleman he stated his strong conviction, that he had found a route to the summit that might be easily passed. Having completely recovered from his illness, in the August of the same year, he took his physician with him to point out the route he had named. The adventurous pair slept on the top of the Montagne

de la Côte, the narrow, steep, pine-covered ridge of rock that separates the glacier of Bossons from the glacier of Taconnay. At half-past six the next evening, that of the 8th of August, they planted their victorious feet on the hitherto inaccessible crown of the Monarch, and returned safely to their resting-place of the previous day, by midnight. In July 1787, Balmat once more reached the top of the mountain, and then summoned M. de Saussure to make the long-desired ascent under his guidance. The eager philosopher came at the call. On the 1st of August, he slept at Balmat's old night-station, on the La Côte mountain, with a train of eighteen guides. The next night, the party passed under a tent amidst the remnants of old avalanches, half-way up the great snow valley that looks towards Chamouni. On the third day, he erected his instruments of scientific research on the spot he so earnestly longed to reach, and remained nearly four hours watching their indications. At length the Mountain Monarch was fairly vanquished, and from this time his neck may be said to have been bent beneath the yoke of man. Scarcely a year now passes without some fresh assailant leaving the marks of his feet upon the diadem so spotless in olden time. In 1827, when Mr Auldjo was at Chamouni, fourteen successful ascents were upon record in the travellers' book, independently of the mere amateur visits of guides; since then, the top of Mont Blanc has become a spot of fashionable resort. One summer season, a party of law-students go to drink champagne there; another, some sage selects it as a convenient place for proving his apparatus; next, a popular writer climbs up to find incidents for his page; and then an artist mounts with his pencils, to enjoy a morning's uninterrupted sketching. Ten very interesting views of glacier scenes, selected from an ascent made by Mr J. D. H. Browne in 1852, have recently been issued by the publisher, Mr Maclean. The last ascent of the mountain was made in September 1853 by Mr Macgregor and Mr Shuldham, two Englishmen, who then were the thirty-third and thirty-fourth travellers that had accomplished the feat.

The route now universally followed by the aspirants for Mont Blanc distinction, is nearly the same with that which was first struck out by Balmat in 1786. It lies, in the main, along the course of the great snow valley that looks towards Chamouni. This valley is hemmed in on either side by the descending ridges or spurs that have been already spoken of as constituting the Monarch's arms. The right-hand ridge consists of two prominent masses, called respectively the Mont Blanc du Tacul, and the Aiguille du Midi, and of the spur of the latter, which subsides into the Valley of Chamouni. The left-hand ridge is composed of two corresponding peaks, the Dome du Gouté and the Aiguille du Gouté, and of a descending spur from the latter. The road takes the rocky bank, on the Chamouni side of the ice-stream that flows out from this snow valley, quite to the base of the Aiguille du

Midi, and then descends to the surface of perpetual snow. The month of August is deemed the best time of the year for attempting the ascent; but even then the enterprise is never undertaken, unless the wind has been blowing steadily from the north for two or three days through a cloudless sky. Each adventurous traveller is required by the company of Chamouni guides to take at least four personal attendants with him; and it will be admitted that this stipulation is by no means a superfluous one, where it often happens that the adventurer who begins the excursion by marching out of Chamouni with erect head and bold step, ends it by being carried almost bodily up the final slope of the slippery height. The guides receive each 100 francs (about four guineas) for their fee, and have all their physical wants supplied for them during the expedition. Those who know nothing of the nature of Alpine appetites would be greatly surprised to see the list of the provision that is deemed essential in the matter of food and drink alone. When Mr Albert Smith's party made the ascent, the supply for twenty individuals for the two days consisted, among other things, of four legs and four shoulders of mutton, one joint of beef, six joints of veal, forty-six fowls, ten cheeses, twenty large loaves, ninety-three bottles of wine, and three bottles of brandy. Besides these articles of direct consumption, a change of clothes and firewood are carried up to insure the comforts of dry skins and warmth during the night-bivouac, that must of necessity be made in the elevated region far above the line of perpetual snow.

During the first portion of the ascent, a troop of auxiliary porters accompanies the party, to keep the guides fresh for the time when their strength will be most severely taxed. The start takes place about seven in the morning, and the cavalcade moves in straggling order up a steep grassy hill that leads towards the Aiguille du Midi, along the left or eastern margin of the glacier of Bossons. A mile and a quarter above the sea-level, the last habitation on the mountain's side, the hut or Châlet of Para, is passed. Beyond this hut, an hour's toilsome climbing on a rocky path conducts to an enormous block of granite christened the Pointed Stone (Pierre Pointue). Here the main buttress, along whose crest the ascent has hitherto lain, is left, because the glacier of the Pelerins shoots down from the heights of the Aiguille du Midi across it. The track, therefore, turns towards the icy stream that has been for some time seen glittering far below in a ravine to the right. In order to reach the ice, a narrow slippery ledge, worn in the almost perpendicular face of the cliff by goats, has to be traversed, the left shoulder rubbing the hard rock, and the right foot quite on the verge of a precipice, that dips sheer down to the glacier hundreds of feet below. Arrived at the termination of this difficult path, the party stands on a vast mound of large fragments of granite mixed up with gravel, pounded ice, and mud. This mound, or lateral moraine, as it is called, is formed of the rocky masses that have been thrown off from the frozen stream in its downward

progress, either during the ordinary process of melting, or as a consequence of some chance overflow at seasons of unusual fulness. Along the course of this broken and rugged causeway the expedition scrambles, until at last it finds itself directly beneath the Aiguille du Midi. Here there is a large mass of granite, called by the guides the Ladder-stone (Pierre à l'Echelle). The fragment receives this name because the descent is finally made from it to the ice. At the Ladder-stone the party halts to breakfast, and after a hasty meal the porters turn over their loads to the guides, who have thenceforth to bear their own burdens. The auxiliaries then track back to Chamouni, and the main body of the expedition resumes its way.

Between the shelving side of the glacier ice and the inclined surface of the moraine, a sort of channel is formed which has now to be passed. Through this channel the party plunges, and then at last stands upon the frozen glacier itself. The traveller now sees before him a wide waste of snow stretching continuously upwards with an apparently easy slope. Some miles within this waste, two small isolated pinnacles of rock are just discernible where they project above the monotonous surface of whiteness. These pinnacles he watches with peculiar interest, for it is towards them he is told his course has now to be shaped. Near the top of the largest of them the party will have to find refuge and repose during the darkness of the approaching night. From some strange fancy or other, this rocky pyramid has been designated the Grand Mulet.

The frozen slope that has to be traversed before this beacon in the waste can be reached, is not, however, a smooth and level plain, as it seems to be when contemplated from a distance. As soon as the traveller stands upon it, he finds himself surrounded by forms of fearful irregularity. Jagged walls of ice, yawning chasms that plunge hundreds of feet down, and huge masses of half-consolidated snow, the remnants of old avalanches, that have been launched at some previous time from the heights above, are all mingled together in the utmost confusion. Such is the nature of the district through which the brave guides have now to force their way.

Of all the various obstacles with which the path of the hardy adventurers is beset, when once they are fairly launched on the glacier, what is technically called 'the crevice' is the one that is most frequently and constantly met. A crevice is a rent, more or less wide, passing down in the substance of the ice often to the depth of 100 or 200 feet, and gaping above to a proportional extent. Rents of this nature are caused in consequence of the half-rigid, inflexible material being pushed along over an irregular surface. A mass of ice may have its back broken across a prominent ridge, in consequence of the weight of its own substance, just as a match of wood may be broken by pressing its ends while it is laid over the edge of a table. In the higher parts

of the Alpine valleys, the glacier consists of what is termed névé—that is, consolidated snow. It is not perfect ice, for it is opaque, possesses distinct marks of stratification, and has a dull white lustre, instead of being of a greenish transparent hue, and of a uniformly crystalline texture. It is deficient in compactness and density, and, consequently, is readily torn when subjected to violence. As it is pressed down through narrow channels, and among all sorts of irregularly placed obstacles, it becomes here squeezed up into rigid crystal waves, and there torn asunder into yawning chasms. Sometimes one part of the mass sticks fast, while a lower portion moves on by its own weight; a rent is then, of course, necessarily formed. All chasms of this kind, however, disappear as the frozen mass glides on; their sides are crushed in when new obstacles are encountered in front, and new fissures open out in the old positions. Strange to say, the crevices seem to be stationary, although the ice in which they are found is continually advancing. The experienced guides look for their unwelcome presence year after year in the same situations, and rarely fail to find what they look for, any more than they do the peaks and ridges of the immovable rocks that are grouped around.

The crevices have usually smooth, perpendicular walls; but sometimes their sides are hollowed out into most exquisite caverns, filled with tender green light, that is admitted through their own crystal roofs, and adorned with columnar icicles which pass quite to their floors, and look, consequently, like pillars of support designed by art. Round the bases of these pillars, little pools of the clearest water collect, until the fluid begins to gurgle away in spiral cascades through some of the deep recesses of the cave. The bottom of the crevice looks mostly as if it were formed of a solid structure of snow; but wo to the confiding passenger who trusts the weight of his body to the treacherous support! In most cases, the visible surface is nothing but a thin film of ice, that breaks through under the slightest touch, revealing an abyss of fathomless depth beneath. These cavernous spaces are all, of course, excavated by the influence of the water that trickles down from the sun-melted surface above. There is nothing more feared by the guides than these treacherous surfaces and invisible cavities, which too often the most wary eye cannot detect until it is too late. Hair-breadth escapes from their dangers are on record, almost without number. One occurred in De Saussure's ascent of Mont Blanc. Three guides had been sent forward from the night-station at the top of the La Côte ridge to reconnoitre the glacier. They had advanced some way along the apparently firm surface of snow, being providentially tied together by a rope, when suddenly a space, seven feet wide, opened out round Marie Coutet, the central one of the three, revealing to him as he hung between his companions, an abyss that seemed to have neither sides nor bottom. In Mr Browne's series of illustrations, there is a very interesting representation of an incident of this nature. One of the guides is

seen just disappearing through the snow, as he falls into a hidden chasm. The poor fellow went down some feet, and was then fortunately stayed from a further descent in consequence of the bundle of firewood that was fastened across his shoulders getting wedged in between the walls of the crevice. He was drawn up from his perilous situation half-dead with terror, by the aid of the bâtons of his companions.

To guard as much as possible against this species of accident, the adventurers are always tied together by a rope passed round each of their bodies, so long as they are treading upon parts of the glacier that are known to be fraught with danger. Mr Auldjo owed his life to this precaution, when he made the ascent in 1827. The party, strung together in this way, was ascending an icy slope that lay between two fissures, and that was bevelled off considerably towards one of them, when, all in a moment, he lost his footing, and found himself with his hat in one hand and his baton in the other, gliding rapidly towards the lower of the two chasms. To his extreme horror, he saw his feet hanging over the precipice, before any attempt was made to arrest him in his involuntary slide. A gentle pull of the rope then stopped him. His self-possessed companions had taken care to get themselves firmly planted on the slippery declivity, by means of their ice-poles, before they allowed the impulse of his falling weight to be communicated to their bodies. They then coolly told him he must manage to pick himself up while they stood firm. The slightest haste or indiscretion at this critical moment might have sufficed to hurry the whole band to inevitable destruction. The rope performs all sorts of strange services upon the glacier: the inexpert traveller is often hoisted by its means over places where his own organs of progression would prove of small avail. When a fissure is encountered with a thin film of snow spanning it in bridge-like fashion, and yet looking so frail that it seems scarcely possible any living creature heavier than a mouse could pass over it in safety, one of the guides constitutes himself a forlorn-hope, and laying himself down at full length, manages to crawl or scriggle across. His companions then convert themselves into natural sledges: they stretch themselves out on their backs, with their heads towards the snow-bridge, and one adroit pull of the rope brings them flying over with the loose snow surging before them like foam.

It rarely happens that a crevice is met with which proves too much for the skill and ingenuity of the guides. If its width be small, and no snow-bridges can be found, they lay their bâtons down side by side over its gaping mouth, and walk over them. If the fissure prove wider, and unmanageable in this way, they make a long detour round its side until they can circumvent one of its ends, or they descend into it, by cutting steps on one of its walls, and then mount the other by a similar contrivance. Mr Auldjo's printed narrative contains a picture of his party crossing a chasm along the perpendicular face of a vast ice-block that was lodged in

the rent. This wonderful passage was made by means of hand-and-foot holes cut by the first guide, as he clung to his advanced position on the smooth wall of the wedged-in mass. The natural bridges so commonly seen spanning the crevices of the glacier, are, of course, structures that have been formed by the avalanche. They are fragments of snow-slips that have come down from above, and that have had their course stopped by the projecting edge of the fissure. Masses of solid rock sometimes lodge in the same way. Continually huge stones may be observed bounding from the heights above, and rolling along the icy slopes until they plunge into the depths of some gaping crack. These buried masses, however, reappear again upon the upper surface long before they are cast out at the lower extremity of the frozen mass, for the ice is subject to a continued and gradual waste from the direct influence of the rays of the sun. This superficial melting sometimes amounts to as much as a foot in the week, during summer. The fact is rendered very evident in many places, where large tables of solid granite may be seen to be borne up higher and higher day after day on crystal stems, until at last the stem gets too slim to support its burden, when the block topples over to the lower surface, and begins forthwith to form another pedestal, and to mount again. Large masses of solid substance protect the ice directly beneath them from the sun's rays, which go on, nevertheless, eroding and carving away the surrounding mass. Singularly enough, small light bodies, such as leaves, exert an opposite influence. They absorb the sun's heat, and communicate it directly to the ice they cover, and thus hollow out holes for their own reception. The glacier is as self-willed as it is strong. When tons of granite are cast violently down from lofty heights upon its surface, it rejects them from its bosom, and hoists them up on solid pillars of its substance; but when thin filmy membranes that do not weigh grains, are gently deposited by the summer wind, it sucks them into its hidden depths. In large glaciers, a huge pile of rocky fragments that have been broken off from some promontory projecting between two higher feeders, is often trailed along upon the central portion of the lower stream; then by slow degrees the pile gets reared on an icy base that grows higher and higher as it descends, until at last a continuous ridge, seventy or eighty feet high, is formed. These singular ribs of combined ice and rock are called medial moraines, and look like wonderful causeways, reared by some old race of giants to serve as highways of traffic to the upper frozen world. The rocky ingredients of these ridges are cast off from the ice at the extremity of the glacier, year after year, until in some places mounds of incredible dimensions are formed. These mounds are designated by the name of terminal moraines.

The party of guides and travellers engaged in attempting the ascent of the mountain, slowly make their way among these various difficulties of its icy slopes. Tied together by their ropes,

and leaning on their trusty alpen-stocks, they march on in single file through fissures and up precipices, where the inexperienced eye would deem all progress impossible. At last, after four or five hours of incessant toil upon the glacier, they cross one more chasm, and climb one more slippery hill, and then joyfully halt at the base of the Grand Mulet. This friendly pyramid of rock is evidently one of the terminal peaks of the granite ridge of La Côte, the buttress that separates the glaciers of Bossons and Taconnay, and which here crops out again through the snow, after having been concealed beneath it for some way. It consists of a number of loose slabs piled up on each other, and rising 300 feet above the glacier in front, and about 80 feet behind, where the ice is heaped to a higher level. A little below its top, a flat shelf, 5 feet wide and 12 feet long, is placed. To this ledge the party climbs, and there the bivouac for the night is prepared. The stores are unpacked, a fire is kindled, and the evening meal is made ready by some member of the company who believes himself to have a special talent for the culinary art. Having done justice to this repast, the refreshed band now watches the beautiful tints of evening as they change and fade on the wide prospect around. After sunset, arrangements for a few hours' rest are completed. The guides place their batons in a sloping position against the wall of rock which forms the back of their shelf, and then convert the space beneath into an extemporaneous tent by stretching a sheet over them. Into this they now pack themselves, and soon are buried in heavy sleep.

The traveller, however, who makes his bed on the Grand Mulet for the first time, feels very little inclination for sleep. He peeps round the edge of the sheet to see the stars blazing through the thin clear air like mimic fires. He listens, and he almost fancies he can *hear* the stillness, the sense of absolute quiet is so unlike anything he has ever experienced before. The thousand little rills of water that have been leaping and running through the day, like pulses of glacier-life, are now all hushed; every tiny stream is dried—every miniature cascade is stopped. But all at once the quiet is broken; a low, rushing murmur breaks on the ear, and continues for a few seconds, then ends in a softened crash. That is the rush of the avalanche. Some huge precipice of snow has slidden down into the ravine, and buried the surface of yesterday beneath its crumbling mass. If the listening traveller had been there, instead of upon his lofty perch of rock, he would have heard his last earthly sound, and drawn his last earthly breath. Through the long hours of darkness, this fearful thought is kept present to his startled mind, by repeated peals of the same dread music bursting at intervals upon the solemn silence. Sleep is effectually banished, although the weary frame stands greatly in need of its beneficent service; and it is felt to be even a relief when the guides begin to stir, long before daybreak, in preparation for their morning's start.

As soon as the entire party is once more on the alert, all superfluous baggage is stowed away in the recesses of the rock. A few essential articles alone are made into compact bundles, which are fairly distributed among the guides. If the moonlight does not chance to be very strong, one or two lanterns are lit, and the rope being adjusted, and the alpen-stocks resumed, the long file descends to the ice, to enter once more upon the conflict with its dangers and difficulties. The line of march now lies in the course of a sloping valley of snow, enclosed between the Aiguille du Goûté and the Mont Blanc du Tacul. First, a steep bank of slippery ice is climbed in zigzag lines, and by means of axe-hewn steps. At the top of this, a small level plain appears, that is everywhere covered, however, by the remnants of old avalanches, and fissured by crevices. This plain is called the First Plateau. It is much dreaded by the guides on account of the frequent snow-slips that occur over its surface. The accumulating snow clings to the steep flanks of the Dome and Aiguille du Gouté, until the mass becomes so great, that the inclined slopes can no longer retain the enormous weight, or until its cohesion is lessened by the influence of the sun. All at once, and without any previous warning, hundreds and thousands of tons then rush through the lower ravines, rolling and sliding along until they come to the more level spaces, where their further progress is stayed, and where they become incorporated with the general substance of the glacier. The dangers of the avalanche are more subtle than those of the treacherous crevice, but they are also far more appalling; for they come upon the helpless passenger not only without notice, but also with a stupendous force, that no adroitness can parry, and that no caution can avoid. Neither rope nor alpen-stock avails against their ruthless approach. In Sir Charles Fellowes' expedition of 1827, he at one time found himself arrested by a wide crevice, which had to be passed by cutting steps down one wall and up the other. Immediately on the right, a stupendous cliff of consolidated snow, 200 feet high, overhung the party. Three times, while the guides were engaged in their arduous work, this cliff was heard to crack with a sound resembling the report of a pistol. After a quarter of an hour's incessant effort, the crevice was passed, and the party proceeded on their way; but before they had traversed a short half-mile, a tremendous crash fell upon their ears, and they turned round to see the ruins of the mass that had so recently hung poised above their heads, strewn over the spot where the delay had occurred!

After crossing the comparatively level expanse of the First Plateau, another steep declivity of snow is encountered. This has to be climbed after somewhat the same fashion as the lower one, and the expedition then stands upon the edge of a second plain, also covered by the remnants of avalanches. This is the Petit Plateau, where De Saussure erected his tent for the second night. At the extremity of the Petit Plateau, another long declivity

occurs, which must be ascended by axe-hewn steps, cut in zigzag lines, and then the last level tract of the snow valley, the Grand Plateau, stretches out before the traveller's view.

Imagine an oval ravine about three miles long sloping very gently upwards to the base of a conical peak, its sides formed by lofty walls of snow-covered rock, its entrance guarded on either hand by two almost perpendicular mountains, and its bottom filled by accumulated snow, that has been falling into it from the summit at its upper end and from the ridges at the side for lengthened ages, and a very good idea of the Grand Plateau of Mont Blanc will have been presented to the mind. It is, in fact, the head of the great snow valley that looks towards Chamouni, beginning at the base of the terminal summit, and continued downwards to the first grand fall. In this gently inclined groove, the frozen stream glides softly down, almost unbroken by crevices, until it comes near to the narrow opening left for its exit between the base of the Mont Blanc du Tacul and the Dome du Gouté. There, finding its motion somewhat impeded, especially on the Dome du Gouté side, it works its way over towards the opposite mountain, and then shoots like a terrific ice-cascade over the slope below, forming a broken precipice that no foot could ever scale. On the Dome du Gouté side, where its motion is stopped, the lower ice glides on down the slope a little way, leaving a chasm or rent of vast dimensions. This chasm is always found between the base of the Dome and the ice precipice on the left, and is known to the guides as the crevice of the Dome.

As this crevice crosses the entrance of the Grand Plateau, and ends in an impassable precipice on one hand, and in an almost perpendicular wall that cannot be scaled on the other, it must be surmounted by some means or other if the ascent is to be continued beyond it. When Mr Auldjo climbed the mountain, he found a bridge of snow kindly thrown across the chasm by an avalanche for his use, and upon this bridge his party made their breakfast before they entered upon the snows of the Grand Plateau. Mr Browne and his guides were not so fortunate, and were constrained, after a considerable loss of time, to scramble along the face of the perpendicular wall which stops the fissure at the Dome du Gouté end, and he has made one of his most effective sketches to represent his attendants engaged in seeking a passage by the light of lanterns, while the beams of the waning moon just tinge the snowy peaks above. The surface of the plateau is generally attained in four or five hours after leaving the Grand Mulet, and by that time the sunlight begins to glance on the higher slopes of the mountain, suggesting to the guides the propriety of making the halt for their morning-meal. They accordingly sit themselves down on the snow, and unpack their knapsacks, but it mostly chances that the halt and the labour are alike in vain. All appetite has been left with the heavy baggage far below. At this elevation the air is found to be so rare, that none of the actions of the living

air has now become so rare, that even the stoutest gu
compelled to take breath after every third or fourth step bef
can proceed again. The immediate effect of all muscular ex
is, that it quickens the circulation of the blood; but if the
is made to flow more quickly, when there is already a def
supply of vivifying air in the lungs to purify its stream
influence of its impure and half-poisonous condition will
rendered more sensible in every part of the system. Any one
has ever seen an asthmatic man trying to walk uphill whil
paroxysm of the disorder is on him, will be able to form a tol
notion of the suffering the determined guides have now to b
The heart beats irregularly, the knees refuse their office
knock together, the legs seem quite unable to support the w
of the body, the throat becomes dry and parched, and the brea
difficult, almost to suffocation; and to enhance the wretched
the face is blistered by the fierce blaze of the sun, at the
time that the bones are pierced by the freezing blast. Few
who have not been long inured to mountain labour can so
such an accumulation of distressing sensations: the enthu
hitherto felt changes to disgust or apathy. Mr Albert Smith
he was inclined to resent the impertinence of the guide, who
him to look at the magnificent appearance of Monte-Rosa.
Auldjo implored Julien Devouassoud to let him lie down upo
snow, and await his return. The answer was, that he
engaged the guides' services to take him to the summit of
Blanc, and accordingly he must go there; and that if he di
walk up, they would carry him, or failing to be able to do
would drag him up. The brave fellows, too, were nearly as
as their words, for they fastened a rope round his waist and
a few paces forward, then stopped and allowed him to
himself up to their level. This process was repeated again

he shuts them up as close as he can; he flings himself down on the smooth snow, without even a passing glance at the glorious prospect he has come so far to see, and in a moment is buried in a heavy sleep.

The inexorable guides, however, do not consider that they have brought their charge thus high only that he may take a comfortable nap. After a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, therefore, they shake the sleeper up, and bring his slumber to a hasty conclusion. The traveller then raising his head, finds himself so far refreshed that he can look about him with comparative comfort, and a wonderful sight it is that bursts upon his view. At first, the landscape seems so vast that the mind feels unable to grasp any distinct notion regarding it. Mr Browne's idea was, that he must be looking down upon an entire world flattened out before him. In one direction, the eye glances quite over Dijon, and falls upon French mountains that form the boundary of Champagne, nearly 150 miles away. The portion of a spherical surface that is visible from any point raised above it, is to the whole surface as the height of the point is to the diameter of the sphere. If, therefore, Mont Blanc were surrounded by sea instead of by mountainous tracts of land, the 2666th part of the earth's area would be taken in from its summit at a glance.* In other words, 2666 such prospects would comprise the entire earth. The horizon seems to be a complete circle, like the open-sea horizon, excepting only that one peak of Monte-Rosa breaks in upon it; but it is not so, for high ground intercepts the line of vision much sooner in some directions than it does in others. Towards the west, the eye reaches over the Jura quite into France. Towards the north, it sees Mont Jorat, the Oberland Alps, and the greater part of Switzerland, with the lake of Geneva close beneath. To the east, peak after peak of the Pennine Chain rises in succession, till the mighty wall ends in Monte-Rosa. South of the Pennine Chain, the plains of Piedmont and Lombardy, even beyond Milan, unfold themselves as broad blue patches. The Maritime and Graian Alps intercept the sight towards the Mediterranean, which, but for their intervention, would be visible far beyond Genoa. At intervals through gaps in the chain that connects Monte Viso with Mont Cenis, glimpses are caught of remote ridges that rise from the plains of Dauphiné, Provence, and the Lyonnais.

The top of the mountain consists of a snow-terrace, arranged somewhat in the form of an irregular crescent, 70 yards long and 20 yards across in its widest part. The concavity of the crescent is directed towards Geneva, and slopes off downwards, and one horn is a few yards higher than the other. One-third of the way down the terminal slope that falls towards the Mur de la Côte, a small portion of bare rock projects up about twenty feet above the snow. This is appropriately termed the Derniers

* Three miles is to 2000 miles as one is to 2666, nearly.

mountain has been ascertained by observing how far the mer
column has fallen within the tube of the barometer durin
ascent. When a barometer is placed near the level of the s
mercury is forced up into the empty tube of glass, whence
has been previously excluded, until the weight of the colu
mercury just equals the weight of the atmospheric column
upon the liquid metal from without. Under ordinary circumst
the mercury is sustained in the barometric tube near the sea-l
about thirty inches. In other words, a column of mercury,
inches high, weighs just as much as a column of air of the
transverse dimensions, that extends from the sea-level up
miles to the outer termination of the atmosphere, whereve
may be. If the top of the barometer tube be broken, and
admitted, the weight of the atmosphere immediately falls
the upper surface of the mercury as well as upon that belo
the metal accordingly drops from the tube. When, the
an instrument of this description is carried up a mountai
mercurial column within the tube falls continually lowe
lower during the upward progress, for more and more
atmospheric weight is left beneath. After numerous observ
of this kind, men of science have found that they can ca
how far the mercury should sink for any given number of
ascent; and therefore they of course know how far they
mounted when they notice the extent to which the mercu
fallen. De Saussure found that, when he carried his bar
up Mont Blanc, the sustained column of mercury was allo
drop in its tube until only sixteen inches remained in it wh
summit was reached.

As the mercurial column in the barometer is sustained,
top of Mont Blanc, at only a trifle more than half the he

frame tend outwards with more than their usual power, and cause the body to swell; often the blood bursts from the delicate membranes of the mouth and nose; the breathing becomes quick under the attempt the lungs make to get the full quantity of respiratory material they require in a given time, and the circulation of course is hurried in the same proportion. M. de Saussure left Chamouni with a pulse beating seventy-two in the minute, and found it beating 100 when he arrived at the mountain's top. The body feels ordinarily extremely light. Captain Sherwill described the sensation he experienced when he stood on the summit in 1836, as one that made him fancy he could have freely passed the blade of a knife between the soles of his shoes and the snow, at any moment. Mr Auldjo opened a bottle of champagne when he occupied the same position in 1827; the wine rolled out in the most luxuriant foam, and the party drank of it with very great zest; but they soon repented the rash experiment. The fixed air continued to be disengaged rapidly after the frothing liquid had been swallowed, producing excessive pain; and some of the guides were nearly suffocated, besides being greatly frightened into the bargain.

One of the most striking effects of the great rarity of the air on the summit of Mont Blanc, is the singular stillness that reigns around. As the sensation of sound results from the communication of vibrations of air to the nerve of the ear, the sense of course becomes proportionally dulled when the aërial vibrations are rendered feeble, as they must be when there is but half the substance to undergo undulation. The loudest voices are only heard as whispers: a pistol makes the report of a cracker when fired. When Mr Auldjo cut the string from his champagne bottle, the cork instantly flew out to a great distance, but there was no explosion. The rareness of the air can be detected by the eye, too, as well as by the ear, at this lofty station: it is *seen* in the colour of the sky. The concave expanse that arches overhead, and that down below is tinted everywhere by a uniform and bright azure hue, now becomes of a deep blue almost passing into black. What we call the blue sky, is really the blue air seen by means of the solar light that is reflected to it from the earth. All the constituent beams of the sunlight get down to the earth through the transparent atmosphere; but when they are thrown back again, weakened by the process of reflection, only the red and yellow beams are able to struggle back into external space, the blue ones are caught by the air, and are returned to the eye. The blue sky is the successive layers of the nearly transparent aërial particles seen bathed in blue light—the nearest through the furthest, so to speak. When the observer is low down near the sea, a great number of layers of air are visible above, more light is returned to the eye, and the sky accordingly looks bright. When he is high up in the atmosphere, comparatively few layers remain above to reflect the blue light; very little light consequently comes to the eye; and the sky has more of the darkness or blackness of void space in its hue.

The summit of Mont Blanc is generally reached shortly before noon on the second day of the excursion. The guides remain patiently on the narrow platform of snow for one or two hours, but they then begin to manifest considerable impatience to set about their return. They are aware that all the dangers and difficulties which were encountered during the ascent, must be yet again braved; and their experience tells them that, in addition, there is great probability that one of the fearful Alpine thunder-storms may burst upon them before they accomplish their descent. An interval of three or four cloudless days of uninterrupted fine weather is rarely met with in Switzerland or Savoy at this season of the year, without the occurrence of such a close. When Mr Auldjo reached the top of the mountain, the panorama around was perfectly clear; not a trace of haze was perceptible anywhere. Soon, however, a slight film of clouds spread over the deep blue sky, and a dense mass of vapour rose from the horizon over the plains of Dauphiné. The guides at once marked this sign, and hastened the departure of the party.

In many places, the progress is very rapid during the descent. By this time the heat of the day has melted the surface crust of the ice, and the travellers' feet consequently sink at each step deep into a porous substance. They therefore run down steep declivities, and make immense strides in comparative safety, the leg sinking quite to the knee, and guarding against all possible chance of slipping. There is more risk now of sticking fast with broken legs, than of pitching over the terrible precipices. The guides often adopt a plan which they call *glissading*, when they come to suitable slopes. They sit down on the upper edge of the declivity, and glide in a moment to the level below, although it may be a hill which cost them an hour's incessant labour to mount. They use their batons, placed beneath one of their arms, as a kind of rudder to guide their course, and moderate its rapidity by thrusting their feet into the snow. The traveller places himself as close as possible to one of the strongest guides, with his legs round the body, and his hands firmly pressed over the shoulders in front of him, and away the pair shoot with incredible velocity. The guides frequently turn the glissade into a sport full of great enjoyment. Those behind overtake the foremost ones, and both roll over together for some distance before they can right themselves again. But when there are crevices near the sides or bottom of their sliding-grounds, no jokes are practised; they then keep themselves carefully on the alert, and will manage, during their descent, to turn themselves away from any dangerous spot that appears, or will even stop short in the midst of their course, if they deem it necessary to do so. Many of the guides are able, in this way, to glide down places nearly perpendicular, and yet to keep command of their movements all the time.

By twelve o'clock, the ropes were attached in Mr Auldjo's expedition, and the downward march commenced. As the party

traversed the Grand Plateau, they noticed the mass of a recently fallen avalanche, of very large size, covering a great portion of the old route, which lies across the middle of the plain. They had been startled by the noise of its descent in the morning as they climbed one of the higher slopes, and paused to listen, in the belief that it was a snow-slip on the Piedmontese side of the mountain. They now found, however, that the danger had then been in much closer neighbourhood to them than they had conceived. Indeed, had not Mr Fellowes discovered the new line of route fifteen days before, it was probable that they would themselves have been traversing the exact spot where the avalanche rested, at the very moment of its descent. The guides started, turned pale, and clasped their hands the moment they perceived the snow, and for a few moments no one moved or uttered a word. Some, no doubt, thought sadly of their three brave companions who had been buried near the same spot seven years before. The first man who spoke exclaimed to Mr Auldjo: 'Mon Dieu, had we been obliged to go with you by the old route, what a destiny would have awaited us! We might all now have been corpses, mangled, suffocated, and buried beneath that mass of snow.' One married man solemnly vowed, that nothing should ever induce him to make the ascent again.

The descending party generally makes its way across the Grand Plateau, passes the crevice of the Dome du Gouté, and traverses the two lower slopes and plains under circumstances of most distressing fatigue. The afternoon is always the most dangerous period on the glacier, owing to the then more frequent fall of the avalanche; the heat becomes almost suffocating, and the surface-snow waxes softer at every step. Mr Auldjo's band glissaded the slope from the Grand Plateau, within a few feet of the awful precipice on the right hand. When they reached the slope above the first or lowest plateau, the clouds were already dense and threatening, and there seemed to be not a moment to spare; they therefore again slid down, although the declivity was all but perpendicular, and ended below in a flat ledge, a few feet wide, with a precipice beyond its outer edge. Upon this plateau they found numerous large blocks of ice, which had fallen since the morning. Many of the old crevices, too, had closed, and new ones opened. Fortunately, the widest crevice was still bridged over by the snow mass with the perpendicular sides, but the holes for the hands and feet were all melted out, and had to be formed again. When near the Grand Mulet, at three o'clock, a shower of sleet began; the party changed their clothes hurriedly, took some hasty refreshment, packed up their baggage, and were about to descend to the ice, when a second shower of sleet, accompanied by tremendous flashes of lightning, burst upon them. Mr Auldjo threw himself down on the rock, and was covered over by a sheet, hastily unpacked, and there fell asleep almost immediately, notwithstanding the tempest that was raging around. In a few minutes,

however, he awoke from the painful pressure of the hail that had collected above him; he tried to rise, but found he could not disengage himself from the loaded sheet. He called to the guides, but they had all dispersed about the rocky slabs in search of shelter. After twenty-five minutes, the storm abated, and the guides returned to set him free from his disagreeable and somewhat alarming position. The entire cavalcade then resumed its march, sounding its way with the batons through the freshly fallen hail. A short distance below the Grand Mulet, the route was entirely lost, and the puzzled guides found themselves winding amidst innumerable crevices, without any apparent path out of the maze. Two of the party were sent off to endeavour to discover the track, while the rest remained standing upon a narrow ledge overlooking an abyss. While remaining here, to their misfortune the storm again burst forth with renewed fury. Following in the traces of the exploring guides, they now proceeded until they found a sheltering recess, formed by a mass of ice, projecting over a narrow ledge, which ran along the side of a deep crevice. Here the whole party just found room to stand in a row, in a bending posture, beneath the overhanging ice. While they were in this situation, the storm continued to rage with most terrific violence; gusts of wind and pelting showers of hail alternating with peals of thunder, and these with scarcely less terrible moments of complete calm. During one of these still moments, they were rejoiced to hear a voice calling to them to advance. One of the exploring-party had recovered the route. Mr Auldjo, however, could only move with the assistance of one of his companions. His fingers were frozen, and his hands so stiff and senseless that he could not hold his baton. The party now came to a wall in the angle of two meeting crevices, down which they had to cut steps. Some twelve feet below, a projecting tongue of snow came forward to meet the wall, without, however, quite touching it. A part of the guides descended to the tongue, and the rest then lowered Mr Auldjo down to them by means of the rope. On the instant, as he was hanging, rocking in mid-air, a flash of lightning penetrated into the abyss below him, and revealed its awful depth; and a crash of thunder seemed at the same moment to tear down the glacier from above. He was, however, drawn in upon the ledge in safety, and sat down there while the men above descended. Two or three of the guides now lost their courage completely, and declared that they must all perish. The rest preserved a bold face, and suffering as they were from the effects of wet and extreme cold, proceeded with their methodical arrangements. They made Mr Auldjo stand up, and then closed round him in a circle, until he felt the warmth of their bodies. They then took off their own coats, and covered him with them. One lay down upon his feet, while others put his hands into their bosoms by turns. Each took some brandy, and, in about ten minutes, all were able to advance again, Mr Auldjo beneath a

thick cloak, and supporting himself upon two batons held horizontally between two guides, who walked one before and one behind him. By the time they reached the base of the Aiguille du Midi the storm had ceased, and they were able to make more rapid progress across the ice, which was covered by fragments of recent avalanches. They finally left the treacherous glacier at half-past six, scrambled down the moraine, climbed the goat-path, rendered doubly slippery by the hail, and soon after were greeted at the Châlet de la Para by a caldron of boiling milk, dispensed in large basins, by a beneficent damsel who had been for some time anticipating the return of the way-worn party. They reached Chamouni between eight and nine, after an absence of about thirty-seven hours.

One of the most remarkable attempts yet made to ascend the mountain, on account of the illustration it affords of man's power to enter into conflict with the physical powers of nature, was commenced by Lieutenant Murray of the British navy, on the 1st of August 1853. His party reached the Grand Mulet for the usual evening halt, without experiencing much difficulty; but a storm then came on, which increased in fury through the night, until, at the time appointed for the early morning start, it had assumed the character of a violent gale. The gallant adventurers nevertheless resolved that they would not abandon their enterprise without a struggle, so they proceeded upwards. Jean Tairraz considered that the new path by the Vallée would prove quite impracticable, so the more direct route that was always followed before Sir Charles Fellowes' ascent, was adopted. Along this route the party advanced, in spite of incessant storms of hail and snow, which beat full in their faces, until they had nearly conquered the top of the Rochers Rouges, when all on an instant, with a crash like that of a thunder-clap, an awful crevice opened immediately across their path. The foremost guide disappeared on the moment, and all believed that he was gone from them for ever. Soon, however, his voice was heard issuing from the abyss, whence he was drawn by means of a rope lowered by his companions. He had clutched a fragment of jagged ice as he was gliding down, and there hung, with a perpendicular chasm yawning on either side of him 150 feet deep, until help arrived. Notwithstanding this alarming incident, the lieutenant and his guides held on their perilous course, until they reached a small rock within half an hour's march of the summit. Under this they crept for shelter, and were literally compelled to cling to its rugged masses with all their might, to avoid being blown away. Tairraz now assured Lieutenant Murray, that if they advanced any further, it must be only to be blown over the neighbouring precipices by the force of the wind; so the party began to retrace their steps. After incredible labour, they once again stood upon the ledges of the Grand Mulet in safety, the tempest still raging about them. Here they were constrained to spend the second night; but the lieutenant

states, that he would not have lost the pleasure of that second night for any consideration. He describes the fearful hurricanes of wind, the crash of the thunder, the lightning riving the dark clouds that were wrapped around the majestic summit above, the falling of the avalanches, and the opening of the crevices, as combining to form a climax of sublimity, that nothing short of experience could present to the human mind. The party reached Chamouni unscathed the following evening by nine o'clock.

The last part of the journey upon the glacier mostly proves very hazardous when it is made late in the day. The ice is changed into a nearly impassable sludge all along the border of the moraine, and a battery of stones is kept constantly playing from the heights of the Aiguille du Midi, as if to cut off the adventurer's retreat. Mr Browne's party were forced to descend the glacier some distance below the Ladder-stone before they dared to wade to the rocks of the moraine. They also experienced a thunder-storm; but they were fortunate enough to reach the firm bank of the ice-stream before its fury was loosened upon their heads.

The return to Chamouni, after a successful ascent of the White Mountain, takes the form generally of a triumphal procession. The village turns out to greet the adventurers, and the guides are joined by all who are most interested in their safety. On the following day, the joyful issue of the expedition is celebrated by a banquet, given to the guides at the chief hotel in the place. The poor fellows come to the festive board, but not always with smiling faces; too often their swollen features, scorched lips, and inflamed eyes tell a sad tale of what they must have endured during their long exposure to blazing sunshine, amidst fields of spotless and highly reflective snow. Occasionally, these brave children of the mountain pay for the distinction they so hardily and painfully win, by the heavy penalty of a complete blindness that lasts some days.

LORD CLIVE.

ROBERT CLIVE, the founder of British supremacy in India, was born on the 29th of September 1725, at a place called Styche, in the parish of Moreton-Tay, near Market-Drayton, Shropshire. His father, Mr Richard Clive, was an attorney in indifferent practice; his mother, a high-minded, superior woman, to whom her distinguished son frequently declared he was indebted for almost all of beneficial instruction his youth received, was, previous to her marriage with Mr Richard Clive, a Miss Gaskill of Manchester. Robert, the eldest of a family of thirteen children, was sent, when little more than two years old, to reside with a Mr Bailey, Mrs Clive's brother-in-law, at Hope Hall, near Manchester, where he appears to have been treated with much monitory kindness, which, however, availed nothing. Mr Bailey's

sorrowfully confessed, to subdue the fierce, audacious spirit of the boy, 'to the more valuable qualities of meekness, benevolence, and patience.' A mischievous, intractable urchin, the authorities of the various schools through which he was rapidly shifted pronounced him to be; but in all his absurd and riotous pranks, evincing a fearless intrepidity, a love of peril for the peril's sake, which, after he had become illustrious as a soldier, was held to have been prophetic of his military fame. One of his juvenile exploits will sufficiently illustrate the temperament of the reckless boy: he ascended the lofty church-tower at Market-Drayton, and let himself down several feet over the parapet upon a stone spout shaped at the top like a dragon's head, for the mere pleasure of bestriding it, and jerking from that position two or three stones that had lodged upon the spout! Mr Clive had intended to make a lawyer of him, but the lad's unconquerable dislike of the profession compelled the abandonment of that purpose, and a writership in the East India Company's service—an appointment of slight *immediate* value in those days—was procured for him; his father, notwithstanding, remaining constant to his frequently expressed opinion, that, except in the fighting-line, 'the brainless booby' would have no chance of getting forward in the world. He sailed in the spring of 1743 for Madras, and encountered a long and dangerous voyage, the unseaworthy ship in which he embarked having been compelled to put in at Brazil for repairs, where it remained nine months; and another delay occurring at the Cape, it was not till the autumn of 1744 that he reached his destination. During his compulsory sojourn at Brazil, he so far mastered his dislike of such studies as to acquire a tolerable knowledge of the Portuguese language—a solitary instance on his part of that kind of application, it being no less true than strange, that this remarkable person was never able to hold five minutes' conversation with the inhabitants of the country whose future he so powerfully shaped and controlled.

The only person in Madras to whom Robert Clive had a letter of introduction, had sailed for England previous to his arrival there; and the friendless young man—he was barely nineteen—was, moreover, already in a state of pecuniary embarrassment, the unusual length of the voyage having not only exhausted his slender purse, but compelled him to borrow money of the captain of the ship, upon the security of his salary as a writer. That salary, even if unencumbered, was a miserably inadequate one, and he could only hope to better his fortunes after many years of drudging clerk-work, which he detested, by availing himself of the fraudulent facilities offered to the practised grasp of the elder servants of the Company, by the system of 'private trade,' the nature of which we shall have presently to explain. Under these circumstances, shunning society, upon which he had no claim, and for which felt slight aptitude, straitened in present means, and almost *airing* of the future, it is not surprising that the irritable,

restless spirit of the misplaced clerk darkened into a morbid gloominess of mind, from which he was never afterwards wholly free except during the excitement of gaming, of war, or of political strife and antagonism—an unnatural state of being, that ultimately grew to be a condition of existence, which failing, life at once became unendurable—impossible. He was found one day in his private room, Writer's Buildings, by a fellow-clerk, whilst suffering under one of those accesses of gloom and wretchedness, with a pistol on the table before him. 'Fire that pistol out of the window,' said Clive abruptly. The clerk did so; and as the report rang through the apartment, Robert Clive, who, though destitute of defined religious convictions, had, like Napoleon Bonaparte, a sort of dreamy faith in Destiny, leaped exultingly to his feet, and exclaimed: 'There *is* something reserved for me to do then. . . . Twice I vainly snapped that pistol at my own head!' He was not only, it is clear, exceedingly reckless in his general habits, but likewise grossly imprudent in his demeanour towards his official superiors, and, as a necessary consequence, always involved in debt and personal disputes. Upon one occasion, the governor of Madras ordered him to apologise for some injurious language he had used towards a secretary. As a refusal would have been followed by immediate dismissal from the service, Clive sullenly obeyed the distasteful mandate, whereupon the placable, good-natured official asked him to dine and take part of a bottle of wine with him. 'No, sir,' was Clive's fierce reply; 'I have not been ordered to dine with you.' Another anecdote, strongly illustrative of the unflinching resolution which characterised him through life, may be related here, although the incident itself occurred some months later, after he had taken refuge at Fort St David, subsequently to the capture of Madras by the French. Having nothing to occupy his time even in the way of clerkship, he one day sought to while away the lingering hours by gaming, and speedily lost a considerable sum at cards to two officers, whom he not long afterwards detected in the act of cheating. Clive immediately declared he would never pay what he was now convinced he had unfairly lost; a violent quarrel ensued, and one of the officers demanded immediate 'satisfaction.' As Clive had not the slightest objection to that mode of liquidating his debt, the duel came off at once; and each combatant being armed with a loaded pistol, it was agreed that they should slowly advance towards each other, either to fire when he pleased. Clive fired first, missed, and was at the mercy of his adversary, who stepped close up, held his pistol to Clive's head, and bade him ask his life. Clive did so; an apology was next demanded, and flatly refused.

'Then I will shoot you,' savagely exclaimed the triumphant swindler.

'Shoot!' replied Clive. 'I said you cheated, and I say so still.'

The astonished officer lowered his pistol, muttering as he did so that the fellow was mad, and the affair terminated.

Robert Clive's wearying and unprofitable clerk-life was fortunately not of very long duration; there *was* work to which few men would have been equal, appointed for him to do; and the signal announcing that the hour was at hand when he must commence that life-task, was the clash of hostilities between France and England, who had ranged themselves on opposite sides in the Austrian war of succession, which, breaking out in 1745, soon afterwards extended to every part of the globe where the rival nations were within reach of each other. But in order to render this necessarily rough and crowded sketch of Robert Clive's bold deeds and astute high-reaching policy intelligible to the general reader, it is necessary that we should first briefly review the actual and precedent condition of the country in which he was destined to achieve so great a reputation.

The Mogul-Mussulman dynasty, founded upon the ruins of many native sovereignties, which had so long ruled by force, fraud, and policy, over the vast and variously peopled countries of India, shewed unmistakable symptoms of decay as early as the middle of the seventeenth century; and Aurung-Zebe, who died in 1707, was the last of the princes of the house of Tamerlane in whose hands the imperial sceptre of the Moguls was wielded with vigour and authority. But the tradition of imperial sway long survived the practical extinction of the rule of the Moguls, and the soubahdars, nizams, nabobs, rajahs, amongst whom the territory of India was divided and subdivided, continued to profess allegiance to the powerless puppets enthroned at Delhi, who, sunk in luxurious effeminacy, were content to barter the reality for the shadow of authority, and such grudgingly-paid tribute as enabled them to pass their degraded lives in idleness and sensuality. The fatal consequences of this breaking up of the Mogul's dominions into practically independent, and mutually jealous and hostile principalities, were not slow in developing themselves. Kouli-Khan, better known as Nadir Shah, crossed the Indus with his Persians, smote Delhi with fire and sword, and carried off treasures of fabulous value, amongst which, by the way, was the famous 'Mountain of Light,' which now glitters in the diadem of Queen Victoria; the Afghan mountaineers repeatedly swept the districts within reach of their terrible incursions; the warlike rajpoots of North-western India shook off the Moslem yoke; and most formidable of all internal enemies, the fierce Mahratta clans, inhabiting the vast mountain-range or ghauts extending along the western coast from about Surat to Cape Comorin, descended in multitudes from their hill-fastnesses to overrun and ravage Hindostan; finally succeeded in establishing themselves in unchallenged dominion at Poonah, Sattarah, Gwalior, Guzzerat, Berar, and Tanjore; and their power remained essentially intact till after the fall of Tippoo Sultan, when it was irretrievably shattered by the sword of Wellington at Assye. The Mahrattas themselves owledged no allegiance to the Delhi emperors; but the

countries in which they had erected their strongholds were, nevertheless, presumed to be under the jurisdiction of the imperial lieutenants. For instance, the soubahdarry, or vice-royalty of the Deccan—literally, the south—nominally comprised the whole of the country south of the Nerbudda river, and was supposed to be governed by the Soubahdar or Nizam, who held his court at Hydrabad. But precisely as the Soubahdar strove to render himself *de facto* independent of the emperor, so did the nabobs and rajahs, between whom the Deccan was subdivided, in their turn resist and defy, whenever it was possible to do so, the authority of the Soubahdar.

Such was the state of chronic anarchy to which India was reduced about a century after the English, timidly following in the bolder footsteps of the Portuguese, Dutch, and French adventurers, obtained, in 1612, by the contemptuous favour of the Great Mogul, permission to erect their warehouses at Surat. Their after progress was slow, feeble, and irresolute. In 1640, Mr Broughton, a surgeon, who had gained the favour of the Emperor Shah Jehan, by saving the life of a favourite daughter, procured them—for a consideration—leave to establish themselves in Bengal, on the Hooghly branch of the Ganges, a settlement transferred in 1686 to Calcutta. In 1656, the Madras establishment on the Coromandel coast was formed; and in 1686, Bombay, part of the dower brought to Charles II. by his Portuguese queen, Catherine, was taken possession of by the Company. In 1702, the rival English companies were united, and the new charter conferred upon the Court of Directors the right to raise troops and make war and peace in India. This privilege the Directors were extremely loath to avail themselves of, the idea of a great central power, enthroned at Delhi, continuing to haunt and scare them long after the authority of the emperors had dwindled to little better than an effete and fast-fading superstition. The result of this policy of fear, or of prudential wisdom, as the reader pleases, was, that when Robert Clive landed at Madras, the Company's settlements were still limited to those just enumerated, with the exception of Cuddalore, on the Coromandel coast, and Vizagapatam, at about the centre of the sea-board of the Northern Circars, which separate the province of Bengal from the Carnatic. The entire offensive and defensive forces attached to the Company's establishments, so far as Eastern India was concerned, consisted at the same period of a few score English soldiers; a not much greater number of badly armed and worse disciplined sepoys; and three forts of no great strength—Fort William at Calcutta, Fort George at Madras, and at Cuddalore, Fort St David; whilst the possibility of effective resistance to a serious attack by the native princes was not dreamed of by the superior officials of the Company.

Both the Dutch and French companies appear to have taken a far juster measure of the actual condition of India, and the

it presented to the enterprise of a bold, aggressive ambition, than their English rivals. The Dutch, in 1744, were firmly established in Batavia and Ceylon, and possessed, besides, a flourishing establishment, strongly garrisoned, at Chincura, considerably higher up the Ganges than Calcutta. France, since the organisation of the French East India Company in 1664, under the inspiration and guidance of Colbert, had gradually acquired a very formidable position in the Indian seas, and now possessed all the Spice Islands, and the Mauritius; together with Pondicherry on the Coromandel coast, between Madras and Cuddalore, and Chandernagore on the Hooghly, between Chincura and Calcutta. Dupleix, the governor of Pondicherry, a capable, ambitious man, of great political if not personal daring, had, moreover, lately obtained a large reinforcement of French regular troops, and disciplined great numbers of sepoys, after the European model. The relative positions of the rival Indian companies were in this unsatisfactory state, in an English point of view, when Admiral Labourdonnaye, the able governor of the Mauritius, having, not long after the commencement of hostilities between France and England, achieved a temporary maritime superiority in the Indian seas, made a descent (1745) upon the Coromandel coast, and after a feeble resistance, captured Madras and Fort George. The English were treated as prisoners of war on parole, and Labourdonnaye pledged himself to restore the city upon payment of a moderate ransom. These terms of capitulation were, however, contemptuously set aside by Dupleix, under the pretext that he alone was authorised to represent France upon the continent of India. He sent an officer to assume the permanent government of Madras, and required the English to renew their parole unconditionally. This scandalous breach of faith, of course absolved the English from the obligation of the conditional promise first required of them; and all who could, escaped to Fort St David. Amongst them was Clive, who fled in the disguise of a Mussulman, accompanied by his friend and future brother-in-law, Mr Maskeleyne. In the hope of deriving a greater and more decisive success than the capture of Madras, from the consternation which that event produced in the English settlements, Dupleix, as speedily as possible, concentrated a large force, and laid siege to Fort St David. The French troops had no sooner commenced operations, than Robert Clive found his true vocation; and the cloud that was fast settling upon his intellect, fled for a time like mist before the morning light. He appears to have acted throughout the siege as a sort of volunteer, unattached, sharp-shooter; and wherever an attack was to be repulsed, a daring sortie to be hazarded, there, foremost of all glittered young Clive's bayonet, quickest, deadliest, rang out his musket-fire. Dupleix raised the siege precipitation upon the appearance of Admiral Griffin off east; and the zeal and valour by which Clive had dis-

tinguished himself, procured him an ensigncy in the Company's service—a commission that did not, however, remove him from the civil service, except during actual hostilities, which terminated, he returned, as of course, to the duties of the counting-house. In 1748, Admiral Boscawen, after failing in his attack upon the Mauritius, disembarked his forces in the Carnatic, and laid unsuccessful siege to Pondicherry, in which by no means brilliant enterprise Ensign Clive displayed his characteristic energy and daring, and that so strikingly, as to incur the jealous enmity of several 'regular' officers, who were indignant that a 'mere clerk' should presume to exhibit a military skill and audacity to which themselves could make no pretension; and several quarrels, all tending by their results to increase the 'mere clerk's' reputation for unquailing bravery, were the consequence. One officer who insulted him, and afterwards declined the *duello*, was compelled to leave the service.

Soon after Boscawen's abortive attempt upon Pondicherry, news that peace had been concluded between France and England arrived in India; active warfare immediately ceased, Madras was restored to the English, and Robert Clive returned to Writer's Buildings and his hated clerk drudgery. The slight preliminary collision just sketched had, however, sufficed to convince the shrewder men on both sides that permanent peace in India between the rival companies was thenceforth impossible, and that if one was to establish itself firmly there, the other must be driven from its shores. Both parties acted forthwith upon this conviction, and strenuously exerted themselves to gain partisans amongst the native princes, with whom the ultimate decision was supposed to rest; and the result was, that in that unproclaimed but not the less venomous and deadly war of conspiracy and circumvention, the English, who, says a contemporary historian, 'acted throughout with great indiscretion, and the French with the utmost ambition,' were thoroughly overreached and worsted. The death of Ool Moolk, Nizam or Soubahdar of the Deccan, in 1748, emboldened Dupleix to substitute the sword for the pen, the open assault for the secret and far deadlier mine—a disastrous exchange, as events ultimately fell out, thanks to the yet unguessed-at military and governmental genius of the youthful clerk, plodding through the doleful days at Writer's Buildings amidst ledgers, invoices, and bills of lading. Comprised in the vast extent of country known as the Deccan, is the Carnatic, a strip of territory about 600 miles in length, but from 50 to 100 in width only, because bounded inland by the eastern ghauts, which separate it from the Mysore and Hydrabad territories, and extending along the Coromandel or eastern coast of India, from Cape Comorin to the Northern Circars; which Circars, as before stated, reach northward to the province of Bengal. Now, a glance at the map will shew that the settlement of the rival companies in South-eastern India—Madras, Pondicherry, Fort St David, &c.—were all situated

in menacing proximity to each other on the coast of the Lower Carnatic, which part of India, formerly ruled by a triad of Hindoo rajahs, who held their respective courts at Trichinopoly, Vellore and Arcot, had of late fallen under the paramount rule of the Nabob of Arcot, himself theoretically, and in a considerable degree actually, the vassal of the Soubahdar. The friendship of this potentate was therefore of the first consequence to the competing nationalities encamped upon the sea-board of his dominions; and the distracted state of affairs at Hydrabad following upon the decease of Nizam Ool Moolk, the discontent and agitation everywhere visible amongst the populations of the Carnatic, afforded an opening for the exercise of the vulpine sagacity of Dupleix, which he promptly took advantage of. A few words will place the reader in possession of the leading facts connected with this critical conjuncture in Indian politics. Nazir Jung, the eldest son of Nizam Ool Moolk, had been proclaimed Soubahdar at Hydrabad, but his right to the musnud was disputed by his nephew Merzapha Jung, supported by a powerful section of the Mussulman and Hindoo aristocracy. The reigning Nabob of Arcot was Anwar-u-deen, a soldier of fortune, who had attained power by treacherous connivance in the murder of the legitimate heir, a child whose guardian he had been appointed by Nizam Ool Moolk. For this cause, and others of more recent occurrence, Anwar-u-deen was exceedingly unpopular throughout the Carnatic, and it was clear that if a pretender at the head of a respectable force were to appear in the field, the smouldering discontent would break into open revolt. Dupleix, founding his calculations upon this view of affairs, and suspecting, moreover, that Nazir Jung and Anwar-u-deen were secretly inclined towards the English, adventured upon the bold game of attempting to fill the thrones of Hydrabad and Arcot with two princes, who, owing their elevation to the French arms, would necessarily be mere puppets, through whom he, Dupleix, would become the virtual ruler of thirty millions of people, and be enabled, at his own good time and pleasure, to drive the English out of India. This daring policy succeeded for a time to admiration. Dupleix made proposals of an alliance, offensive and defensive, with Merzapha Jung, the claimant of the Soubahdarship of the Deccan, which were, of course, eagerly closed with; and casting about for a formidable rival to Anwar-u-deen, he decided upon Chunda Sahib, a relative of the murdered heir. This Chunda Sahib was at the time a prisoner of the Mahrattas at Satturahpo but a ransom of seven lacs of rupees (L.70,000) got him out of their hands, and the struggle for power in the Deccan and the Carnatic, thanks to their European auxiliaries, was urged by both pretenders with vigour and success. It is unnecessary to enter into the details of the protracted struggle—the battles, such as they were, lost and won—the princes and pretenders slain or set aside—the timid, ineffective action of the English forces: it is enough, now, that, by the spring of 1751, Dupleix could boast with truth, and

that he had given a nizam to the Deccan and a nabob to the Carnatic. Salabut Jung, the youngest son of Nizam Ool Moolk—Nazir Jung and Mirzapha Jung had both been slain—reigned at Hydrabad by the protection of Colonel Bussy and a French army, and Chunda Sahib ruled under the same tutelage at Arcot. Anwar-u-deen had perished in battle, and his son Mohammed Ali was besieged by greatly superior forces in Trichinopoly, the only place of strength remaining to him. The exultation of Dupleix was unbounded: he was declared governor under the Soubahdar of the whole of the Deccan, and the accumulated hoards of the vanquished Soubahdar and Nabob were poured without stint into the French treasury, Dupleix receiving for his private share L.200,000; whilst the jewels, silks, stuffs, &c., presented to his wife were estimated at even a larger sum. He was, in truth, intoxicated with pride and triumph; and in the excitement of success, had the insolence to plant the Bourbon banners of France around Madras and Fort St David, as an intimation that all beyond those confines already belonged to France, and that those standards would erelong wave over the settlements they mocked and typically beleaguered.

This significant menace awoke the English authorities to a true perception of the imminence and magnitude of the peril by which they were menaced, and more vigorous action was, too late it seemed, resolved upon. They could not remonstrate *upon principle* against the course of policy which had resulted so advantageously to the French, for they themselves had played the same game in 1748—the year in which the aged Nizam Ool Moolk died—but unskilfully, because under circumstances which rendered success of no avail in determining the main result; though it added the town and harbour of Dovecotta, on the Coleroon, to their precarious possessions. Clive, now Lieutenant Clive, had distinguished himself in that slight episode to the main struggle, and at the time of Dupleix's insulting challenge, was acting as military-commissary—an appointment for which he was indebted to the high opinion Major Lawrence, with whom he had served at Dovecotta, entertained of his capacity and zeal.

It was now determined to make a strenuous effort to succour the only and sorely-beset native ally of the English—Mohammed Ali; and 500 European infantry and 1000 sepoys took the field in May 1751, under Captain Ginger, with the avowed object of raising the siege of Trichinopoly. The choice of a commander was an unfortunate one—Captain Ginger and his daily councils of war acted like men bereft of their senses, and the English force suffered a shameful defeat under the walls of Valconda. Captain Ginger, nevertheless, contrived to reach and throw himself with his mob of fugitives into Trichinopoly; but Lieutenant Clive, who held no command in the force, though accompanying it as commissary, broke away from the rabble-rout, and pursued his way alone to Fort St David. Arrived there, he urged the governor, Mr Saunders, to lose no time in despatching

men and stores to the aid of Captain Ginger, and the instant a convoy was ready, volunteered to conduct it to Trichinopoly, which he did with entire success; but on his return, narrowly escaped death at the hands of a swarm of Poligars, after sustaining a running-fight which cost the lives of seven out of his escort of twelve sepoys. His gallant bearing upon this occasion was rewarded by immediate promotion; and, as Captain Clive, he led a second party to the aid of Captain Ginger, encountering on his way a large French detachment, which he unhesitatingly attacked, overthrew, and dispersed. During this visit to the beleaguered fortress, Captain Clive thoroughly informed himself of the state of affairs there, and soon came to the conclusion that Trichinopoly must speedily fall into the power of Chunda Sahib, or rather of his allies and masters, the French, unless some more decisive means than had hitherto been resorted to could be devised to avert a catastrophe which involved the immediate destruction of the English establishments in the Carnatic, and, ultimately, those of Calcutta and Bombay. He at last made up his mind for a rapid dash from Fort St David upon Arcot, the wealthy capital of Chunda Sahib, from which he derived his chief resources, and thereby to force him to raise the siege of Trichinopoly, or to detach so largely from the forces employed before it, that the defence might be successfully maintained by Captain Ginger and Mohammed Ali. He had no sooner mentally matured this scheme, than he hastened back to Fort St David, to urge its adoption upon Mr Saunders, who, one can readily believe, was greatly startled by the daring novelty of the young officer's project. The population of Arcot was estimated at 100,000, and its citadel was garrisoned by from 1200 to 1500 of Chunda Sahib's best troops, well provided with artillery. With what probability of success could such a place be assailed, or, if successfully assailed, be kept by a mere handful of men?—200 English infantry and 300 sepoys being the entire force available for the enterprise, after reducing the garrisons of Fort St David and Madras, the first to 100, the latter to 50 men! Clive, nothing shaken by the governor's reasoning, persisted in the practicability of his plan, if vigorously carried out; and his unquailing confidence, reinforced by the utterly desperate state of the Company's affairs, wrung a hesitating consent from the governor and his council; and on the 26th of August 1751, the expedition left Fort St David under the command of its projector. The enthusiasm of the commander communicated itself to his soldiers, who marched as if to an assured victory; on the 28th, they had reached Conjeveram, and the 30th saw them before Arcot, after encountering a terrific tempest of lightning, thunder, rain, and wind—terrific even for those latitudes—through which they held their way with unchecked, unflagging speed; a display of resolution so remarkable and ominous in the estimation of Chunda Sahib's lieutenant, commanding in Arcot, to whom his spies had reported the circumstance, that he

refused to await the attack of such assailants, and hastily withdrew his troops from the citadel, which Clive took unmolested possession of, after marching through the thronging population of the city, who gazed with mingled admiration and astonishment at the little band of strangers whom a Moslem general and 1200 men had not ventured to encounter, though cuirassed by a strong citadel, mounting eighteen pieces of cannon! Captain Clive took care to maintain the strictest discipline; and the inhabitants, finding themselves protected both in their persons and property, willingly aided the English commander to repair the dilapidated walls of the fortress, and to accumulate a sufficient stock of provisions to enable him to sustain the perhaps lengthened siege that would be sure to follow the recovery of the enemy from the panic-terror his daring advance had caused, and the arrival of reinforcements from Chunda Sahib. He had lost no time in sending to Madras for two 18-pounders; and to confirm and deepen in the meanwhile the impression he had made, he marched out of the citadel on the 4th of September, and attacked the fugitive garrison posted near Fort Timery, routed, and drove them into the mountains. He assailed them again on the 6th with the same result; but their numbers he perceived were by this time increased to between 3000 and 4000 men, and it behoved him to hasten his defensive preparations, to which duty he for the following ten days confined himself. This apparent inactivity so emboldened the Nabob's troops, that they gradually crept to within three miles of Arcot, with the loudly proclaimed purpose of investing the citadel, and preventing the contemplated escape of the English garrison—an illusion of which they were disabused soon after midnight on the 16th, when Clive suddenly fell upon and dispersed them, fired their camp, and returned with trifling loss to the fortress. He also very easily beat off an attempt to storm the citadel during the absence of the greater part of his force, sent to escort the 18-pounders on their way from Madras; and the confidence of his soldiers being greatly strengthened by these trifling successes, he awaited with tranquillity the onslaught of the numerous forces which, as he had foreseen would be the case, Chunda Sahib had detached from before Trichinopoly, for the recovery at any sacrifice of his capital.

Those forces were not long waited for; and on the 24th of September, Rajah Sahib, Chunda Sahib's eldest son, entered the town and laid siege to the citadel, at the head of something more than 10,000 troops, including a corps of 200 French soldiers. The space at our disposal forbids us to so much as catalogue the numerous incidents of this memorable seven weeks' siege, during which a handful of men—500 only in number when they left Madras, and gradually reduced by death and sickness to 80 English infantry and 120 sepoys, the effective strength of the garrison on the morning of the final assault—baffled the furious efforts of 10,000 men, supported by a heavy well-served battering-train, to

forte their way into an Asiatic fortress, of no very formidable strength in the estimation of the natives themselves, as shewn by the precipitate retreat of Chunda Sahib's general upon the approach of Clive. The commander's example made heroes of the soldiers; the sepoys vied with their European comrades in the active duties pertaining to the defence, and surpassed them in passive endurance of the hardships incident to the situation. The stock of rice began to fail, and those faithful Indian soldiers requested Captain Clive to limit his issues to their English comrades. 'For us,' said they, 'all we require is the water in which the grain has been boiled;' and upon that poor nutriment they did, in fact, subsist for upwards of a fortnight. As to Clive himself, there is no doubt that those fifty incessantly busy days were amongst the happiest of his life. 'The fame of England,' he exclaims, 'the honour and interests of the Company, which all seemed, in an especial manner, intrusted to my safe keeping, so lifted and sustained me, that the constant exertion required of me was scarcely felt. I had a presentiment of success from the moment the dash at Arcot was determined upon, which never wavered.' Notwithstanding the confidence of the commander and the devotion of his men, matters wore a very unpromising look towards about the fifth week of the siege. Lieutenant Innis, who attempted to relieve the garrison from Madras, was intercepted, and driven back with much loss; and a body of 6000 Mahratta horse, commanded by Morari Row, who had been subsidised to strike in on behalf of Mohammed Ali, remained warily inactive on the Carnatic frontier, evidently desirous of ascertaining a little more clearly which party was likely to be finally uppermost, before he committed himself to decided hostilities. The protracted defence of Arcot at last convinced the shrewd robber-chieftain, that victory must ultimately rest with the leader who commanded there, for upon a pressing message from Clive reaching him, he wrote in reply that he would not delay a moment in sending a detachment to the assistance of the brave defenders of Arcot, 'whose behaviour had now first convinced him that the English could fight.' He kept his word; and the advance of the Mahratta horse, as well as the approach of a battalion of English infantry from Madras, under the command of Captain Kilpatrick, becoming known to Rajah Sahib, that prince sent in a flag of truce, with proposals for the surrender of the citadel, Captain Clive to dictate his own terms, and name his own reward, which would be immediately paid him; but should this magnanimous offer be refused, or surrender be delayed, Rajah Sahib was determined to storm the fortress forthwith, and put the garrison to the sword without mercy. Clive laughed at both his menaces and bribes, and Rajah Sahib made his final dispositions for the assault of the citadel on all sides, under the direction of French officers, without delay. The day fixed upon for this decisive attack was the 14th of November—a sacred day with

Mohammedans, who believe that he who dies in battle on that day, passes, however great his previous sins, immediately to paradise. A plentiful distribution of bang added the excitement of intoxication to that of religious fanaticism, and at dawn of light the discharge of three bombs heralded the headlong advance of the besieging army, in four divisions, to the assault. It lasted for about an hour, by which time the attacking columns were driven back at all points by the close, rapid, well-sustained musket and cannon fire of the besieged. Clive seemed present everywhere—now snatching a musket from a soldier, and bringing down some conspicuous assailant; the next moment hurrying to correct the aim of the artillery pointed at the breaches; and at a raft which, on the south-western side where the fosse was not choked up with rubbish, had been devised to float over the assailants. This was the last effort of the besiegers, who, after burying their dead, abandoned both the city and the camp outside, during the night, and with such precipitation as to leave a large booty in stores and treasure behind; immediately, of course, taken joyful possession of by the victorious garrison. As an irrefragable proof of the intuitive military genius of Clive—'a heaven-born general,' Chatham called him—it is stated by a competent authority, 'that although at the time he had neither read books, nor conversed with men capable of giving him instruction in the military art, all the resources which he employed in the defence of Arcot were such as are dictated by the best masters in the science of war.'

The prestige of the English arms in India dates from the siege of Arcot, and the immediate moral effect of so remarkable a triumph was immense. To Captain Clive it operated as a spur to renewed and vigorous action; and it was not till after the achievement of numerous and, in the aggregate, important successes, that he returned to Fort St David, flushed with the glory of a triumph which, three months previously, he alone had dared to hope for.

But it was only where Clive commanded that the impetuous tide of French success was arrested and driven back. Captain Ginger and Mohammed Ali remained shut up in Trichinopoly without making a serious effort to liberate themselves, greatly to the disgust of the Mahrattas, who, impatient for action, reproached the English garrison with their inactivity, telling them that they were not made of the same stuff as the men they had seen fight at Arcot. Early, too, in January of the following year (1752), Rajah Sahib was at the head of a fresh army, which Dupleix formidably reinforced with 500 excellent French infantry. With this force Rajah Sahib destroyed Poonamelee, and devastated whole districts, of which the inhabitants were favourable to Mohammed Ali, for some time with impunity. Before long, however, a force—380 English infantry, 1300 sepoys, and six field-pieces—sufficient to enable Clive to quench that mischief was drawn together, and immediately led by that officer against

men and stores to the aid of Captain Ginger, and the instant a convoy was ready, volunteered to conduct it to Trichinopoly, which he did with entire success; but on his return, narrowly escaped death at the hands of a swarm of Poligars, after sustaining a running-fight which cost the lives of seven out of his escort of twelve sepoys. His gallant bearing upon this occasion was rewarded by immediate promotion; and, as Captain Clive, he led a second party to the aid of Captain Ginger, encountering on his way a large French detachment, which he unhesitatingly attacked, overthrew, and dispersed. During this visit to the beleaguered fortress, Captain Clive thoroughly informed himself of the state of affairs there, and soon came to the conclusion that Trichinopoly must speedily fall into the power of Chunda Sahib, or rather of his allies and masters, the French, unless some more decisive means than had hitherto been resorted to could be devised to avert a catastrophe which involved the immediate destruction of the English establishments in the Carnatic, and, ultimately, those of Calcutta and Bombay. He at last made up his mind for a rapid dash from Fort St David upon Arcot, the wealthy capital of Chunda Sahib, from which he derived his chief resources, and thereby to force him to raise the siege of Trichinopoly, or to detach so largely from the forces employed before it, that the defence might be successfully maintained by Captain Ginger and Mohammed Ali. He had no sooner mentally matured this scheme, than he hastened back to Fort St David, to urge its adoption upon Mr Saunders, who, one can readily believe, was greatly startled by the daring novelty of the young officer's project. The population of Arcot was estimated at 100,000, and its citadel was garrisoned by from 1200 to 1500 of Chunda Sahib's best troops, well provided with artillery. With what probability of success could such a place be assailed, or, if successfully assailed, be kept by a mere handful of men?—200 English infantry and 300 sepoys being the entire force available for the enterprise, after reducing the garrisons of Fort St David and Madras, the first to 100, the latter to 50 men! Clive, nothing shaken by the governor's reasoning, persisted in the practicability of his plan, if vigorously carried out; and his unquailing confidence, reinforced by the utterly desperate state of the Company's affairs, wrung a hesitating consent from the governor and his council; and on the 26th of August 1751, the expedition left Fort St David under the command of its projector. The enthusiasm of the commander communicated itself to his soldiers, who marched as if to an assured victory; on the 28th, they had reached Conjeveram, and the 29th saw them before Arcot, after encountering a terrific tempest of lightning, thunder, rain, and wind—terrific even for those latitudes—through which they held their way with unchecked, unflagging speed; a display of resolution so remarkable and ominous, in the estimation of Chunda Sahib's lieutenant, commanding in Arcot, to whom his spies had reported the circumstance, that he

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of them surrendered their swords forthwith, and the others ran to inform their comrades within the choultry of what had happened. Clive lost not a moment in marching off with his prisoners, whom he gave into the custody of a sergeant's guard; and they, too utterly confounded does everybody appear to have been, marched the three men back to the choultry, where they, of course, discovered their error; but the French, sharing to the full in the general bewilderment, made no attempt to detain the sergeant and his party, who returned unmolested, still retaining their three prisoners. Captain Clive wisely kept his English soldiers quiet and well in hand till daybreak, and the conflict was then brief and decisive. He himself narrowly escaped death at the hands of the Irish officer commanding the deserters, who, whilst feigning to parley for terms of surrender, suddenly discharged a musket at him, and killed a soldier upon whose arm he was leaning, in a stooping posture, from loss of blood. The French sepoys were overtaken, whilst fleeing towards the Coleroon, by a body of Mahratta horse, and mercilessly slain, in defiance of Clive's orders to spare their lives. Not long after this occurrence, Captain Clive was recalled to Madras, and to a more active warlike enterprise, of which presently; and it is only necessary to state, with reference to the blockade of Seringham, that it resulted in the capitulation of M. Law's army, and the death of Chunda Sahib, who was treacherously murdered by the Rajah of Tanjore's general, with whom he had sought refuge in the hour of misfortune, in preference to yielding himself prisoner to Major Lawrence.

The duty which Captain Clive was hastily called to the performance of, was the reduction of the two strong forts of Covelong and Chingleput. Covelong, twenty miles south of Madras, mounted thirty pieces of cannon, and had a garrison of 350 Europeans and sepoys; and Chingleput, forty miles south-west of Covelong, defended upon one side by a lake, and upon another by an impassable swamp, was yet more efficiently fortified and garrisoned. Perhaps no other man in the world would have engaged in such an enterprise with the force placed at his disposal, consisting, as it did, of four pieces of heavy ordnance (24-pounders), 500 raw sepoys, and 200 English vagabonds, sweepings of the London jails, that had just been pitched out of the hold of a transport-ship upon the quays of Madras. The energies of these men had been so debased and weakened by vicious habits, that they appeared to be entirely destitute of the natural courage of their race, and looked as frightened as women at the mere sound of cannon. Clive, remembering 'that, after all, they were made of the true soldier-stuff,' had them well scrubbed, clothed, fed, and drilled for a few days under his own eye, and then led them confidently against Fort Covelong. His exhortations and example excited their latent courage, and shamed them into exertion, and, spite of a brave resistance, Covelong was captured. On the following day, Clive marched his

renovated and exultant vagabonds to the encounter of a considerable body of troops, too late detached from Chingleput to the assistance of the garrison of Covelong. Clive placed his men in ambuscade, and so coolly did they reserve their fire, so well and steadily, at a wave of their commander's hand, deliver it, that upwards of 100 of the enemy fell at the first volley; the survivors fled in confusion; and their commanding-officer, 25 French soldiers, 250 sepoys, and two pieces of cannon were captured during the pursuit. Captain Clive reached Chingleput almost as quickly as the news of this disaster, and, after a brief survey of its defences, determined upon an immediate assault by escalade. The order to form columns for the attack was received with loud shouts by the men, and the upraised hands of the attentive drummers awaited only the commander's gesture to roll out the advance, when the French commandant hung out a flag of truce, and stipulating only for the honours of war—that is, that he should be permitted to march out with drums beating and colours flying—surrendered the fort to Captain Clive's motley brigade: a striking illustration of what a true leader can effect with men, however previously demoralised and abject, who feel that he still believes them capable of following and emulating a brave example. Captain Clive's work in the Carnatic was accomplished; but the incessant strain upon his physical and mental energies during the crowded months that had elapsed since his advance upon Arcot, had so overtasked him, that repose was absolutely necessary; and finding, after his return to Madras, that there was no further prospect of active service, he married Miss Margaret Maskeleyne, a young, handsome, and amiable lady, to whom he throughout life remained tenderly attached; and, in February 1753, embarked with his bride for Europe.

The reception of 'the hero of Arcot' in England by all classes of the people was a highly flattering one. The Court of Directors of the East India Company gave a magnificent entertainment in his honour, and presented him with a diamond-hilted sword, which, much to his credit, he refused to accept till a similar gift had been awarded to Major Lawrence. To his own family, his arrival was a burst of sunshine upon a dull wintry existence. The news of 'Bobby's' earlier exploits had sufficed to convince his father that 'the booby had some sense in him after all;' and now that his fame had reached so high a pitch, and obtained such distinguished recognition, Mr Richard Clive's ecstatic admiration of his son was almost ludicrous in its exaggeration. The welcome of the young soldier by his mother was a more touching one; especially in its womanly appreciation of the greatly honouring fact, 'that her son's laurels were unstained by cruelty or a drop of blood wantonly shed.' Captain Clive's first care was to clear off the mortgage upon the Styche property; pay his father's debts, amounting to L.9000; and place the future of his parents beyond the reach of pecuniary embarrassment. Captain Clive next determined to enter parliament,

and succeeded, by dint of a large money-outlay, in defeating one of the Duke of Newcastle's nominees for the very rotten borough of St Michael's, Cornwall; but a committee having ousted him upon petition, there was no path to distinction left open for him, but by returning to the arena where he had before reaped fortune and fame, and for which he was, in sooth, much better fitted than for the floor of the House of Commons. The lowering aspect of European politics foreshadowing the renewal of hostilities between France and England—that once chronic plague of humanity—and the still critical state of India, where, although the English were all-powerful in the Carnatic, M. Bussy and his Frenchmen still virtually ruled at Hydrabad, rendered the Court of Directors extremely anxious that the ablest of their officers should proceed forthwith to India; and Clive consenting, a lieutenant-colonel's commission from the Crown was obtained for him, in order to place him above the petty jealousies existing between the king's and Company's services; and in February 1755, just two years since he left Madras, Colonel Clive embarked for Bombay, taking with him three companies of Royal Artillery and 300 infantry.

Bombay at that period was the general rendezvous of the British navy in the Indian seas, and Colonel Clive found a considerable force assembled there under the command of Admiral Watson. As before remarked, it was Clive's unalterable conviction that there could be no peace or security for the English in India as long as any other European power existed there, and he had proposed to march forthwith to Hydrabad, and try conclusions there with M. Bussy. A convention, recently signed between the new governor of Pondicherry, M. Godehu, restraining both companies from interfering in the quarrels of the native princes, prevented the execution of that project; and for the present there was nothing to do in the military line but to attack a locally celebrated Mahratta pirate, in whose stronghold of Gheriah, plunder of immense value was said to be accumulated. The proportions in which the expected booty should be divided having been, after much unseemly wrangling, first settled, the expedition sailed; Gheriah, and other fortified dens occupied by the outlaws, were captured and destroyed; the booty, about ten lacs of rupees (L.100,000) only, was distributed as agreed; and Colonel Clive continued his voyage to Fort St David, which he entered on the 20th of June 1756, the very day of the disgraceful fall of Calcutta and Fort William, immediately followed, as every reader is aware, by the frightful Black Hole tragedy. Intelligence of the catastrophe reached Madras on the 16th of August. Colonel Clive, to whom all eyes were instinctively turned for vengeance, was immediately summoned by express; and when he arrived, and accepted the command of the expedition hurriedly preparing to sail for Calcutta, the doom of Suraj-u-Dowlah was sealed.

That part of the Mogul's nominal dominions in North-eastern India—comprised in the provinces of Bengal, Orissa, and Behar—

had been for the last fifteen years, it is necessary to premise, creditably governed by Alverdy Khan, Nabob of Bengal, as he was usually styled; but at his death, at Moorshedabad, his capital, in April 1756, his great nephew Mirza Mahomed—or to give him the name which he in common with other Indian princes assumed, and by which he is best known to the English reader, Suraj-u-Dowlah, literally, 'Sun of the State'—succeeded to power. This young man's hatred of the English was only surpassed by his ignorance of the extent of their resources, he being seriously of opinion, that 'there were not more than about 10,000 men in all Europe.' He was no sooner seated on the musnud, than he determined to root them out of the country; and the march upon Calcutta, consummated by the Black Hole catastrophe, quickly followed. Suraj-u-Dowlah had treated with contemptuous scorn the frantic threats of future vengeance with which some of the victims had been heard to menace their murderers; but his dream of fancied impunity was rudely dispelled towards the end of December, when the English ships arrived in the Hooghly, and Clive promptly disembarking, swept through the jungle upon Budgebudge; scattered, as the tempest lifts and drives the summer dust, the troops sent to arrest his progress; compelled, on the 2d of January, the unconditional surrender of Fort William and Calcutta; and on the 7th, gave the Nabob's rich town and fort of Hooghly to plunder and the flames! Thus suddenly awakened to the reality of his position, Suraj-u-Dowlah hastened to concentrate an army, approaching to 50,000 men, and marched, though not with the same confident step as before, towards Calcutta. His slow and hesitating advance, however, changed gradually to one of boldness and celerity, as it became evident that the redoubtable Clive was more anxious to negotiate than to fight, and persistently declined to avail himself of several opportunities which presented themselves for assailing the Indian host with advantage. Mr Drake, the governor, who had crept back to Fort William with the troops, was indignant at the colonel's lack of hardihood and enterprise; and Admiral Watson, a rough, fearless seaman of the Benbow school, exhibited much angry astonishment at Clive's inactivity. Clive remained quite unmoved by the prayers and reproaches addressed to him; encamped his little army at such a distance from Calcutta as to enable him to act freely in the field, and at the same time be ready to interpose immediately for the protection of Fort William, should it be necessary to do so; and reiterated his proposals for peace with the Nabob. That personage thought to amuse and deceive Clive by an apparent willingness to negotiate, whilst his army pushed on and recaptured Calcutta. Colonel Clive opposed no obstacle to this ruse till the Nabob's troops had actually interposed themselves between the English army and the city, and pushed their advanced posts into its streets. He then sent a message to Suraj-u-Dowlah, requesting him to order his soldiers to retire from the vicinity of

Calcutta, as otherwise the negotiations for peace must speedily, and much to his, Colonel Clive's, regret, be broken off. The Nabob treated Clive's implied menace with the haughtiest scorn, and it was with difficulty he was persuaded to allow the bearer of the message to depart with life. The Nabob did not yet know the man with whom an adverse fate had matched him. By daybreak on the following morning, Clive had formed a column of 2200 men, whose steady, continuous, unchecked advance clove a bloody path for themselves through the midst of the Nabob's army to Calcutta, chased away the intrusive soldiers posted there, and re-established the communication of the English army with Fort William. This fiery and destructive promenade induced Suraj-u-Dowlah to accept, without further delay, of Colonel Clive's offer of peace, which was finally signed on the following principal conditions:—The Nabob to confirm all former privileges enjoyed by the Company; to restore their villages; make compensation for all the losses, public and private, incurred during the war; pass the Company's merchandise through his territories duty-free; sanction the establishment of a mint in Calcutta; and each high contracting party to consider the other's enemies, wherever situated, as its own. As soon as this treaty was signed, Suraj-u-Dowlah withdrew with his army to Moorshedabad, and Colonel Clive's 'policy of peace' began forthwith to develop itself. The leading motives and objects of that policy may be briefly enumerated.

News had reached India not only of the breaking out of the war, subsequently known as 'the Seven Years' War,' between France and England, but that a powerful military force under the command of Count Lally, a distinguished officer of the Irish brigade in the service of Louis XV., and remarkable for his deadly hatred of the English, was preparing for service in the Carnatic, and that a French fleet would in all probability appear at about the same time in the Bay of Bengal. In addition to all this, M. Bussy, earlier apprised of the warlike preparations of France than Colonel Clive, was already in motion towards the Northern Circars, and extremely desirous of concluding a treaty, offensive and defensive, with Suraj-u-Dowlah against the English. The Nabob, Clive also well knew, had received Bussy's overtures favourably, and hesitated only from distrust of the power of the French commander to effectually shield him from the enmity of the English. Both the Nabob and Clive, in signing the treaty of peace, had in fact done so only with a view to future war, and to gain time; but time to the English commander was victory, to the Nabob, destruction, ruin, as Clive proposed to employ it. 'Suraj-u-Dowlah,' must have reasoned Colonel Clive—'Suraj-u-Dowlah may be hereafter effectually dealt with, if I can first strike a decisive blow at the French in Bengal, whose numerous garrison at Chandernagore, united with the Nabob's army, and such help as Bussy could send, might prove too many for us. By making peace with Suraj-u-Dowlah, I, at all events, tie his hands [illegible]

and Chandernagore once destroyed, I shall be able to detach such a force to the Northern Circars as will give Bussy plenty of employment there, whilst I finally settle with the Nabob in such manner as policy and circumstance may dictate.' The maturely meditated plan of operations outlined by the foregoing sentences, no reproaches, no taunts of admirals or governors, no temptation of flashy successes, could divert Clive from steadily pursuing. 'It was a game of life and death we were engaged in,' he afterwards remarked, 'which a rash or timid player must have lost. I *won*, and therein is my justification.'

Colonel Clive's preparations for the attack of Chandernagore were now zealously urged forward; and as soon as both himself and the admiral were quite ready, he coolly forwarded a request to the Nabob, through Mr Watts, an Englishman, whom Suraj-u-Dowlah kept at Moorshedabad in a sort of honourable captivity—with Clive's connivance, by the way—for his assistance against the French, in virtue of the last article of the recently concluded treaty. The Nabob was utterly confounded by the audacious requisition; he was in active negotiation with M. Renault, the governor of Chandernagore, and was himself, moreover, menaced with an Afghan invasion. In his perplexity, he bethought him of a counter-request for Clive's assistance against the Afghans, which would at least, he imagined, be productive of delay, if of nothing else. He was again at fault. Clive complied with his demand with the utmost promptitude; got his army in motion without an hour's unnecessary delay, and at the same time forwarded a missive to Suraj-u-Dowlah, pointing out that it would be impossible, whilst hastening to the Nabob's assistance against the Afghans, that he could leave an enemy's garrison between his army and Calcutta, and that he should, consequently, be delayed somewhat in reaching Moorshedabad by the necessity of attacking, on his way, the French fort and settlement of Chandernagore! This intimation was vigorously carried out, and on the 23d of March, Chandernagore capitulated. The consternation which this decisive blow caused at Moorshedabad may be gathered from the following extracts of letters from the Nabob—who had, by the by, in the meanwhile, bought off the Afghan invasion—addressed to M. Bussy: 'What can I write of the perfidy of the English? They have, without ground, picked a quarrel with M. Renault, and taken by force his factory. They want now to quarrel with M. Law, your chief at Cossimbazar; but I will take care to oppose and overthrow all their proceedings. . . . . Those disturbers of my country (the admiral and Colonel Clive, or Sabat Jung*), whom bad fortune attend, have warred against the governor of Chandernagore. I hope in God these English, who are unfortunate, will be punished for the disturbances they have raised.

* Sabat Jung, or 'the Daring in War,' the name by which Clive is to this day remembered in India.

Be confident; look on my forces as your own. I wrote to you before for 2000 soldiers and musqueteers under the command of two trusty chiefs. I persuade myself you have already sent them as I desired; should you not, I desire you will do me the pleasure to send them immediately. Further particulars you will learn from M. Renault. Oblige me with frequent news of your health.'

Beside the evidence of hostility disclosed by these letters, copies of which Mr Watts had succeeded in obtaining, the Nabob peremptorily forbade Colonel Clive to ascend further up the river, and despatched the advanced-guard of his own army to Plassey. It was necessary, therefore, in Colonel Clive's opinion, to finish with Suraj-u-Dowlah as speedily as might be; and he was meditating how best to proceed, when overtures from certain influential personages at Moorshedabad reached him through Mr Watts, and he instantly bent the whole force of his astute intellect to forward and consummate the conspiracy which those overtures suggested. The origin and motives of this may be stated as follows: Suraj-u-Dowlah, a Mussulman prince, had put on the screw very severely, under the pretext of the cost of the war, and the indemnities arising out of it, upon certain of his rich Hindoo subjects, who, as was and is their wont, conspired, now that he was about to be assailed by a powerful foe, to dethrone him, and transfer the supreme power, not to a Hindoo prince—that seems never to cross the minds of the subject race—but to substitute one Moslem master for another; in this case to elevate Meer Jaffier, one of the Nabob's generals, to the vacant throne. This could only be effected with the help of the English general, and Meer Jaffier was prodigal of magnificent promises to him and to the Company, to be realised as soon as he should be put in possession of the deposed Nabob's treasury, which Mr Watts was persuaded to believe contained gold, silver, and jewels of the fabulous value of four millions sterling. The chief confidant, go-between, and, in a manner, secretary of the plotters, was a Hindoo merchant, of the name of Omichund, formerly of Calcutta, but now of Moorshedabad, and a close favourite of the Nabob, one of the most worthless characters to be met with even in Indian court-annals; and he, as soon as Colonel Clive's adhesion was secured, arranged the mode of proceeding finally agreed to. This in substance was, that Colonel Clive should declare openly against Suraj-u-Dowlah, and march directly upon Moorshedabad. The Nabob would then, of course, take the field with his whole power, and, just as the hostile forces were about to engage, Meer Jaffier was to pass suddenly over with his division to the English, who, aided by the consternation such a movement must necessarily excite in the Nabob's ranks, would be certain of obtaining an easy and decisive victory. Matters were thus settled, and Clive was about to put his troops in motion, when word was brought him that Omichund had waited upon Mr Watts at the last moment, and bluntly announced, 'that if he, Omichund, were not secured, under a sealed treaty, thirty lacs of rupees (L.300,000), he would

inform the Nabob of the plot for his destruction, and have all the plotters put to death.' This seemed the climax of Colonel Clive's well-nigh insuperable difficulties. Already the Committee of Council at Calcutta, and especially Admiral Watson, had demurred to his proceedings, not from any hesitation as to the morality thereof, but because they believed success to be almost impossible; and now Omichund, in the very crisis of the enterprise, was playing him false! Clive was not, however, to be turned from his purpose. He could play traitor, if that was to be the game, as well—perhaps better—than Omichund; and he immediately hit upon the device of preparing *two* treaties—one upon white paper for Meer Jaffier, to be binding upon all parties; another upon red paper for Omichund, containing the stipulation he insisted upon, and *not* to be acted upon when the division of the spoil should take place. The Committee of Council hung back a little at first when asked to sign *both* documents; but, ultimately, the colonel's reasoning overcame their scruples. Not so with Admiral Watson; he positively refused to sign; and as such an omission would be immediately detected by Omichund, Colonel Clive signed the admiral's name himself, and immediately despatched both treaties by a sure hand to Mr Watts. Clive's next proceeding was to write to the Nabob, reproaching him with his intrigues with the French, and other breaches of the late treaty, but offering to submit all matters in dispute to the arbitration of Meer Jaffier, Roydullub, and Jugget Seit—that is, the conspirators; and if they decided in his, Colonel Clive's, favour, he should then demand satisfaction for all the losses sustained by the English, and all the charges of their army and navy, the audacious epistle concluding with an intimation, 'that the rains being so near, and it requiring many days to receive an answer, he, Colonel Clive, found it necessary to wait upon the Nabob immediately.'

The mask and scabbard thus thrown away together, Suraj-u-Dowlah had no alternative but to accept the appeal to the sword, and on the 23d of June the hostile armies confronted each other at Plassey. The Nabob's force consisted of 40,000 foot-soldiers, 15,000 of the finest cavalry in India—Rajpoots and Patans chiefly—and fifty pieces of cannon. Clive's army amounted to 3000 men only, of all arms, with nine pieces of artillery; but the English force, though comparatively contemptible in numbers, constituted a perfectly organised machine, all the parts of which supported and gave force to each other, whilst the Indian array was the loose aggregation of an armed mob, individually brave enough, perhaps, but powerless as a whole from their incapability of combined action. Yet so great withal was the disparity of numbers, that Colonel Clive looked very anxiously during the furious cannonade with which the battle of Plassey commenced and was for several hours continued, for the promised movement of his friend and ally, Meer Jaffier—and looked in vain! Meer Jaffier's heart failed him now that he was called upon to redeem his brave promises, or

rather, perhaps, he waited to ascertain upon which side victory was likely to pronounce before he irretrievably committed himself. He had not very long to wait. The English cannon made frightful gaps in the dense glittering masses against which they were pointed, whilst the Nabob's numerous artillery effected little or nothing against Clive's force, which was shielded and partly concealed by a thick grove of trees. By twelve o'clock many officers of distinction had fallen upon the Nabob's side, and symptoms of discouragement began to shew themselves, which the passing of some rain-clouds over the Indian portion of the field, wetting and rendering useless the powder of the Nabob's cannoneers, whilst that of the English gunners remained untouched by the partial shower, increased to a panic; the elements, to the superstitious minds of the natives, seemed to fight against them; and instinctively perceiving that the crisis of the struggle had arrived, Clive promptly exclaimed: 'Forward! Let the whole line advance with the bayonet: the artillery on each flank!' The officers of his staff galloped swiftly along the ranks with this decisive order, and in a few minutes the English force debouched upon the plain—the gallant 39th, whose motto, 'Primus in India,' was won that day, in front—and marched with the rapid and confident step of disciplined valour towards the multitudinous host opposed to them. Only the French corps—a remnant of the garrison of Chandernagore—intrenched by a redoubt mounting five pieces of cannon, waited for them. They, spite of their resolute bravery, were easily swept away, and the vast Indian army immediately broke and fled in utter confusion and discomfiture, throwing away their arms, and abandoning camp, cannon, and stores to the victors in the most important battle in its consequences ever fought in India. One considerable body of the Nabob's troops had been observed, just after the French were overthrown, and victory was no longer doubtful, to detach itself from the Indian left, and move obliquely on the English right. The English artillery fired repeatedly at this suspicious body of men, till Meer Jaffier, whose corps it was, detached some horsemen to announce himself and congratulate Colonel Clive upon his triumph. It was not the English commander's policy to quarrel with Meer Jaffier; he was therefore received with apparent cordiality, and directed to push on towards Moorshedabad with his cavalry, Clive himself marching with 500 infantry, after arranging that the main body of his army should follow by easy marches. Suraj-u-Dowlah fled from the field upon a swift dromedary, reached his capital in safety, secured a casket of rich gems, and immediately took boat in disguise for Patna. Three days afterwards, he was overtaken, brought back to Moorshedabad, and beheaded by order of Meer Jaffier.

The new Nabob was conducted to his throne in full durbar by Colonel Clive—a portentous spectacle, the significance of which *does not* appear to have been at all appreciated by the Mussulman and Hindoo aristocracy that witnessed it. Meer Jaffier, a grateful

for his elevation was unbounded: in the first flush of exultation he presented Colonel Clive with L.160,000; and the treasury of the fallen Nabob, about a million and a half sterling only, proved utterly inadequate to the discharge of the claims for which he bound himself. These were—100 lacs of rupees to the Company; 100 lacs to the army and navy; and 79 lacs to the sufferers by the plunder of Calcutta: in all, about L.2,700,000, without reckoning the present to Clive, or the sums—L.24,000 each, subsequently agreed to be paid to the members of the Committee of Council; Colonel Clive, as president of that board, to receive L.28,000. Ultimately, by the assistance of his co-conspirators, Roydullub the finance-minister, and the rich banker Jugget Seit, Meer Jaffier managed to pay one-half of those enormous sums down; and it was agreed that the remaining moiety should be discharged in two years by equal quarterly instalments. The treaty with the Nabob stipulated in other respects for all former privileges; the confiscation to the Company's use of the French factories and effects, and that no individual of that nation should be permitted to settle in Bengal; the Company to have the zemindarry* of the country to the south of Calcutta lying between the lake and the river, and the cost of the English troops whenever their services were required to be paid by the Nabob.

All that now remained to be dealt with was the claim of Omichund, who must have listened with apprehension to the recital of the just quoted grants, lest peradventure there should not remain wherewithal to liquidate his own modest claim of L.300,000, secured by a sealed treaty. At last, the seemingly interminable list was finished, and his turn came with a vengeance. 'It is time,' said Colonel Clive in English, and as coolly as if giving the word to fire a magazine—'it is time to undeceive Omichund. Mr. Scrafton, you will please to do so.' 'Omichund,' said the interpreter, addressing him in his own tongue, 'the red treaty is nothing: you will not have a rupee.' Omichund reeled as if struck by lightning, and would have fallen to the ground but for the bystanders. He was carried out into the open air, and consciousness came back again; but his intellect was gone for ever. He survived for a few months only in a state of childish idiocy, his chief amusement being to array himself in rich apparel and jewellery, and babble unconnectedly of the vast treasure the great Sabat Jung was soon to bring him. Colonel Clive, it is said, spoke kindly to the unfortunate man, and advised him to make a pilgrimage to some holy shrine. We must not forget to mention, that the large amount of booty which fell to Admiral Watson's share, thoroughly reconciled that gallant officer to the forging of his name to the red treaty by Colonel Clive. 'The admiral,' wrote Captain Latham, his private secretary, to the colonel, 'says

* A zemindarry is the absolute lordship of a district, subject to the payment of a quit-rent to the grantor.

you are the finest fellow in existence, and drinks your health in a bumper every day.'

It was not very long before a cry for help from Meer Jaffier compelled Colonel Clive, who had returned to Calcutta and effected some useful reforms there, again to take the field. The Nabob, in order to meet his engagements with the Company, and quiet the ravenous clamours of his own troops, had recourse to the old expedient of squeezing his wealthy Hindoos; and so unmercifully, that a rebellion was the consequence, which, aided by the viceroy of Oude, assumed formidable proportions. Clive, however, with 500 infantry, speedily quelled it—a service which it was but reasonable his highness should pay handsomely for: he did so. Clive obtained an assignment of the revenues of certain districts as collateral security for the sums due to the Company, and a monopoly of the saltpetre-mines of Bahar. This troublesome phase in Meer Jaffier's affairs was, before many months had passed, succeeded by a new danger, and from an unexpected quarter. Shah Alum, the eldest son of Ahmuzeer II., emperor of Delhi, had been driven into exile by the enmity of his father's vizier; and his name soon gathering a host of adventurers about him, he bethought him of displacing Meer Jaffier, and seating himself upon the vacant throne—a project which he would probably have succeeded in, with the viceroy of Oude's assistance, but for the Nabob's unfailing friend at a pinch, Colonel Clive, who marched at once to his assistance, and sent Shah Alum's army, which was besieging Patna, to the right-about by the mere sight of his advanced-guard. Clive himself received a munificent reward for this timely intervention. The quit-rent which the Company had agreed to pay for the zemindarry ceded to them, was L.30,000 a year; and this revenue, or jaghire, the grateful Nabob transferred to Colonel Clive, who derived from it, after all fees and agencies were paid, L.26,000 per annum, according to his own statement. The suppression of Shah Alum's unlicensed warfare also obtained for Colonel Clive the favour of the Great Mogul himself, who was graciously pleased to confer upon 'The Most High and Mighty Potentate, Colonel Sabat Jung,' the high dignity of an Omrah, and the command—titular, of course—of 5000 horse and 7000 foot. An imperial missive further assured the honoured colonel, that he was under the shadow of the favour of the Magnificent Emperor, who would, moreover, condescend to see him at Delhi—an invitation which was respectfully declined.

Whilst these events were passing in Bengal, a fierce, but, in Clive's opinion, not for a moment doubtful contest was going on in the Carnatic and the Northern Circars. M. Bussy, aided by the Soubahdar of the Deccan, captured the English settlement of Vizagatapam, and swept the Circars with fire and sword, for a brief time unchecked. Count Lally had arrived out with a large force, captured Fort St David after a shamefully feeble defence, and was besieging Madras, the authorities whereof clamoured

vociferously for Clive's presence there with his army. Clive was deaf alike to their entreaties and commands. Major Lawrence, with 5000 disciplined soldiers could, he wrote, easily defend Madras against Count Lally; besides, Colonel Coote was known to be on his way out to the Carnatic with the 84th Regiment, which disembarked, 'Lally would have nothing to do but to hang himself.' Still Clive held himself ready to interpose, should it be necessary to do so; and at once despatched Colonel Forde, a young and daring officer, to the Circars, with 300 English, 2000 sepoy infantry, and a train of artillery. Forde's march was a triumphal one throughout. He retook Vizagatapam; overthrew the Marquis of Conflans, who had succeeded to Bussy's command, at Rajahmundy; drove him into Masulipatam, which he stormed at midnight, and with such audacity and success, that when daylight broke, it was found that 3037 men, of whom 500 were Europeans, had laid down their arms to 900! The Soubahdar of the Deccan was so astounded by these events, that he hastened to propose a treaty of peace, by which the French were expelled the Deccan; and Masulipatam, with a large tract of surrounding country, was ceded to the English. Clive's anticipations relative to the Carnatic were also fully and speedily realised. Count Lally, compelled to retire from before Madras, shut himself up in Pondicherry, which ultimately capitulated to Colonel Coote, and the French power in India had passed away. Count Lally, upon returning to France, was accused of having *sold* Pondicherry to the English, passed through a mock-trial, was condemned, and executed! 'A murder,' Voltaire truly remarked, 'committed by the sword of Justice.'

Colonel Clive now thought of returning to England: he was immensely rich—to the extent of L.40,000 a year by his own admission, half as much again in the opinion of others—when an unlooked for and menacing complication in the political affairs of Bengal compelled the postponement of his departure, and in the end enabled him to consummate the chief aim and purpose of his Indian policy—that of permitting no European nation, save England, to hold dominion, or even locate itself in India.

The Dutch factory at Chincura, considerably higher up the Ganges than Calcutta, remained unmolested during the internecine strife so long raging in Bengal; but now that tranquillity was restored, the Hollanders suddenly bethought themselves that they too might as well essay what could be done in the way of profitable speculation by a few thousand European bayonets in the rich country, whose wealth the unmilitary spirit of the inhabitants placed at the disposal of whoever was strong and unscrupulous enough to take it. They had not yet recognised the new Nabob of Bengal, whose grant of the saltpetre monopoly to the English had especially annoyed them; and in order to a full redress of grievances, a force of about 2000 Dutch troops, well supplied with artillery, assembled in Batavia, and embarked in five ships of war,

which, in October 1758, made their appearance in the Hooghly with the avowed intention of sailing up to Chincura, and causing the Dutch power to be respected. Clive, it was plain, had no legal right to decide how many troops the Dutch should maintain at Chincura; and England and Holland being at peace, it was hardly to be supposed that he would, of his own motion, declare war upon a European and friendly power. Those who thus argued knew little of Colonel Clive. Without a moment's hesitation, he sent word to the Dutch commodore, that if he advanced further up the river, he would instantly attack him; and the rapid arming of the only three English ships in the Hooghly—the *Calcutta*, the *Duke of Dorset*, and the *Hardwicke*—and the manning of the river-forts, shewed that he meant what he said. The Dutch, of course, fiercely remonstrated, appealed to international law, the comity of nations, &c.: they might as well have appealed to the Vedas: Clive was fully resolved to settle with the Dutch as he had with the French; and fearing that they would disembark their troops, and march them overland to Chincura, he sent Colonel Forde across the river with 1200 men to intercept them, should they attempt to do so. His military prescience, as usual, anticipated the event. The Dutch troops landed, and he was playing at whist one evening, when a note was brought him from Colonel Forde to the effect, 'that if he had only an order in council, he would attack the Dutch, and had a fair prospect of destroying them.' Clive, with ready calmness, immediately wrote upon the back of the note: 'Dear Forde—Fight them immediately, and I will send you the order in council to-morrow.' Forde obeyed; the battle was 'brief, bloody, and decisive;' and amongst the prisoners were the Dutch commander-in-chief, and fourteen superior officers. Forde next invested Chincura, whilst Clive fought a naval battle with the Dutch squadron, and gained a complete victory. This last blow was decisive: the Dutch prayed for peace; 'acknowledged themselves to be the transgressors,' and agreed to pay all costs, damages, &c., upon which their ships were restored to them, and Colonel Clive interposed to save their property at Chincura from being pillaged by the Nabob, who, now that the Dutch force was destroyed, had come valiantly down upon the factory with 5000 horse.

The Dutch power on the Indian continent, like that of the French, was now a thing of the past, and Colonel Clive no longer delayed his return to England. He sailed from Calcutta on the 25th of February 1760, 'and it seemed,' wrote an eye-witness, 'as if the soul was departing from the body of the government of Bengal.' He remained in his native country about three years only—a comparatively unimportant period of his life, which may be briefly passed over. He was created an Irish peer, Baron of Plassey, in Ireland; and the princely state he affected was at once the wonder, admiration, and envy of the great and little world by which he was surrounded, courted,

flattered, reviled, and slandered. His generosity equalled his love of display. All his relatives, both by blood and marriage, were enriched; and he bestowed L.500 a year upon his old commander, Major Lawrence, who was in indifferent circumstances. It was not long before he became involved in quarrels with the Court of Directors; but by the end of 1763, the financial and political state of Bengal had come to such a pass, that nothing but the resolute will and commanding authority of Lord Clive, exercised on the spot, could, in the opinion of the Directors most adverse to him, efficiently remedy. The causes which had chiefly led to so disastrous a state of affairs were upon the surface, and may be summed up in a few words. 'Private trade,' as it was called, one of the prime sources of mischief, originated in the following circumstances. The duties on the transit of goods from one district or province of India to another, furnished the chief revenues of its princes, and of course occasioned much inconvenience and delay by the necessary unpacking and examination of all merchandise crossing the numerous custom-house frontier-lines. One of the privileges obtained by the English Company was, that their goods, which consisted either of foreign articles for consumption in India, or of Indian produce for exportation, none of which were liable to transit duties, should be protected from examination by their flag, or by a 'dustuck' (permit) signed by one of their clerks. By a gross abuse of this privilege, clerks and others entered into commercial speculations in the home trade with a certainty of enormous gain, and, moreover, sold 'dustucks' to native traders, thereby shielding them from the payment of any duties whatever. The consequence of these constantly increasing frauds was, that Meer Jaffier was incapable of liquidating the sums in which he was indebted to the Company; whereupon Mr Vansittart, the governor, and his council, opened negotiations with Cossim Ali, Meer Jaffier's son-in-law, which resulted in the deposition of the defaulting Nabob, and the placing Cossim Ali on his throne, upon the latter agreeing to cede certain districts to the English, and to present the members of the council with the sum of L.200,000, of which the governor, Mr Vansittart's share, was L.28,000, and to pay Meer Jaffier such a pension as would enable him to live respectably in Calcutta as a private citizen. The 'private trade' frauds continuing, it was as impossible for Cossim Ali to raise a sufficient revenue as it had been for his father-in-law; and the issue of the violent disputes that ensued between him and the Calcutta council was, a furious outbreak at Patna, resulting in the massacre of 150 British subjects, of whom forty were officers of the Company, and the flight of Cossim Ali into the territory of the viceroy of Oude. Meer Jaffier was again a bidder for the throne, and his offers being considered sufficiently liberal, he was reinstated. He did not long survive his restoration; and one of his last acts was to bequeath the sum of L.70,000 to Lord

Clive, which large amount his lordship transferred to the Court of Directors, under trust for the creation of a fund from which the disabled servants of the Company might be pensioned. The death of Meer Jaffier made way for the elevation of his son to the musnud, under favour of the council, for which he, Nuzeen-u-Dowlah, agreed to pay them the orthodox sum of L.200,000. Whilst the servants of the Company were thus shamelessly enriching themselves, the public treasury of Calcutta was dwindling to a state of absolute bankruptcy; and Lord Clive was at last prevailed upon to proceed to Bengal, armed with such powers as would, it was hoped, enable him to crush effectually the iniquitous system which was desolating the richest provinces of India, and dishonouring the English name. He arrived in India at the end of April 1765, and immediately, and with a will, applied himself to the work of reform. 'If I were to paint to you,' wrote Lord Clive, 'the anarchy and confusion which reigned in these rich provinces, you would be astonished. The Company's affairs were at their last gasp, not from our enemies, but from the universal licentiousness which had overrun the whole settlement of Calcutta.' The 'private trade' fraud, Lord Clive at once put down with the strong hand, dismissing without mercy and shipping off for England all who dared oppose themselves actively or passively to his measures. He further abolished the extravagant allowances claimed by the army, under the name of 'double batta,' which double batta increased a captain's pay, when in active service, to about L.1000 a year—a decisive step, which led to a mutiny of the officers of the Bengal army, who entered into a conspiracy to resign their commissions on a given day, a Mahratta invasion being imminent, unless double batta was restored. They had not taken the true measure of the man they ventured to defy. Mr Mills, who will not be accused of partiality for Lord Clive, remarks: 'This was one of those occasions in which he was admirably calculated to act with success. Resolute and daring, fear never turned him aside from his purpose, or deprived him of the most collected exertions of his mind in the greatest emergencies. To submit to the violent demands of a body of armed men, was to resign the government.' Lord Clive would much more readily have resigned his life than the trust which he had accepted, and he encountered the military rebellion firmly as prudently: the timid and misguided amongst the conspirators were awed or shamed into submission; the ringleaders, amongst whom was General Sir Robert Fletcher, were arrested, brought to trial, and dismissed the service with ignominy. In less than eighteen months this extraordinary man had restored perfect order and discipline in both the civil and military services, and brought back prosperity to the well-nigh ruined finances of the Company. As to the young Nabob, Nuzeen-u-Dowlah, Lord Clive decided that it would be best even for himself to transfer openly his nominal revenues to the Company, thereby relieving him of

obligations he could never fulfil, and obtaining an assured income, sufficient to defray the cost of his court and guards. Subsequently, Lord Clive obtained the formal consent of the emperor of Delhi to this arrangement, which so delighted the young Nabob, thus pensioned into insignificance, that he joyfully exclaimed upon its final settlement: 'Thank God! I shall now have as many nautches as I please!'

The work which he had undertaken well accomplished, Lord Clive returned home, only to meet with insult and persecution from the Company he had served so well, and never so well or so ably as upon this last occasion. The numerous military and civil officers he had been compelled to dismiss and send home, helped to swell the rancorous clamour raised against him on all sides. There was no fable too gross, no iniquity too atrocious for his enemies to invent and accuse him of, for the credulous multitude to swallow and believe; and the public mind was gradually worked up to a frenzy of fear and hatred of the rich nabobs, as the men who had made fortunes in India began to be called, which a few years later gave evanescent vitality to the ornate oratory of Burke, and barbed the slight, glittering arrows of Sheridan's rhetoric, at the trial of Warren Hastings. The clamour of the streets and newspapers found, of course, its echo in parliament. A secret committee, and a select committee of the House of Commons, were appointed 'to examine the condition' of British affairs in India,' before whom Lord Clive was examined, 'as if he had been a sheep-stealer.' The accusations finally relied upon by General Burgoyne, who thereupon moved criminatory resolutions against Lord Clive, were the presents he had received from Meer Jaffier after the battle of Plassey, and the signing Admiral Watson's name to the red treaty. Lord Clive acknowledged the facts, and boldly defended his conduct in both instances. The presents he received he had made no secret of, and *then* it was perfectly legal to receive such presents: 'And, sir,' said Lord Clive, rising in his place and addressing the speaker, 'when I recollect entering the Nabob's treasury at Moorshedabad, with heaps of gold and silver to the right and left, and these crowned with jewels, by God,' striking his hand violently upon his forehead, 'I stand astonished at my own moderation!' As to the signing the admiral's name, *that* was a stratagem of war—of the same nature as a masked battery or an ambuscade. Finally, General Burgoyne's criminating resolutions were rejected, and the following innocuous ones adopted in their stead:—'That it appears to this House that the Right Honourable Robert Clive, Baron of Plassey in the kingdom of Ireland, about the time of the deposition of Suraj-u-Dowlah and the establishment of Meer Jaffier on the musnud, did obtain and possess himself of two lacs of rupees, as commander-in-chief; a further sum of two lacs and 80,000 rupees as member of the select committee; and a further sum of sixteen lacs, or more, under the denomination of a private donation, which sums were of

the value of L.230,000; and that Lord Clive did, at the same time, render great and meritorious services to his country.'

During the remainder of the session of parliament, Lord Clive remained in town at his princely mansion in Berkeley Square; but the Houses were no sooner up, and all antagonism at an end, than he hurried from place to place as if afraid of rest, of silence, of himself. First he went to his house at Bath, next to his palace of Claremont; the walls of which, we are told, the peasantry whispered to each other, the great, wicked lord had built so thick to keep out the devil, to whom he had sold himself. He next betook himself to his house at Walcot, and was sitting alone in the drawing-room, oppressed with one of those gloomy fits which encompassed him as with a pall; when a lady on a visit there entered the room, and asked him to mend a pen for her. He instantly complied, and the lady retired, leaving him with the open penknife in his hand; and we may be sure the Hamlet-thought flashing in upon his darkened brain, that he might his quietus make with that poor weapon! A few minutes afterwards, Robert, Lord Clive, Baron of Plassey, was a corpse. The instrument of death, tiny as it was, had not this time failed him—his work was done!

When Lord Clive died, he was member of parliament for Shrewsbury, and lord-lieutenant of Salop and Montgomeryshire. His eldest son was created Earl of Powis.

MARIORA:

A STORY OF WALLACHIA.

I.

I HAD lost my way one evening amidst the rugged solitudes of the Kimpina Hills, on the Wallachian side of the Carpathian range. It was upon a hunting excursion that I had left some weeks before the capital of the principality, Bucharest, in company with a party of friends. We had carried on different kinds of sport; now halting for the night in villages, now encamping amidst the forests. For myself, I was no great master of the noble art: nature had not formed me for a huntsman. Not only was my disposition unsanguinary, but even when I held a gun in

my hand, I was more disposed to look around, and enjoy the beauty of the scenery—to watch the unfolding of the glades on either side; to penetrate into the mysteries of the forest; to send my mind, as it were, towards the horizon, where hills faded away into clouds—than to seek out the duck floating in its quiet pool, the bustard glancing amid the trees, the partridge in the grass—however I might prize these birds as dainties—and disturb their sylvan existence. They found protection as much in my love for the beauties of nature as in my respect for life. It is easier to exclude than to master evil sentiments when once we have admitted them. However, I must confess that a good deal of my tenderness, a good deal of my indifference, arose from want of skill. I had not made a successful shot during the day.

My friends and I had agreed upon a rendezvous for the night. The Castel of Kostaki, which few of us had seen, but which, from its remarkable appearance, and from our knowledge of its position, we thought could not easily be missed, had been selected as the place of meeting. I had parted from them early in the forenoon; and after having vainly endeavoured to find one companion at least, and made some more than usually unsuccessful attempts upon the lives of my feathered fellow-creatures, I had spent my time, as I have hinted, in admiring the scenery of the Kimpina, and in endeavouring to find my way to the appointed rendezvous.

The matter was not so easy as we had thought. I had been told to look out for a vast mass of rock some hundred feet in height, standing solitary in the midst of a valley, and bearing strong resemblance to a pile of human construction; but although, as I proceeded ascending the flanks of the mountains, the mighty forests began to thin away, the trees became more stunted and more rare—although rocks of unusual shape, and valleys of sombre appearance, shewed themselves on all sides, I could not discover anything that resembled the description which the people of the country had given of the Castel of Kostaki. Twilight came on, however, before I began to experience any uneasiness; and when at length I looked around, saying: 'It would be awkward to spend the night in this grim country, celebrated as it is for its wild beasts and still wilder banditti'—I felt that an accident only could lead me to a place of safety, that within a few minutes the light would utterly fail, and that I should be compelled, unless I wished to wander at hazard through the night, to seek for shelter beneath some Wallachian oak or some outjutting rock.

Indeed this seemed to be the best course to pursue; and fatigue coming to the assistance of prudence, induced me to sit down upon a fallen tree, my gun across my feet, my forehead in my hands, my elbows on my knees. I meant only to rest, but I *slept.*

The dream that came to visit me during my slumbers was the repetition of a legend I had heard not long before—of a tale

who ventured into a cave in one of these very mountains where I had lost my way, and after having reposed, was about to issue forth, when he beheld a bear at the entrance. He had chosen the animal's den for a lodging-house, and not being able to escape, retired through a crevice just large enough to allow him to pass into an inner cavern, where the wild beast could not penetrate, and there remained until he was starved to death, for the bear never quitted the den till his prisoner ceased to live. I imagined myself in the position of this unhappy mortal; and yet dozed on, overcome by lassitude, until a sharp painful cry aroused me. I looked around, shivering with cold. The night had completely closed in. A bleak north wind was careering over the mountains, now rumbling in the hollows, now hissing, as it were, through the branches of the trees. A few scattered clouds, like a flight of migratory birds, were moving across the sky; and above them, innumerable stars incrusted the serene vault. The moon had just set behind the hills, leaving a white vapour of light on the horizon. I listened to catch again the sound which had aroused me, but heard instead the distant barking of the jackals, out upon their nightly foraging excursion. Fear was still upon me from my dream. There was positive danger in my position. Another cry, long and plaintive, rose upon the air; and looking in the direction from which it proceeded, I beheld, poised on the naked branch of a withered oak near at hand, the gaunt form of a flamingo. Here at length was the opportunity of a shot. I seized my gun, and took aim; but the idea that this night-watcher had probably saved me from being devoured alive whilst I slept, induced me to raise the barrel and fire into the air. The echo went rolling away over the country, and presently a human voice, shouting my name, responded. It was Gitz, the servant of Prince Ypselanti, sent out to look for me. My answering shout soon brought him to my side.

'I have been seeking for you, *domnoulé* (my lord). We thought that some accident had befallen you. My master is at the castel, and waits impatiently your arrival. The supper is ready.'

The latter part of this announcement was not the least pleasing. I instantly bade him lead the way; we soon entered a rugged defile, that opened not far off, and after walking, or rather stumbling for about half an hour, reached a vast open valley, in the midst whereof rose a sombre mass, which I at once recognised as the long-looked-for Castel of Kostaki.

'*Yate casa*' (this is the house), said Gitz, pointing to the rock. I was inclined to take his word for it, although certainly a more inhospitable-looking place, one which suggested fewer ideas of comfort and home, could not well be conceived. The natural fortress rose gigantic, silent, and dark, immediately beyond the bed of a hurrying torrent, which we could hear but not see at our feet. no other sound reached my ear, and I began to fear that Gitz was playing the wag with me. However, a dim form soon

appeared on the edge of the rock above, and a merry air from a bugle-horn announced that our approach had been discerned. Gitz led me to a place where we could cross the torrent without getting very wet, and when we arrived on the other side, pointed out a black object which was dangling in the air overhead, and slowly descending. This was a basket, in which I now learned I was expected to accomplish the ascent into that singular habitation. After a moment's hesitation, I got into it when it reached the ground, and, with some misgivings, felt myself gradually hauled up. The position was by no means the most agreeable that could be conceived. The basket, although steadied by a rope held by Gitz below, made occasionally some awkward bobs against the rock, and the ascent was so slow, that I thought I had full time to get a mile at least nearer heaven. At length the basket stood, or rather hung still; and as a great piece of rock frowned above me, I began to think that Ypselanti and company were inclined to play me a practical joke, and leave me suspended in mid-air like Mohammed's coffin, to punish me for my wandering propensities: but a man with a torch suddenly appeared in a hollow close by my side, seized the basket with a vigorous hand, and swung it safely to a landing-place. Next moment, I was surrounded by all my friends, who congratulated me on having escaped from the jaws of the wolves.

It was a chamber hollowed out of the rock, or rather a succession of chambers, for there were three communicating by long irregular passages. The last and largest, into which I was led, was faced by a kind of terrace or balcony, from which a wide view could be obtained over the valley. Here were a few rude articles of furniture—a table and some benches. I had observed, too, in the second chamber, something that bore the appearance of a bedstead, and a recess which might have contained another: these things convinced me that this Ali Baba's cavern was permanently inhabited, of which I had not been aware; and I now perceived that our party numbered two additional—an old man of venerable aspect, dressed in the ordinary costume of the Wallachian peasantry, and a young girl some seventeen summers old, and of very lovely countenance, who was busily engaged in laying the table for our evening repast.

The appearance of these two individuals naturally excited my curiosity; but I confess that hunger pricked me too sharply to allow me to satisfy my mental appetite before my physical. The festival was not very sumptuous, but we did, nevertheless, full honour to it. Our party was composed of five individuals; but Ianco—such was the name of the old man of the castel—joined us at table, whilst Gitz and the young girl busied themselves in serving us.

Few more picturesque scenes could have been witnessed than that which drew my attention, after some minutes had been *eagerly* occupied in eating. A large mat had been let down over

the opening leading to the balcony; for we found the night growing colder and colder. A couple of torches that burned slowly and steadily with a bright red light, were stuck in cleft pieces of wood projecting horizontally from holes in the rock. The table was simply a board, supported by tressels; and as there was only width for one plate, our party was arranged in a long zigzagging line, four or five on one side, and as many on the other. Our costumes were fanciful and picturesque; and my Wallachian friends had wonderfully expressive features. Ianco himself was a wild-looking individual, with an immense bush of gray hair, bright piercing eyes, and a splendid beard. I meditated at once a portrait on the first opportunity—not only of him, but of the young girl Mariora, whose black eyes and graceful movements induced me to ask her for the can of water much oftener than I should otherwise have done.

When our meal was pretty well advanced, and there was no more service to be performed, Mariora, at a sign from her father, brought from the next room a rude kind of guitar, and accompanying herself, without any solicitation, sang one of those allegorical ballads which form the most remarkable feature in Wallachian popular literature. At a subsequent period, I endeavoured to render it into English verse, but am sadly afraid that I have preserved the rudeness without any of the grace of the original. However, as my readers probably know nothing of the Rouman dialect, they may be pleased with even a rough translation.

THE SWALLOW AND THE MAIDEN.

By Inola's water gleaming
Sat a maid with jet-black hair,
Musing, wistful, doubting, dreaming:
Tell me what her musings were!

The bird that heralded the spring,
Glancing like a ray of light,
Stoops to bathe his dusty wing,
Then fluttering, prepares for flight.

'Can there be a brighter fountain
Doubling brightor flowers than these,
Springing from a greener mountain;
Why then, bird, so hard to please?

'There are deserts on thy way,
Where the howling tempests blow:
Prithee, yet a moment stay;
Why this haste, O bird, to go?

'In my bosom I will warm thee
When the night comes dark and chill;
I will sing sweet songs to charm thee;
Silly bird, oh, linger still!

'Dost thou know of lands more fair
Than this land that greets thy sight?
I would then thy wandering share—
Take me with thee in thy flight.

'I am sick at heart to go
With thee where the day hath birth;
I am sick at heart to know
All the wonders of the earth.

'I am sick at heart, but know not
Wherefore I am sick at heart;
Bright-winged weary wanderer, go not—
Bird, with thee let me depart.'

'Maiden, these are idle words:
Thou wert never meant to rove.
God hath given wings to birds:
Thou must stay at home and love.'

Then the bird with rested wing,
Flew unto some distant shore,
News of sunny hours to bring,
And the maiden mused once more.

Home is wide enough to know
All life's weeds and all life's flowers;
All its weal and all its wo,
All its sunshine, all its showers.

By Inola's water gleaming
Sat the maid with jet-black hair,
Musing, smiling, hoping, dreaming,
Tell me what her musings were!

Mariora's voice was excessively sweet; and she sang with so much modesty, yet so much feeling, that I thought I had never heard anything half so beautiful. No doubt, the romantic nature of the scene, and a sentiment of the existence of which I was not then aware, contributed to increase my admiration.

II.

I hope the reader begins to feel by this time some curiosity to know who and what I am. It will not be necessary to enter into any very detailed account of my genealogy. I am the son of an English merchant, for many years settled at Odessa; and some of you that peruse this account of my adventures, may have eaten bread made of the flour which our house has exported to England. My Eastern education induces me to hope that this will be a bond of amity between us: it is almost equivalent to eating bread and salt together. I am the more anxious to plead for good-will, because I am about to confess that I have been guilty of some faults during the course of my life—who has not? At the period of which I speak, I had taken an intense dislike to the business to which I had been brought up by my worthy father, Josiah Meredith. Six months previously, during full fifteen days, I had fancied myself a poet; but parental solicitude placed the epistle to Arbuthnot in my hands, and, somehow or other, the glades and uplands of Parnassus ceased to allure me. Besides, I had spent a whole night in searching for a rhyme. The fact was evident: that a man might have a distaste for the counting-house without being a second Byron, and an antipathy for the ledger without being a

born son of literature. I threw my half-finished sonnets into the fire, and deliberated during another fortnight whether I should be a soldier or a pirate; but my ideas at length grew so confused, that I could see little difference between these two honourable professions, except that one was pursued on the water, and the other on the land. So I resolved not at once to make up my mind as to the colour of my future life, but to travel a little, and see the world, and become acquainted with men and manners, and pick up wisdom by the wayside in foreign lands. My mother was a native of Wallachia, distantly related to the Ypselanti family, and accordingly, with her approval and my father's consent, also with a purse well lined with cash, I started on board the steamer *Nicolas* for the mouths of the Danube. Good Mr Meredith shook his head as he looked after me when I sprang on board; but my poor mother, who believed me to be destined for great things, smiled through her tears. She had even hinted to me that morning, that if I behaved myself properly, and kept out of the way of temptation, spent my money with prudence, and maintained a weekly correspondence with her—who knows but I might succeed Prince Bibesco as sovereign of all Wallachia? To please her, I seemed to share in her ambition; but it must not be expected that a youth of twenty-one, just bounding into liberty, should care much about the prospect of a nominal sovereignty, purchased as much by money as by merit.

I found the young Prince Ypselanti at Bucharest; and having remained some time in his society, at that huge hamlet which calls itself a capital city, started on the hunting excursion of which I am now giving an account. I have little more to say about myself in the way of introduction, except that one of the principal reasons which made me break away from the desk had been the unfortunate result of a flirtation with Bertha Muller, governess of the children of one of the foreign consuls, who corresponded with me for some time, and then chose to marry with her master. This little confidential communication will no doubt increase the sympathy which the fair reader already entertains for me; but as I scorn deception, I admit that I was several pounds heavier before I underwent the fatigue of that search for the Castel of Kostaki, than when I left the port of Odessa, and tried to walk moodily up and down the deck like a desponding lover, murmuring the name of Bertha in the Euxine breezes. At that time, although I had ceased to believe myself a poet, I secretly regarded myself as a second edition of Childe Harold, and fondly hoped that the qualms I felt creeping through me as the vessel heaved, would aid in spreading the saffron hue of despair over my countenance. During the whole voyage, however, I ate like a wolf, and slept like a Trojan; and at Bucharest continuing the same unromantic regimen, contrived, in spite of myself, to stifle the lovely idea of Bertha altogether. For fear, however, that the process should not be quite completed, I attacked the supper at the

Castel of Kostaki voraciously, and elicited various jokes about my Odessan appetite.

When the rage of hunger was appeased, I inquired of Ypselanti in French what was the character and position of our host, if host the old man were. He told me rather indifferently, for the story was familiar to him, and quite in accordance with the spirit and manners of that country, that many years ago Ianco had been a forester on the domains of his father; but that for a crime—assassination, in fact—he had been compelled to fly into the mountains and hide—not from the vengeance of the law, but from that of the relations of the murdered man. Although my ideas were somewhat tinted with Orientalism, I could not help eyeing the venerable Ianco with distrust, or at anyrate, repugnance. But the young prince, seeing the impression he had produced, explained that Ianco was not an ordinary murderer, but that he had slain a man who had deprived him of his hope in this life in a sudden quarrel, a struggle in which blows had been exchanged on both sides, and that public opinion had long ago absolved him. 'It is true,' he continued, 'that he has never returned to his native place, and has lived ever since in these wild solitudes; but if he has done so, it is from choice, and not necessity. He seems to have become accustomed to this strange manner of existence: he is an odd fellow, and I know, after all, very little about him. When my father, out on a hunting excursion, met him some ten years ago, benighted in the forest, and was led by him to this place of safety, his connection with our family was renewed; but he always refused our requests that he should return and live in our service.'

'And is that his daughter?' inquired I, indicating with a slight nod the young girl, who was sitting, her duties being over, near the edge of the terrace, just in the light of a flaming torch, stuck into a crevice of the rock, and whose movements I had unconsciously followed during the whole meal, so great was her beauty and her grace.

'I believe so,' replied the prince yawning; for like most of his race, he could not understand this continuous attention which I bestowed upon such humble people. His gesture drew my attention to my comrades, one of whom was already asleep, whilst the others were nodding drowsily towards the same state. Slumber is as contagious as the plague; I yawned in unison with the prince. He told Ianco and his daughter to retire to their rude couches; a large mat was let down over the entrance of the cavern, another was spread on the floor, and wrapping ourselves in our cloaks, we all soon dreamed off into forgetfulness.

My companions were still asleep when I awoke in the morning. Although I had slept soundly, and had not dreamed any definite dream that I could remember, my rest-time had most probably been visited with delicious visions, for my heart was still glowing with the sentiments they had excited, and a buoyancy seemed, I knew not whence, uplifted my limbs. I was in love with

somebody, but did not know with whom. It is often so with the young. I raised the matting which kept out the morning air, and went upon the terrace. The sun had not yet risen, but a cold gray light filled the sky. Some thin shadows still lingered about the hollows of the valleys; and above the western horizon, a few dim stars, stragglers of the army of night, could be still seen. A rugged staircase, cut in the rock, attracted my attention, and ascending it, I soon found myself on the bare summit of the castle. The landscape now widened magnificently; and about this time the air began to warm at the approach of the sun, and to glitter as if some drops of fire had been poured into it. I was watching the eastern horizon, in order to follow the various changes of colour that precede the day, and some poetical ideas were beginning to stir within me, when a light step brushed along the rock behind me. I turned round, and beheld the graceful form of Ianco's daughter.

'Yeste bella, domnoulé,' said she smiling—perhaps to shew her pretty teeth.

I answered as best I might in the few phrases of that sweet-sounding language which I had learned from my mother during my short residence in Wallachia, and a lively conversation ensued. It must be confessed, however, that the appearance of Mariora rather disturbed at first my poetical mood. Lovely she was, it is true, and graceful as an antelope; but that coarse, shapeless frock, fastened round her waist with a faded ribbon—that hair, carelessly gathered into a kind of net behind, from which several luxuriant ringlets escaped rebellious to play around her ivory neck, contrasted so strongly with the composite idea I had formed of female beauty, in which figured Parisian bonnets, elegant robes made according to the latest fashion, fine kid-gloves, a cashmere shawl —all the adornments, in fact, by which Bertha had won my heart, as much as by her white and vermeil face—contrasted, I say, so strongly with all this, that I never suspected that the origin of the golden vision which had trodden my eyelids was now before me. However, by the time the sun had risen above the horizon, and shed day over that wild landscape, I had begun to feel so much pleasure in listening to the artless babble of Mariora, that I could scarcely repress a movement of displeasure when the burly form of Christopaulo, one of our party, rose above the edge of the rock, and advanced towards me with a loud guffaw. His first words were even more distasteful than his appearance.

'Courting Mariora!' he exclaimed. 'No such fool either; but huntsmen have no time to waste in these trivialities. Leave that till we bring home the game, at anyrate. There is a bear not far off.'

'So I think,' said I sardonically.

He did not understand what I meant, for he had, perhaps for the first time, noticed the rich beauty of Mariora, whose cheek bloomed, under the freshening influence of the morning-dew, like any peach on a south-looking wall. He gazed at her with eagerness.

admiration, and reminded me of a hippopotamus, who, confident in the thickness of his hide, has ventured among a tribe of bowmen, and stands surprised to feel the keenness of some well-directed shaft. Believing, however, that so slight a wound cannot be mortal—innocent of all idea of poison—that invention was left to human kind—the ponderous beast pursues his way; so Christopaulo, instead of rushing back to his gun and his bugle-horn, rolled up towards Mariora, and would have taken her little chin in his thick fingers. He scarcely meant to be disrespectful—it was his way. People have their ways in this world, and very disagreeable ones too. It was the way of a friend of mine to call every one who differed from him a fool; and another had a way of borrowing five pounds every time he came to see me. No doubt, my readers also know people who 'have their ways;' but depend upon it, this phrase is only a bad excuse for a bad habit.

Mariora did not seem to relish the familiarity of Signor Christopaulo. I do not know whether what I am going to say will be taken as a sign of humility or vanity; but I think, under ordinary circumstances, she would not have been quite so shy. At anyrate, girls in her position are accustomed to these rough forms of politeness; and if she started off like a gazelle, and bounded over the platform, till she disappeared in a distant crevice, it was probably because she feared that I should be displeased if she submitted to the morning courtesy of my sturdy companion. This, therefore, is as much as to say that Mariora already began to regard me with favourable eyes. Why not? We had spent nearly an hour side by side; we had spoken of the subjects which most interest the young; we had admired the beauties of nature together. Our hands had not touched, but, as she spoke, our glances had mingled; and when she pointed out the direction of some object which she described, I often refrained from gazing, that I might not take my eyes from off her face. She also seemed influenced by the same feelings and the same sentiments as I was; and if I had been less engaged in drinking in her graces, I should perhaps have smiled to see her artless endeavours to win my approbation by the modulation of her voice, and her awkward attempts to improvise the attitude of a lady; for she no doubt feared that her hearty, cheerful tone, her gestures, that smacked of the forest and told of no town-training, would be too pastoral for my cultivated taste.

III.

These are bright moments in a life; but I will not dwell on them now. The sunlight is dancing over the country; my companions are rousing the echoes with their horns; we are called to breakfast—a crust of bread and a piece of cheese, with a cup of Chian wine. Ianco, who was to accompany us, then led us to the door of his castel, and told us to prepare to descend.

course, we could only do so one by one. Gitz went first, to hold the cord, and steady his less vigorous and active masters. The basket was let down and wound up by means of a wooden wheel of curious but rough construction. I was puzzled to know how the last of us was to descend, for it seemed to me that Mariora's delicate-looking arms would not be capable of managing the ponderous machine. However, when I made this objection, she shewed how groundless it was, by lowering the mighty Christopaulo with her own hands. I went down the last but one, Ianco alone following me, whilst Mariora—in whose eyes, by the way, some tears had glistened, as she begged us not to lead her father into too great danger, nor yet be over-rash ourselves—remained to take care of the rock-house, and prepare for our return.

When we had crossed the torrent, which was a cheerful-looking streak of water, glancing and sliding along over rounded pebbles, I looked back to take a more complete view of the mighty castel. It was, indeed, a grand object, rising perpendicularly from the bed of the valley to the height of more than a hundred feet. Its surface was black and naked, except that near its base some little plants, hungry-looking and scattered, grew in tufts along some almost imperceptible ledges; the violet flowers of the wolf's-bane glittered in crevices here and there, and blue coronellas hung their shrunken bells out from the rock, as if thirsty for dew; patches of heath and broom spread over the valley; green spots of grass flourished under the shadows of clumps of trees; but around rose lava-like slopes to the sky, which was bright and cloudless.

Ianco had undertaken to be our guide to the place where the bear was to be found. We followed him through a gorge in the mountain, the same by which the torrent came, for more than an hour. As we advanced, the character of the scenery changed: the rocks under foot became covered with damp moss; trees thickened around; the mountains rose loftier, but better clothed; we got into new valleys; waded over fierce torrents; paused an instant now and then to admire bounding, foaming cascades, which no tourist has ever described; met here and there with trees felled by some hurricane across the path, and converted into green barricades by a climbing growth of ivy. Overhead, sometimes shaggy masses of rock bent into semi-caverns, and seemed to threaten to roll down upon us—a threat which they have probably held out since the last great convulsion of nature. At many places, the rock was so slippery that we feared to lose our footing, and be shot down the precipice, at the bottom of which foamed some of those white torrents which go to swell the upper course of the turbid Prahova. Scarcely any living thing enlivened these solitudes by its presence; but a few birds astir betimes followed us with their songs; the black-bird whistled in some green bushes; and the kingfisher fluttered ahead, luring us on with its call, as the fairy-bird lured Prince Camaralzaman through forests unknown save in the geography of romance. A white eagle returning from

some predatory excursion to his nest, stooped, as it were, to have a look at the strangers trespassing on his realms; and Christopaulo could not refrain from taking a shot at him. The monarch of the skies made a crochet in the air, and tranquilly continued on his way.

'Are you mad?' cried Prince Ypselanti, who noticed, perhaps, the mild reproving glance of Ianco. 'You will warn the bear of our approach.'

Christopaulo looked foolish, and I must have looked pleased, for I already felt as if this mountain of a man were my rival. The conversation, however, was not carried on, and we soon reached the banks of one of the largest tributaries of the Prahova. It ran in a bed shaded with willows and other drooping trees. A pine lay across it, forming a natural bridge. We crossed, and soon reached the place where our operations were to commence.

Ianco, whose vigorous step and gleaming eye shewed that not only had age told little upon him, but that he was a keen sportsman by nature, now called us around him, and initiated us as far as he thought proper into the mysteries of a Wallachian bear-hunt. He pointed out the place where the animal, whose movements he had long been studying, went down to drink at the river; the kind of trees whose bark it loved to gnaw; told us at what hour it left its den; warned us against the kind of danger we might run; and, indeed, did his best to supply the want of experience in those who had not tasted of the sport before. We now learned that the active old man had already been out so far before daylight in order to set the necessary baits. This operation is both simple and original. It consists in smearing with honey the trunks of some old oaks, and pouring thereon a good quantity of cherry-brandy. The bear, whose great luxury is honey, soon smells the sweet, and hastens to lick it; gets as drunk as a lord, and in this state, no longer shuns the huntsman, but comes boldly to meet him.

Ianco placed us by couples behind trees, at a distance of some fifty yards apart along the banks of the river, and told us to wait patiently. My companion was Christopaulo: I wished I had had another. I looked at him with almost as much aversion as if he had been the beast we had come out to slaughter; but as I could not allow my sentiments to be even guessed without appearing ridiculous, I should have preferred being coupled with Prince Ypselanti, or with any other of my young comrades. Christopaulo, however, was too thick-skinned or too good-natured to understand that there was the slightest cause of difference between us. On the contrary, the giant, with whom I had sketched out, as it were, a friendship not many weeks before, seemed more affectionate than usual. His bright blue eyes and broad blooming countenance turned cheerfully towards me. I began almost to fear that he was handsome, and felt certain at anyrate that he was in love; and love ennobles, love beautifies us all. There cannot be a more blessed visitant in our hearts, provided the feeling descend all pure, like an

angel from heaven, and do not rise like a gnome from the earth. We exchanged few words, but they were words of kindness. There was a moment, indeed, when I dreaded that the expansive nature of the stout descendant of the Dacians was about to give up its secret, and I felt relieved when a low murmured shout on the left announced that our prey was in sight.

A black she-bear, of enormous size, was advancing slowly in our direction. Two brachios were playing like two kittens under her belly, rolling over head and heels, slipping between her paws, standing on their hind-legs, hugging one another in mimic fight. She trod upon them, pushed them aside, rolled them over like so many balls, but seemed to pay no attention to them. Still she came on slowly, deliberately, as if unconscious of our presence.

I confess that I felt all the excitement of fear. A thrill passed through my frame; my pulse beat high: these are not things to be ashamed of. No man placed for the first time in so dangerous a position can be unmoved, unless he be enveloped in a triple buckler of stupidity. I almost hoped that my companion would shew no signs of emotion: I should have felt the superiority of the sensitive being over the mere animal. I looked at him: his hand was on the lock of his rifle, steady as that of a marble statue; but his face was livid.

'Christopaulo,' said I, 'there is more danger in this encounter than I expected. We shall not, without some accident, attack this beast, which has not one life only to defend, but three.'

'True,' replied he; 'but let us hope that if anything happen, it will not be to the father of Mariora.'

I had thought of myself; he had thought of her: a pang of jealousy shot through my heart. At this moment, Ianco came stooping along from bush to bush. He had taken his station on the right; but with the eagerness of a keen hunter, and somewhat in defiance of the rules which he had himself laid down, he had quitted his post, to be nearer the danger and the glory.

'Be ready, gentlemen,' said he; 'she has got wind of us.'

He passed on, and, advancing a little, got under cover of a thick-leaved shrub, at a point to which the bear, still tumbling about her little ones, was directly advancing—a monstrous pile of fur, with two brilliant eyes, like holes made with a drill, flashing from side to side. Ianco shewed himself as he knelt down to take a steady aim. The bear immediately began to advance towards him with a heavy, measured step, but paused at a distance of about fifty paces, and, shoving her cubs on one side, rose on her hind-legs, and set to work, dancing with ludicrous gestures, that on another occasion would have highly amused us.

'The baits have acted upon her,' said Christopaulo: 'the old lady is tipsy.'

The bear, in truth, was evidently in a state of intoxication. She pirouetted round like any Taglioni, shaking her paws and wagging

her head, whilst the imitative cubs played before her. It seemed to me that this was the best opportunity for a shot; but Ianco, more knowing than we, afraid lest the rough cuirass of the beast should too well protect it, began throwing pebbles. The stratagem succeeded. The dancer began to move in his direction, but had not taken a dozen steps, when Ianco fired. A tremendous roar announced that his shot had told, and the bear rushed upon her enemy. Several guns now were discharged from all sides, and the animal stumbling, we knew it had been wounded. Ianco seemed to expect that it would fall, and did not move. What was our horror on perceiving the monstrous beast roll heavily up to him, and throw itself upon him! He had evidently felt the impossibility of escape, and, according to the traditional custom among bear-hunters, had gone down before he was reached.

I stood motionless with dismay, my empty rifle in my hand; but Christopaulo, casting down his weapon, drew a large hunting-knife, and bounding forward far more rapidly than I can describe the action, had soon thrust his hand into the shaggy fur of the wounded but still dangerous monster, and forcing back its head, deliberately cut its throat. In another moment, we had all come up, and assisted in rolling away the corpse of the bear from off our prostrate comrade. The old man, who had received a hideous-looking wound in the shoulder, had fainted. We carried him to the banks of the river, and soon succeeded in bringing him back to consciousness. An hour afterwards, when we had bound up his wound, he said he should have strength to accompany us on foot back to the castel. We accordingly skinned the bear, and slinging the two cubs, which had also been killed, to a stout branch, which was carried on the shoulders of two of the huntsmen, began our return.

IV.

We were compelled to move slowly along the difficult passes by which we had come. Ianco, though supported now by one, now by the other, was weakened by loss of blood, and somewhat also by anxiety. His mind seemed troubled with thought of Mariora, as we could guess by his constantly repeated requests, that on arriving we should not needlessly alarm her.

'My wound is nothing,' said he; 'I have received others fifty times worse in the course of my wild life; but every day she grows tenderer over me, more timid for my welfare, more careful of my health. 'Tis affection prompts; but nature teaches her that when I am gone, she will have no protector left, and that the only link that may bind her to the world will be lost if I suddenly depart.'

My attentive ears divined a mystery in this last sentence, and I felt that there was more to learn than Ypselanti had told me about *the story of* Mariora. This was not the time for making further

inquiries; but as I gave my arm, with something of filial regard, to this old outlaw, I allowed my imagination to career into the unknown, and bring back a thousand explanations, all wild and contradictory. There was something, however, of truth in my surmisings; and when I had learned the secret of those two lives, I believed more firmly than I had ever done in the divinating power of love. Christopaulo was not more slow than I.

'Mariora is not his daughter,' whispered he to me, when we paused on the banks of the torrent at the foot of the castel.

'Then what is the link that binds them together?' I inquired.

'We shall perhaps know,' replied he.

It had been agreed that the first who ascended in the basket should communicate to Mariora, as gently as possible, the accident that had happened. I claimed as a right, which somehow or other was conceded to me, the performance of this difficult task. We had sounded the horn right merrily, in obedience to Ianco's request, as we approached; and the basket was already let down. In a few minutes I was by Mariora's side; she was flushed with the exertion of turning the wheel; and as the sun, now beyond its zenith, shone full upon her as she stood in the hollow of the rock smiling to greet me, I thought that no more lovely vision had ever lighted upon this earth.

Her first question was to ask if all had gone well, if nobody had been hurt; but so little prepared was she in reality for any bad news, that without giving me time to answer, she inquired after the results of our sport. I told her that we had killed a she-bear, and that one of our party was slightly wounded. Her face became a little pale; but she did not think that I meant Ianco. I am sorry to say that at this moment a slight pang of jealousy hurt me. Was that shade of pallor a revelation in favour of Christopaulo? I hastened at anyrate to undeceive her, and with less dexterity than I had planned, told her it was her guardian—this word was purposely selected—who had met with a casualty. She took no time to study the meaning of my phrase, but leaping into the basket, ordered me, with an energy I had not expected, to lower her down. I obeyed without hesitation, and thus lost the opportunity of witnessing the meeting, under these circumstances, of Ianco and his adopted daughter; for such I felt sure was the real relationship between them.

About ten minutes afterwards, a signal was given that I should bring up one of my companions, and the whole party was soon once more collected in the cavern. It now appeared that Christopaulo, who had already been enabled to distance me so much in services to the old man, had some knowledge of surgery, and undertook the cure. The glance of supplication, rich with promises of gratitude, that Mariora cast upon him, made me feel sick at heart. Although an instinct told me that I alone had awakened in her the first feelings which warm the girl into the woman, I could not spare that even the crumbs of her affection should be

scattered upon others. The love of youth, especially when it grows to giant size with the rapidity of a tropical flower, is selfishly exclusive; it thirsts for all the dew its heaven can shed. Mariora unconsciously soothed me by resting her eyes with kindness upon me for awhile; and I went forth by way of the terrade to the summit of the rock, to commune with my heart in the glorious sunshine, and marshal the thoughts that crowded through my mind thicker than swarms of bees. 'Tis a great period that of first true love: I felt that all I had experienced before was nothing to this. My peevish flirtations with Bertha Muller stood now confessed as mere child's play, the unmelodious preludes of the great oratorio of the heart. But do not believe that this hour of meditation was spent in mere vague aspirings; I resolutely determined that, save for some mighty reason, I would make Mariora my wife, be her origin what it might, if she would only promise me, in return for the great love which had sprung all armed like Athena into life, the entire possession of her heart; nor did I forget the claims of parental authority. I felt, however, that my mother would approve whatever choice I made, and that my father would require no other assurances than such as, I was certain, could be given of the purity and virtue of Mariora.

The young girl suddenly glided to my side, and if the timidity of a dawning affection had not withheld me, I would have taken her in my arms on that sunny platform, and at once have confessed all I felt. Her first words mingled something of bitterness with my sentiments. She spoke of Christopaulo's courage, which had just been related to her, and seemed inclined to magnify the lusty huntsman into a hero. And truly he was of the stuff of which heroes and demi-gods were made in the olden times, among a people who had still to war for existence with the wild beasts of the forest, who chose their chieftains among the mighty in arm and the stout in heart. I mentally contrasted my slim proportions, my counting-house visage, with his lofty stature and glowing countenance. Why, I thought, should she not unite the sentiment of love with that of gratitude? Her ideas of manly beauty, brought up as she has been in this barbarous country, where nature seems to construct everything on a grand scale, must have now found a realisation. She must look upon me—for my breast is not transparent like the torrents which leap down the hills—as one of those degenerate children of civilisation of which her father has spoken, who pay the penalty of too much refinement in weakness, and whose task it is to build up the polities which the rugged sons of the mountains may, when they please, overrun and destroy.

We had at that time no intimate conversation, but returned in a little while to the cavern, where, to my surprise, I found Theodore and his friends already talking of departure. They told me, however, that Christopaulo had determined to remain, and had expressed a wish that I should remain with him. His great

heart was evidently incapable of jealousy, for I could not but feel that I had nothing to confess to him, as he had nothing to confess to me. His quiet blue eyes looked inquiringly at me when I answered eagerly that I would not desert him; and a pleasant smile was the only punishment of my hypocrisy. Before evening had closed in, Prince Ypselanti, with Manoulaki and Safta, departed, after merrily wishing us a pleasant life in our hermitage; and I remained face to face with the worthy Christopaulo, to fight a duel, of which the weapons were to be kindnesses to the wounded old huntsman, and the prize, the heart of Mariora.

The wound which Ianco had received was not in itself necessarily dangerous, but partly, perhaps, on account of mental anxiety, a considerable amount of fever had been induced. In spite of our recommendations that he should keep still, and endeavour to sleep, he moved restlessly to and fro, twenty times in an hour called for Mariora, as if he had something to say to her, and then merely smiled, and pressed her hand. Christopaulo evidently began to feel uneasy, though he cheered up the young girl by his words. Towards evening, we went to walk together on the platform. It was a chilly evening, and the sun had gone down behind a threatening ruck of vapour. Numbers of bats came out from the crevices of the rock, circled about, uttering low plaintive cries; otherwise, the most solemn silence brooded over the scene. Some discreet birds of prey were winging rapidly towards their night-haunts. We felt that one of those violent storms which sometimes deluge the spurs of the Carpathian Mountains, was coming on; and presently about the summit of some distant peaks, upon which umbrella-shaped clouds were poised, forked streams of lightning began to shoot with convulsive rapidity. The wind, which had been moaning painfully down the valley, rose by degrees to a roar, and some large drops of rain, dashed by it on the surface of the rock, warned us to go below.

'This is an evil omen,' whispered Christopaulo, who shared in all the superstitions of his countrymen: 'I can hear the voices of the night singing the funeral-dirges of Ianco. My little knowledge of the healing art will prove of no avail. All I wish for is some drowsy potion which will enable him to take a little rest; but we are here far away from apothecaries' shops,' he added with a painful smile, that a nearer flash of lightning revealed to me; 'and perhaps it is better to let him die without tormenting him.'

I did not share the fatalism of my companion, but could not help admiring the rapidity with which he had identified himself with this secluded family. Already he spoke of it as if united by the bonds of relationship. There are some of these affectionate natures scattered through the world, and often, as in the case of my friend Christopaulo, they are hidden under a rough exterior. Lovers generally think that beauty of the body coincides with beauty of the mind; but they are often unjust to the less favoured

creatures of God, and pass heedlessly by the souls which are most capable of sympathising with them.

We sat in the principal chamber, watching the blue tints of the lightning as it played over the distant hills, and listening, first to the pattering, and then to the slushing sound of the rain, as it sheeted the rock in water. I never beheld so grand a mountain-storm. For two whole hours, the earth trembled beneath the thunder, and glowed beneath the electric flashes. Mariora came suddenly in, looking like a phantom in the purple gush of light which filled the chamber at that moment, and asked us to come to Ianco's bedside. We went, and found the old man, his head raised upon two pillows, which she had tenderly placed for him, and carefully wrapped in skin-coverings, the produce of the chase. A lamp burning in a niche threw its dim light upon him. We saw that there was an unhealthy brightness in his eyes. He bade us draw near and sit, that he might speak to us.

'My friends,' said he, 'it is well that you should be here. I have a burden to take off my mind, and you must bear witness to my words. I am not sick unto death'—here he cast a glance of encouragement to Mariora—'but in case the old huntsman is called away, it is well that the truth should be known. Will you listen patiently to my words?'

Feeling that it would be impossible to calm Ianco until we had listened to his confession, moved, too, by natural curiosity, we promised what was required of us; and sitting down, whilst Mariora crouched in a corner out of the light of the lamp, and struggled sternly with her sobs, became the depositors of the secret which troubled the dying forester of the Ypselantis.

V.

'I was born near the city of Krajova, on one of the estates of Domnoulé Ypselanti; but this you know. He has told you so himself, and has, I am sure, borne testimony for me. But his good words have their origin in his good heart. Neither he, nor any other living soul, can know the bitterness of the springs of which I have drunk. Perhaps you have loved, young men?' We murmured an admission. 'If so, you will understand the joy with which I heard Mariora—not this Mariora, but another one—when I heard her tell me under the myrtle-tree in the garden that she would be mine. But you are both too cheerful looking to have felt the misery which can arise only from the loss of the beloved one. Mariora—the other one—was false to me. I know not, perhaps, all the secret of her fault: perhaps we should judge less harshly one of another if we knew every motive that pushes us to action. They promised her, no doubt, fine clothes and a fine house—finer than I could bestow—and persuaded her to become the bride of Manousch, the steward of my lord's estate,

who had looked upon and coveted her beauty. Heaven knows, that even on the day when they carried her weeping to the altar —she wept, most certainly she wept—that no purple thoughts flushed my heart. I murdered him not by anticipation; but retired into the forest to a hut of branches, which I had built for her to come and adorn it sometimes, and lived there in sorrowful peace, with the leaves and the birds, upon roots and upon water, like a hermit winning his way by asceticism to heaven. I was not a common peasant, my lords; but had learned the arts of reading and writing from the Greeks, and had become acquainted with books, and the thoughts that stirred the great men of the old time, and that now stir the young men of this. During two years that I loved that other Mariora, I strove to raise myself for her sake above the level of my people; and now that she had deserted me, I found comfort in the thronging images that came to my memory, and did sometimes, in the cool depths of the woods, forget that another had taken away my happiness from me, that I was a man who might have been blessed, but yet was accursed. So time passed away. I returned now and then to Krajova; but, for the most part, as long as the season would allow me, sojourned in my hut of branches. During the winter, I was sometimes necessarily brought into contact with Manousch, my lord's steward, and the husband of Mariora; but her I never saw. The man had no tenderness in his nature, but greeted me sometimes with insolent looks, sometimes with still more insolent jeers. I bore all. In this country—I mean in that country—we are not wont to resent the insults of our superiors: the neck is accustomed to the yoke. It did not even occur to me that I might answer the injuries heaped upon me otherwise than by scowls. I declare at this solemn moment, that the only time I felt my hand clench at the mention of Manousch's name, was when I heard that he rendered his wife unhappy.

Spring came again at last; I eagerly returned to another house of branches, which I built further in the forest, and there solaced my mind with affectionate contemplation of nature. It was on the edge of a quiet glade, where fawns sometimes came to play amongst the knot-grass and chevre-foil, and frisk over a brook which a child could leap with joined feet, gleaming like a silver-grey snake along the sward. I felt so peaceful in that fair spot, that I determined to live there, if allowed, all the days of my life: but it was otherwise decreed. Whilst I remained there, the news was brought me that my poor Mariora—perhaps weighed down by remorse that she had blasted my life—had died, leaving a child to the careless protection of Manousch, who had long ceased to love the mother, and had, indeed, made her life miserable by jealousy and violence. The idea that my sweet one was at rest, soothed me. I now forgave her all that she had made me suffer, and had reached a most blessed state of mind; but one morning I was sitting at the door of my hut, when a zingara

servant came strolling into the glade with a babe in her arms. I looked kindly at the little thing, and it smiled and prattled at me. Its nurse and I were soon friends. She told me that this was Mariora, the child of Mariora, the wife of Manousch, who had come out on a grand hunting-party with the lord, Ypselanti. The encampment was in a neighbouring valley; and I now feared that my quiet would be daily disturbed by stragglers. I begged the zigana not to tell that she had seen me, and tried to send her away without having bestowed on the innocent child, that still prattled and crowed at me, a single one of the kisses that were burning on my lips. I could not do it; and suddenly rising, took the little thing in my arms, and showered upon it embraces that were moistened with tears, and tears that were brightened by smiles. The zigana stared stupidly at me, but did not understand my secret, even if she understood that there was any secret at all. I made her promise that she would return every day to the glade, bringing the infant along with her; and a present, with the hope of more, insured that she would keep faith. I had a mighty struggle with myself when she was gone. Something urged me to fly away from that spot, which could no longer be the abode of quiet, where I must be disturbed by revivals of that passion whose more violent manifestations I had contrived to quell. Fate nailed me to the spot: I remained. Day after day this little child, which should have been mine, was brought to my arms; and I spent delicious hours in teaching it its first steps, and gracing its tongue with the magic of speech. The first words it learned, I said, should be words of affection for all mankind. During one of these lessons, a loud laugh suddenly burst from beneath the trees, and before I had time to understand what had taken place, a blow felled me to the ground—the scar of the wound is still here (pointing to his forehead)—and an iron hand grasped my throat. It was Manousch, the husband of Mariora. His eyes were full of rage and hate, and his voice was husky, as he muttered: "I suspected there was some plot in the wind; that slave, I knew, did not take this morning-walk without an object. What it is, I neither know nor care; but thou, at least, shalt be punished." He added words which I will not repeat, and a knife flashed before my eyes. There was a dreadful struggle. How long it lasted, I cannot tell; but when it was over, thou, Mariora, wert without a father, and I had blood upon my hands.'

Mariora remained sobbing in her corner, silent. The old huntsman felt the difficulty of her position, and did not pause to dwell too long upon that dreadful accident. He told us that as he stood stupified at what had happened, some serfs came out from under the trees, shouted to him to fly, and hastened away. The zigana had rushed madly from the scene, leaving the child sitting on the grass, playing with a bunch of flowers which Ianco had gathered for her. He snatched her up in his arms, and fled away to the mountains. As we already know, no search was made for the fugitive, except

by the relatives of Manousch. He contrived to escape their pursuit, in the then mysterious caves of Kostaki, until they ceased to disquiet him; and his name became again known among the peasantry not as Ianco the Good, as they called him of yore, but as Ianco the Unfortunate.

The old man naturally enlarged much on the long years of happiness, occasionally imbittered by regret, which he had led in company with his adopted child. He seemed to think that the love and tenderness he had shewn, entirely compensated for his involuntary crime; and we naturally confirmed him in this belief. Mariora said not a word to interrupt his narrative or our comments thereon; but we saw her drawing gradually nearer to the bedside; and when we rose, from delicacy, to leave them alone, could no longer restrain herself, but starting forward, fell, in a passion of tears, upon the old man's breast.

I am not fond of developing paradoxical positions, such as that in which Mariora and Ianco were placed. It seems to me that had the forester lived, the recollection of the death of Manousch would always have warred with the young girl's affection. Mariora could not, of course, be expected to feel much retroactive regret for what had taken place; but still the idea that Ianco had slain her father, even in self-defence, could not but have tormented her. She was spared, as I have hinted, this painful conflict.

After a short time of communion, during which, what passed it is not necessary to relate, Mariora called us once more to the bedside. Ianco had forgotten, in the development of his own feelings, to tell us that his child was entitled to considerable property, which had belonged to her real father. As long as he was present in this life, he had thought it best to keep her in ignorance of this. Besides, how could he reveal it without confessing likewise that which must turn aside from him some drops of that current of affection which kept his heart verdant, and spangled it with flowers? But now that his protecting arm was about to be withdrawn, he thought it necessary to place her under the guardianship of wealth. What could she do, poor thing, heiress alone of that rock-castel and the arsenal of a sportsman? He had not prepared her to be the bride of any of those rough hunters who sometimes made his valley their place of rendezvous. He had spent his leisure hours in adorning her mind and cultivating her sentiments: all the knowledge and refinement which he had himself acquired, and which struck through him like a vein of gold in a quartz rock, he had transferred to Mariora. It was easy to see that she was not wholly unprepared, by the elevation of her ideas, to take a higher position in society than that which she had hitherto occupied. But the voice of nature is louder than the voice of man, her eloquence more persuasive, her influence more overpowering. In spite of the accidental instruction, Mariora was still a wild child of the mountains, whose books had been the slopes and valleys, the dingles and the woods, the streams and deep lakelets, the clouds

and the winds, the bird-notes and the hum of the wild-bees, that had besieged her senses from her infancy. Herein lay, perhaps, the chief charm which won Christopaulo and me to her. Ianco's oral lessons had destroyed whatever there might have been of materialising influence in the scenes around her, but had not taken away one atom of the native perfume of her soul, or quelled the liberty of one of her unsophisticated gestures.

When Ianco had relieved his mind, and when we had promised that in case anything happened to him we would conduct his daughter to Krajova, to the house of a lady whose name he mentioned, he sunk into a quiet sleep; and I with Christopaulo went out to the terrace. The storm had by this time completely passed away; the heavens were serene, as if they had never shed a tear; not a cloud stained them from horizon to horizon, and large liquid stars glowed fervently, as if they too would have made a 'day of night' in the absence of the moon. I had by this time quite overmastered the mean feeling of jealousy which I had entertained against my excellent companion. Perhaps, indeed, by some mysterious means, conviction had come to me that I need fear no rivalry from him. I felt that I was to be the protector of Mariora when she should be left desolate. Instead of hating, I pitied him. He, on his part, was not less cognizant of the future; his love for Mariora had grown perhaps to as great a stature as mine in as little space of time; but to desire of his own happiness, had been superadded the desire of hers. Why should he, even if he were able, endeavour to constrain her affections to him? If she garnered up her hopes in me, in Heaven's name, let me have her! Such was the meaning, as I afterwards learned, of the powerful gripe of the hand he gave me when we had sat silent for some time gazing out upon the valley, covered with pools of water, which reflected each some half-dozen stars; and listening to the low murmur of the night-breeze, as it crept through the heather, and the broom, and the furze at the foot of the rock. We then began to talk of the probability there was that Ianco, partly influenced by the doctrine of fatalism, which he seemed to hold, partly cast down by some reason which nature kept among her mysteries, for science did not seem to explain it, would fall a victim to the wound which he had received. Christopaulo, who had watched the symptoms more narrowly, and understood them better than I, appeared to have no hope whatever. Why, indeed, should I prolong the narrative of that painful time which followed? Within many days afterwards, Ianco left Mariora to our care, dying at peace with all mankind, and in hope. We buried him, as he had requested, near the banks of the torrent, in one of the clumps of dwarf-oaks that grew in the valley; and there, it has been said by serfs or hunters, who visit that out-of-the-way spot, his ghost has sometimes been seen walking pensively towards the rock, and then standing on the edge aloft, whilst with plaintive voice it cried out: 'Mariora! Mariora!'

I will not sadden the reader or myself by relating the violent grief of the bereaved young girl. She mourned over Ianco with the intensity of sorrow which an orphan alone can know. When our last duties to the departed had been performed, and we had marked his resting-place by a huge stone, which we rolled from a distance, we would have set out immediately; but Mariora requested to be allowed to remain yet a little while in that valley which had, until then, been all the world to her. Both Christopaulo and I humoured her, the more willingly as we feared, that when once at Krajova, we might not enjoy the same opportunity of free communion with her. Neither of us had as yet spoken of love, but it was clear that she understood what kind of dominion she exerted, what was the adamantine buckler that protected her. We now learned that she had spent most of her life in the castel, and had seldom wished to escape from it. Habit, the great master, had reconciled her to that secluded life. It was indeed difficult for her to go out with her adopted father; for in that case he had to prepare a means of return beforehand, by loosening the rope from the wheel, and passing it simply through the pulley. He did not like to do this, as it exposed him to the danger of finding his nest occupied on returning, or, at anyrate, rendered it probable that by some accident the re-ascent might prove a difficult matter. We were curious to know how the fugitive had originally got possession of this singular place of retreat. Mariora told us that it had been occupied by an aged outlaw, with whom Ianco formerly, previous to his flight, had had some dealings. They lived together comfortably, until, in the course of nature, Ianco and his adopted daughter became sole proprietors of the rock-refuge.

It was with some regret that we definitively abandoned the castel. Christopaulo lowered me and Mariora by means of the wheel, and then unfastening one end of the rope, cast it to us, and reached the ground in safety, although even with the assistance he could give by clinging to points of the rock, we were almost dragged off our feet by his weight. Having shaken himself like a huge dog, he bade us rest awhile, and proceeded to fill the basket with stones, and carefully fastened the rope, in order that access to the summit might not be wholly cut off. Mariora pointed out a narrow ledge running zigzag along the face of the rock, by which, according to tradition, it had first been scaled; but to us it seemed impossible that anything less active than a mountain-goat could have used it.

VI.

The unsettled state of the principality of Wallachia, even when unoccupied by foreign troops, is such, that only near the great centres of population, and towards the banks of the Danube, is there any security for travellers. The government of the Hospodars has never been distinguished for mildness; and yearly crimes

some of the most stubborn and independent spirits of the country to emigration, or retirement in the fastnesses of the Carpathian Mountains, where they are of course reduced to subsist on brigandage. It is a sure sign of corrupt and violent administration when popular feeling makes heroes of outlaws, and embalms their actions in legendary song. As civilisation progresses, the defiers of the law come gradually to be regarded with hatred and contempt. Their excuse is taken away from them. From the time of Robin Hood to that of Dick Turpin, a mighty change had taken place; and highwaymen in these days enjoy the sympathies only of their fellows. It is different in less fortunate countries. Many of the Wallachian banditti are looked upon as patriots; and when our little party, therefore, began its march, although we were perfectly aware that many lawless characters were abroad, it was without any very serious anticipation of danger. Mariora, however, told us that a number of escaped zigans, or slaves of gipsy descent, had recently been heard of in the neighbourhood, and that they were reported to have committed atrocities highly detrimental to the reputation of banditti in general. Some of the more respectable of the fraternity had indeed found it necessary to announce their intentions of exterminating these interlopers.

Krajova was at a distance of several days' journey; but the borough of Kimpina could be reached by an active man in six or seven hours. For this reason, we did not start until mid-day, forgetting that Mariora, never having performed so long a journey before, would detain us at least double the time on the road. For my part, as I have already said, I was quite new in that country, and compelled to depend entirely on the experience of Christopaulo, who, after thinking for a while, struck into a defile leading in a south-easterly direction, and with some affectation of discreetness, generally kept a little way ahead. We had not much to carry, except our guns; for Mariora had sent the few things which constituted her property, on to Krajova, by a party of pedlers who had tarried one evening at the castel. The sun shone brightly on our path, which presently became rugged and difficult. In order to reach the valley where Kimpina lies, we had to cross a range of hills partly barren, partly covered with forests, and cut up by deep and sombre defiles. The track we followed wound to and fro in its ascending course, and several times Mariora called to us to stop, and pointed downwards, through precipitous breaks, to where the castel lay, now reduced by distance, as it were, to a huge boulder, in a valley dim with sunlight. I could see, however, that her eyes dwelt not so much upon her former abode as upon the little grove of trees further off, where was the grave of Ianco.

At length we got over the first slope of the range, and began to descend into a horrid gurge. Christopaulo, who had clambered down some fifty yards before us, stopped on the slope midway as

if to rest. 'Sit down,' said he when we reached him, 'and glance carelessly first to the right and then to the left. On the latter side, you will see some figures on the very summit of the hill. I think they moved just now; if so, it is probable we are watched by the band of runaway zigans which Mariora spoke of.'

I looked in the direction indicated, but could distinguish nothing. Mariora, however, with eyes rendered keen by her mountain-life, instantly declared that there were four or five men sitting, or rather crouching, on the edge of a precipice; and that there was every probability that what Christopaulo feared might be true. Had Ianco been with us, there would have been little danger, for he was both liked and feared by all the wild fugitives in the mountains, even those who most despised the rules of conduct laid down by honourable thieves. Now, however, our arms, and the money which we, as travellers, might be supposed to possess, would possibly tempt the banditti. My first impulse was to recommend that we should return to the castel, but Christopaulo, who had more experience in these kind of adventures, at once laid down our plan of conduct.

'It is evident,' said he, 'that these fellows do not intend to attack us in a place like this, where we can descry their approach. They are waiting to let us pass, and will follow us stealthily as soon as we have got upon more covered ground. We must push on without appearing to notice their presence, until we reach the wood. Then we can leave the direct path to Kimpina, and take a more circuitous route, which I well know, by the Wolf's Leap. In this manner, we shall gain some time, at anyrate. Those villains will follow the regular road, for a mile or so, perhaps, ere they discover that we have led them off the scent; and I don't think there is any way by which they can continue the chase, except by retracing their footsteps. We must move fast, and Mariora will be tired,' he added tenderly; 'but in the difficult parts, you, Meredith, can carry her, and perhaps I might help a little, being more like a beast of burden than you.'

We affected to laugh at this observation as a mere joke, and began descending the hill, endeavouring not to increase our pace, and steadily resisting the temptation to look over our shoulders. By degrees, we quite turned our backs on the suspicious-looking watchers of our progress, and saw with pleasure that, by the nature of the country, they would be compelled to pursue exactly the same course as ourselves. We could not exactly calculate the distance at which they were; and I may be excused, therefore, if, in the early stage of this adventure, I felt considerable alarm lest a long shot might reach one of our party. It became difficult for me at length to keep to the pace agreed upon; and I could easily see that my companions likewise were obliged to exercise great power of self-restraint. After crossing a level valley, strewn with loose stones, we came to a long defile or trench, that wound up the side of a steep slope to the commencement of a vast

forest of black firs. Here Mariora could not refrain from casting back a glance of her far-seeing eyes, and told us that the bandits had already begun to clamber down the hill and follow us. We moved steadily on whilst we were in sight, but when a turn in the defile concealed our motions, we ran. In less than a quarter of an hour, we reached the edge of the forest, and were under the protection of its shadows. Whoever enters such a forest, with its vast columnar trunks, and barren and slippery footing, must be struck with a feeling of awe. When we considered that we had to find in its recesses a refuge from the violence of man, and remembered that on every side an ambush might be feared, our hearts seemed for a moment to shrink within us, and we paused. Would it not be better to take cover behind the trees, and at once fight the battle, if battle there was to be? We looked back, and for a time saw no trace of the enemy; but Christopaulo, standing on a mound, told us that he distinguished several figures passing one by one, though slowly, across the valley we had quitted.

'It is evident,' said he, 'that they do not think the time has yet come for attacking us, but it is equally evident that attack us they will. Let us onward!'

Distances are with difficulty calculated on such occasions; but it appeared to me that we had a start of about half a mile, and no more. The light-footed gentry who were pursuing us, could traverse that space, no doubt, in a few minutes; and I felt that the crisis must rapidly come on, if we could not succeed in throwing them off the scent. We advanced, slipping as we went, into the dismal interior of the forest. The ground swelled on either side into monotonous mounds, and I could see nothing by which we could direct our course. Christopaulo, however, seemed perfectly confident that he was proceeding in a right direction. He told us that he knew nearly every one of the trees which we passed; but he walked, I thought, too leisurely. He was perfectly confident of the success of his stratagem, and knew, moreover, that on that kind of soil it would be impossible for Mariora to advance more rapidly. The brave girl did not seem very much alarmed for herself. Perhaps she thought that the protection of Ianco's name would still be extended over her. It was for our sakes that every now and then she threw back keen glances into the dark forest we had passed. Not a ray of sunshine broke through the thick canopy of sombre green, and all around was an awful stillness, disturbed only by the occasional cracking of a rotten bough under our feet. At length—the time was immensely extended by our anxiety—we came suddenly to a broad track, distinctly marked by the wheels of wagons, and could see on either hand a long avenue, checkered here and there by spots of light.

'Now,' said Christopaulo cheerfully, 'is the last trying moment we shall have to pass. If we can turn yonder corner without *seeing* our pursuers, they must be blood-hounds indeed if they *track us*. Give your hand to Mariora, Meredith, and let us

uneasy than if you were leading her in the dance. My *if* was unnecessary. We have ten minutes to spare, even if they run twice as fast as they do.'

We scampered on, excited by his confidence, and although, when I looked back on arriving at the point of safety he indicated, I fancied that I saw figures glancing along the avenue, Mariora assured me that I was mistaken. A little beyond the bend in the road, a broad but shallow stream ran across it, bursting out of a glen, bordered by jagged rocks. The water, above the point at which we had arrived, was broken up by large smooth stones. Towards these Christopaulo waded, bidding us do likewise, and assuring us that we could buy new shoes at the bazaar in Kimpina. In less than a minute, we had lost sight of the track, and found ourselves beneath a perfect archway of boughs, that rendered it somewhat difficult for us to step surely from stone to stone. The water gushed noisily around us. Presently we were enabled to reach the bank, and to strike into a kind of path that led between some huge precipices and the stream.

At another time, I should have paused to wonder at the wildly magnificent scene that now presented itself. Emerging from beneath the trees, at the point where we quitted the bed of the torrent, we found ourselves in a barren glen or defile, bordered on both sides by granite rocks, that swelled up on either hand to the sky. Down the centre, tumbled the foaming waters in many cascades. As we rose to the level of the uppermost branches of the forest, we obtained, for a moment, a wide prospect over an ocean of sombre verdure; but presently we were completely shut in by rocks, that became more rugged and black as we approached what seemed to be the summit of the mountain; but only seemed, for other summits rose on either hand, and we could discern, far up a steep slope to our right, the waters of the torrent here and there flinging themselves wildly from precipice to precipice.

VII.

'We can now proceed more slowly,' said Christopaulo, looking at Mariora, who was panting with fatigue, and round whom I had for the first time placed my protecting arm. We had climbed with difficulty up the glen, until we had reached a place where the stream came whirling over a ledge of rock, forming a wild waterfall, that filled the forest with its roar, and reduced to insignificance the other cascades we had passed. Here, at length, we paused awhile to rest, because it was evident, that if our stratagem had been seen through, we could make a better defence at this spot than if we ventured upon the irregular plateau, which we now saw we had to traverse between the mountain that receded on either hand. I brought some water in a horn for Mariora to drink, whilst our *stout* companion looked anxiously down the glen to

see if we were pursued. Nothing suspicious met his eyes; but once or twice he mistook the dashing sound of the waters for the voices of our pursuers, calling to each other beneath the trees.

Mariora at length told us that her strength had returned, and urged us to proceed. For some time, we advanced still through pine forests, but over comparatively level ground, and at length reached a precipitous descent into a narrow valley, on the opposite side of which the character of the vegetation changed. We had now entered one of those vast forests of oak which may some day form the material of navies, and rejoiced because the ground, although covered with moss and fallen leaves, afforded us, at any rate, a sure footing, and we were enabled to climb or descend with comparatively little difficulty. Through the breaks in the trees we could distinguish on all sides vast mountains, rising one above the other; and yet, to my impatient mind, it seemed that we ought by this time to be near the open country, that heralds the approach to Kimpina. Christopaulo laughed when I asked him how much longer the journey was likely to be, and told me that we were nearly as far from our destination as when we set out.

'Look,' said he, pointing towards the left—'do you see that peak? Down at its foot, on the other side, lies the village which we desire to reach. If my scheme has succeeded, those light-footed villains are now running in that direction, wondering at our speed. Even should they guess that we have seen through their projects, it will be next to impossible for them to break through the mass of forest we have now placed between us and them, in time to cut us off. We may be lazy if we please.'

Although our friend thus encouraged us, we could see, by the rapidity of his steps, that he affected more confidence than he really felt. Every now and then he was obliged to pause, to wait for us to come up. By this time the sun was near its setting, so that we had been already six or seven hours upon our journey. Christopaulo seemed to grow more anxious every moment; and at length, when we came to a broad glade, took one of Mariora's hands, and bade me take the other. His object had been throughout to avoid causing us any unnecessary alarm.

'Let us run,' said he now; and we knew that he had seen something suspicious in our rear. In a few minutes, we had crossed the glade, and entered a kind of pass, bare of trees, which ascended rapidly a ridge of dark rocks. Looking back when we were halfway to the summit, I saw a number of figures rush from beneath the trees behind us, and heard a wild shout as of disappointment.

'The villains know the forest better than I do,' cried Christopaulo. 'We shall have to fight for it; but this is a place where two good men can keep at bay any reasonable number.'

I shall never forget the excitement of the few moments that succeeded. Although we really moved rapidly along, leaping rather than stepping, and making the breathless Mariora bound between us, it seemed to me that we scarcely advanced at all.

felt as in one of those dreams in which some powerful motive—some danger to escape—some good action to perform—urges to speed, whilst at the same time the feet seem to become leaden, and the earth to cling to us, and keep us in the same spot. We could hear distinctly a shout or scream of triumph that was sent after us. The villains seemed certain of their prey. Yet a single glance had told us that in number they were considerably diminished. Six of them, we thought, had given up the chase from fatigue, or had wandered in the forest. This was a ground of hope: we had now a better chance of a successful defence.

At the top of the pass, we came suddenly to a deep chasm, that had evidently been formed in the mountain's side by some convulsion of nature; over it was thrown the trunk of a tree, forming a bridge. I wished to attempt the passage immediately, but Christopaulo said that we must defend ourselves where we were; and I understood, that as there was a wide open space beyond before we could get under cover of the forest, this would be the wisest plan. There was no time to lose, for our pursuers, five or six in number, were already coming up the pass. Christopaulo raised his manly voice, and shouted to them to keep back. They did not attend to his words; but when he levelled his rifle at them and fired, bringing the foremost to his knees, they instantly disappeared behind the stones with which the pass was encumbered, and saluted us with a volley. It was evident that we should have to stand a kind of siege. We too were well covered, and fired steadily whenever any one shewed himself in the act of taking aim. It was impossible, however, to tell whether our shots took effect; but we could see very clearly that every time we fired, the enemy ran forward to a nearer cover, so that, unless we could hope to pick them all off, they must necessarily come to close quarters at last. In this emergency Christopaulo whispered that Mariora must cross alone. The poor girl refused at first; but I told her, in an authoritative tone, that her refusal would compromise the safety of us all. It was with fear and trembling I watched her as she commenced her perilous passage, and at one moment I could scarcely refrain from a cry of anguish as I saw her hesitate in the very middle of the slippery bridge. However, she crossed in safety.

'Now,' said Christopaulo, 'you go too.'

His face beamed with the resolution of self-sacrifice. I knew that he intended to cover our retreat at the peril of his life, and instead of obeying him, grasped his hand. At that moment, one of the banditti shewed himself within thirty paces, but was instantly brought down by the sure aim of my noble friend; and the others, who were not far behind, skulked once more under cover. I was beginning to hope that we might beat them off successfully, when a piercing cry from Mariora drew off my attention in another direction. I turned, and saw her flying back towards the bridge, pursued by three men. In an instant, without

regard to where I placed my foot, I was across, and reached her side just as the foremost ruffian was about to lay hands upon her. My gun was unloaded, but I felled him to the ground with the but-end, and in an instant afterwards found myself struggling with the two others. What passed during the next minute, I only distinctly knew afterwards. There was a tremendous crash, a shout of triumph, and a shout of rage. Christopaulo had seen my danger, had cleared the bridge, and exerting the strength of a giant, had hurled it down into the abyss below with his foot. Then he fell upon my two assailants; and when, panting and breathless, and streaming with blood, I rose from the ground, I saw three corpses around me.

'Come on, for your life!' shouted Christopaulo, snatching up Mariora in his arms, and hastening towards the wood. Several shots were fired from the other side of the chasm. The bullets ploughed up the ground around us, but we escaped without hurt, and reached the cover of the trees, where we fell breathless upon the ground, and Mariora, grasping both our hands, offered up thanks for her deliverance: silently, we did so likewise.

We, of course, never learned how it happened that three of the zigans had taken us in front, thus bringing destruction upon themselves. It is probable that the party had purposely separated, confident of being able to surround us, when they became convinced that we had chosen the circuitous track through the Wolf's Leap. Such was the name of the chasm across which we had passed under the extraordinary circumstances I have related. A legend accounts for the name. It is probable that the sanguinary struggle in which we were the victors, will give new materials to tradition; and that future travellers will listen with breathless interest to some poetical version of our own adventure. These reflections, however, did not occur to us at the time.

In a few minutes more, darkness was upon the face of the earth; but even yet we were not permitted to rest. For several hours we toiled painfully on, passing the time in assuring Mariora, who affectionately inquired at almost every step, if we were not hurt. At length, worn out with fatigue, we were compelled to stop, to pass the remainder of the night beneath an oak, a little off the wayside. Mariora slept, covered by our sheepskin capotes, and we watched and talked in whispers of the dangers we had passed; but there was no allusion to the future. Next morning, when the gray light of dawn reminded us that it was necessary to pursue our journey, we saw that we were on the edge of the open country, and that there were patches of culture here and there. Christopaulo, who had studied the direction of Mariora's glances more attentively than a mariner watches the trembling needle, now affected an almost rough indifference of manner, and either preceded us, or walked on one side. For my part, I was so resolved to make this unprotected girl my wife, that I did not *hesitate, in a calm,* serious tone, suited to the occasion, to reveal

my sentiments to her. It was in a little grove of aspens. Our companion's huge form had disappeared among the trees ahead, but we could still hear him whistling cheerfully. I had walked by her side some time, explaining my position, my hopes and prospects, and contrasting them with hers. She had listened, gazing in my face with upturned eyes—not quite understanding, perhaps, the immense import of my words. When, however, I offered, in a straightforward manner, to supply the place of Ianco to her, to become her friend and protector for life, she stopped in that grove of aspens, and putting both her hands in mine, said, in a voice that trembled slightly, but with a smile upon her lips: 'I accept your guardianship, domnoulé!'

I snatched her up in my arms, and somewhat surprised and alarmed her by my joy; and then I took her hand, and began running through the grove with her after our comrade, who must by this time have gained some ground, we thought. On bursting from amongst the trees, we saw him sitting on the plain upon a large stone, looking pensively for us. He had understood the reason of our delay, and, poor fellow, no doubt passed some bitter moments; but when we appeared, he shouted in a manly, cheerful voice: 'What, children! staying to gather kisses by the wayside!'

How different from the tone and language in which he had interrupted our first interview!

We did not endeavour to conceal what had occurred. Christopaulo from that time forward seemed more easy in his mind, as if he had been relieved from a painful suspense. He afterwards confessed that he had doubted the purity of my intentions; and did not think it probable that a man in my position in life could think of marrying a wild little daughter of the forest like Mariora. We now all three walked together, talking of the future; but when the night closed in, and a cold wind began to blow, and some drizzling rain to fall, my affianced came of herself to nestle under my cloak, while Christopaulo, with giant tread, preceded us, looking out from the vantage of his height for the twinkling lights that at length announced that Kimpina was at hand.

We procured lodgings for the night in a kind of inn much resembling a Turkish caravansary, and next day started in a bullock-cart for Krajova. On the third evening we arrived in safety, and went direct to the house of the lady to whom Ianco had recommended us. She was the wife of a small merchant, or pedler, as we should call him, who, it appears, had been once or twice received by Ianco hospitably when on his way to or from Transylvania. We explained the object of our visit, and she at once consented to receive Mariora, until we had made the proper declarations to the authorities, in order to reinstate her in the position which was her due.

We soon found that there were many difficulties in the way. The relatives of Manousch, who had inherited his wealth, of course refused to acknowledge a claimant coming upon them in this

extraordinary way. It required the powerful but extrajudicial interference of Prince Ypselanti to induce them to come to an arrangement. I should have preferred abandoning the claim altogether; but Mariora seemed to take pride in the idea that she should bring me a dowry. Meanwhile, I had written to Odessa, relating my adventures in nearly the words I have here employed, and insisting on the fact, that although my affianced was of humble origin and education, she was not portionless. I received no answer to my letter; but one day, while I was sitting with Christopaulo on the borders of the Prahova, under some trees, talking of my successful and his unsuccessful love, and vowing eternal friendship, a messenger came to tell me that some travellers just arrived were seeking me through the town.

Mr and Mrs Meredith, my excellent parents, had both been delighted, for different reasons, with what I feared would disgust them. My mother was naturally romantic; but it appears that my father, from the results of his studies of my character, had feared that I should degenerate into a wandering vagabond. Marriage, he considered, according to my own inclination, was my last chance of salvation. Under other circumstances, he would have been angry: he now professed himself delighted. In a very short time, therefore, under these agreeable auspices, Mariora became my wife, given away by the stout Christopaulo, who preserved a serene countenance during the whole ceremony. I must add, however, that, as I afterwards learned, when we parted for awhile, he returned and spent the rest of the summer at the Castel of Kostaki, feeding his imagination on vain regrets. We remained excellent friends, and we often correspond. But it is now some years since I have seen him, for shortly after my marriage, I came to Europe to study for a profession. I intend to take a trip to the East as soon as peace is restored, to introduce my children to my good parents; so that if I can do anything for my fair readers in that part of the world, they may command me.

THE RUSSIAN MOUJIK.

MOUJ, in the Sclavonic tongue, means full-grown man; and originally the derivative Moujik, in Russia, though denoting the man of the people,* was a name of honour, for it was that of freemen represented by their equals in the council of their princes, and participating in the local government of their respective communities. At present, the term still applies to the man of the people, but of a people of slaves; and it has thus become almost synonymous with this word.

Originally, there were in Russia no other slaves than such as had been made prisoners in war. Hereditary bondage was

* It is customary among non-Russian writers on Russia, to use the term peasant when speaking of the Moujik; but as peasant in our language means exclusively a husbandman, it seems to us that the term is not applicable, in a general sense, as the Moujik follows other trades as well as that of agriculturist.

unknown in the country even after the Mongol conquest had destroyed the political liberties of the people; and until the reign of Boris Godunow, the grand-dukes of Muscovy, who gradually absorbed in their domains the minor principalities, and eventually became czars of Russia, always proved themselves willing to protect the peasantry against any encroachments of the landholders, between whom and the former the relation was no other than that of free-agents bound by mutual agreement. But Boris Godunow ruled in Russia before he was elected czar, and it was while acting as minister of his imbecile brother-in-law, Fedor, and with a view to conciliating the landowners, and thus securing his future election, that he issued in 1595 the ukase that converted the free peasantry of the country into serfs. It was, however, only predial servitude, such as existed throughout Europe during the middle ages, that was thus established in Russia, not slavery such as it now exists; but the transition to this aggravated form of bondage seems soon to have commenced, for at the accession of Peter the Great, the custom of selling peasants without the lands to which they were attached, appears already to have been so firmly rooted, that even this monarch, whose mighty will gave a new direction to the whole empire, was unwilling to interfere with it. Urged by the peasantry to relieve them from the oppression of the landowners, Peter limited himself to making a sentimental appeal to the territorial lords, and to suggesting, that if human beings were to be sold as so many heads of cattle, at least members of the same family ought not to be separated.* The senate seem to have thought that when Peter was sentimental, he could not be in earnest, for his orders on this subject were never promulgated; and during the reign of the Empress Anna, the sale of peasants without land received a kind of legal sanction by the imposition of a tax upon such transfer of property; but the right has never, we believe, been established by direct legislation.

From the reign of Peter I., the condition of the serf in Russia has progressed from bad to worse, and chiefly in consequence of the artificial civilisation which that monarch forced upon the empire, and of the innovations which substituted for the ancient Sclavonic patriarchal institutions, based upon the right of local self-government, a centralised despotism surpassing any which the world has hitherto beheld, and which have bred a corruption hardly equalled by Rome in her most degenerate days. According to the ancient

* The wording of this ukase is very curious, when we consider that the man who dictated it was the same who forced hundreds of thousands of his subjects to sacrifice their life in raising a city on the desert and swampy banks of the Neva, in the midst of primeval forests. 'It is customary in Russia,' says Peter, 'to sell men like cattle, separating children from their parents, and wives from their husbands. Such things do not happen in any other country, and they cause the shedding of many tears. We therefore order the senate to issue a regulation prohibiting the *sale of* men without the land upon which they live; and should it prove impossible *to prevent* such sales, to prevent at least the separation of the members of one *and the same* family.'

Sclavonic popular organisation, all right of property in land, whether field or meadow, pasturage or forest land, as also the right of hunting and of fishing, is vested in the community as a unity, the individual *souls*—which, in Russia, means men exclusively, women being probably supposed to have no souls—forming the community possessing merely the right of equal enjoyment of these lands, &c. The arable-lands are, however, divided equally among them for cultivation; but the forest and pasture lands, the right of shooting and fishing, are enjoyed in common. As every male child born in the community enters at his birth on his right of participation in the enjoyment of the common possessions, and at the death of every male, his share returns to the common stock, to be reportioned among the survivors, the extent of each share is continually undergoing fluctuations; yet no inconvenience seems to arise from this, the difficulties connected with these ever-recurring subdivisions being conquered with surprising facility by native surveyors, who follow traditional rules, and make the measurements with the utmost exactitude, and to the satisfaction of all parties. Such were, and in a great measure such still are, the principles which rule peasant-property in Russia; and even where the lands occupied by the community, as in the case of the forty millions of serfs, are not its property, but are held of a superior, the same principle of community of rights and division of land prevails, the rent paid being levied in the form of a capitation-tax, or of labour. In the latter case, a modification of the principle takes place; the lands are then generally divided into peasant-lands and seignorial-lands; the former being cultivated by the peasants for their own use, while instead of paying a money-rent, they are bound to plough, sow, manure, and reap the seignorial-lands also, and to take the produce to market, the lord having only to supply seed-corn. As the contributions of the peasantry are thus, in these cases, paid in labour, the head of a family cannot, as is the case when the contribution is paid in money, defray an additional share for such of the members of his family as may be too young or too old for work; and as the equal participation in rights is indissolubly connected with an equal participation in burdens, the non-labouring members of the community cannot be allotted an equal share of the lands enjoyed as a remuneration for labour, and a different principle of division is therefore resorted to. According to this, the village population is divided into so-called *taiglos*, which represent not exactly a family, nor either a wedded pair, but a family group, as it were, gathered round a single wedded couple. The *taiglo* may, for instance, be composed of husband and wife, the old father of the former, a grown-up son, and several young children; but when the son marries, a new taiglo is formed, although the young couple continue, after the ancient patriarchal fashion, to live under the parental roof.*

* August von Haxthausen—*Studien über die inneren Zustände Russlands.*

The apportionment of the lands, the regulation of the various labours to be performed, the collection of the *obrok* (contribution to the lord), &c., devolve upon the *starosta* (a kind of village-mayor) and a council of elders, all elected by the community, generally for one year, and who likewise settle all internal matters of dispute which may arise among the members. Among the crown-serfs, as many villages as are required to make up an aggregate number of 400 or 500 male householders, are formed into superior communities, called *selski obshchestwo*, which are presided over by a *starshina*, elected by indirect suffrage of all the householders of the villages forming the compound community, every ten of these electing two representatives, who in their turn elect the starshina. These collective communities are again formed into district communities or *wolostas*, under a magistrate called *golowa*, who is likewise elected, but whose election must be confirmed by the chief of the circle, and by the governor of the province or government, as it is termed in Russia. Several wolostas again form a circle; but the chief of this circle is nominated directly by the central government, and the wolosta is therefore the last grade in the ancient popular organisation of the country.

As long as Russia was a purely agricultural state, the lot of the peasantry living under an organisation such as this, and having developed itself naturally in accordance with the instincts of the race, could not, even after they were attached to the glebe, be considered a very hard one; particularly as the nobles of Russia, having little taste for rural occupations, did not usually take any part of their lands into their own hands, and the serfs had thus rarely to perform *corvées*, the lands being in by far the greater number of cases divided entirely among them, on condition of their paying a certain tax to the lord, as is still the case on all the crown-domains throughout Great Russia. The amount of this tax or obrok, might indeed be rendered burdensome; but as the land-owner was held responsible to the government for all government rates and taxes, and he was, besides, forced by law to support his serfs when they were unable to support themselves, his interests were so intimately bound up with their wellbeing, that they had every chance of its being cared for, and in consequence, a strong feeling of attachment to the families to which they belonged was not unusual among the peasants. But, as said above, with the reign of Peter I. a change took place in this comparatively happy state of things, which, although wanting in the elements of progress, was in harmony with the existing state of national culture. Peter and his successors, bent upon forcing Western civilisation upon the country, called in foreign manufacturers, allotted to them the lands necessary for their establishments, and assigned to them whole populations of crown-serfs, who thus became compulsory labourers in or for the manufactories, the head of the establishment assuming towards

them the same position as the landowner towards his serfs. The sale of serfs without the land to which they were attached had, as we have seen, taken place before, but in defiance of the law, and had probably never been carried on to any very great extent; but the government, having now proved by its example that not only did the labour of the serf belong to the lord, but that the latter could in consequence put the serf to any kind of labour he might deem most profitable, from this to the idea that the person and property also of the serf belonged to the master, and might be disposed of by him at his pleasure, there was no great step; and this principle soon became universally established. Encouraged by the government, the nobles also commenced manufacturing and mining enterprises, in which their serfs were forced to give their assistance; but it being soon discovered that the Moujik was a very inferior labourer when forced to adopt an employment contrary to his inclinations, while he was capable of being a very efficient one if left to follow the bent of his fancy, it became customary to grant the serfs passports, and leave to quit their village and follow whatever mode of life they chose, on condition of their paying obrok to the lord in proportion to their profits; and this is at present the most usual practice. The Russians—at least the Muscovites—having no natural love of agriculture, the serfs freely avail themselves of the permission to follow other occupations; and thus it is that they are seen in such considerable numbers in the towns throughout the empire, engaged in every kind of trade. During the last forty years in particular, these habits have been much encouraged, to the great detriment of agriculture and of the good feeling of the serfs towards their masters. The old Russian nobles having mixed more in European society, and having become more and more enamoured of European luxury and refinement, have learned to dislike and despise their national customs and mode of life, while their new tastes have created expensive habits, which have led many to contract considerable debts. This, again, has led to the necessity of selling and parcelling out their estates, which have thus fallen into the hands of new nobles, who, having enriched themselves in the service of the state by the most disgraceful means, prove themselves as masters as little respectable as they were as servants, and regard the unhappy serfs who pass into their hands with the lands, as nothing more than so many money-making machines, to be worked to the utmost for their advantage. Other of the old landowners, again, though not obliged to sell their estates, being seized by the universal craving for riches, have taken part of their lands into their own hands, and administer these by resident stewards, who, having no interests in common with the serfs, but having every reason to wish to ingratiate themselves with their masters, practise every species of extortion that may enable them to remit large sums to their absent lords, and at the same time to let part of the money squeezed out of the poor serfs drop into their

own pockets; and thus the nobility of Russia has come to form, as it were, a nation distinct from the old Russian people of the serfs—foreign in mind, in tastes, and in culture, in manners, habits, and costume; and the only bonds which made serfdom tolerable—the bonds of mutual sympathy and attachment, transmitted from generation to generation—have been entirely destroyed.

The retrogression in the position of the serfs, and the many evils caused by the new state of things just described, have, however, been a hundredfold increased by the new system of nobility likewise introduced by Peter I., and at which it is necessary to cast a glance, in order to be able to form a clear conception of the present state of the serf in Russia, which is, in reality, little better than that of the negro slave in the United States of America,* for the owner may sell or gamble away his serfs; he may separate husband and wife, and mother and child, for whithersoever he bids them go, thither they must go; he may seize their property, for by law the serf cannot hold property; he has not the right of life and death over them, but he may, nevertheless, torture them to death, for no serf can give evidence against his master, and he may take care to have no free witnesses; but should he prefer handing over his slave to the servants of the law, he need not fear that these will be too gentle, as long as he has the means of bribing them to carry out his wishes.

At the commencement of the reign of Peter I., the Russian nobles were still strongly imbued with all the national peculiarities and prejudices, and therefore greatly opposed to the emperor's many innovations. As the best means of breaking their power of opposition, which Peter foresaw might prove troublesome to his successors as well as to himself, he introduced a further innovation, which, although it has perfectly accomplished his object, has, on the other hand, raised up difficulties to his successors which they may never be able to conquer. Peter's plan was to create a new and more numerous privileged class, to compete in influence with the old nobles; and for this purpose he decreed that thenceforward the service and honours of the state should be open to all his subjects above the condition of serfs, and that every servant of the crown, whether civil or military, should enjoy certain privileges and immunities, according to the rank he held. In order to regulate these, the officials in the civil service were divided into fourteen classes or *Tchin*—thence their name, *Tchinowniks*—the rank of each class being equivalent to the rank of some military grade; and beyond this no rank was recognised in the state, so that even the old nobles were forced to enter the service of the crown if they

* In the journals of St Petersburg, under the very eye of the emperor, who has re-enacted the law against the sale of serfs without the land to which they are attached, such advertisements as the following may be read:—'In the house, No. —, in —— Street, a family, consisting of a young widow, two boys, and one girl, desire account of the departure of the owner, to be let on hire or to be sold, collectively or separately. For further particulars, apply to the coachman, Ivan, in the yard, who has likewise two horses of the Orloff breed and a cow for sale.'

would continue to enjoy consideration. The rank of officer in the military service confers at once on the holder hereditary nobility; but in the civil service the nobility is merely personal, until the Tchinownik has reached the eighth class, and with this the rank of major, when he also acquires the right of transmitting his nobility to his descendants: it ceases, however, with the third generation, unless his descendants continue in the service of the crown. At first sight, this system, which seems the embodiment of the principle, that the state recognises no nobility but that of merit, strikes the imagination as a noble conception; but when we come to contemplate it in its workings, we soon find that it is the very life-blood of the autocratic rule, and the chief cause of the many evils that weigh upon the Russian people.

As the non-nobles in Russia possess no other right than that of bearing the burdens of the state, and are, moreover, subject to corporal punishment, and every species of oppression, it will readily be conceived that the facilities offered by the Tchin for escaping from this condition, are eagerly seized upon by all who are so unfortunate as to be born to it; and the number of officials in the empire has swelled in consequence considerably beyond the requirements of the state, and beyond the ability of the government to pay, and a system of the basest and most shameless venality has thus been established throughout the empire, the highest as well as the lowest servant of the crown—and in Russia every functionary, with the exception of the village-elders, is a servant of the crown—being always ready to sell his good offices to the highest bidder; the accumulated burden of this corruption thus comes to weigh with the heaviest pressure on the lowest grades in society, who, being the most exposed to oppression, have no means of escaping from it; for those who have nothing to offer can never hope to obtain justice. The cleverly conceived system of Peter the Great has, in this manner, become an incubus that impedes all moral and social progress in Russia, and constitutes in itself a greater evil than any that it was planned to counteract; for while, on the one hand, it has laid the whole nation prostrate at the feet of the czar, on the other hand, it paralyses the action of the supreme power itself, since, although the emperor may order the heads of departments to carry out improvements of various kinds, &c., no power of theirs can prevent the dishonesty of their subordinates from rendering their measures abortive. In illustration of this corruption, so prevalent among the public servants in Russia, we will briefly advert to the judicial institutions of the country, as these bear in a greater measure than any others on the condition of the serf.

In the village communities, it has been already stated, the magisterial functions are performed by the villagers themselves, in all matters relating to internal dissensions only. Next in the judicial scale is a kind of police-court, located in the chief town of each district, and also in the chief town of each government, and

specially charged with taking cognizance of criminal cases—particularly in the rural communities—with summary jurisdiction as to minor offences, and with the execution of sentences. This court consists of a president, called *Isprovnik*, and four assessors, two of these belonging to the class of the nobles, and two to the peasants. These judges, who are all elected by the nobles, are assisted by a secretary nominated by the government. Above these courts are the district courts, corresponding to the French courts *de première instance*, and consisting of a criminal and a civil section. Each of these has a president; a secretary, having several officials under him, who constitute the chancery; and four assessors, two of whom are chosen from among the rural communities, in cases particularly touching these. From these courts appeal lies to a superior court sitting in the chief town of each government. These latter, comprising likewise a civil and a criminal section, consist of two presidents, two councillors, two secretaries, and eight assessors, four of whom are burghers, and decide finally in all civil cases in which the sum in dispute does not exceed 500 rubles. The highest courts of judicature in the empire are the senate and the general assembly, resident partly in St Petersburg, partly in Moscow, and from whose decisions, ratified by the emperor, there is no appeal, except on the ground of misrepresentation of evidence. Like every other public institution in Russia, this justiciary scheme bears on its face a very fair semblance; but on nearer examination, we shall find here also inward corruption underlying the outward appearance of justice. In proof of this assertion, we will quote the words of M. Hommaire de Hell, a distinguished French gentleman, who resided many years in Russia, serving the government in scientific enterprises, and who had abundant opportunities of witnessing the corrupt practices of the various departments of the state.

'The judges of the different tribunals,' says M. Hommaire, 'are, in fact, but puppets moved at the discretion of the subordinate clerks, who alone are masters of the tricks and quibbles of Russian jurisprudence and legal practice. The lowest clerk in a chancery has more influence than the president himself; and the suitor who refuses to be squeezed by him, may be quite certain that he will never see the termination of his cause. It is impossible to imagine with what adroitness all these fellows, many of whom receive for salary only 100 or 60 rubles (between L.2 and L.3) a year, manage to sweat the purses of those who require their assistance. Justice is continually violated in favour of the highest bidder, and, thanks to the number of contradictory ukases which pass for laws, the most unblushing robberies are audaciously committed without the possibility of redress. It may be asserted with truth, that the jurisdictional authority in Russia resides in the officers of the courts rather than in the person of the judges. The secretary is the omnipotent arbiter of sentences, and disposes them under the influence of money and of the bureaucracy.

'Nothing can give an idea of the arts of knavery and chicane practised to fleece the unfortunates who have to do with the underlings of justice. The rigorous stickling for forms, and the multitude of papers, are a curse to the country; no business is done by word of mouth in Russia.* All law proceedings are carried on in writing; the slightest question, the most trivial explanation, must be put down on stamped paper according to the appointed forms. Hence it may be conceived, that with the horrid spirit of chicanery which characterises the employés, and the readiness with which they can find a flaw (a *krutchuk* they call it) in every paper, legal proceedings are spun out to an indefinite length, and scarcely ever end until both parties are ruined, or until the one prevails over the other by dint of money and corruption. I have often known a document to be sent back from St Petersburg after a lapse of six months, because this or that phrase was not written according to rule. The want of publicity, moreover, has the most pernicious influence on the administration of justice: there are no open pleadings; law-processes, from first to last, consist in piles of paper, which enrich the judges and their subordinates, but in nowise affect their opinions, which are always based upon the most advantageous offers. This woful state of things is still further aggravated by the fact, that the judges are secure from all responsibility; in whatever manner they decide the cause, they always do so in accordance with the laws, provided they observe the due forms. But what is really incredible, is the impudence with which the lowest tribunal of a district town presumes to annul both the decrees of the emperor and of the general assembly of the senate.

'Litigants can appeal to the governmental court, and again to the general assembly of the senate, in all suits for more than 500 rubles. This privilege, instead of being advantageous, appears to be quite the reverse. In Russia, where distances are so immense, and where all things conspire to render lawsuits interminable, litigants in the provinces can only ruin themselves by using their right of recourse to the tribunals of St Petersburg. The office of judge, too, is not regarded with sufficient respect and consideration to make it an object of ambition to the high nobility: it is filled, in all instances, with the lowest privileged class in the empire, or bestowed as a recompense on retired military men. This will no doubt appear extraordinary, but it must be remembered that there exists as yet in Russia no distinct corps of magistrates, nor any official class of lawyers, the members of the several tribunals, whether elected by the nobles or nominated by the emperor, are by no means expected to be acquainted with jurisprudence and the laws; and if any among them have studied law in the universities, it is a mere accident. Those of them who are honest,

* The official correspondence of the ministers of the civil and military authorities amounts annually to about 15,000,000 letters; that of private Russians does not exceed 7,000,000.

judge according to their conscience and their common sense; the others give their votes for those who have bought them.'

It would be superfluous to expatiate upon what chances a serf would have of obtaining justice under such a system, even though the reigning emperor, as was the case with Alexander, and is now with Nicholas, be animated by a sincere desire to ameliorate the condition of this suffering multitude; and the serf's own conviction on the subject is expressed in the Russian proverb: 'God is in heaven, and the czar is far off.'

In criminal cases, there are but two modes of punishment—the knout, and banishment to Siberia; but as the latter deprives the master of his slave, it is not much in favour with his class, whereas the serfs, who, as convicts, become in a few years free colonists in Siberia, look upon transportation as a boon; and in case of the knout, no right of appeal would restore to the peasant the flesh which the lash has torn from his back.

The private serfs, numbering about 23,000,000, at present pay a capitation-tax of eight rubles to the crown (the tax is, however, raised on males only), and are liable to various local charges comprehended under the general appellation of territorial dues, and consisting in repairs of public roads, conveyance of baggage during the passage of troops, furnishing quarters for such troops, &c., besides their contribution to their masters, either in the form of obrok or of corvées. As a general rule, the latter amounts to three days in the week; the obrok is generally fixed according to their means, and is sometimes very considerable, the average being calculated at about fifty rubles; but of course all kinds of extra duties may be exacted from those who pay in work, and the obrok may, if it so suits the lord, be fixed so high as to become excessively oppressive, and leave the serf in poverty. The village communities have also to supply from among their members as many domestic servants as the lord may require, and besides, to furnish recruits for the army. Without a passport from his lord, the serf cannot leave his native village; and any Moujik found without such passport, which must be renewed every year, and who is not in possession of other papers to prove that he is a free man, is advertised in the public papers like a stray head of cattle. In most parts of Russia, however, the low state of agriculture as a science, and the absence of internal means of communication, render the tilling of the soil but little profitable, and it is therefore generally not difficult for the serf to obtain leave of absence; but the more he prospers in his self-elected career, when availing himself of such leave, the more difficult it may prove for him eventually to obtain his liberty; for not only may the master increase his demands as the serf's means of paying obrok increases, but he is at liberty to refuse to manumit the slave should the latter be able to and desirous of purchasing his own freedom; and unhappily it has become fashionable even among generous and humane masters in Russia, to pride themselves on possessing men

of wealth and merit among their serfs, although they may scorn to draw any pecuniary advantages from the circumstance; and thus many of the richest merchants, of the most distinguished artists, of the most flattered *prima donnas*, and of the most admired actors in Russia, are slaves, who, whatever may be the degree of refinement they have attained, remain legally in as absolute dependence upon their owner as the abject boor on his estates, and may, on one word of this owner, be compelled to abandon their pursuits and return to their native village, or even to fill any menial office in his household; while, should they in any way trespass against the police-laws, they are subject to corporal punishment, for in Russia it is only nobles or merchants of the first guild who are exempt from such humiliating chastisement. It is, of course, not likely that a master who has allowed his serfs to attain such a superior position, should act in this way; but he may die, and his heir may be of a different disposition; or he may get into difficulties, and be obliged to sell his estates and his serfs with them—in a word, numerous casualties may occur which may give rise to such events as we have all wept over in the history of Uncle Tom. The serfs of Count Scheremetieff were, some years ago, considered the wealthiest in Russia, and for this very reason found it difficult to obtain their liberty. One of these serfs, a hat-manufacturer in Moscow, whose fortune was calculated to amount to about L.200,000 in English money, had made repeated offers to the count in vain; but having learned at one period that his master was in difficulties, he tendered L.32,000, which could not be resisted at such a moment, and thus he secured his manumission. That the property of the serf in many such cases is respected, although it can only be held in the name of the master, and the latter may at any time lay claim to it, proves that the Russian nobles, in spite of the demoralising influences of slavery, are not, in general, devoid of a sense of honour, and that in Russia, also, public opinion has some power; but instances are not wanting of an opposite character, and, at all events, the rich serfs run great risks, as their property is liable to be seized for their owners' debts. M. Tourgenieff, himself a Russian nobleman, relates that, on the death of the Count Scheremetieff, alluded to above, the guardians of his son, who was a minor, seized all the property belonging to his serfs, and that it was not restored when the count came of age—the baseness of this nobleman's principles being such as might be expected in a young man brought up by such guardians. At a later period, he further enriched himself with L.6000, which one of his serfs, who had succeeded in obtaining the liberty of his children, had placed for them in the imperial bank. The children laid claim to the property at their father's death, but the tribunals decided that the law was on the side of the master.

While, on the one hand, there is no height of refinement to which the serf can rise that will make the master ashamed of

holding possession of him, as he does of his horses, his dogs, or any other of the brute creation; so, on the other hand, there is no occupation, however degrading, that the serf may follow, which the master will be ashamed of taking his profits out of. Thus we learn from Baron Haxthausen, who cannot be accused of being a detractor of Russian institutions, that the very prostitutes in the streets of St Petersburg are serfs, who pay part of their vile earnings to their lord in form of obrok. In the western states of Europe, it is usual to speak of the great landed aristocracy of Russia; but in the country itself, it is so well understood that it is serfs, not land, that constitute wealth, that there it is usual to say of a man, not that he possesses such and such estates, but that he possesses so and so many serfs; and until a very few years ago, all contracts of sale, all testamentary bequests, &c., made mention of serfs, not of land. The great ambition of the needy Tchinowniks is to become possessed of some ten or twelve slaves, by the sweat of whose brow they then raise themselves into greater importance. This degraded class seem, indeed, in every way to be the chief instruments of suffering to the serfs, their neediness leading them to *exploiter* the helpless creatures in every possible way. As many serfs paying obrok hire themselves out as domestic servants, it is said not to be an unusual trick among the Tchinowniks, to enter into a written agreement with such a servant, to pay him, not yearly wages, but a certain sum at the expiration of a fixed term, and then, when this is approaching, to accuse the serf of some grave misdemeanour, and to expel him from his service, and the contract is thus annulled. The serf might, it is true, have recourse to the tribunals; but the cheating Tchinownik has where withal to bribe the authorities; the serf has not, and he knows what the result would be.

The crown-serfs, whose number is about equal to that of the private serfs, would, were it not for the rapacity and petty tyranny of the Tchinowniks, in fact be little to be pitied; for they are as yet too low in the scale of civilisation to feel the hardship or indignity of being attached to the soil, and in their case the slavery does not extend beyond this. There is nothing in the laws or customs that rule them, which prevents them, even under existing circumstances, from acquiring a far higher degree of moral and mental culture than they have as yet attained, for they may, on complying with certain regulations, freely change their place of residence, and enter the class of burghers or *metschanes*, and even of merchants. The capitation tax imposed by law upon the crown-peasants is fifteen rubles for every male; but this the Tchinowniks manage to raise to thirty or thirty-five rubles, the extra sum being put into their own pockets. The crown does not, like the private masters, take into consideration the physical powers, natural talents, or particular aptitude and skill of its serfs, but imposes an equal tax on all without distinction, leaving them, on the other hand, free to follow whatever employment they

may select, without even endeavouring to give their activity any particular direction. The consequence is, that the crown-serfs, in general, follow only such trades and handicrafts as promise to yield the greatest amount of profit in return for the least amount of personal exertion, the Russians being, as has already been noticed, of a very indolent disposition. Were the private serfs allowed, in all instances, the same liberty of choice, the result would no doubt be the same; and it is difficult to calculate what might be the effect on the development of the internal resources of the empire, as long as the serf, as such, has a right to demand to be supported by his master, when he is unable to support himself. Happily, the interests of the private masters here interfere. These latter tax their serfs according to their abilities, natural and acquired; they suggest and even enforce the adoption of such branches of industry as are favoured by the locality, or which seem particularly suited to the capabilities of the population. The strong and robust among their serfs are either by direct command, or by the imposition of a heavy obrok, made to undertake laborious employments; the weak are directed in the choice of occupations suited to their powers.

In addition to the capitation-tax, the crown-serfs have also to pay the territorial dues, and to perform various services, for which they are by law entitled to an indemnification; but the indemnification is paid in orders on the Treasury, and these orders are either never cashed, or the money finds its way into the pockets of the officials concerned, before it reaches that of the serf. The crown-serfs are also, like the private serfs, bound to furnish recruits for the army; and to both alike this one condition of their servitude is the source of the most acute suffering; for, strange to say, the most ambitious and most aggressive government of Europe rules the most unwarlike of European nations. The Moujik of Great Russia, at least, is the most peaceful of beings; even when intoxicated, he is not pugnacious, and he entertains a natural abhorrence of military service, to which the dreadful privations and hardships of the Russian soldier's life are in nowise calculated to reconcile him, notwithstanding that liberty for himself and his children is promised him at the expiration of his term of this aggravated servitude. In the crown-lands, it is the starosta of the village, who, aided by the district authorities, selects the recruits; among the private serfs, it is the masters or the stewards who make the selection; and this is one way in which the latter may oppress certain individuals who have incurred their enmity; while the crown is not either benefited by the lord's right of choice in this matter, as the most worthless peasants are generally drafted off to the army. To prevent the young men from making their escape, it is usual to seize the recruits unexpectedly in the middle of the night, and it is frequently necessary to chain them, hand and foot, while conveying them to their regiments. Once there, and shorn of their long hair and long beards, for which they have

still the same affection as the Russian nobles had in the days when their great reformer, Peter, sent the barbers out to operate upon their chins in the streets of Moscow, they submit to their inevitable doom with that sullen fatalism which is a characteristic of the Moujik in every position of life, and which is one of the melancholy results of hopeless servitude. At the expiration of his term of service, the soldier is a free man; but freedom comes only when he is so old or so infirm that it can entail nothing but abject poverty; and although his children, born while he is in service, are likewise free, he is mostly unable to support them, and they must become soldiers like himself.* If the serf be a married man previous to his being drafted to the army, his wife becomes free, and must, in consequence, follow him, for she has no longer any claims upon the master; while the children born before this period remain serfs, and cannot follow their parents.

Having now shewn what are the conditions of his servitude, we will next endeavour to make some acquaintance with the Moujik as he is in character, habits, manners, and mode of life. To form correct views on this subject, we must remember that the Russian nation comprises several distinct though kindred races—namely, the Great Russians, the Little Russians, and the White Russians, and that each of these has its distinctive peculiarities. Of other nationalities embraced in the Russian Empire we shall have nothing to say, for the Moujik is essentially a Russian, and we shall indeed limit ourselves to the two most numerous races—namely, the Great Russians and the Little Russians, for the White Russians form but a small proportion of the population.

The Great Russians or Muscovites, who inhabit chiefly the northern and middle tracts of the country, but who are spread in smaller numbers all over the immense empire, constitute the great majority of the nation; and as the ruling race bear more especially the name of Russians (Russki), by which alone they designate themselves. Their language is the official language of the state, and the language of the literature of the country, and of the cultivated classes. The Little Russians inhabit the southern tracts of the empire, the grand-duchy of Kiew, which once rivalled that of Moscow in power, having been the seat of their empire. This people designate themselves by the name of Malorossiani, or Rosniani, also Rosniaki, Rutheni, or Russines, and to this race belong the Cossacks of the Ukraine, long the freest of the Sclavonic nations, but among whom serfdom has been introduced by the Emperor Nicholas, who, in other divisions of the empire, plays the part of an abolitionist.

* There can be no greater proof of the distaste for agricultural labour entertained by the Russians, than the fact, that in no case is a Russian soldier known voluntarily to have returned to the avocations of a husbandman after the expiration of his term of service. In the Scandinavian countries and in Germany, on the contrary, where the armies are also chiefly recruited from among the peasantry, examples of their not returning to their agricultural labour are likewise rare; and the same is in a great measure the case in France.

The Great Russians, though undoubtedly a mixed race, are said at present to form so homogeneous a mass as to physical appearance and mental constitution, language, manners, and customs, that although spread over so immense an area, and living under such various circumstances, they differ less from each other than natives of the different provinces of France and Germany; and some travellers even aver, that a Russian from the shores of the Baltic and one from the interior of Siberia differ less from each other, than an Englishman from London and one from Liverpool; and however paradoxical this may sound, there may be some truth in it, for it is culture that develops individuality. But what an instrument to the hand of an autocrat does not a people forming such a moral, physical, political, and linguistical unity present!

The Little Russians, on their side, are also distinguished by great homogeneity; whatever locality they inhabit, whether it be the banks of the Volga or the foot of the Carpathians, they are characterised by the same peculiarities, the same cast of countenance, the same idiom; but it is only part of this race that is subjected to the Russian sceptre, and they are not as yet broken in to the yoke of servitude in the same degree as the Great Russians. Though living in immediate proximity to each other, these two great branches of the Sclavonic stock have always remained perfectly distinct, their physical features in particular being so different, that it is difficult to believe that they have sprung from a common origin. The Great Russians are remarkably square built, having short necks, broad shoulders, and short legs; the Little Russians, on the contrary, are tall and slender, and very delicately built. The Great Russians are fair-haired, blue-eyed, and have a florid complexion; the Little Russians have dark hair and eyes, and a sallow complexion. As for the moral and intellectual qualities of the two people, these are so variously judged by various writers, who generally take part for the one against the other, that we will not venture to decide to which the palm of superiority is due, but content ourselves with observing, that the leading Sclavonic features they possess in common, though in different degrees; and that they are in consequence both characterised by a cheerful and careless temperament, that takes but little heed for the morrow; that they are both indolent, shirking hard labour whenever it is possible; and that they are both slow to receive new ideas or to project reforms; while they are both also —although the Great Russian in by far the greatest degree— imbued with an extraordinary reverence for paternal authority, it being in all probability these qualities that have worked out their destinies.

Adapting themselves to the national instincts of their people, the Russian czars have always endeavoured to sanctify their power by throwing around it the semblance of patriarchal authority; and they have succeeded so well, that the emperor, as the common

father, is looked up to with an unreasoning love and submission that knows no bounds. *Batooshka* (little father) is the name by which the Russian peasant designates his autocratic ruler, and it is a name that was applied with equal sincerity to Ivan the Terrible and to Alexander, the mildest and most humane of his successors. No oppression, no tyranny, shakes the Russian peasant's faith in his sovereign, for he believes him to be the source of good only, and attributes every evil to his subordinate agents; and every suffering serf in the Russian Empire feels assured, that could his voice but reach the ear of the emperor, his wrongs would soon be redressed. The feeling of the people towards the czar is not, therefore, that of slaves towards their master, but that of children towards a revered parent; but although originally their feelings towards their more immediate masters seem to have borne the same character, this is, as a general rule, no longer the case. It is true, where the master governs them by the intermission of a steward or agent, the same tendency is evinced to put all blame on the latter, and to believe in the kind intentions of the former; but where a personal relation is established, and the master proves himself unworthy, all illusory views, however deeply founded in the instincts of the race, must vanish before the reality.

Whether attributing it to the childishness or to the slavishness of their character, the general opinion among educated Russians, as well as among foreigners nationalised in Russia, seems to be, that the people can only be ruled despotically. Hesitation in their rulers, it is maintained, at once breaks the spell that binds them, and they become difficult to manage; but a command expressed in a tone that shews that no opposition is expected or will be tolerated, is never resisted, though it may be unreasonable, ill-judged, or even unjust. However, where masters are looked up to as though they were demi-gods, the necessity of never failing in what they undertake is imposed upon them, under penalty of forfeiting the respect, in virtue of which they rule so absolutely; and this will, therefore, in many instances, induce sensible Russian landowners to abstain from interfering too much with their serfs; while even the emperor may find, in the possibility of failure, a wholesome check upon the realisation of many an autocratic caprice. In the work of Baron von Haxthausen, to which we have already alluded, a report is given of a conversation relative to the character of the Russian peasantry, which occurred between himself and a Russianised German, and which so fully confirms the above views, and at the same time exhibits the Russian peasantry from so favourable a side, that we cannot abstain from giving a few passages from it. The German in question, a Herr von Pirch, having married a rich Russian lady, had become an extensive landowner; and being a man of considerable intellect, and of original character, had set himself at once to study the national peculiarities of the people over whom he would in future have to rule. The result of his observations is given in the following speech, which he addressed

to his serfs on the day he took up his residence among them, and which he repeated to Baron Haxthausen:—

'Good folks, listen attentively to what I am about to say to you; impress it on your memories—never forget it, for I will not say it twice!—I am thirty-eight years seven months nine days and eleven hours old: whoever among you is one hour older than myself, him will I listen to if he have any reasonable opinion or objection to urge; but if there be any among you only one minute younger than myself, who venture to open their mouths to interrupt me when I am speaking, or to oppose me in any way, of them there shall, in four-and-twenty hours, be not a trace left in any village of mine! I am your master, and my master is the emperor. The emperor may command me, and I must obey his commands; but he does not command you. On my estates, I am the emperor. I am your god upon earth, and I am responsible for you to the God above us!—But don't bow down to me; look freely into my face, for I am a man like yourselves. A horse must be combed ten times with the iron currycomb before he can be smoothed down with a soft brush. You require a good deal of currying, and who knows if it will ever come to the gentle rubbing-down! God purifies the air with thunder and lightning; I will purify my villages with thunder and fire whenever I shall deem it needful.'

Herr von Pirch had soon an opportunity of putting the principles thus laid down into practical operation. He had planned a road on the estate, which would cut off a considerable circuit made by the existing road, but a great part of it lay across very marshy ground. The works commenced, but the workmen soon represented to him the utter impossibility of producing a firm foundation. He rode to the spot to convince himself, and his horse sunk up to its breast in the bog. It was rescued with difficulty; and an old white-bearded serf allowed himself on this occasion a joke at his master's expense. Quick as lightning, Herr von Pirch turned round, and addressing the peasant said: 'You know that I respect, and am willing to listen to those who are older than myself, and I therefore forgive your bold language; but I give you my word as your master, that this day three years I will drive over this spot with six horses; and if God spares my life, and I do not keep my word, I give you leave to spit in my face.'

Two years passed, and the road did not progress; but then came an unusually severe winter, and Herr von Pirch, who had not renounced his purpose, seized the opportunity, while the marshy soil was rendered hard by frost, to have drains cut, dikes made, &c.; and at the expiration of the term he had fixed, a solid road was in reality built across the moor. On the third anniversary of the day on which his horse had sunk into the bog, he gave a feast to the workmen on the spot; and when the merriment of the assembled serfs was at its height, their master was seen approaching in a landau, drawn by six horses at full gallop. Arrived in the midst of his dependents, the horses were stopped, and in a fulminating

speech he recalled to their minds what he had promised, and bade them remember how he had fulfilled his promise. From that day forward, Herr von Pirch enjoyed boundless influence in the whole neighbourhood, and among his own serfs his will was looked upon as an iron law, to demur against which would be useless. But he was loved as well as feared; for he always shewed great solicitude for the welfare of his people. Thus, during a time of famine, when the price of corn had risen immensely, he did not take his store to market, but allowed his serfs to draw from it in aid of their own failing means, and they were thus saved from the necessity of selling, like their neighbours, their cattle and agricultural implements to support life, and from the utter ruin which would have been the consequence. He resided that winter in Kasan, not very far from which city his estate is situated. One day he was surprised by a deputation from his peasantry, who represented to him 'that they felt it like a stain upon the honour of the estate to which they belonged, that so large a farm should send no corn to the market, and that their conscience revolted against their being entirely fed by their master on that corn from which he might, at that moment, derive such great profit; that the winter was soon over; that the next harvest would probably be a better one; that they could very well bear to starve a little in the meanwhile; and that they would therefore beg him to sell his corn freely.'

The kind-heartedness and generosity evinced in the conduct of the peasants on this occasion, are national traits in the character of the Moujik, and particularly of the Great Russian, who is ever as ready to give as to take. Though fond of accumulating money, and unscrupulous as to how he obtains it, he will never let a beggar or a Siberian convict pass his door without tendering such comfort as his poor means afford, and he will squander away sums in treating a friend, to collect which he may have practised the most parsimonious economy, and frequently no little dishonesty; for thieving and cheating are his besetting sins. Altogether, Moujik nature seems, more even than human nature in general, made up of inconsistencies, probably because a constant, though unconscious conflict is going on between the original qualities of the race and the qualities acquired by centuries of servitude. The Moujik is thus of a nature so loving and tender, that he speaks to animals of all kinds in terms of endearment, such as we address only to those who are bound to us by the nearest ties, and he is seldom betrayed by anger or impatience into any act of cruelty, even towards members of the brute creation; and yet he will stand by and witness the most brutal ill-treatment of his fellow-men without evincing the least sympathy in their suffering. But, then, the suffering of his fellows is inflicted by a superior, and, as we have seen, in the eyes of the Russian serf authority is always sacred. It is indeed said not to be uncommon to see the slave himself kiss the hand that has just chastised him. It is this same reverence

for authority that makes the self-imposed regulations of the village communities so binding—'the community has ordered it,' are magical words in the ears of every member of the community, and whatever be the order, it is carried out. Let us, therefore, beware how we interpret the apparent slavishness of the Russian serf!—what grand elements of liberty and self-government are there not underlying his present servitude! In the family, the love of the paternal authority is so great, that a young man who has lost his father, will attach himself to an adopted parent, and pay to him the reverence and obedience of a real son. Upon the whole, the love of kindred is great among the Russians, and married sons continue, according to the old patriarchal fashion, to live in their father's house, and submit to be governed as before.

That the Moujik is by nature religious, it is almost superfluous to add, so necessarily does it follow from a mental constitution such as that described; but the church to which he belongs being one which attaches the greatest importance to outward observances, and the state having taken no means to rescue him from the most barbarous ignorance as regards intellectual culture, his natural piety has, unfortunately, taken the form of the grossest superstition, and the religion he professes does not exercise the least influence on his moral character. Genuflexions, crossings, attendance at church on occasion of religious festivals and fasting, have entirely taken the place of spiritual communings with, and prayerful aspirations towards, a Being of infinite perfection; and outward religious observances are, by the Moujik, looked upon as so fully constituting the sum and substance of religion, that they are often in the most ludicrous manner mixed up with the grossest misdeeds. The man who would contemplate with horror the possibility of his breaking his fast on a Friday, will make a false oath by his patron saint, and think he may settle affairs with the latter by promising him some new adornment for his shrine; and a Moujik proceeding to his home with some article which he has stolen, will stop on the way to perform his devotions before some church which he may have to pass. An incident of this kind is narrated by a German who has lived many years in St Petersburg, as having been witnessed by himself. Some workmen, he says, engaged on a building in the Newski Prospect, one evening when leaving their work abstracted a few planks, probably for the purpose of supplying fuel for their stove when they got home. Having to pass the Kazan Church, they put down their burden, and prostrated themselves before the holy shrine. This delay, however, caused them to be overtaken by the overseer of the works, who had discovered the theft, and who, having well belaboured their backs, forced them to carry back the stolen planks. Having done this, the Moujiks quietly returned and finished their devotions.

Gda Bog? (Where is God?) ask Russian mothers and nurses of the infant in their arms; and when the child has got so far as to point to the image of the saint which occupies a niche in every

Russian house, the first germs of religion are considered as implanted in its heart; and in reality this image is, in the eyes of the Moujik, rather a fetich, whose favour he conciliates by various bribes, than a patron saint whose intercession with a higher power he implores.

Although the Russian Church may not be responsible for all the superstitious errors entertained by the people, in many cases it encourages by toleration what it seems loath to cure by enlightenment. But it is in tolerating in the popes, or inferior clergy—the men to whom above all others is intrusted the religious guidance of the people—an amount of gross ignorance and vice, which in other European countries is found only among the lowest classes of the community, that the Russian Church has proved itself most unfaithful to its charge; and as long as the ranks of the popes (priests) are recruited from the peasantry without their being by education raised above their former fellows, there can be little hope of the moral and religious regeneration of the people, and little hope of the social progress of Russia; for the upper classes, though less superstitious, are more corrupt even than the lower. At present, the pope seems, indeed, to be nothing more than the Moujik in a new costume, and with the vices of idleness added to those of ignorance and servitude; for though the peasant frequently enters the church to escape from serfdom, his position there is by no means such as to raise him to the dignity of a freeman, or to render him respectable in the eyes of the people, who seem to look upon him merely as a kind of necessary appendage to the church-service, not with the reverence with which so simple a people might be expected to regard their spiritual shepherd.

Throughout Great Russia as well as Little Russia, the rural population is gathered in villages,* but the villages of the two races differ from each other in several essential features. A village in Great Russia generally consists of one long street, on both sides of which the houses stand in close array, with their gables turned towards the street; and being surrounded by no gardens or cultivated plots of any kind, and mostly situated on a dead level, they present a dreary and unpicturesque aspect. The villages of Little Russia, on the contrary, are generally nestled in some sheltered nook; and the detached cottages, peeping forth from amid embowering foliage, afford a pleasing picture of rural simplicity. The superior cleanliness of the Little Russians, and their great love of flowers, by which the cottages are generally surrounded,

* This custom of herding together in compact villages, is sometimes attended with great inconveniences, and exercises a very baneful influence on the agricultural of the country. Some of the agricultural villages in the neighbourhood of the Volga, for instance, number as many as 3000 or 4000 inhabitants; and as the usual customs as to the division and cultivation of land prevail here as we have described above, and some of the fields are necessarily in these cases at a great distance from the village—sometimes, indeed, as much as fifteen, twenty, or twenty-five wersts—this necessitates the strange expedient of the whole population migrating at certain periods of the year, with all their cattle, to these outlying fields, where they dwell in wooden sheds or tents until the ploughing, sowing, or harvesting is completed.

add further charms to these habitations, of which the dwellings of the Great Russians are devoid. In the villages of both races, the church forms a prominent feature, and was formerly invariably built of wood, like the dwelling-houses of the people: of late years, however, the inhabitants of the wealthier villages in Great Russia have erected stone churches for themselves; and the possession of a stone church has now come to be such a matter of pride and ambition, and is considered as conferring such superior dignity on the village, that the inhabitants in many cases look upon the marriage of one of their number with a young man or maiden from a village with a wooden church as a mésalliance; while, on the other hand, it is not uncommon for a village community, which has not the means of erecting such an edifice, to send a certain number of its members on a begging-expedition through the country, to raise the necessary funds.

In Great Russia, the peasant-houses are built of logs of fir or pine, and to the north of Moscow, have projecting wooden roofs and hanging balconies, and are in many cases profusely decorated with carved work, frequently of very superior workmanship, though executed with a common axe—the only instrument which the Russian uses in building his house or making his furniture, but which he handles with marvellous dexterity. South of Moscow, beyond the region of the great forests, the houses are thatched with straw, have altogether a meaner appearance, and are equally devoid of balconies and carved work. When the houses are painted, which is by no means universally the case, the colour selected is usually either a dingy yellow, or a dull reddish brown, but there are localities in which the walls are painted green, and the shingle-roofs red. As a general rule, the common dwelling-room or *isba* is raised eight or ten feet from the ground, and is approached by a covered staircase outside the house, the space below being devoted to various domestic purposes, such as cow-house, fowl-house, &c. The isba has usually three little glazed windows in the gable, and above it is the small room under the roof, likewise with a window in the gable, which, being devoted to the young maidens in the family, plays so prominent a part in the popular songs of the country. Placed round the yard at the back of the house are the barns and other outhouses. Distinguished houses have always a bath-room of their own; but in villages there is a public bath supported by the community, and in towns a variety of bathing establishments.

The furniture of the isba, which in Great Russia serves as kitchen as well as dwelling-room, usually consists of nothing more than rude wooden benches placed along the walls, and a few shelves containing the culinary and other vessels, among which the never-failing brass urn, or *samowar*, for boiling the water for the Russian's favourite beverage—tea. In a corner of the room, opposite the door, hangs a kind of open cupboard, containing a picture of the tutelary saint of the family, and below this a lamp, which is kept constantly

burning; close to the door stands a brass, copper, or earthenware reservoir for water, with a cock to it, and under this a basin of the same material, in which the family perform their ablutions. At the side of this, in the better houses, is suspended a linen towel, with borders embroidered either in red cotton or in beautiful open work, in which the peasant women excel, but evidently meant for show only.* The most important piece of furniture, if it may so be called, in the isba is, however, the immense brick stove or oven, which occupies at least one-third of the room, and on which, in winter, the whole family sleep, while, at all times of the year, it serves as kitchen hearth. By means of this stove, the Moujik is enabled, in a very simple and economical manner, to enjoy a temperature of 77 degrees, in the depths of even the severest winter; and to lie stretched on this stove in perfect idleness, chatting with a neighbour who may have dropped in, constitutes the supreme happiness of a Russian peasant, who thus indulges three of his predilections—his love of heat, his love of society, and his love of idleness. In the wooded regions of Great Russia, the stoves are heated with wood; but in Southern Russia, where wood is scarce, and where the large herds of cattle afford a considerable amount of manure, which is not required for agricultural purposes, they use a species of small bricks made of dung kneaded up with straw and reeds, and called *kirbitsch*. When the fuel is completely consumed, the pipe by which the flues in the stove communicate with the chimney is hermetically closed, and the hot air then passes into the room by two openings made for the purpose.

The danger to which the inmates of the room may be exposed by the too early closing of the pipe of the stove, will at once strike every Englishman; but the Russian Moujiks, far from fearing the deleterious effects of the gas, take pleasure in the intoxication produced by it in a diluted state, and purposely procure themselves the enjoyment, the increased warmth thus obtained being so delightful to them, that they are willing to purchase it even at the price of the headache that follows.†

* The same custom prevails among the peasantry in the Scandinavian countries; but the bed being there the piece of furniture of which they are particularly proud, the embroidered towels are pinned to the curtains of the bed, which, being drawn a little aside, display also pillow-cases embroidered in the same manner.

† Another curious mode of obtaining artificial heat, resorted to by the Russian peasantry, in what they call their smoke-rooms, is mentioned by Von Linde. 'These smoke-rooms have but a few very small windows, just large enough to put the head through, and seldom glazed except with talc, where that mineral is abundant and cheap; where this is not the case, they are stopped up in winter only with moss and rags. When the fire is lighted, the chimney is closed, and the smoke escapes through the stove-door into the room. Being lighter than the cold air, it ascends at first, and hangs overhead in a thick cloud, but as its mass increases, it gradually descends until there is no standing upright in the room without danger of suffocation. As the smoke approaches the floor, so do the inmates—first stooping, then kneeling, sitting, and at last lying prone. If the smoke threatens quite to reach the ground, they open the windows or air-holes, which are not quite level with a man's head, and the black vapour rushes out. The underpart of the room is thus left free; the prostrate inmates gradually rise, and set about their occupations in the clear warm space below.'

In Little Russia, oak and ash are more commonly used in the construction of houses where wood can be easily obtained, the inferior thickness of the walls, caused by the logs being split, being compensated by a thick coating of clay. In the woodless regions, the walls are formed of plaited reeds, plastered over with clay, and in all cases the roofs are thatched with much care, and the walls whitewashed within and without; for the Little Russians are neat and cleanly in their habits. Around each house runs an embankment about two feet broad, probably meant as a support to the walls, and which, being frequently converted into a flower-bed, has a very pretty effect. The dwelling-rooms are here not raised, as in Great Russia, but are right off with the ground, the floors being formed of stamped clay. The furniture in the interior is about the same as in the peasant-houses of Great Russia, with the exception, that everything is generally scrupulously clean; that the oven is of somewhat more elegant form; and that the image of the saint in the corner is always adorned with flowers, fresh in summer and dried in winter, the embroidered towels being frequently hung as drapery in front of the saint's niche.

It is, however, in the occupations of the inhabitants that the Great Russian and Little Russian villages differ most from each other. The Little Russians are almost exclusively agriculturists or cattle-breeders, and when they do follow any other avocation, generally select that of tailors or shoemakers in the towns. The more lively and active Great Russians, on the contrary, who, as has been repeatedly stated, seem to have a natural distaste for agricultural pursuits, and as great a natural aptitude for trade and all kinds of handicrafts, follow every occupation that promises to afford remuneration, always, however, preferring the lighter to the heavier work, and the roving life of an itinerant trader to the settled employment of a handicraftsman. In the northern and middle tracts of Russia, in particular, where the soil is but little productive, and the climate limits all agricultural proceedings to a few months in the year, these, as well as other local circumstances, led to the development of a species of village-manufactories long before any attempt was made to introduce the West European factory-system into the country; and this village industry, supported by the spirit of association which seems innate in the Russians, still maintains itself in vigorous life, in spite of and quite distinct from the former. Here, then, we find villages, all the inhabitants of which are wheelwrights or joiners, wooden shoemakers, linden-bark shoemakers, tar boilers, boat-builders, spinners, weavers, ropemakers, saddlers, tanners, blacksmiths, samowar-makers, &c., the industrial enterprise of each being based upon that peculiar organisation to which allusion has been made above, the aggregate produce of the labour of the whole community being transmitted to the towns, to be disposed of by special agents settled there, who likewise purchase *en gros* the

raw materials required for the village industry; and though quite independent of each other, every member of the community thus enjoys the advantages secured by wholesale transactions. Even the division of labour, which is considered so important a feature in the factory-system, is in a measure introduced in these villages, in consequence of the patriarchal custom of uniting several generations of a family under the same roof, this leading, of course, to a distribution of the work to be done among the several members of the family according to their age, strength, and capacity. But although the whole village community is thus associated in enterprise, there exist no guild-laws—a thing utterly abhorrent to the Sclavonic nature. Every individual is free at any time to adopt whatever trade or handicraft he likes; but should he select one different from that of his native village, his own interest will lead him to join another community following the branch of industry chosen by him; for, of course, if the inhabitants of such villages be private serfs, which is frequently the case, they pay obrok, and may consequently obtain leave to shift their quarters.

So innate in the Russian is the idea of uniformity of labour for all members of the same community, that even in instances where the trade followed does not admit of their finding employment at home, the same uniformity of occupation prevails; and thus there are villages of gardeners, house-carpenters, masons, stone-cutters, *isvoschiki* (or what we would term cabmen), carriers, pedlers, wagoners, &c., and incredible as it sounds, villages, the inhabitants of which all follow the begging-trade. In these cases, the men, though they do not remain in their village, still, if their trade allows of it, continue to act together, forming working-associations in the towns whither they go in quest of employment. Their mode of proceeding is as follows:—The most enterprising or skilful takes the lead, and acts as contractor or Podretschnik, undertaking such works as he considers himself and his companions capable of performing. When he has entered into an engagement, he calls together his comrades, makes an agreement with them as to the part to be performed by each, and the share in the profits to be enjoyed by each, and then departs for his village, to make up there, by contributions from such as have stayed at home, the funds necessary for carrying on the undertaking—it being customary not to pay the Podretschniki until the completion of at least half the work. If the undertaking be a very considerable one, and require a great amount of labour and capital, the workmen of several villages combine, and the various communities to which they belong then contribute to the working capital. The money raised on these occasions is intrusted to the Podretschnik in simple reliance on his honesty; and although the Moujiks are accused of a great tendency to cheating in their dealings with other classes, in these transactions among themselves they are said always to prove most trustworthy. Indeed, the very

existence of such customs proves that the people must know that they can implicitly rely on each other.

In most of the cases alluded to, the working-men leave the village during certain periods of the year only, returning home when the cultivation of the lands requires their presence. Therefore, although great numbers of working-men of all trades are met with in the Russian towns, and many seem to be living there in extreme misery, the majority have their homes elsewhere; and, however poor, have a hold upon the soil in some part of the empire. The impression of the state of extreme misery and degradation in which the Moujik lives, with which so many travellers come away from Russia, must no doubt be owing to the dirty and penurious habits of a great part of the people, for the peculiarities in the division of land and the organisation of labour, which we have pointed out, must, in a great degree, prevent absolute poverty, except when oppression is exercised on the part of the master. It is true, that in the case of the purely agricultural populations, one or two bad harvests may reduce the peasantry to a state of actual starvation; for there are parts of the country in which the means of intercommunication are so defective, that a population may almost have died out before the required provisions can be procured from more favoured localities; but in these same regions, the corn may, under other circumstances, lie heaped up in the granaries from year to year for want of an outlet.

It is, however, chiefly in St Petersburg, Odessa, and other leading towns that travellers become acquainted with the Moujik; and here he appears to the greatest disadvantage, all his worst qualities being drawn out by contact with a society with which he has no thought or feeling in common. Here, also, he is placed side by side with the foreign artisan; but who would judge the poor slave too severely, because he loses by the comparison? The Russian has no inventive powers; but he is a good imitator, and possesses an extraordinary facility for turning his hand to everything, and of doing a great deal with very inferior tools; but as along with this he never becomes attached to any sort of occupation, and the laws and customs of his country do not force him to abide by the craft he has once selected, he generally, in the course of his life, follows various trades, and thus never becomes a skilful artisan, nor learns to pride himself upon what he produces. At the same time his natural indolence is great: to get his pay and escape from work as quickly as possible is his prime object; and as moral and intellectual culture he has none, he delivers up his work in an unfinished state, and spends his leisure in amusement or the *dolce far niente*. His propensity for thieving and cheating also is called into action by the opportunities offered, and the homeless life he leads renders him even more filthy in his habits than usual; and, therefore, as he appears in the cities of Russia, the poor Moujik is not often an attractive object.

We shall draw upon the pages of *A Journey to St Petersburg and*

Moscow, for a description of the peculiarities that distinguish the Moujik as he appears in the streets of St Petersburg. 'Artisans and labourers, with their sheepskin tunics or omni-coloured caftans, their shirt of every gaudy hue, worn over their trousers, their long boots, or rag-stockings, and shoes of the linden bark, are assuredly the most interesting figures of the whole. Their hair is cut round horizontally on a line drawn from about the middle of the nose, and most of the workmen wear a sort of chaplet, sometimes studded with little pieces of metal like the ornaments of a horse, to prevent it from falling into their eyes. In their sash are stuck their gloves, indispensable for eight months in the year; and their short-handled large-bladed axe, which to a Russian artificer answers the purpose of almost every tool. You never see these men in a hurry. There is a measured gravity about all their motions which adds to the Orientalism of their appearance. They look as if they were conscious of wearing a beard. The labourers generally appear in groups, for the use of machinery is an innovation to which they have not as yet submitted. If a heavy article is to be moved, it is dragged by a dozen, a score, or a hundred men, as may be requisite. If it is to be raised to the scaffolding of a house, it is rolled up an inclined plane constructed for the purpose. Pulleys and blocks are looked upon as sacrilegious interference with the evident intentions of nature and the rights of man. The same simplicity appears in their tools. The carpenter demands nothing more besides his axe than a kind of rude chisel and a gimlet. His measure is a bit of wood, which he picks up among the chips, or slices off at the moment from the nearest plank.

'Even in that simple but troublesome apparatus which is requisite to enable plasterers and painters to perform their operations on the outside surface of a building, the Russians usually prefer risking life and limb to the multiplication of machinery. Their ladder frequently consists of a single pole, instead of two, furnished with transverse bars of wood for steps; and this pole is occasionally used, not only as a ladder, but as a support for a small stage, at one and the same time. When it is necessary to move a ladder of this kind, the workman disdains to descend for so simple a purpose. He places himself astride near the top, on one of the transverse bars, and shoving the machine from the wall, leaps with it, so to speak, to the required distance. At the same instant, a comrade below, watching his manœuvres, moves adroitly the foot of the ladder, and the hero escapes being precipitated to the ground by an inch of space and an instant of time. Sometimes, however, the removal of the apparatus is inconvenient, or the stage is found to be too low to enable him to reach the top of the wall; but these difficulties do not induce a true Russian to be guilty of the folly of expending time in the construction of one edifice for the purpose of painting and stuccoing another. In this case, the wanderer of St Petersburg, if he chance to turn up his eyes, sees a pole projected from the roof of the house in question, with a man lying

all his length upon it, head downwards. If you marvel at the calm gravity with which the workman thus circumstanced uses his brush or his trowel under the eaves, you are told there is little or no danger, as a friend behind is doing him the kindness to hold him by the heels.

'During the intervals of labour, these men, like the coachmen and postilions, go to sleep wherever they happen to leave off work. But still, as if by a kind of natural perversity, they choose such situations for their repose as seem the least adapted in the world for such a purpose. A mason, for instance, does not lay himself down under the lee of one of the immense blocks of marble or granite on which he is working—he poises himself upon the extreme edge of the mass; or, if there is a marshy place in the immediate neighbourhood—for he will not trouble himself to go far in search of it—he disposes of his body upon the stones or planks which protrude from the mud. Sometimes the parapet of a bridge is the chosen couch—sometimes the outer ledge; but if a piece of wood projects from the steps of the quay over, or upon the river, this is too tempting an opportunity for indulgence to be missed on any account.'*

Though not physically strong, the Moujik bears all kinds of privations and hardships with the utmost apathy, and his wants and desires are exceedingly circumscribed. At the best of times, his diet consists of coarse black bread, buckwheat-porridge, with green onions, and a soup called *schtschi*, made of fermented cabbage and grease, or hempseed-oil. During the fasts, which, taken altogether, comprise about seven months in the year, mushrooms boiled in water, and mixed with onions and hempseed-oil, also constitute a substantive part of the people's food, and sometimes fish fried in hempseed-oil alternates with this dish; but butcher-meat scarcely ever passes the lips of the Muscovite peasant. So great is the consumption of mushrooms during certain periods of the year, that some writers maintain, that had Providence not bestowed such abundance of these cryptogami upon Russia, she would, in the present state of agriculture, not be able to export one quarter of corn, her whole production not exceeding what would be required to feed her people; while, on the other hand, regular periodical famines would occur, because the internal means of communication are so defective, that the produce of the fertile corn-growing tracts is rendered unavailable for the less favoured localities. In Southern Russia, in the region of the steppes, where animal food is plentiful and agricultural produce more scarce, the peasantry live principally on flesh. The commonest beverage of the people is *qvas*—a drink made of fermented flour and water—and tea also is consumed in immense quantities. It is, however, taken very weak, and the herb is often of home-growth,

* *Journey to St Petersburg and Moscow through Courland and Livonia.* By Leitch Ritchie. London: Longman.

there being many villages, the inhabitants of which occupy themselves exclusively with the preparation of native tea. But while the Moujik looks upon qvas and tea as necessaries, *vothi*, a kind of gin, is to him the greatest luxury of life, and in it he baptises every joy and drowns every sorrow. In St Petersburg, when 'drink-money' is requested in return for some service rendered, as is invariably the case, it is asked in the form of *Na Tcheai*—something for tea; but the Moscow man, less refined and less hypocritical, asks honestly for *Na Vothi*—something for spirits.

In compensation for the many evils he has to contend with, nature has endowed the Moujik with a mirthful, happy, and contented disposition; so much so, indeed, that one-half of his misery may be said to spring from his light-heartedness, for were there in the serfs a greater tendency to resist oppression by active opposition, or to resent it by sullen, threatening discontent, the masters would perhaps be induced to treat them with greater consideration. One class in particular, the Jemschiki or postboys—who, if we may judge by the popular songs, are as great favourites with their countrymen as with the generality of foreigners who travel in Russia—may be taken as types of the character of the Russian peasant under its most favourable aspects. Adroit and indefatigable, merry-hearted like a child, and with the same naïve insinuating manners, the Jemschik seems never to be out of humour. Ever light and graceful in his movements, never violent or boisterous, he is here, and there, and everywhere: now in his seat, now down between the horses, now under the carriage; now fastening a trace, now tightening a girth, now splicing a rope; for the harness of the Russian peasant-horses that are used for posting is of the worst description, and hardly a quarter of an hour elapses without something breaking. On such occasions, the Jemschik with imperturbable good-humour, jumps off his seat, makes the necessary repair, and is up again before you think he has had time to get down, and off you start at full speed, the horses being always made to go at a gallop, be it up hill or down; for if not kept in a state of perpetual excitement, the small Russian horses, which, though excellent runners, are too weak for draught, do not get on at all. To keep his cattle in this state, the Jemschik spares no pains. He is ever cheering them on with his voice, addressing each in the language he deems most suitable to its disposition; but though at times he shouts, whistles, hisses, cheers his tongue, moves arms and legs, and flourishes his whip in the most formidable manner, he never beats his horses. He loves them too well to inflict pain upon them, and will rather submit to sundry cuffs and blows himself from impatient travellers, than hurt the feelings of his four-legged friends. Even the words and tones in which he addresses them are of a tender and soothing, or an encouraging and inspirating nature, never unkind or harsh. To a mare he will say: 'Little mother, I implore thee, only for this once, leave me not in the lurch, and I will give thee good food

grass, and yellow oats to boot.' To a stallion he says: 'Dear little brother mine, put me not to shame; think of thine honour: what would people say if thou wert to stick in the mud?' and so on, in all the endearing diminutives in which the Russian language, particularly on the lips of the common people, is so rich, but which are quite untranslatable into ours. Thus, when a Jemschik asks one of his craft whom he meets on the road for the loan of his tinder-box to light his pipe, he will say: 'Dear little brother, give me a little tinder, and a little spark of fire for my little pipe.' The only occasions on which the Jemschik gives utterance to tones of melancholy, is when he sings the songs of his country, which, contrasting strangely with the character of the people, almost invariably breathe a deep, monotonous sadness. At the village-dances, the Jemschiki are the favourite partners of the maidens, for they are the liveliest, wittiest, and most chivalrous of the lads; while the superior care bestowed by these village dandies upon their dress, is probably not without its influence on the female heart.

An analogous class to that of the Jemschiki are the Isvoschiki, or droschki-drivers of all the large cities. The Isvoschik's first start in life is generally made as outrider to some nobleman. As such, the boy of ten or twelve years of age spends the whole of his day, and often the greater part of the night, in the saddle. He eats, drinks, plays, and even sleeps on horseback, and seems indeed to form part of his horse. At the age of seventeen or eighteen, he either advances to a seat on his master's coach-box, or if he prefer an independent life, he becomes driver of a public droschki—at first, as a hired servant; afterwards, when he has collected money enough to purchase a vehicle on his own account; and his life, which was previously spent in the saddle, is now spent sitting astride on the pole which forms the body of the vehicle, or in the little box in front when it has the distinction of a driver's seat. But in spite of hardships bitter enough to spoil any temper but that of a Russian Moujik, the Isvoschik is as renowned for his sprightliness, good-nature, and ready wit as the Jemschik; although with a greater admixture of cunning and shrewdness, probably the result of his city experience.

In their villages, the Moujiks, when not tyrannised over by an exacting master or overseer, lead a sociable, pleasant life, the exceeding peacefulness of their disposition rendering intestine broils of rare occurrence. Men and boys may frequently be seen idling about in the streets, but women and young girls seldom appear there except when engaged on some errand. In the interior of the country, where a travelling-carriage and a stranger are sights of rare occurrence, the fairer sex, with their usual inquisitiveness, do indeed crowd out upon the balconies or the steps to catch a glimpse of the novelty; but if they perceive that they are in their turn objects of attention, they immediately vanish. When engaged, however, in dancing in the open air, they are so absorbed in this, to them, important occupation, that they heed

not the eyes that may be watching their movements. On these occasions, the stranger's presence is indeed ignored by the dancers of the other sex as well, and even by the spectators, for the hearts of all are in the dance. At other times, the carriage of the traveller is generally surrounded by a talkative and criticising, but good-natured crowd, each individual in which is ready to lend a helping-hand whenever it may be required. When the labours of the day are over, the elders either stretch themselves on their stoves, or, in summer, take their seats beneath the doorway, chatting with each other, and gazing complacently at the sports of the young men and maidens, who assemble for singing and dancing, for both which arts the Great Russians as well as the Little Russians have a perfect passion. Their dances are not, however, the waltzes and polkas of Western Europe, but in many cases have a pantomimic character, which allows scope for the development of much grace and power, and also invention; for although the feelings to be expressed in the dance are given, free play is allowed to individual expression. Some of the dances, on the other hand, and particularly such as are performed in the open air at fixed periods of the year, bear more the character of childish sports. Such are the spring-dances, when the maidens, linked hand in hand, forming a long string, and led on by a corypheus, move singing and dancing through the village, performing various intricate evolutions, and being met at last by the young men dancing forward in a similar file, but having begun their evolutions from the opposite extremity of the village. In the repertory of the Russian people, there are songs for every season, and it is customary for the maidens, at such periods of the year when they cannot assemble in the open air, to meet at each other's houses to sing these songs, to which the men listen with great pleasure, but in which they do not in general join. Upon the whole, the life of the Moujik, however repulsive in some of its elements, is in others highly poetic and picturesque; and the endless stores of popular songs, tales, traditions, proverbs, and adages current among them, prove how rich is the soil of the popular mind. Nothing can be more picturesque than many of the popular customs, particularly among the Little Russians, which are religiously upheld and observed on the various occasions for which they are prescribed; but our space warns us that we must come to a conclusion, and we cannot leave the Moujiks without touching upon the position of women among them.

In his family—we are told by some writers upon Russia, who probably draw their conclusions, not so much from personal observation as from their knowledge of the prevalence of patriarchal institutions among the Russian peasantry—the Moujik reigns as undisputed master, wife and children yielding ready obedience to his despotic will. As regards the wife, however, many a popular adage tells a different tale; and as there is generally much truth in popular sayings, we transcribe one of these in the form of a dialogue, that the reader may judge for himself.

Peasant. Wife, dear, we will sow this barley.

Wife. Goodman, this is buckwheat; it is not barley.

P. Very well; let it be so: I will not dispute!. . . . Look how beautifully the barley has come up.

W. It is not barley: it is buckwheat!

P. Well, let it be buckwheat: I will not dispute! . . . . The barley is ripe; we will reap it!

W. It is not barley; it is buckwheat.

And so on, through every stage, until beer has actually been brewed of the malt, when the husband observes: 'What delicious beer we have got from our barley malt!'

W. It was not barley malt; it was buckwheat malt!

P. Well, be it so; I will not quarrel with you; but I must say, that never before did I hear that there was such a thing as buckwheat malt, and that one could brew beer from it.

The little work done by the women in Russia in comparison with the men, is also a proof that the position of the former is by no means a secondary one; and as even married women may hold property in their own right, it would seem that the laws as well as the customs of the country are in their favour. In the industrial villages we have mentioned, the women do indeed perform their share of the work, when it is of a suitable kind, but the greater part of the household work is done by the men; and this is even still more the case among the artisans and traders than among the peasantry.

If the Moujik rises in the world, he has generally commenced his career as a *rosnotchik*, or itinerary trader. Having obtained a licence, he purchases or obtains on credit from some great merchant in Moscow, or some other emporium of commerce, who has generally commenced in the same way, a provision of such wares as are likely to find a ready sale in every part of the empire, and then departs with these on a migratory tour, which sometimes occupies a year or two. During this period, he lives in his cart or caravan, which is provided with every comfort of his stationary home: a warm feather-bed, a samowar, a few culinary and other household vessels, and the image of the saint before which he performs his daily devotions. If fortune favours him, he next becomes a *metschanin*, or burgher—that is, a shopkeeper or artisan settled in some town—and then a *gost* or merchant; and the public functions he has perhaps performed in his village, he may now perform in the town. But the sphere of his interests is not extended; the life of a Russian citizen holds out no inducements to him to cultivate and enlarge his mind; he is hemmed in on all sides by government regulations and bureaucratic insolence; so long as he does not advance beyond the second guild, he is not allowed to trade with foreign countries; he may possess houses, boats, and factories, but not land; he may keep a carriage, but drive only two horses; and though he may have become a free man, he remains subject to corporal punishment at the discretion

of a police-officer. But he may ascend one step higher in th hierarchy of society: he may become a merchant of the firs guild, and thus at length escape from the dominion of the lash and attain the privilege of trading with foreign countries, o driving four horses, of holding land (but, happily for himself, no serfs); yet though he may by this time have assumed a certai degree of polish, have contracted luxurious habits, and be able t give the best of dinners, if he retains the national costume, th flowing caftan and long beard, he remains a barbarian in the eye of the nobles of all classes, who look down upon him with pro found contempt, and never associate with him on a footing o equality. This contempt is not, however, owing to his servil origin, for it is equally entertained towards the merchant wh may be the descendant of a long line of ancestors who hav held the same position: it is merely the result of the principl on which the modern constitution of Russia is based—that th czar is the sole dispenser of honour and dignity.

A VISIT TO THE HIMALAYA.

I.

WE had sailed from the Thames to the Hooghly, traversed the sultry plains of Bengal, crossed and recrossed the Ganges, inhaled the perfume of the rose-fields of Ghazipoor, visited the sacred shades of Benares, beheld the Meeting of the Waters at Allahabad, lounged in the shadow of the Great Mogul, and at length reposed in the once princely city of Agra. We might, perhaps, have been content to remain there. We were attached to the head-quarters of the Governor, and shared the lustre of vice-regal magnificence. Around us were the noblest monuments of Moslem art: the TAJ, that wonderful and unrivalled mausoleum, which eclipses even the splendour of Grecian genius; the palace of the great and world-renowned Akbar; the gorgeous tomb in

which that monarch reposes; the peerless mosque of Shah Jehan; the fortress, replete with historical associations; the ruins of 60 caravansaries, 800 baths, and 700 Mohammedan temples, and of the majestic city itself, which these formerly adorned; spacious and luxuriant gardens, clear streams, and cooling fountains! Yet we were not altogether satisfied. There was beyond us a sight of splendour greater than any we had yet beheld; a region of more than regal magnificence; a pile more famous, and of vaster and more sublime proportions, than any that had yet met our eye; and this we longed to survey. It was the HIMALAYA.

For some years it has been customary with our Indian chiefs to repair for the hot season to the hills; and, leaving their subordinates to be grilled in the plains, luxuriate amid the cool recesses of the mountain shades. As many of the latter as can obtain leave, follow in their wake; and thus give the slip to the mosquitoes and the fever. Their families, of course, accompany them; for the ladies, poor things, could not be left alone, and still less, when their parents were away, could the children. So a regular flitting takes place at the approach of the warm weather; and few are left behind, save those who cannot help it. Unfortunately, we were among the latter in the summer of 18—. A., the *Great* A., had gone; and B. had gone, and C. had gone, and D. had gone; the season of ascent had passed; and still we toiled on, day after day, and week after week, in all patience and humility. At last, just as the rains were setting in, there came an order—yes, an *order*—that we should proceed to Simla, and 'join.' The same evening we were on the road. Be thou our companion, most excellent reader, while in imagination we recall the time!

Stretched at full length in our palanquin—which some eight or ten bearers are shouldering, with groans at every step, like those of an Irish pavier—we are borne along a dreary road at the rate of four miles an hour. Night sets in; we shut the doors of the vehicle, and in solemn and stately loneliness compose ourselves to sleep. An hour or two passes; we are awakened by loud clamours and cries of *buckshcesh*, are committed to the care of a new set of bearers, and are again borne onwards. This is repeated five or six times: it is morning! Still we hurry forward. There is no delay. Fresh sets of bearers await us at every stage. We are now in classic land; in a part of the country once inhabited by gods. There lies Muttra—destroyed in the Mohammedan invasion of the eleventh century, and afterwards rebuilt; famous as a place of pilgrimage, and as, perhaps, *the dirtiest town in India:* and near it Bindrabund, the birthplace of the Hindoo Apollo, once the seat of empire, but now little better than a roost for monkeys. We will call it Monkey Ville. Speed the way! The rain has fairly set in. It pours down in torrents that threaten a speedy deluge. The bearers groan louder and louder, and slacken their pace, and

prate almost continuously of *buckshcesh*. The road becomes flooded: not a soul is to be seen.

GURRONDAH.—Here is one of the royal *serais*, which has probably oft received the emperors of Delhi under its roof, on their road to Cashmere or Lahore, and witnessed those magnificent displays of regal splendour so well described in Eastern romances. But decay and ruin have since passed over it, and the denizens of the jungle have perhaps dwelt there. Tigers were, and may still be, very numerous in this vicinity; and lions have been seen in the neighbourhood.

'Some love to roam'——

No matter. On!

We are obliged to shut ourselves in. The air is hot and stifling; the rain hammers on the roof; the bearers, as they paddle through the now deep pools, are more noisy than ever; and we have nobody at all to speak to. Again we are compelled to throw open the doors; the rain beats in our face, and bedrenches us; the atmosphere is thick and heavy; and all around dull and wretched. But, ho! we arrive at

KURNAUL.—Here we must stop to get dry, for we are now thoroughly soaked. How desolate the scene! Muttra was once our frontier station; our outposts were afterwards advanced hither; and now this, in turn, is deserted. But a few years since, it was a large and flourishing place; now, long lines of empty barracks, vacant houses, and a crowded church-yard, alone attest its former dignity. Occupying an important position with reference to the native states and to our own territories above and below it, the government was compelled to abolish it as a station for European troops from its extreme insalubrity.*

These plains should be fruitful, for they have been deluged with human blood. All around is one vast grave, in which the bones of men of many climes and creeds commingle; the shadow of death hangs over them, and they are haunted by the spirits of the past.

It is not merely the gloom of the weather which makes travelling so wretched. In all these parts there is scarcely a town famous for its trade or manufactures; and in the country there are no pleasant farmhouses, no moss-grown cottages, no stately and venerable family mansions; few, if any, ancient and magnificent seats of hereditary nobility; little, if anything, with which the verse of our poets is associated; and nothing of that moral feeling which, as Washington Irving remarks, seems to pervade English scenery. War, despotism, and priestcraft appear ever to have absorbed the wealth and engrossed the energies of the land; and forts, barracks, temples, and prisons, are the only edifices of importance that meet our eye.

THUNNESSIR.—This is an old town, once the capital of the

* Kurnaul was formerly, however, accounted healthy. Its recent sickliness has been attributed to the reopening of the ancient canal which runs thence to Delhi.

kingdom to which it belonged, and standing near the site of the famous city of Hustnapoor. It was taken by Mahmood of Ghuzni in his excursion to India. We learn that there are two temples here; one of which is adorned externally with grotesque and highly-coloured delineations of the animal creation, as well as of other objects, which prove the artist to have been a man of original genius, as they bear little resemblance to aught existing in the heavens, the earth, or the sea. Among these is a bird having eight legs, and from each claw an *elephant* depending; and a representation of a siege, in which the beleaguering forces are all huddled together in a corner, have all their right legs elevated in the air, and are all priming their muskets, save one who is placing a ladder considerably shorter than himself against a wall no higher than his waist, but which he evidently knows not how to scale. Another temple stands near this, which contains an idol of carved wood, representing an old man carrying somebody on his back. This somebody has a bird's bill for a nose, and is supported in his high estate by a board rising from between the feet of the former, whose appearance is that of a half-washed sweep. Thunnessir is famous as the scene of a battle, in which two armies of great strength having met, fought so desperately, that of the many thousands who entered the field on either side, only twelve men left it alive.

Nothing, perhaps, is more remarkable in travelling, than the frequent changes in the aspect of the people we meet with. We have left behind us the Hindoo and Mohammedan capitals, and are now in the protected Sikh states. The Sikhs are a tall, comely, and warlike people; and contrast to much advantage with the inhabitants of the Lower Provinces. Their faith, however, is deistic; and some of their prejudices make them disagreeable: one in particular, which prevents them from slaughtering the cow, or even selling it for slaughter, renders it impossible to procure any beef in their territories.

But the evening again closes in; a wretched night passes; and we reach Umballah. Here we rest for awhile in the Dak bungalow, one of those houses erected by our government in almost every station, and at intervals between the principal towns, for the accommodation of travellers. A rupee (two shillings) per diem is paid by each person that occupies an apartment; who is provided with whatever 'supplies' may be procurable on the spot at a moderate charge.

Not far hence is the town of Loodianah, near which stand the ruins of Sirhind, the ancient capital of the province, destroyed and anathematised by the Sikhs in revenge for the murder of the son of their high-priest by the Mohammedan inhabitants. 'To this day,' says Archer, to whose *Tour in Upper India* we are much indebted, 'it is the bounden duty of a true and zealous Sikh to take three bricks from a standing wall or building of Sirhind, and throw them into the Sutlej.'

Resuming our route, we towards evening behold, for the first time, the outline of those majestic Hills to which we are journeying. Man's feebleness and God's omnipotence, man's littleness and God's eternity, man's mutability and God's unchangeableness—these are thoughts which the sight of the ocean and the mountains awake. When we look upon the ocean, however, these thoughts arouse our terror: we know its power; we think of the millions it has ingulfed; its smoothness seems treachery; its beauty, an allurement to destruction. When, on the contrary, we gaze on the mountain-tops, we lose the sense of our own nothingness in that of the greatness of the Deity. We view their calm yet passionless majesty with serene though humble devotion; our souls swell with desire to commune more intimately with Him whose hands laid their foundations, whose glory seems to rest on their summits, and under whose shadow we long to repose. So mighty, yet so tranquil; so grand, yet so beneficent in their influences; blocking up the path of blood-thirsty ambition to the domains it would invade; maintaining the independence of the free; giving birth to springs, and rivers, and streams, and lakes, and rivulets, the fertilisers of the world; so associated with the history of the best and bravest of our race; so matchless in their union of the sublime, the beautiful, and the immutable are the mountains, that we learn, as we gaze, to love, and, as we linger, long to explore them. But now it is again night; our last, however, in the plains. The rain has ceased; our bearers move steadily on; and we resign ourselves once more to repose.

We awake; the day is breaking; the Hills are near, and we may discern their outline. We are now at Pinjore: the bearers seem weary. Our next stage is the last during which we shall be intrusted to their care. The mountains to which we are approaching are almost everywhere surrounded, in the neighbourhood of the plains, by what is called the *terrai*. This term is applied to a belt of grass and jungle, some twenty miles in breadth, which abounds with tigers, wild elephants, and other ferocious animals, as well as with deer, and various game of a less dangerous character. From the commencement of the rains in May and June till their cessation in October or November, it is, however, a pestiferous swamp; the waters from the hills pouring down in such mighty volume, that they overflow their channels, in consequence of which a dense vegetation springs up, pestilential vapours are exhaled, and the whole region becomes the domain of death. The European residents in the hills are, at such times, almost cut off from intercourse with the stations in the plains; for even a rapid transit through the terrai is attended with the most imminent risk, as well from the wild beasts that inhabit its dismal shades, as from the miasma which continually overhang and surround them. The herdsmen, who commonly tend there their cattle, retire up into the mountains; and the few human beings who linger in the vicinity present a wretched, sallow, and attenuated aspect.

Pinjore is situated in the terrai; and it is said that few of its inhabitants live to any advanced age. Pity, that these vast and productive lands should be almost left to nature, and—instead of being cleared and everywhere cultivated—allowed to remain the home of animals that are the natural enemies of mankind, to engender disease, and be regarded with horror.

We have arrived at Bhar, a place of so deadly a climate, that in the rains neither man nor beast can inhabit it, and even the *dak*, or post-runners, are obliged to be changed often from attacks of fever. Our palanquin is set down; and leaping out, with no little joy at regaining our legs, we find ourselves at the foot of the hills. Ere ascending, we turn to look behind us. We have now, since landing on the coast of Bengal, traversed a distance of, it may be, 1100 miles; almost the whole of which broad estate, with other vast possessions, has within the last hundred years been added to the British domains. These provinces constitute a part of the richest portion of the earth; they overflow with the bounties of nature, and possess capabilities which only require development in order to yield subsistence and luxury to unnumbered myriads of the human family, enlarge our commerce, and multiply our wealth. They are inhabited by many distinct races, differing more or less in origin and language, all of whom have been compelled to acknowledge our supremacy, and themselves supply almost all the forces with which our conquest is maintained. Wonderful is the chain of events by which this has been accomplished; enormous the expenditure of blood and treasure! And not even the Himalaya have had power to stay our progress. Our soldiers have climbed before us these rugged hills; they have stormed the mountain-forts, and have planted the British flag among eminences that overtop the world; and still our sovereignty is expanding, and still it promises expansion!

II.

A band of hardy mountaineers await our bidding. Our palanquin has been handed over to the agent in charge of a godown established here for the reception of these and other articles not adapted to the hills, who, notwithstanding the unhealthiness of the place, is a European, and what is more, a teetotaller. We prepare to ascend. Stepping into and seating ourselves in a novel kind of vehicle, which bears the name of *jhumpaun*, and has some resemblance to a sedan-chair, we are lifted from the ground, and are presently mounting a steep hill leading to the interior. The road is at first narrow, full of loose stones, and bordered by enormous precipices, on the very edge of which our jhumpaunees persist, like mules, in marching; but the day is fine, and the scenery of so novel and interesting a character, that we give this little attention.

A new order of vegetation presently begins to appear: the low

jungle which skirts the foot of the hills is gradually lost to view, and in its stead, sweet and green herbage clothes them. As we continue to ascend, the trees of the plains also disappear; and the flowers which temperate climes produce and foster begin to shew themselves. We spring with ecstasy from our seat, at the risk of throwing both jhumpaun and its bearers to the bottom of a neighbouring declivity, when first we behold some of those modest but beautiful flowers which adorn our English meadows. As we pluck a few of these, and press them with fondness to our lips, our mind reverts to the days of youth, and to the fields amid which we roved in childhood; and 'Ah!' think we, 'those were happy days; our only ambition was to twine the prettiest posy, and our only fear that we should linger so long amid those delightful scenes as to meet an affectionate chiding on our return. We will cherish these,' we exclaim, placing the flowers we have gathered in our bosom; 'they will often revive pleasant thoughts.'

Hills of great altitude and various forms, intersected by ravines of dark and unmeasured depth, now rise one above another in the view, and seem to form a glorious amphitheatre which shuts us in on every side. The road now winds up a lofty mountain, and anon descends into an abrupt and deep hollow, thus alternately elevating and ingulfing us. Here and there may be seen a spot of table-land covered with cultivation, presenting a rich contrast to the wilds around; while streams of crystal purity and brightness rush fiercely down from fountains far above, to beds of rock and shingle far below us.

'The noble streams,' says Captain Bellew,* 'which rise amid the snow-capped Himalaya, and which, descending through the inferior chains and valleys constituting the provinces of Gurhwal and Kamaon, ultimately debouch into the plains of Rohilcund, are well stocked with fish, of which two kinds, the trout and the mahaseeah, rise to the fly freely, and afford excellent amusement. The trout of the Himalaya differs considerably in appearance from our own; still, he is a trout, and no mistake; and as such, to one who has been long an exile from Europe, and to whom the scenes of boyhood, though dim, are still dear, the first sight of him, with his bonny red spots as he comes curvetting from his native element, is very exhilarating, and revives many a recollection of times gone by.' The mahaseeah is the famous 'fly-taker,' and is said to attain a weight of from forty to fifty pounds. The gallant captain, however, remarks truly, that fishing is a somewhat different affair in India from what it is in England. 'You may chance to hear the roar of the tiger mingling with that of the torrent; a cobra de capello may resent any unguarded disposition to recline; and whilst catching your fish, you yourself may chance to be caught by the snap-hooks of a bear, or be comfortably "reeled up" by a boa constrictor!'

* *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*: vol. ii. second series.

In addition to piscatory adventure, the sportsman may find abundant amusement of other kinds among the hills. Besides tigers, rhinoceroses, wild elephants, and buffaloes, hogs, bisons, &c., there are eagles, peafowl, pheasants,* florikin, partridges, and so on. But he must keep a sharp look-out if he would not be made a meal of himself; and, as regards shooting, he will find fatiguing work to be trudging and toiling up hill and down hill, puffing, and blowing, and perspiring; now wading a stream, now creeping through a jungle, and now well-nigh tumbling over a precipice: and when at last he manages to spring the bird the cluck of which has allured his steps, his shot may perhaps miss, and the game plunge into a valley some thousands of feet deep, or cross to an opposite range altogether out of his reach.

We appear at length to have come unharmed through the deadly terrai. We are now about nine miles from Bhar, and pause to rest on a spot which affords a view of surpassing sublimity. Below, lies a chasm some thousands of feet in depth, which opens to the sight a broken yet cultivated scene of mingled light and shade; beyond us, and at a somewhat lower level than that of our position, stands the European station of Subathoo; and yonder, in the distance, rise the summits of mountains, which ascend one above another, till the eye rests upon the chain covered with eternal snow, and basks with awe in the lustre of their gleaming pinnacles.

We proceed. The houses of the jemadars, or native revenue-collectors, perched here and there like eagles' nests on the summit of a lofty crag, or half-way up an apparently pathless mountain, have a grotesque and interesting appearance. We now pass the small station of Kussowlie, situated about 7000 feet above the sea. Beneath us, spreads a magnificent sweep of mountain landscape, and from north-north-west to east, one unbroken line of peaks towers to the skies in indescribable grandeur. We presently arrive at Subathoo, a station formerly occupied by the fierce and warlike Ghoorkas. This robust and courageous tribe, who are Tatars by race but by religion Hindoos, having conquered a portion of Nepaul, waged a war of destruction on the hill-chiefs towards the Jumna and Sutlej; prepared to encroach on the Sikh chieftains to the south, living under our protection; and, erecting forts and stockades as they advanced, to secure what they had gained, in 1811 entered the territories of the Company. Their encroachments were but feebly resisted by our government; and, encouraged by

* The pheasant, which does not visit the plains of India, occurs in great variety amid the ranges of the hills: the spotted, the speckled, the golden, the [illegible] and the argus-eyed, build in the leafy covers of the woods. Of the latter beautiful species is of a light-blue colour, and another brown, both have the eyes beautifully delineated at the extremity of the feathers.—Miss Roberts.

This morning I was awoke by the incessant crowing of the pheasants; for as them in packs fly across the beds of snow, and the sun shining on their [illegible] plumage, was beyond description beautiful.—Archer.

Vide also Gould's splendid work—*A Century of Birds from the Himalaya*, [illegible] an hour

the pacific system imposed on the Indian by the home authorities, were continued, till, in 1814, Lord Hastings determined to stay them. They were defeated by Ochterlony, and compelled to capitulate: a second campaign, however, was found necessary; and after many severe contests, they were entirely humbled. Subathoo was then occupied by a British force; and on the termination of the late Afghanistan war, Her Majesty's 9th Foot and another European regiment were sent here by Lord Ellenborough, to recruit their exhausted health, and make an experiment as to the advantage to be derived from the location of European troops in these mountains. The experiment appears to have been successful; and Subathoo is now a large and flourishing town, with a church, good barracks, and numerous respectable houses. Its name might not inappropriately have been changed to Ellenborough, as it is to his lordship that the army of India is indebted for its adoption as a station for European troops; a measure calculated to promote the health of our soldiery, to soften the rigours of exile, and, as a necessary consequence of the former, to economise our military expenditure.

A curious hoax was played off a short time since on the officers and troops at this station. A sergeant, holding the appointment of Superintendent of Public Works, had been sent into the forest to look after some timber, and suddenly and breathlessly returned with the alarming intelligence—communicated to him by a native—of a conspiracy formed by the hill-chiefs in the neighbourhood, to surprise, overpower, and massacre the forces quartered here in a night-attack. All things, it was said, were ready, and a very host of enemies was prepared to pour down on and overwhelm them. The subaltern on duty, to whom these tidings were first related, 'doubled' off with them to his captain, the captain hastened with them to the colonel, and the colonel flew with them to the general, who instantly ordered strong guards to be posted, piquets thrown out, and the whole of the troops so disposed as to be ready for action at a moment's notice. Expresses were, moreover, immediately sent off to the governor-general and commander-in-chief, communicating the important intelligence. The farce was kept up several days; nor, till the ardour and patience of the soldiery were exhausted, was it found that the sergeant had been imposed upon.

The hill tribes are all rigid Hindoos, and, of course, regard with the utmost abhorrence our beef-eating propensities. When, therefore, our people arrived here, and began to slaughter their cattle, the natives turned out, created a riot, fell on the butcher, and would have certainly killed him, had not the soldiers hastened to his relief, and driven them off with the point of the bayonet. And even of late it has been found necessary to protect with a guard this redoubtable *blade* in the execution of his office.

We have but one piece of table-land in all Subathoo, and this is used as a parade-ground; but as it is not sufficiently large to

accommodate at once the two regiments quartered here, they exercise and are reviewed alternately. The height of the ridge on which the station stands is 4500 feet above the sea. In the winter months, Subathoo is an agreeable residence; but in the summer, sultry and infested with mosquitoes.

We proceed upon our journey, and passing first by a deep descent to the river Geree, which we cross, pursue the route to Siree. The scenery becomes more and more magnificent; the lofty mountains, the deep, dark valleys, the steep and frightful declivities, the cultivated table-lands, picturesque hamlets, and detached cottages, all engage our attention.

> 'Hail, awful scenes, that calm the troubled breast,
> And woo the weary to profound repose;
> Here innocence may wander safe from fear,
> And contemplation soar.'

Passing Siree, where there is a travellers' bungalow, and crossing after awhile another river, we arrive in the course of a few hours at Simla.

III.

Simla is situated at about thirty miles from the foot of the hills, and stands at an elevation of about 9000 feet* above the level of the sea, or 300 feet higher than any of the other Indian sanataria. Its mean temperature is 52 degrees during nine months of the year, and its climate generally delightful; but the only advantage it possesses in the rainy season is the coolness of its atmosphere, which seems to us, however, exceedingly moist, and, consequently, rather injurious than beneficial. Nevertheless, to be out of the grilling and frying, and baking going on below, the poor Anglo-Indians are glad to come hither even in the wet season. And when the rains cease, and the sun begins to shew his face, and the fine weather sets in, they are amply repaid for any inconveniences they may have suffered. All is delightful. The climate is healthy; the air balmy; the heaven of a brilliant azure, undimmed by a single cloud; and the whole scene lovely, and, indeed, sublime.

The effect of this change of air and scenery on the body and mind is amazing. Something we continually have had in the plains to torment us—either fever, or ague, or headache, or indigestion, or bile; but here we are free from these. Appetite, so long lost, returns to us; our digestive powers acquire fresh vigour; and that elasticity of spirits which we have never before had since leaving home, is restored. The cuckoo, the black-bird, and the thrush—the 'brave old oak,' the fir, and rhododendron—the violet, cowslip, strawberry, blackberry, and geranium—are here to remind

* Martin states it at 7436; Archer, at 7360.

us once more of our boyhood; the ivy, to recall the memory of that cottage-home around which we so well remember that one of the same species spread its branches till the walls were almost concealed; and the holly, thyme, mint, and brier, to bring back to our recollections the little garden that surrounded our abode. It is pleasant to think, again and again, of those days of innocence and happiness unclouded. It is sweet to feel once more the healthy breeze fanning those temples which have been scorched by flaming winds; to bask in the sunshine without apprehension of disease; to hear the distant sound of the mighty waterfall, to see the green herbage, and pluck the wild-flowers of the mountain.

Simla is the *Bagnères* of the north-western provinces, and has for some years been the principal resort of the fashionable world from February to November; and they who esteem the English a grave and steady-going people should be here to witness their proceedings. Terpsichore had never a more devoted class of worshippers; Bacchus never a more devoted set of disciples. Night after night, when Luna peeps forth, she sees the fair whirling in the merry dance; day after day, when Sol illumines the earth, he beholds the learned and brave occupied in the circulation of the bottle. There are races also, occasionally, in a hollow hard by; and gambling seems a favourite amusement.

Being a place of such great resort, it is no wonder if love-passages and duels often occur; and such is the fact. Continually exposed to the influence of those charms which warm the heart and subdue the reason, it would be indeed surprising if our inexperienced and idle fledglings should remain frigid and unmoved; accordingly, we find that they enter the lists, and engage with more than chivalrous eagerness in the emulative pursuit of beauty. As a matter of course, 'affairs of honour' frequently follow; and it is by no means uncommon to hear of wounds more serious than those of Cupid. There are some, however, who seek more profitable occupation; and gardening is with many a favourite employment. In the plains, this can be pursued only at an early hour of the morning; and even then the amateur has often the mortification to see his labours in a great measure unproductive, and the shrubs and flowers and trees to which he has devoted the most care and attention, the least satisfactory in appearance. Here, however, this interesting and healthful engagement may be followed throughout the day, and the horticulturist see the result of his toil in a beautiful collection of nature's choicest productions.

'O lovely flowers! the earth's rich diadem,
Bright resurrection from her sable tomb,
Ye are the eyes of Nature! her best gem—
With you she tints her face with living bloom;
And breathes delight in gales of rich perfume:
Emblems are ye of heaven, and heavenly joy,
And starry brilliance in a world of gloom;
Peace, innocence, and guileless infancy,
Claim sisterhood with you, and holy is the tie.'

And dear are such thoughts to the exile; and happy are the cherish them. Such, we doubt not, will be found among the regular attendants at the church lately erected at this statio situation of which forcibly reminds us of the prophetic prom Isaiah, ii. 2. Simla is invested with a peculiar interest, as the whence Lord Auckland, in 1838, issued his proclamation o with Afghanistan, and Lord Ellenborough, four years aft *the same apartment*, sent forth that which announced the termination of the contest. An Observatory has been e hard by, in which experiments have for some time been c forward on the variations of the magnetic needle.

IV.

But let us look more particularly at the hills themselves, i now known as Himalaya, or the *Abode of Snow*, were anc called Emodus, Himaus, or Imaus.* This range of mount the highest in the world†—extends from north-west to e east, and divides Hindostan from Tibet and Tatary. To the north, it appears to join the Hindoo Koosh, or Indian Cau of Alexander, which forms the north-western boundary of C separates it from Balk and Badakshan, and is continued t west under the name of Gaur. The southern point of this s ranges bounds the kingdom of Nepaul to the eastward. whole formation is supposed to be 1000 miles in length; th

they are believed by many to be the scene of the debarkation of Noah and his sons from the ark; for Dhawalagiri, the highest peak, must assuredly have been the first to exhibit its head above the surface of the all-desolating waters. The traditions of the Hindoos, and the opinions of many learned men—Linnæus, Creuzar, Blumenbach, Buffon, the Abbé Dubois, Sir Walter Raleigh, Bailly, and Colonel Tod, among them—confirm this; and Tibet would appear to have been the first country peopled after the Flood.

'The mountains on the side of the snowy range consist of a series of nearly parallel ridges, with intermediate valleys or hollows; spurs are thrown off in all directions into the hollows, forming subordinate valleys. There is nothing like table-land, perhaps, in the whole of the mountains, with the exception of Nipál; and the valleys are broad, wedge-shaped chasms, contracted at bottom to a mere water-course; for this reason the quantity of level ground is inconsiderable. On the flank of the great chain there is a line of low hills, the Sewalik, which commence at Roopur, on the Sutlej, and run down a long way to the south, skirting the great chain. In some places, they run up to and rise upon the Himalaya; in others, they are separated by an intermediate valley; between the Jumna and the Ganges they attain their greatest height—namely, 2000 feet above the plains at their feet, or 3000 above the sea, rising at once from the level with an abrupt mural front. To the east of the Ganges and west of the Jumna the Sewalik hills gradually fall of. They are serrated across their direction, forming a succession of scarcely parallel ridges, with a steep face on one side and a slope on the other; the slope being, like that of the great chain, towards the north, and the abutment towards the south. These hills may be considered an upheaved portion of the plains at the foot of the Himalaya, and formed by the débris of the mountains, washed down by rains and other natural causes.'

The geology of the Himalaya is remarkable: the strata, which dip to the east of north, and abut to the west of south, being in every direction fractured or comminuted. The formations are primary. The first, towards the plains, consists of vast beds of limestone, lying on clay-slate, crowned by slate, graywacke, or sandstone: the slaty rocks are distributed into small fragments, as if they had been crushed, and the limestone rocks are vesicular or cavernous, and broken into masses. Beyond the limestone tract, gneiss, clay-slate, and other schistose rocks occur. Captain Gerard, in crossing the Charang Pass—17,348 feet high—describes the neighbouring mountains to be all of blue slate; in other parts they are of granite,* with a great mixture of white quartz, both in the

* Extensive tracts of shell-formations were discovered by Dr Gerard at 15,000 feet above the sea. 'The principal shells comprised cockles, mussels, and various fish, univalves, and long cylindrical productions, which were most angular objects. He found them *lying* upon the high land at 15,000 feet elevation, in a bed of granite.'

veins and nodules. Gneiss, however, is the only extensive rock to characterise the Himalaya formation. The igneous rocks, which have been concerned in the upheavement of the outer strata, are of the greenstone trap series, and are very generally dikes intersecting and rising through the regular strata. Veins of iron, gold, plumbago, copper, lead, antimony, and sulphur have been found; but their poverty, and the distance of water-carriage, generally prevent mines being opened; though some may be seen that, according to tradition, were worked centuries ago, and from which nearly all the metal has been taken. The soil is principally accumulated on the north sides; and that lying under the vegetable mould is clayey and calcareous, or limestone gravel.

The Himalaya appear to be divided into three vegetable zones. The first extends from the foot of the hills to the height of 9000 feet: here the temperature is lower than in the plains, but snow is seldom seen; and while the tropical plants begin to give way to others of a more hardy nature, they are still brought, in many cases, to almost equal perfection on the southern exposure with that below. The second zone reaches an altitude of 9000 feet: here, in winter, snow falls constantly, and often to a great depth, but disappears in spring; the herbaceous plants of Asia continue in some degree to flourish, while those of Europe become more general; and the trees assume an exclusively European character. The third zone stretches from the summit of the second to the mountain-tops, and in its highest part is covered with perpetual snow,† but, in the lower, subject to intense heat in summer, when the solar rays, though the air may seem little affected, are there intensely fierce, and cause the snows to melt. In this zone vegetation is wondrously luxuriant; the pasturage is rich almost beyond compare; wheat, buckwheat, and barley, are raised successfully and extensively; rich forests‡ of oak, pine,§ fir, and

and pulverised slate; the adjacent rocks being at the same time of shell-limestone. All the shells were turned into carbonate of lime, and many were crystallised like marble; the larger blocks, composed of a multitude of shells of different sizes imbedded in a matrix of calcareous tufa, was broken off from a solid mass of 50 cubic feet, apparently all of the same structure. Four classes of shell-formation were distinguished; in particular, a fresh-water bivalve, resembling the unio, which exists in great abundance at the foot of the lower hills, and throughout the plains of the Doab.—MARTIN.

* The *Flora Indica* of Wallich gives a catalogue of 7683 Himalayan plants.

† The limit of perpetual snow begins at an elevation of 11,000 or 12,000 feet above the level of the sea.—HUMBOLDT.

‡ The road wound through a forest of cedars, oak, and pine; and so thick are they stand, that there was not room for a tree to fall when decayed by age, or killed by lightning; many of them had bowed to its stroke. One, close to the road, measured 17 feet in circumference; the soil, from the accumulation of the fall of ages, is a rich black mould, lying to a great depth. If one of these forests is left undisturbed, it would always renew its population, for there are below the parent tree a succession of young plants, which in time assume the places of the old ones.—ARCHER.

§ The pines upon the slopes of the snowy chain are taller and more symmetrical than elsewhere; whole forests occur, where individuals measure 60 to 80 feet *round;* the maximum girth in one instance was 29 feet. Close to the road-side *were numbers* of the same magnificent barrels, like gigantic masts, each raised in

rhododendra are met with; the cypress and cedar, the juniper and birch, add variety to the scene; apples, pears, raspberries, gooseberries, strawberries, apricots, and other fruits may be found; the wild-rose, the lily of the valley, the cowslip, the dandelion, and other flowers exhibit their charms; and the trees and rocks are clothed with moss and lichen. It seems not a little strange that cultivation extends on the northern side to a considerably greater elevation than on the southern; the extreme limit in the latter case being 10,000 feet, while in the former it appears to reach 14,900! 'The remarkable configuration of the land,' says Humboldt, 'in Central Asia, affords man all that is essential to the maintenance of life, as habitation, food, and fuel, at an elevation above the level of the sea which, in almost all other parts of the globe, is covered with perpetual ice.'

How wondrous, how magnificent, how varied the features of this vast and sublime domain! Inaccessible ridges covered with frozen snows, hot springs, bright and swiftly rolling cascades, tranquil rivulets, and secluded lakes; rivers winding amid glens and islands, and tumbling and foaming with perpetual thunder down declivities; steep and naked hills, gloomy ravines; slopes clad with flowers, and crowned with colossal forests; countless plants of a thousand species; millions on millions of withered leaves, lying in heaps, or scattering on the breeze; groves and vineyards; huge upheavings of bare and barren slate, quartz, and granite, mingled in wild confusion; wedge-like chasms, alps piled on alps, broken cliffs, frightful precipices, high steeples of black rock, gloomy caverns, skyey villages, dreary solitudes, trees torn up by the roots and hurled into deep abysses—a boundless chaos, a fortified Eden! Here at once reign freezing cold and scorching heat; the heavens are now dark with rain and mist, and anon bright as an arch of glowing sapphire; while the winds battle with the clouds among the hills far below; and falling rocks and destroying avalanches mingle the crash of their descent with the roar of the volcano and the rumbling of the earthquake! It is not for man to gaze on such scenes unmoved. The imagination, awakened by the view, creates for itself a new universe, in which the beauties and the horrors of the landscape are infinitely enlarged, and form an elysium and a pandemonium whose delights and whose terrors are incommunicable.

Yet the mind seeks to read the history here set forth of the unknown past. When did nature expel from her womb these giants, which now seat themselves upon her breast, and lord it over the world, and thrust themselves into the very heavens? What evidence present they of the construction of the interior of our

if in rivalry, and all at a level verging upon 10,000 feet—a limit beneath which on the equator, according to Baron Humboldt, the large trees of every kind shrink; a limit which various writers have placed close to the marginal snow, the region of the torpid lichen; but the Himalaya peer over the Andes, and laugh at theorists and closet-speculators.—MARTIN.

planet, and the agencies there at work? What was the catastrophe of the universal Deluge?—what of the day of jubilee in which Noah and his companions came forth from the ark?—and what of the changes that have since then passed over the globe?

Amid the most rugged and awful scenes, we recognise with amazement the hand and the persevering labours of Man. Bridges thrown over the most fearful chasms; paths skirting the most tremendous precipices; steps cut in the solid rock; roads through dark ravines and up mountain-walls; footways laid down on stakes driven into the steeps, and overspread with earth and branches: these fill us with astonishment and admiration; while the passage of goats and sheep—here used as animals of burden—laden with the products of Tibet and Hindostan, and which have sometimes to be raised and lowered by slings, reminds us that it is commerce which unites the most distant and divided nations; opens everywhere sources of industry, diffuses knowledge, and leads forth Religion, to extend civilisation and freedom throughout the world. Yet hither, alas! superstition also penetrates. The Ganges and the Jumna here issue forth to fertilise the plains of Hindostan, whence many attempt to penetrate to their sources to perish in the effort. The aged, and the leprous, especially, undergo the most dreadful fatigues and privations in order to die in these secluded regions, which are described in the *Puranas* as holy; and the whole pilgrim-road, as well as the mountain-shrines, presents a melancholy spectacle of idolatrous error.

This, however, can hardly be a matter of surprise. Who among us can ascend the mountains without calling to mind the sacred associations with which such scenes are invested? And if we turn to the pages of Holy Writ, there is Sinai, where the Law of Judgment was proclaimed; and Calvary, where the Gospel of Love was unfolded: there is Olivet, where the Redeemer wept over Jerusalem;* and the Mount of Beatitudes, whence he discoursed to the people. There is Ararat, on which rested the ark; and Carmel, where Elijah gathered the prophets of Baal; and Hermon, rich in fruitful moisture. There is Lebanon, the bulwark of the Land of Promise; and Hor, where Aaron died; and Nebo, whence Moses beheld Canaan; and Gaash, where Joshua was buried; and Gerizim and Ebal, of the Blessing and the Curse. There is Sion, the joy of the whole earth; with the Mount of Vision, the site of the Temple; there are the mountains of Gilboa, and the mountains of Israel, and the mountains of Gilead. Mountains, in fact, have been the scenes of the most sublime events in sacred history; nor do they take a less prominent part in classic mythology. There is Olympus, the residence of the gods; and Thaumasius, on which Jupiter was born; and Cithæron,

* There, too, the son of Jesse wept with his people. How touchingly simple the history: 'And David went up by the ascent of Mount Olivet, and wept as he went up, and had his head covered, and went barefoot: and all the people that was with him covered every man his head; and they went up weeping as they went up.'

consecrated to the Thunderer and the Muses, where Acteon was torn in pieces, and Hercules slew the lion. There is Helicon, sacred to Apollo and the Nine; and Cyllene, which gave birth to Mercury; and Pangæus, where Orpheus charmed the beasts with his music; and Halesius, whence Pluto carried off Proserpine; and Ida, where the prize of beauty was adjudged to Venus. There is Etna, the prison of giants, and forge of Vulcan; and Erymanthus, where Hercules killed the boar; and Caucasus, to the top of which Prometheus was chained; and more—and more! We wonder not that the Hindoos make Himalaya the retreat of Muhadeo, fill its most inaccessible glens with spirits, and come to worship in its solitudes.

But these mountains are also connected with the national history of the people of Hindostan. Here, according to their traditions, is the birthplace and cradle of their race. Here their great ancestor, Menu Vaivaswata, and the Seven Sages, disembarked after the universal Deluge; here he and his family took up their abode;* and hence, when men again multiplied, they descended to the plains. Here are the sources of that sacred river which all tribes and classes adore—and which, from his birth to his death, is associated with the daily worship of every individual Hindoo who inhabits its banks—and of its sister stream, which together give magnificence and fruitfulness to the Indian plain, as well probably as of the Indus, the most celebrated river of Hindostan. And here, finally, is the heaven of Meru, to which the Hindoo aspires.

V.

We will now tell you what we have learned of the Hill-people. They differ much from the inhabitants of the plains, being of short stature and robust frame, and independent—though simple, frank, inoffensive, and hospitable—manners; yet appear to have in some degree deteriorated since brought into contact with the people from below. The Coolies, or lower classes, are the supposed aborigines, and are thought to be an offshoot of the Calmuc Tatars. A considerable number of Brahmins are mingled with these; but they seem neither to hold the rank nor entertain the prejudices of their brethren of the plains, performing all the usual labours of husbandry in the same manner as their inferiors. The middle classes are termed Kunaits, and are said to be the offspring of intermarriages between the aristocracy and the coolies; the chieftains are all Rajpoots, whose ancestors are understood to have emigrated from the plains during the era of the first Mohammedan invasion. In many of the states—for these are numerous—

* The Jains also place the abode of Adnat'h, their great patriarch, the Father of Agriculture and the Arts, among the rich plains and green valleys which skirt the foot of the Indian Caucasus.

the office of Premier is hereditary; and the chiefs are tempted to indulge in every species of debauchery, with the view of bringing on a condition of idiocy, by which their ministers are enabled to absorb all the real power of the government.

It is a notorious fact that the harems of the rich natives of the plains have for ages been supplied with females from the hills; and the sale of these for the worst purposes of slavery, though carried on, as it seems, with secrecy and caution, appears to continue. This custom, and that of female infanticide,* have caused a great numerical disproportion between the sexes, and given rise to the system of polyandry, which, though spoken of by the people with disgust, prevails very extensively. No man can procure a wife without paying a sum of money to her father: he may, however, turn her away after marriage; and if he do so without assigning a cause, the purchase-money is returned to him when the discarded spouse has obtained a new husband. Thus Woman is considered as much an article of traffic as any commercial commodity.

The ties of caste are as strong in the hills as in the plains; while the mountaineers are, perhaps, even more subject to their priests, and their religious customs exhibit the most extreme ignorance. No cultivator would think of putting his seed into the ground without first consulting the Brahmin; nor would any one commence any commercial enterprise, or begin a journey, without advice and encouragement from his spiritual master. No ceremony is undertaken without a propitiatory sacrifice to some divinity; and every accident or misfortune, however trivial, is ascribed to genii, who are believed to be very numerous, and to each of whom peculiar functions are attributed—some presiding over rivers, some over forests, some over the crops; and so on. Large flocks of goats are kept in most villages for sacrificial purposes; human sacrifices were formerly not unfrequent, but seem to have been abolished through the influence of the British government. Still, idols appear to be less numerous than in the plains. In the larger villages are some small ones, ordinarily annexed to a house; and now and then, in the midst of a village, a pyramid of rough hewn stones may be found, which serves as a god; but the people generally make no further attempt to defend the adoration of these than by saying, 'It is the custom of the country;' though the more learned employ the same arguments in its behalf as are used in the plains. The deity, or rather the person of the Triad, in most repute among them, is Muhadeo; to him all prayers are preferred, and at his shrine all victims bleed. Under the name of Siva, he is known as the 'destroying power.' In the preference shewn to his worship, may be detected the superstitious dread common to all

* I was told, but it is to be hoped that the assertion is void of truth, that the mother, instigated by the father, officiates as the priestess in the dreadful ceremony, *and closes* the mouth and nostrils of the infant with cow-dung the instant it is born.—ARCHER.

mountaineers. The trident is placed as a symbol over temples dedicated to him; and if careful anxiety to deprecate his wrath be religion, the people of the hills are in every way entitled to be called a religious people. The temples are well-built edifices of stone, wood, and slate; the plan and structure are everywhere the same, but varying in size with the population, or reputed sanctity of the place, and the number of pilgrims who frequent it. At Hát is a very famous temple, dedicated to a debi or goddess; which is said to have been built in Satya Yuga, the Golden Age! * Shrines of the highest and most awful sanctity are at the fountain-heads of the Ganges and the Jumna; and on the summit of Kedar Nauth, Kali, the goddess of blood, is supposed to have taken up her residence: there are also natural phenomena, such as burning fountains and floating islands, which appear to be objects of worship. Idolatry is kept up by the aristocracy, and, as a matter of course, by the priests. The great mass of the people would heartily rejoice if the images they adore were destroyed.

In Kanawar, Brahminism and Buddhism are commingled.† The temples of the Lamas contain, beside the image of Buddha, a cylinder turning on an iron axis, called the *manee*, or prayer-wheel. The wind produced by the turning of this wheel is considered to be holy, and to have the power of cleansing from sin: the oftener it is turned, the more sins are forgiven! In travelling in Kanawar, people are frequently met carrying a little manee, which they turn while walking. These hand-manees are made of brass, and are about three inches high, and two in diameter. The manees in the temples are much larger, and are made of coloured paper, decorated with pictures.

When, in travelling through the hills, we take a rapid survey of the stupendous depths below and heights above, it is only here and there that a village forces itself upon our notice, by the prominence of its position; the rest of the landscape appears to be nothing but mountain and valley, ridge and precipice, torrents and forest. A steady contemplation, however, of the scene brings out one village after another, till we become amazed at the change. It is the grand outlines which at first seize and engage the mind; and only the attentive and accurate observer discovers the interesting details of the picture. There are, however, but few places which can be dignified with the name of towns: the villages are from natural causes small, and the number of inhabitants, of course, is limited by the food they are able to raise in the vicinity. The site of a village high up in the hills depends on the favourable position of ground for agriculture, and facility of procuring water and shelter from the inclemencies of the weather: a southern exposure

* The present age, which is termed the Cali Yuga, is said to have commenced B.C. 3102, and is to continue some 432,000 years; the Dwapara Yuga, or Brazen Age, lasted double that time; the Trita Yuga, or Silver Age, triple; and the Satya Yuga, quadruple. The temple at Hát, therefore, would be about 1,728,000 years old!

† Vide *Huc's Travels in Tartary, Tibet, and China.*

is invariably courted. The houses are almost of one shape, square, and at a distance have a pleasant aspect, resembling those of Switzerland. They are built of stone and timber, and covered with slate. The roof projects sufficiently to allow a balcony being covered by it on all sides of the house; this part of the mansion during the fine weather is a lounging-place, whence the master may overlook his courtyard, and answer calls without the trouble of descending; and may have been suggested, and continued in use, by the condition of the people when at the mercy of their Ghoorka conquerors, and when a good strong door and a high position left the inhabitant the power of doing as he pleased. The lower story is, in all cases, allotted to the cattle; and whether this arrangement arose from the greater security thus afforded to these animals, which are the principal source of sustenance and wealth to the people, or the want of room and convenience for outhouses, it is the most judicious possible: while the folks aloft have the benefit of the heat from the cows below. One door in the bottom story suffices for ingress and ventilation; a ladder inside is the means of access to the upper rooms, which are lighted by very small openings, to prevent unnecessary draughts. The furniture is of a uniform character; the chiefs and head-men of villages have perhaps habitations of somewhat larger size than their neighbours, but nothing to constitute a material difference. Fires are only used in chafing-dishes. Every house has in its southern face pieces of wood let in for the convenience of bees. At the bottom of each piece a hole is cut for the ingress and egress of one bee at a time; the bees hive on the inside of the wall, and there the honey and comb are affixed.

The hill-people are not cleanly in their persons: they use water for ablution as seldom as possible. Poverty appears a general characteristic.* The dress of the natives in the higher hills is of wool, spun and woven by themselves; it is of coarse texture, but strong and warm. Shoes are made of horse or other hide, except cow; the latter animal being held, if possible, in higher veneration by the hill-folk, than by the people of the plains; the upper part of the shoe is of strongly woven wool, and elastic.

The people of these mountains, and especially the women, are sadly afflicted with goîtres, which is attributed by medical men to their use of snow-water: the correctness of this opinion, however, may be doubted, as the disease is less frequent where the inhabitants

* The province of Gurhwal seems, in olden time, to have been on this account for many years exempted from tribute. 'Acbar, however,' says Miss Roberts, 'not willing that any of his neighbours should escape, demanded from the rajah an account of the revenues of his raje, and a chart of the country. The rajah then at court, repaired to the presence the following day, and in obedience to the imperial command, presented a true, but not very tempting report of the state of his finances; and, as a correct representative of the chart of his country, he also introduced a lean camel, saying: "This is a faithful picture of the territory I possess, up and down, and very poor." The emperor smiled at the ingenuity of the device, and told him, that from the revenue of a country reduced to so much labour, and in amount so small, he had nothing to demand.'

drink nothing else; and where they employ that from springs or rivulets, it abounds. The natives regard the malady as a punishment from Heaven. It is met with in low marshy places, rather than in the upland villages. The comparative exemption of the men may be attributed, in some degree, to their using a more generous and liberal diet than the women, and a beverage more potent than water. Like other Hindoos, the hill-people burn their dead.

Agriculture is the chief pursuit in the Himalaya. The cultivation is of two sorts—upland and lowland, wet and dry: the former mostly yielding two crops; the latter, only one. The wet-system can only be followed in the low parts of the valleys, where the surface of the soil is perfectly flat, and the water can be conducted with facility, which latter advantage nature seldom affords to any great extent: the people, however, have cut the sides of the hills into terraces, and thus effected what she has denied them; and the appearance of these steppes, rising in succession, and coloured by the varied hues of the different corns peculiar to the mountains, is extremely pleasing. The grains are wheat and barley; bhattoo, cheena, and khoda. The bhattoo is of two kinds—one, a golden yellow; the other, a deep crimson; and in their approach to maturity, when spread in patches on the side of a hill, present an appearance of singular beauty, especially when their rich colours are contrasted with the brown of the heather, and the dark cold green of the pines. The crops are as large and luxuriant as the force of heat and moisture, the sun and a rich soil, can produce.

Rhubarb grows in profusion, and was, if it is not still, an article of large export to the plains; that sold under the name of *Russian*, appears to be obtained from Tatary and Tibet. The domestic animals are cows, goats, and sheep; the two latter being used as food. We have already noticed the abundance of fish in the streams of the Himalaya. These are taken in a peculiar manner by the rod and line; and also by depositing in the stream a vegetable substance of intoxicating properties, which renders them unable to maintain their equilibrium; and brings them to the surface, when they are easily caught by the hand.

Honey is an article of food all over the hills; and it merely requires a provision for the accommodation of bees during winter to insure a large quantity of this rich and luxurious production to every house. The natives, however, take no pains in the collection of the honey, though its quality is so excellent. The bees hive on the bare walls, and there fix the comb, which is from time to time cut off, as required. The visits of bears to the villages in quest of the honey are frequent, and it is said that they do not scruple to attack the houses in which the hives are placed for security. The bees inhabit also the hollows of trees; and we have little doubt are often cheated of their sweets by the monkeys, which exist in prodigious numbers, and are very injurious to cultivation.

There appears to be neither books, teachers, nor schools among the natives, except such as have been introduced by our missionaries. To these we shall by and by have occasion to advert. The rainy season has passed: let us take an excursion.

VI.

The sun shines brightly forth, illumining the dark and shadowy forests, and giving to the snow-capped mountains a dazzling brilliancy; the birds sing sweetly, and the monkeys leap merrily in the green and bowery shades; the hills are clad in verdure of the brightest hue; many of our fair sisters and fellow-countrymen are abroad; and even the swarthy features of the goitered hill-folk are lighted up by the glow of pleasurable excitement.

The stations we have visited are not the only European settlements in the Himalaya. Yonder is Jutog; to which the Nusseeree battalion was removed from Subathoo, when the latter place and Kussowlie were fixed on as quarters for European troops. The fierce and warlike Ghoorkas, whose name is so suggestive of forts and stockades, are now numbered among our own soldiery. 'It is a pity,' says Captain Bellew, 'we have not more of these indomitable little heroes in our native army. They strongly attach themselves to European officers, and like our service.'

And now we have arrived at a much larger settlement—Mussoorie. Its increase has been most rapid, and it seems to be now almost entitled to the name of an English town. It possesses, we believe, a church, a bank, a club-house, a newspaper—*The Hills*—a botanical nursery,* and a corporation. This corporation, among other powers with which it has been invested by the Honourable Company, has, it seems, a right to tax the owners of landed property within its jurisdiction, to the extent of five per cent., for the benefit of the station. But the most famous institution of Mussoorie is its School. Till of late Europeans residing in India who had any regard for the welfare of their children, were accustomed to send them home for education; for there were few professional English tutors in the country—and most of these were in the service of government—while a good private teacher was a *rara avis*. But the idea of establishing a school in the mountains suggested itself to a Mr Mackinnon, a well-educated, active, and enterprising man, who, on due consideration, resolved on carrying it out. His plans were encouraged;

* The nursery which I established at Mussoorie, in the Himalayas, at 6500 feet of elevation, is very convenient for the introduction of European plants. Mussoorie has a minimum of only 25 degrees, and a maximum of 80 degrees, of Fahrenheit; shewing that the equability is greater than in the neighbouring plains. The mean temperature is about 57 degrees; and that of the months of January, 42 degrees; February, 45; March, 53; April, 59; May, 66; June, 67; July, 67; August, 66; September, 64; October, 57; November, 50; December, 45 degrees. The season for cultivation in the Mussoorie climate is from March to October.—Dr Royle.

academy is now well established; and it has acquired such celebrity, that pupils are sent to it from all parts of India. The genial and invigorating exercises of the north are practised in the play-hours; and while the folks in the plains are frying and frizzing, their boys are sporting over their heads on the ice!

The success of the Mussoorie Academy has led to the establishment of other schools; and instead of parents being under the necessity of sending their children thousands of miles away, by a long and dangerous sea-passage, they may now place them at institutions within a few days' journey from the plains, where they may enjoy a delightful and invigorating climate, and have the privilege of a good education at a third of the cost. Mr Wybrow remarks in reference to young folks brought up here: 'The beauty of the English children I saw upon the hills perfectly arrested my attention. I have never, in England, seen complexions so exceedingly lovely, and seldom have observed children so uniformly strong and healthy. I had come rapidly from the plains, and had fully in my recollection the pale faces and sickly looks of the little ones I had seen in almost every house during my journey.' And he takes occasion hence to recommend the hills as Sanataria for enfeebled missionaries; on which subject Mr Pratt, chaplain to the bishop of Calcutta, observes: 'If we had men to spare, or if more men come out from our beloved country, it would be a most admirable plan to establish a mission near Sreenuggur, and make this also a sanatarium for sick missionaries. To plant a sanatarium alone would be too expensive; but a mission which would be working effectively might easily be so planned as to afford accommodation to sick missionaries, at a comparatively trifling additional expense. But till we have more missionaries, what can be done? Let us all use what influence we have with our friends in England to bring more out, and then we may put our plans into execution.'

We have sometimes thought it would be well if a part of the superabundant population of England were to emigrate to these mountains; which they might easily do without exposing themselves to the fatigues and dangers of a land-journey through the plains, by proceeding *vid* Bombay and the Sutlej. There is abundant room for speculating and enterprising men of capital, mechanics, agricultural labourers, and others. 'That an extensive field,' says Archer, 'is open for the activity and enterprise of the intelligent settler, no one who knows anything respecting the hills, their population, climate, and capabilities for a larger production, can doubt. Capital, and security from arbitrary interference, are alone required to induce many to seek their fortunes in them: the riches are but yet imperfectly known; but they are ample to stimulate to great exertions—the wool of Tibet, and the introduction of our manufactures in exchange; iron in large quantities, and easily worked; timber in endless forests; gums, resins, borax, wax, and *perhaps* precious metals; while in some parts it is

understood precious stones are found. Other sources of wealth might, in the prosecution of traffic with the above, be opened to British industry.'

From this station we may see Landour, near to which lies Manor-house School—an establishment for young ladies. It appears, from the 'Journal' of Mr Pratt, that the academy is surrounded by an estate about five miles in circumference, which was purchased for L.4000, and is laid out in walks, and planted with trees. It stands 6000 feet above the sea, and commands a view of both Landour and Mussoorie, which appear to be crowded with houses lodging in the clefts of the mountains. When the bishop of Calcutta was at Mussoorie in 1844, he laid the foundation of a church on the Manor-house estate; a depôt for sick soldiers has also been established at this station. A few miles down the Khud, on the south-east of the Landour Hill, are chalybeate springs, and sulphur baths. Mr Wybrow was told, in going up the hill to Landour, that so great was the altitude, and so pure the air at that place, that *he could see Calcutta in the distance!*

In the neighbourhood of Mussoorie lies the beautiful vale of Deyrah Dhoon, where firs and cedars, mango-trees and willows, grow side by side; and the oak, the horse-chestnut, and the cherry are companions of the banana and the plantain. The dog-rose and raspberry abound near the rivers; and the lemon and mulberry are found in the jungles. Indeed, every English plant grows luxuriantly; and the gardens in March, April, and May exhibit a splendid show of our native flowers. On the lower hills are the ebony and the kucker, with firs of colossal size; while *hemp everywhere grows wild.* Oats and barley are extensively cultivated, and there are large plantations of sugar-cane; yet much rich land is lying waste in this valley. Thousands and thousands of acres are covered with forest and grass jungle, intersected by rivulets and old canals cut through land which appears to have been centuries ago under cultivation. The elephant and tiger abound; and with wild hogs and deer of various species—some of which are fourteen hands in height—invite the adventurous sportsman.

The road from Mussoorie to Almorah, which we are now approaching, is magnificent in the extreme. The stupendous rocks towering on high—the giddy depths below—the forests of magnificent and stately pines, and oaks, and cochinars, and all surpassing rhododendra—with the eternal snow, in all its variety of hue and shade, and abrupt outline—give a combination of the sublime and beautiful seldom to be enjoyed in nature. The view of the snowy range is here finer than at Landour. But every valley has its spirit, and every hill its demon; and the heaven aspiring pinnacles of snow are the temples of gods of terror and vengeance, who must be appeased and pacified. Almorah is an ancient native city, captured by Sir Jasper Nicolls in 1815, and visited by Bishop Heber in his travels. A beautiful gray

porphyritic granite is found close to the cantonments, which would furnish ornamental pillars or slabs of any required dimensions.

Three marches from Almorah, towards the foot of the hills, is Nynee Tal, which is situated in a hollow of the mountains, and shut in on the north and south by lofty ridges that terminate in the west in a narrow winding pass leading to the plains; eastward, however, the prospect extends many miles over the neighbouring flat and elevated country. In the centre of this delightful retreat, lies a lake of considerable size; this forms the chief attraction of Nynee Tal, the vicinity of which abounds with tigers, bears, and other disagreeable neighbours; and which does not afford sufficient table-land to form a station of any importance, though a charming hermitage during the hot winds.

Other places there are in the hills to which visitors resort, but which we have no time to see. We may mention, for instance, Peurah, which Captain Bellew tells us consists of a few houses on a terrace occupying a brow of a mountain, and commanding a noble view of the ridge on which Almorah stands, and the background of snowy elevations. 'Never,' observes he, 'shall I forget the first sunrise and sunset at Peurah, the coucher and réveille of these Titans of earth, the Himalayan peaks—how their vast forms melted away in the sombre tints of eve, and with what roseate hues, and in what beauteous lights, the morning again revealed them to my sight. As the dawn approached, the tips of the snowy peaks were suffused with a delicate, luminous, and roseate tint, which gave them—their connection with earth being imperceptible, or but dimly visible—the appearance of a row of Chinese lamps suspended high along the horizon. Then, as the morning light became more confirmed, the giant forms of Jumdotrie, Gungootrie, and other peaks, slowly emerged, dyed with the reflected blushes of the reddening east, whilst some of the ranges immediately below the snowy chain appeared of the darkest blue, and others nearer to us tipped with gold, and just catching the oblique rays of the rising luminary, started forth from this dark background in bold and splendid relief. Seen either in calm, in sunshine, or in storm, at the evening hour or in the morning light, these magnificent Alps of the East—before which, however, their European brethren must hide their diminished heads—always present a different picture.' We doubt not that, in the course of a few years, the stations will become yet more numerous. To breathe the mountain air after sweating in the plains, is a treat few who have the means and the opportunity will not enjoy; to say nothing of recovering appetite, and digestion, and spirits. Indeed, so eager have people been to come up hither, that many have met their death by passing at unfavourable times through the wilderness which lies at the foot of the hills leading to Nynee Tal, Almorah, and Landour.

The mountain-bridges we here and there fall in with deserve a

moment's attention. They are sometimes formed by trees laid across the water, having a platform for the convenience of passengers, which, however, is occasionally omitted where the breadth of the stream is such as to demand a wider span. The mode of construction is as follows:—Advantage is taken of favourable positions on one side, or both sides, the river; and where none present themselves, a strong stone wall is built: on this is laid a large beam parallel with the water, to support others, one end of each of which projects far over, while the opposite is firmly imbedded in the earth, and has large blocks of stone heaped on it, to give the work greater security. The same plan being adopted on the other side, long trees are laid on the projecting points, planks nailed across for a platform, railings put up, and—the bridge is complete! The most material part of the work is the fixing the imbedded ends of the timber so as to support the weight of the trees; but this is a matter so well understood by the hill-people that accidents seldom occur from ill-construction. The sacrifice of a couple of hill-sheep is performed to propitiate the gods of the stream, and the heads of the animals are stuck on a pole at each end.

In some cases, however, these structures are made of lighter materials. 'Suspension-bridges formed of grass-ropes—the simple, useful, and elegant invention of the rude mountaineers of the Himalaya—are of considerable antiquity,' says Miss Roberts, 'in the provinces where they are found. They are said to have given the original hint to the chain-bridges of Europe, and to those which Mr Shakespeare has constructed so much to the public advantage in India.' The bridge of Teree affords a very beautiful specimen of its class; the adjacent scenery, and the rocky rampart on either side the river, adding considerably to its picturesque effect. The ropes of this bridge are constructed from the long coarse grass which grows on the sides of the hills; each is about the size of a small hawser, and formed with three strands; they are obliged to be renewed constantly, and even when in their best condition, the passage across is rather a nervous undertaking. In some of the hill-districts, where the natural advantages of the country are not so great, the bridge is suspended from scaffolds erected on both banks of the stream; over these are stretched ropes of great thickness, to afford on each side a support for the flooring, if it may be so called, which is formed of a ladder wattled with twigs and branches of trees, and attached to the balustrade by pendant ropes. The main ropes are extremely slack; and, where the banks are not very high, the centre of the bridge is within a foot of the water.

Major Archer mentions another mode of transit—the *jhoola*. 'Jhoolas are ropes tightened across a stream, and fastened to two strong posts; a "traveller" of wood is put over eight ropes, and the passenger sits in a kind of sling; a small line at either side pulls the tourist backwards and forwards. The depth to the water, which is rushing with great velocity, and boiling with foam, would

deprive any living thing of a hope of escape should a fall chance to happen.'

At the foot of the hills, in a different direction from that by which we ascended, lies Saharunpore, where there is a famous botanical garden.*

* The following extract from a letter, addressed by Dr Royle to the secretary of the Court of Directors of the East India Company, will prove interesting to our readers in connection with the botany of India :—

'The southern provinces of India, including Bengal and the lower provinces, with much of the peninsula, being of a tropical nature and climate, with little cold weather, are chiefly suited for the cultivation of the plants, whether annual or perennial, of the intertropical islands, and of America and Africa. As the tropics, like the rainy season, however, extends all over India, the peculiarities of a tropical climate, heat and moisture, with considerable uniformity of both, prevail over a great extent of territory for a few months in the year; and, therefore, in the most northern parts, we have the cultivation of rice, songhun, Indian corn, and other tropical grains, in the very same fields where, in the cold weather months, we have wheat and barley, with pease and beans. This double climate and double culture it is necessary to notice, in order to have a complete view of the nature of the country and climate of North India. The mean temperature of the year at Saharunpore, in 30 degrees of north latitude, is about 73 degrees; and of the months of January, 52; February, 55; March, 67; April, 78; May, 85; June, 90; July, 85; August, 83; September, 79; October, 74; November, 64; December, 55 degrees. From the middle of April, the various useful and ornamental plants of European climates may be successfully cultivated. The minimum of temperature in January is 25 degrees Fahrenheit, and the maximum 105 degrees in June. Between the Saharunpore garden and Mussoorie nursery, fifty miles distant, a complete year of moderate climate may be obtained for the germination of seeds of temperate climates: at Saharunpore, in November, 64; December, 55; January, 52; February, 55; and March, 57 degrees: at Mussoorie, in April, 59; May, 66; June, 67; July, 67; August, 66; September, 64; and October, 57 degrees.

'The climate having been proved favourable, little difficulty will be experienced with the soil or with irrigation, as far as the experiments are concerned. The subsequent distribution of plants which have succeeded in the depôt gardens, must, of course, be determined by various circumstances; but the first should only be sent to favourable localities, as failure is apt to discourage further attempts. The next subject of attention, and for which the preceding observations are only preparatory, is the kind of plants best suited to the northern parts of India and the Himalaya mountains. Here we must be guided not only by the nature of the plants, with respect to vicissitudes of temperature, but also their usefulness, their annual or perennial nature, and in noticing the climate into which we wish to introduce them, take care to compare it with that from which they are to be introduced. The plants to be introduced may be considered with respect to their usefulness, or to their fitness for different kinds of climate. In the former case, we should arrange them under the heads of food for the inhabitants, or fodder for their cattle—such as are likely to be useful in any of the ordinary arts of life, or those which may afford products likely to become articles of commerce. Merely ornamental plants should not be neglected, nor those remarkable for their odour—as both gratify the senses, and offer inducements to many to pay attention to gardening—when other more useful plants are necessarily introduced, and with little additional expense. Fruit-trees might appear to many as not included among useful plants; but, independent of their increasing the proportion of esculent matter in a country, they might become sources of considerable commerce between the plains and mountains of India, as is now the case with Cashmere.

'There is another class of plants to which I paid considerable attention when in India, and which form the chief object of my present duties; and that is medicinal plants. I cultivated many articles, which were pronounced, after trial in the General Hospital at Calcutta, to be of the best quality. Dr Falconer, the present able superintendent of the Saharunpore Botanic Garden, writes me that extracts of henbane, which I first cultivated and manufactured, still continue to be supplied from the Saharunpore garden to the hospital depôts. In the same situation, and in the hill-nursery, many other medicinal plants now sent from this

But here we are at Kotghur, the seat of a Protestant mission, which commenced its operations on this spot about the year 1843. The Mission-house is on our left. Between it and the school-master's residence on the right is the school. Here is an oak, there a fir, and yonder an orchard of apple-trees. What associations do these last features of the scene revive! How still, how sublime the view! The clouds are rolling at our feet. In the far distance, some twenty or thirty miles hence, is the snowy range; one of the peaks of which, further to the east, rises to the gigantic altitude of five miles! The mountain on which we ourselves stand is 11,000 feet in height. All around us is the magnificence of nature.

Just opposite, on the right bank of the Sutlej, is Kooloo, a populous district of Lahore, and granary of the region. Our late war with the Sikhs caused some interruption to the operations of the mission; which, however, has shed considerable light on the habits and character of the natives.* Let us see its present condition.

country might be successfully cultivated, and thus be not only more cheaply produced, but also prescribed in a fresher state.

'Keeping these several objects in view, I have thought it preferable for practical purposes—that is, the operations of horticulture, and the selection of sites for the experiments—to arrange those plants I have as yet been able to think of in separate lists, according to the situations for which they are suited.

'1. Annuals fit for cultivation in the plains of India in the cold weather, and in the summer of the Himalayas.

'2. Perennials, probably suited to the plains of North-west India.

'3. Perennials suited to the Himalayas.

'I have long thought it a very interesting subject of inquiry, to ascertain by experiment whether the grains the people of India possess in common with Europe are of the same degree of goodness and equally prolific—as, for instance, their wheat, barley, rice, and mustard seeds. Some of the plants which I have included in my list are intended to be useful for their products, which may become objects of commerce; but this involves another subject of inquiry, and that is, whether the analogous substances which India naturally possesses, are superior or inferior in quality to those cultivated in other parts of the world.

'It is probable that some of those enumerated in the lists † may not be suited to the localities indicated, and a still greater number that might be suited to them are, I am well aware, entirely omitted; but this has been from want of time to give the subject the full consideration it deserves; but as this, to be successful to any great degree, must necessarily be carried on for a few years, I shall be happy to return to the subject if required, or point out the plants suited for cultivation in other parts of India.

'Though failure may attend some, I am well satisfied that success will attend the majority of instances; and feel the utmost confidence in stating, that if the subject of the introduction of useful plants suited to the different parts of India be continued, and the principles which should guide their attempts not be neglected, very beneficial results will in a few years be evident to all; and that, if this be combined with an investigation, and publication to the manufacturing world, of the very varied natural products of India, an increase of the commerce and resources of that empire will ensue to an extent anticipated by few, but of which, after long attention to the subject, I feel well assured, and hope to be able to prove to the sceptical.'

The anticipations of the doctor are already, we believe, in a fair way of realisation.

* *Vide* the *Missionary Register*, published by Seeley & Co.; where the 'Journal' of Mr Pratt, and some others, from which we have made quotations, will be found.

† These lists are too long to admit of insertion.

VII.

The missionary is absent from home, but the schoolmaster kindly offers to conduct us over the establishment. It presents an interesting appearance. Some five-and-twenty boys are at their lessons in the males' school: the first class learning English; the others geography, arithmetic, and history, in the vernacular. There are three other such schools in the district: but the attendance of the pupils is very irregular; and, on the average, little above half the number on the books are ever to be found at their studies. Of course there are plenty of children in the hills to fill many schools, could their parents be induced to send them; but even those who allow them to come take them away whenever they want them in the fields, and more especially at harvest-time. The ranas, and little lords, too, and the rajahs and maharajahs, all seem opposed to the education of the young. To effect a regular attendance at Kotghur, paper-making has been introduced, and is practised after the school-hours. The produce is purchased from the little manufacturers by the missionary, at the Simla bazaar prices. Many of the Simla residents—among whom may be mentioned Lord and Lady Gough—who have strolled out as far as Kotghur, have spoken very encouragingly of this establishment.

About sixteen girls are present in the females' school. These, we are told, attend very regularly. The missionary's wife gives them clothing and keeps it clean; they are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic; and their afternoons are employed in knitting, at which they are very expert, and for which they receive payment. The articles produced are sold at Simla; and meet so readily with purchasers, that the school is rendered thereby a self-supporting institution.

'The instruction which these children receive, is calculated,' says Mr Pratt, 'to raise them above their countrymen; and, therefore, it is desirable that some new means of occupation should be devised for affording them employment, and enabling them to exercise the new feelings and views they receive. If improved modes of agriculture, or trades, could be introduced among them, it would not only answer this end, but bring also a temporal blessing with it to the natives in general, and so indirectly recommend the mission to their notice; and we may hope that in time a native Christian colony may rise up, and exert a beneficial influence on the surrounding neighbourhood.' We are glad to find that this suggestion has been attended to.

The number of children frequenting the schools may appear small, but not if we compare it with the smallness of the population, and the great distance of one village from another, especially as the natives take so little interest in the matter, fearing—as old-fashioned ignorance did aforetime in England—that learning will

unfit their children for labour. The opposition of the Brahmins and aristocracy has, moreover, increased, as the object of the missionaries has become more fully understood.

A lithographic press is attached to the mission, for printing the Scriptures and books in the dialects of the tribes inhabiting the neighbourhood. The missionaries have been accustomed to give their leisure to such translational studies as were required.

On the whole, this vicinity affords one of the most promising fields of missionary labour. The work, however, must, for some time to come, consist in establishing village-schools, and itinerating among the scattered population. Mr Wilkinson met with numerous opportunities of discoursing to the chiefs and principal residents in the various native states, as well as to the lower classes, on the great truths of the Gospel. In his journeys he was accustomed to read aloud to his bearers; this attracted travellers, and he had frequently *a walking congregation*, who were generally attentive and conversable. Mr Prochnow has undertaken extensive tours, with the view of becoming acquainted with the country and people, and making known the existence of the Kotghur schools to the inhabitants of the numerous villages in the valleys and on the sides of the mountains.

Although, however, a missionary may do something by visiting the villages in routine, and conversing with the people he will here and there fall in with, few opportunities have occurred of addressing them at places of public resort; for they are not easily drawn together, and there are no busy thoroughfares like the bazaars in the plains, where an audience may be readily attracted. The principal opportunities of the missionaries occur at the periodical fairs, which they make it their business, therefore, to attend.

In his visits to Kanawar, Mr Prochnow has met many wandering Tatars from Central Asia, who were able to understand, and willing to receive the Tibetian tracts he distributed; some of which have been carried into Chinese Tatary, where they appear to have been highly esteemed. Dr Hœberlin, during his stay some few years back at Simla, made an excursion with Mr Jamieson, of the American Presbytery, to the frontiers of that country, to ascertain the expediency and practicability of a translation of the Scriptures into Tibetian, which we have understood has, in consequence of his favourable opinion, been in contemplation by the American mission.

We must now return. Kotghur lies on the high road from the plains of India to Tatary, about forty miles from Simla, and its position is altogether romantic.

The tea-plantations of the Honourable Company at Kumaon and Gurhwal are worthy a visit. When Dr Royle was superintendent of the government garden at Saharunpore, he, on theoretical grounds, recommended the culture of tea in different parts of these mountains; which he did likewise in his *Himalayan Botany*.

His successor, Dr Falconer, seconded that recommendation; it was also joined in by Dr Wallich. The great coincidence in latitude, and many points of climate; the nature of the soil; and, above all, the great resemblance in the vegetation of parts of the Himalaya with that of China and Japan, convinced them the plant might be grown here. Messrs Gordon and Gutzlaff were accordingly sent to China to procure seeds. A large number were obtained and sown in Calcutta, and 10,000 sent to the north-western provinces; of the latter, however, only 1326 reached their destination alive. By 1842, there were considerable plantations; and in that year Chinese tea-preparers were brought to Kumaon. In 1844, 100,000 plants were growing in the Company's nurseries. The cultivation had been extended by 1846 to 176 acres; and the tea was thriving over four degrees of latitude and three of longitude, at elevations varying from 2500 to 6500 feet. In 1848, the plant covered 1000 acres. The India government, under Lord Hardinge, at length authorised an outlay in the prosecution of this project to the extent of L.10,000 a year. Mr Fortune, curator of the garden of the London Society of Apothecaries, who had spent many years in the East in botanical pursuits, was sent to obtain the best species of the plant, and make inquiries respecting its manufacture. He transmitted seeds and plants to India from the northern parts of the Celestial Empire; and we learn, that in addition to 8000 previously forwarded from the black and green tea-districts, on his arrival in the Himalaya he had with him above 12,000 living plants, and a number of seeds in a germinating state; so that with these and their produce the whole of the north-western hills, and the Kohistan of the Punjaub, might be planted in a comparatively short period. This gentleman is reported to have said that the vegetation of the nurseries bears a striking resemblance to that of the Chinese tea-hills; and that the rocks and soil are identical: and he appears to entertain no doubt of complete success attending the experiment. The Company have now numerous tea-farms, each containing from 200 to 400 acres; but we have had no time to visit them, and have none now.

VIII.

SIMLA! SIMLA!—once more we have reached the neighbourhood of our dwelling. This hill—Jacko—capped with garnets, and formerly in possession of the wild beasts of the forest—commands the crest of Jumnotree, and pours its waters on the one side to the Bay of Bengal, and on the other to the Gulf of Cutch. The twin-born streamlets are thus at length divided by a space of many hundred miles: so it has been with us and the companions of our childhood. One mother—Britannia—gave us birth, and fed us in our infancy; yet now how widely are we separated! We have

received intelligence, however, from Europe which seems to rend it advisable that we should return thither. We have manag while at Simla to escape the arrows so thickly levelled by t fair sex; and have neither been engaged in a duel, nor caught the silken noose of Hymen. This is something to boast Besides, our enfeebled health has been restored to its us vigour; and our spirits, which fatigue and disappointment h almost worn out, have been refreshed and recruited. F awhile our wanderings cease; we must hasten to Calcutta, a take leave of India—her mountains and her valleys—her hills a her plains—her scorching suns and her cool retreats—her Engl rulers—her Hindoos, her Mussulmans, and her Nondescrip With Hafiz we may say—

'The world to us has been a home;
Wherever knowledge could be sought,
Through differing climes we've loved to roam,
And every shade of feeling caught,
From minds whose varied fruit supply
The food of our philosophy.'

We shall overlook at our leisure the treasures we have gathered these our rambles. May we with the poet be able to add—

'From every spot some prize we bore,
From every harvest gleaned an ear.'

But for the present, dear companion of our peregrinations— say, Farewell!

THREE ACTS IN A DRAMA.

ACT I.—THE VIOLET.

FLOWERS!—sweetest, purest luxury that our dear mother-earth pours from her teeming bosom for her children's solace—relics of Paradise, yet children of promise, linking the softness of memory to the pleasures of hope—breathing sweetness over poverty, and granting to wealth one unartificial charm—

> Ye bright mosaics that with storied beauty
> The floor of nature's temple tesselate,
> What various emblems of instructive duty
> Your forms create!

Poets have sung your praises, and I, in simple prose, am going to relate a little drama in humble life in which a flower forms each opening scene.

It was a lovely morning; the light green leaves of the acacia-trees that form the pleasant alleys of the Quai aux Fleurs—or, in English, Quay of Flowers—shone in the bright and early sunshine, that had not yet come out in its strength, and rested in the delicious calm of that soft, still hour, unstirred even by a zephyr's passing breath. The cool fountain threw up its waters, and the busy flower-merchants had taken their places beneath white tents, that screened them from the sun, while all before them were arranged in enchanting bouquets, or grouped in pots covered or ornamented with white paper, the loveliest or most brilliant treasures of the garden and conservatory. Flowers are one luxury the more for the rich; but they are almost the sole delicacy of the poor and hard-working. And how great a delicacy! For young women who pass long summer days at ceaseless needle-work, how sweet it is to repose their weary eyes for a little moment on a bit of verdure; to cast a glance now and then on an opening bud, or watch the colouring of petals that glow more richly than the silks beneath their fingers. The pale mechanic places a pot of mignonette in his window, to inhale the fragrance breathed forth on the noisome air of a London lodging, or on the stifling atmosphere of a workman's abode in a great town: sickly geraniums are seen to screen out the little quantity of air that can enter a city attic. A harmless superfluity, if it gives a momentary happiness, may be allowed to pass for a necessity.

Flowers are almost a universal passion. In Sweden, they bloom in summer everywhere; and in the long, hard winters, the people put them in pots and boxes between the double windows of the houses; they bud and blossom in the heated rooms; from the palace of the king to the wooden hut of the peasant, flowers are the blinds of all houses. But in gay, pleasant, brilliant Paris, flowers are in keeping with the external aspect of all things; and though the flowers that adorn its markets are certainly not finer than our own, yet all these markets present an air and aspect wholly different from that of our gaunt, quaint, yet interesting Covent Garden.

There are many markets in Paris appropriated solely to flowers. The first—least fashionable, but, in my opinion, by far the prettiest and most interestingly situated—is that on the Quay which takes its flowery name from them, the Quai aux Fleurs, in that picturesque part of Paris near Notre Dame. The second is in the most animated quarter of that bright capital, on the Boulevard St Martin, where is the fine fountain called the Château d'Eau, or Castle of Water; for one great charm of the pretty flower-markets of Paris is, that they have their pleasant and cooling waters playing in the midst. The third—the most fashionable, but, to my taste, the least interesting—is that on the Place de la Madeleine, close to the splendid church of that name.

Our first scene opens on the Quai aux Fleurs.

THREE ACTS IN A DRAMA.

I.

It was a bright and pleasant morn—a young summer morn. A little old man walked up and down under the rows of the acacia-trees; he was a very little old man, and appeared to be very poor; but a remarkably careful exterior and air of fondly cherished respectability, seemed to say that poverty had sprung from simple unworldliness of character, and not from recklessness of disposition. His old black clothes, although rain had incorporated some dust in their texture, were scrupulously clean; and what was rather remarkable, especially as the little old man was French, they contrasted in colour with the white cravat so carefully disposed round his neck. He was small, thin, and shrivelled, with knees and shoulders rather bent; but his bright dark eyes shone with vivacity and benevolence, his lips closed in a smile, and he looked about him on the flowers, the flower-sellers and flower-buyers, as if he were pleased with them and pleased with himself, and saw some beauty and some goodness in everything he looked upon.

He walked along the Quay, examining the plants near at hand or further off, admiring them at a distance, or plunging his face among them to breathe their odours. At last, selecting the most modest of the glowing ranks, he drew up to one of the *marchandes de fleurs*, who seemed disposed to notice his advances, and pointing to a little pot of violets, he said: 'How much for that?'

'That violet?—six sous.'

'Ah! yes, truly. Six sous—you don't say so to me? I am a man of experience.'

'I don't know if you often buy from others, but I know this is the first time I ever sold to you,' returned Madame la Marchande, re-arranging her bouquets.

'Ah, bah! No Wednesday or Saturday ever passes without my coming here. I adore flowers,' said the little old man, clasping his hand on his breast; 'and if I had a garden—oh, if I had a garden, it should be charming!—one flower-basket. But I have only a window, and that not large.' All this time the eyes of the little old man were roving from flower to flower, from plant to plant; he smelled some, touched others, but still returned to his first-love, the pot of violets. 'Let us see; I offer you two sous for this violet.'

'Four: not less.'

'But I tell you I am a man of experience. Every second month I change my flower-pot, and it is always the violet. It is not the dearest, certainly, but it is my favourite—it is the sweetest. Hold! there is your money.'

'No, no! four sous: not less.'

'The little old man had it in his hand, the other held forth two sous. On hearing these words, he laid the violet down with a look of indignation.

'Come, then,' said a pretty little voice beside him, 'we are going to throw away a little money to-day; so if monsieur will not buy the violet, I will; and as he will, without doubt, have the goodness to carry it home for me, he can have the pleasure of seeing it on my window, if not on his own.'

The little old man turned sharply round—his sense of decorum was rather shocked; but his slightly wrathful expression of face singularly changed, as he regarded the personage who had entered the scene in the flower-market.

Two sweet and lovely black eyes, well opened, and full of intelligence, and of a pretty degree of sauciness, looked with a perfect unconsciousness of all wrong into his: he saw a small expressive, though rather retroussé nose, and one of the prettiest mouths in the world; the full, rosy lips, drawn into a smile so widely as to display the pearly teeth that seemed to laugh within it. He saw, in short, a face at once fresh, pretty, and amiable —three agreeable qualities which could please even our little old man; and this united to the neatest, and most attractive little figure imaginable. The girl was apparently about nineteen years of age, simply, but rather smartly dressed: a pretty coloured robe; coquettish, black apron; a shawl tastefully arranged on her very nicely formed shoulders; and a dainty, but tiny cap, scarcely concealing the rich glossy hair it affected to cover. She was evidently of the working-classes—*une fille du peuple*—but her exact position it would be impossible to assign. Instead of uttering a reprimand, the old man, with one hand placing the disputed pot of violets in hers, with the other pulled off his well-worn hat, and swinging it almost to the ground, said, with an air of gallantry which must have antedated revolutionary times: 'I cannot regret that I am not to be the possessor of this flower, since it will belong to a flower as sweet.'

The young girl smiled archly, as if plotting a comic scene in her own mind. 'Monsieur accepts, then, the bargain,' she said—her pretty mouth slightly working with a tendency to laughter—'to carry my violet home, and place it in my window, and in return to have the pleasure of beholding it there?'

'Mademoiselle,' cried the old man, clutching the pot of violets, and pressing it to his breast precisely as a soldier does his musket —'I am at your orders.'

'Ah! but I lodge on the sixth,' said the girl, tolerably demurely, though her rosy face was twinkling now all over with constrained laughter.

'Mademoiselle, if you were on the top of Notre Dame de Paris, I would mount there with alacrity.'

'*Come*, then,' cried the girl: 'I have not yet got so high in the *world; but* it is necessary to hope always. To-day it is the sixth

story for the violet; the next flower you may have the honour of carrying even as high as the towers of Notre Dame.'

They set off together. The young girl stopped before an old house, and entered a passage as dark as its outward aspect appeared to promise.

'This is the house, sir. Take care—the passage is dark, and the stairs are slippery; but when you once get hold of the balustrade, you are safe.'

The little old man, pressing the pot of violets within one arm, groped with the other to find the auspicious balustrade.

'It is rather high, sir,' continued the lively girl, mounting quickly upwards—'rather high, you see; one hundred and forty steps to ascend.'

'I go on without counting,' said the old monsieur, managing his breath as well as he could; 'but I think we must have nearly finished that number.'

'Yes, here is the last;' and the young girl, drawing a key from her pocket, threw open the door of a neat chamber, arranged not only with much care, but with somewhat of coquettish pretension.

II.

And now the reasons of her having made the poor old man mount to the sixth story became apparent. On a small round table stood all the preparatives for her breakfast; all that had been wanting was a bunch of flowers; and Mademoiselle Laura had gone to get some, and had brought home the pot of violets and the little old man; and as she slily regarded the latter, it was obvious she knew more of him than he knew of her.

'Now, monsieur,' said the pretty Laura, 'I hope, as you have carried my violets up that long, dark staircase, you will not object to partake of my modest breakfast. I have given you the pleasure of serving me; now, en revanche, you must let me have that of serving you.'

The little old man coloured, bowed, stepped backwards, and bowed again. He looked at the breakfast-table, and felt all the hesitation to accept the offer which the consciousness that it was a desirable one could impart. But a compromise with such delicacy presented itself.

'Ha! mademoiselle! mademoiselle!' he cried, starting forward as Laura went to lift the flower; 'our bargain is not complete. If I am to have the honour of sharing your breakfast, you must allow me also to have that of placing your sweet emblem-flower myself in your window.'

The girl drew back to let him do so. 'Get some water now,' she cried from the other end of the room: 'the earth is dry; *you must water the plant*. There, that in the carafe will do; pour

it on. Now get a saucer, and put it under the pot: not that, not that—that is my best saucer; yes, the other will do, for want of a worse. Now move the pot more to the centre—the effect is not quite what it should be. Ah! so—yes, that is perfectly charming! And now, my dear monsieur, the breakfast is ready.'

Cunning little housekeeper! she had kept her guest's attention fixed on the violet, while she added to the breakfast provisions a portion of those intended for her dinner. There was some more fruit, some common wine, and even signs of preparing a cup of *café au lait*. M. Angeline, rubbing his hands and moving his lips, sat down, with a couple of low bows, opposite his charming young hostess.

'And now, monsieur,' said she, looking at him with a smile full of sweetness, when she saw that he had eaten at least the fourth part of a good breakfast—'is it possible that you can have so entirely forgotten me?'

'Forgotten you—forgotten you! Ah, mademoiselle, one never forgets what is so charming.'

'Yet you have forgotten your little pupil whom you taught to write—let me see—oh, so many years ago—yes, a good seven or eight at least. Don't you know little Laura, who used to draw droll figures in the copy-books, and was so fond of puppet-shows!'

The old man gazed at her with extended eyes.

'Par exemple! the little Laura who used to turn all my pupils into actors and actresses. Par exemple! But, my dear little girl, you have grown quite a young woman!'

A hearty laugh from Laura followed.

'Yes, truly, monsieur; and, I fear, shall grow into an old one.'

The little man advanced a few steps, took the tips of the girl's fingers in his, bowed, and then pressed them to his lips.

'Quite a scene—quite a scene!' cried Laura, laughing. 'Now, then, dear master, let us go on with our breakfast.'

Angeline, sighing as he thought of past days, or of past employment, resumed his seat.

'And, mademoiselle, your good parents—your father and pious mother—where are they? It is so long since I gave lessons in the art of writing.'

'Ah, my good master, let us not speak of what gives pain,' she hastily answered, with a sudden change of countenance that shewed warm and true feeling to be lying beneath a very volatile manner.

'An orphan! Poor little child!—Do you then live alone?'

'It is more than four years since my father left me alone; my dear mother had gone to Heaven before then. Monsieur André, the good grocer, was my father's friend; he took me into his house. I lived there till about six months ago, when Monsieur *André the* father died, and I could not live with Monsieur *André the* son.'

'Ah, ha! could not agree,' said Angeline, shaking his head. 'Diversities of temperament, ah, ha!'

Mademoiselle Laura blushed like a rose, but looked as if she were also disposed to a hearty laugh.

'Poor orphan—poor little girl,' the old man went on, 'you are then alone?'

'Toute seule, toute seule,' answered Laura, shaking her head without looking very disconsolate. 'But you see I have work to do; and when one works, you know, one amuses one's self well enough.'

'May one ask what you work at, mademoiselle?'

'I illustrate books,' she answered with a little air, and glancing at a small table where lay a number of curious figures decked in rainbow colours. 'I illustrate works of fancy,' she added in a tone of mock pedantry, and casting down her eyes as if declining the praise she was sure to receive, an arch smile at her own acting all the time lurking in the corner of her mouth. Little did she guess how seriously her words were taken.

'Mademoiselle!' the old man exclaimed, with a gaze of sudden interest and surprise. 'You illustrate books—that is, by the magic creations of your pencil, you embody in tangible forms the glorious thoughts which an author shadows forth in words; you transfer ideas into things; you materialise mind; you—in fact—you illustrate books.'

Another laugh from Laura.

'O yes; I represent all the ideas of Blue Beard while he holds his wife's hair in one hand and his scimitar in the other; and shew all the glorious imaginations of Tom Thumb when he was riding on the butterfly's back, and transfer his ideas into form when he was swallowed by the cow with the thistle to which he was tied.'

The little old man had rested his joined hands on the table; he was gazing across it full into the sparkling eyes of the pretty speaker, as if lost in amaze, and unable to think whether her account of the bent of her genius were sober matter-of-fact or not. 'But, in fact,' he said at length, 'you are connected with literature, mademoiselle?'

'Sans doute,' replied Laura, assuming a countenance as grave; 'since I have just illustrated the story of Mother Goose.'

'Well, mademoiselle, and I also, I have never renounced my penchant for literature. I am no longer by profession a writing-master; I am an author only. I was so for many years, even while I retained the former profession; but now, mademoiselle, now I follow only the glorious career of an author.'

'Indeed!' was Laura's response. 'Monsieur Angeline, auteur!' and she made him a little bow of salutation across the table. 'Ah! it is a charming title. Your name is then renowned, and I, here so retired from the world, I have never heard of it; not even when I carried home to the publishers my illuminations. You have, then, published some works?'

'Mademoiselle, I have wished to publish.'

'Oh!'

'It is true: yes, I have wished to publish; but something, I know not what—we should not be rash: the ancients recommended deliberation; and, besides, the taste of our age is trivial. Yes, it must be confessed, it is trivial. It has opened a career for you, mademoiselle, that is natural; but to me, you see—to me, it is not suited—one must wait. I wish to have all my manuscripts ready for the press; but I do not, in fact, expect to see them published during my life; but after my death'——

'Ah! that is noble,' said little Laura in a state of exultation, 'you would wish the bookseller, or, in short, any one in the world, to benefit by your labour, if you yourself cannot do so; but, meantime, if you do not print, my dear Monsieur Angeline, what do you do?'

'I write.'

'True; but if you do not teach writing, and if you do not sell your writings?'

'Ah! it is true—it is true,' said the poor little man, shrugging his shoulders with a rather woful look. 'Yes, chère demoiselle, there is another trial to which genius is subjected in this life; even the noblest, purest, most exalted minds must stoop to think about meat and drink, and fire and lodging, and all those poor, paltry things which are quite beneath their attention, but which it is really hard to do without.'

'Very hard, indeed,' said Laura, preparing herself a little dip of café au lait, and casting a knowing glance of her laughing eye at M. Angeline.

'But, then, what is to be done?' continued he. 'What is life, if talent is not to be employed—if the powers of the mind are to be devoted to gaining food and clothing for the body—or if the fingers only are to be employed in writing, while the thoughts of the soul are not to be transmitted to paper? Ah! dear young lady, it is one thing to trace on paper certain characters which other hands are to copy, and then may destroy; and to trace those which you know will live after you, which exalt your own soul, and will exalt those of your fellow-creatures when yours is in eternity. Oh, it is truly different! and when we think of this, we do not care to sell our writings, we only wish to know they will be in print.'

'Well,' said Laura, 'I rejoice to have met you; for I, too, am ambitious of fame—I, too, wish to commence a brilliant career. You will sympathise with me—you can advise me. My penchant is for the stage—I wish to be an actress.'

The old man started; he opened his eyes, but their expression changed to one like that of fear. 'An actress! you?—pretty child—poor little orphan! you an actress—heaven forbid!'

'*What!*' cried Laura, 'would you discourage me? You say we *must follow* the bent of our genius—the force of our inspiration—to

'True; genius is a noble thing; and genius will sometimes take the direction of the stage,' said the old man thoughtfully; 'but then'——

'Yes, yes,' interrupted Laura, 'my genius has quite run on the stage for a long time. Why, see now, Monsieur Angeline, ever since I began to illuminate I longed to act; in fact, you know it was acting on paper instead of acting on boards; and I am sure I should have performed Beauty and the Beast a hundred times over if I had had any one to take the part of the Beast—that good André, certainly, might have made a very good Beast. I drew Monsieur Beast walking away from the supper-table the other day, saying: "Will you be my wife, Beauty?" and Beauty, sitting at the table, says: "No, Beast."' And Laura's little nose actually looked some degrees more retroussé.

'Do you allude to Monsieur André *père*, mademoiselle?' demanded the old man.

'No; to Monsieur André *fils*.'

'And would Monsieur André fils perform his part to the satisfaction of Beauty if he said: "Will you be my wife?"' asked Angeline.

Laura burst out laughing. 'Oh, I assure you, so far as that part goes, he has rehearsed it many a time; but it won't do—poor André is nothing in the world but a grocer. Bah! to sell plums and sugar—to be a grocer's wife. No, Beast, no!'

'But Beauty took the Beast after all, mademoiselle.'

'But the Beast changed into a prince.'

'Not until she loved him. Ah, it was her love turned the Beast into the beautiful prince!'

Laura looked down and smiled. 'C'est égal, monsieur,' she said, after a pause; 'my Beast must remain a Beast for ever. You see my inclination is for the theatre—I long for éclat. Only think—to appear in public—to be applauded by crowds—to wear such charming costumes—to perform such various parts—to hear a young nobleman declare his adoration—to feel one's self a princess. O yes; I must follow my inspiration! I have dreamed of this while illuminating Le Petit Poucet. Look you here,' and jumping from the table, she ran to fetch a little coloured daub of a great butterfly, with the wonderful Tom Thumb on its back. 'There!—to soar about like Le Petit Poucet—that is my fancy, and not to be the wife of a grocer.'

'But, mademoiselle, Petit Poucet got a sad fall; you know the spider's breath put an end to his career. Ah! chère demoiselle, the world is often like the spider's breath to the ardent spirit, the aspiring mind, the feeling heart of youth.'

'So you would discourage me?' answered Laura with evident disappointment. 'I thought you, who feel the fire of genius yourself, would rather fan it in another.'

'Ah!' cried Angeline, 'it is a noble thing to be called to the aid of genius—*to fan that sacred* flame which is not destined to expire

with the mortal breath. But then, in fact, the good grocer, mademoiselle, what would he say to your following what you consider to be your vocation?'

Laura laughed, but she coloured also, and looked a little saddened.

'Ma foi,' she cried, 'he would say I was not fit to be a grocer's wife, that is all; but I can do well without him if I can only be on the stage.'

'Mademoiselle,' said the old man, 'it is an honour to be asked for advice; but it is sometimes difficult to give it, and it is sometimes more difficult to get it taken when given. I will, however, tell you my sentiments. After mature consideration, it appears to me that the married state is not friendly to the exercise of genius, seeing that varieties of cares, occupations, and relationships, tend to prevent that concentration of the mental faculties which is necessary to the production of great works; and the sacred fire of genius grows dim in the distractions of domestic life. Ideas may take root in the busy scenes of the world, but they must be matured in retirement and abstraction; therefore, mademoiselle, after many years' consideration, I have formed an opinion I am not now disposed to change—namely, that the single state of existence is the most propitious to human genius. I cannot, therefore, advise you not to incline to the same, although it appears that Monsieur André fils is of a different opinion, and although it may be possible that during the lifetime of Monsieur André père you, while residing under his roof, may by the influence of propinquity have been the cause of strengthening that prejudice. I do not, then, combat your disinclination to the married state, nor to the particular one of a grocer's wife. You wish to devote your genius to higher pursuits. Good; but, chère demoiselle, it is certain that your genius, which first shewed itself in illustrating fairy tales, took the direction of the stage from that simple accident. Now you have, by another accident—the accident merely of a meeting in the flower-market on the Quay, and buying a pot of violets—been brought into contact with a kindred spirit; into communion with a mind that appreciates the sacred fire which glows within your own. Now, may not the path of literature invite and draw you from the more glittering, but less noble one to which your fancy has inclined?'

Laura kept looking steadfastly at the speaker, but was evidently mystified as to his meaning.

'If I were to read you daily a portion of my works, my child,' continued the old man; 'I have more than thirty manuscripts quite prepared for the press, but which, I am sure, will never be printed during my lifetime; if I were to read them to you, your genius would, I think, be led to those pursuits in which I have spent the greater part of my existence.'

'*Ah*, good Monsieur Angeline, your genius is not at all like *mine*—the sacred fire in your breast burns quite in another

manner,' said Laura: 'mine is only like a lucifer-match, it will strike fire and be out in a moment; besides, I have no patience. I fear not even your thirty manuscripts would make me content to wait till after my death, in order to please the world and to be admired.' Angeline heaved a sigh, and shook his head: he thought there was something wrong, something that required correction in this young mind, but he knew not exactly how to set about the correction; and, alas! it was a fearful risk to leave it to correct itself.

'At least, mademoiselle, you have studied the drama; you have imbibed the spirit of our dramatic poets; you are familiar with Racine, Voltaire'——

'That may be supposed,' Laura interrupted; 'but, monsieur, my taste is quite a natural one: and, besides, it is solely for comedy and for the comic opera. Vive l'opéra comique!—ah! voilà ce que j'aime!'

'Here is what you love, Mademoiselle Laura. But have you really said so?' cried rather a comic voice at the door; and there, peeping through it, appeared a curly black head, and very sufficiently good-looking face.

Laura uttered a pretty, affected cry, jumped up, and turning her back on the door, hid her laughing countenance in her open hands, and stood exactly as if she were performing a part on the boards.

'Monsieur André fils,' she said in a whisper, intended for the old man; but in what is called a playhouse whisper, added for the amusement of the other: 'Ah! he is here—he has heard me—I have betrayed myself!'

The young grocer entered quite into the spirit of the scene, pretending, and perhaps not finding it difficult to pretend, to take the declaration of her love as if addressed to himself; and Laura, though at last she protested that he overacted his part, and though she played her own with a vast deal of coquetry, gave the wondering little old man good reason to imagine that her, 'No, Beast,' might be no means so emphatic as she had just pronounced it. He stared at the young actors, and began to doubt whether the genius of the pretty young girl was altogether unsuited to a grocer's wife.

III.

The old man and the young lover went away together: the former felt a beam of social love shine into his solitary heart—he thought he had found a kindred mind in that of Mademoiselle Laura. Many a time he had sought a literary acquaintance, and met disappointment; authors and their works are not always alike, any more than parents and children. Now he had found *this girl of genius and talent*, who would appreciate him, look up

to him; it was the commencement of his social existence. He had something to think of; he had found something to interest him beyond the reveries of his own dreamy, yet still working brain.

'And this Mademoiselle Laura,' said he, as he walked along with the young grocer, 'she is a very promising genius!'

'A promising genius! Pooh! we don't want genius. She is a very charming girl—a sweet, dear, good, little creature.'

'She may make a good actress.'

'Actress! parbleu! are you mad, monsieur?—you mean a good wife! Yes, that she will. I love her—I have loved her all my life; and, despite her coquetry, I believe she loves me in her heart. But she never told me so. Ah! what I would give to hear her say it. I could make her happy, too—keep her comfortable; she should have done with her fairy-tale pictures for ever. Yes, I feel it, I know it, I could make Laura happy.'

'And she,' said the little old man, peering his inquiring eyes into those of young André—'and she, think you, she could make you happy?'

'She?—Oh!' and the young grocer, stretching forth both his arms to their full extent, let them fall across his breast, pressing it with a fervid clasp for his sole response.

'Happiness,' muttered the old man to himself—'happiness—ought it to be sacrificed to fame, or to what we call the good of others? Is not the last sometimes a name for the first? Laura can do no good on the stage: Laura can make others happy without fame.'

The acquaintance of the little old man and the young girl progressed rapidly. He was proud to reclaim his pupil, and believed her now to be his literary protégée; she, solitary and unprotected, was pleased with his harmless character, and amused with his originality. He heard her recite; he wished to give her lessons in declamation after the manner of the ancients: but Laura was disappointed; he did not encourage her taste for the stage, and he mortified her vanity by doubting her talents for it. She had too much lightness of heart, perhaps too much levity of mind, to listen to his reasonings. She began to weary of them; and sometimes she was out when he had climbed up the one hundred and forty steps. On such occasions there was fastened outside her door a little piece of paper, bearing the words, 'Elle est sortie.'

But one day the tired visitor perceived that the writing was not Laura's; he was too good a critic of that art not to see that it was in a bolder and better hand—a masculine hand; and stopping to examine it, he heard voices in her room—they were acting a play, he heard it quite plain. M. Angeline retired, not a little displeased with the pretty pupil for excluding him. He was too much offended to go to the sixth story very soon again. But he *could not* retain his resentment; Laura had become almost necessary *to him*. He left the thirtieth revision of his thirty manuscripts,

and went forth to see once more his interesting literary pupil. But the illustrator of books was gone—actually gone; there was no 'Elle est sortie' on the door; the words, in great letters, were 'à louer.' Mademoiselle Laura had left her lodgings; no one could tell where she was gone. She was gone—voilà tout. Angéline naturally sought her at the house of M. André, but the young grocer looked as sad as himself, and echoed his words: 'What has become of Mademoiselle Laura?'

Weeks passed away, and that question remained unanswered. Angeline began to think of the lively little girl as of a sunbeam that had broken on his wintry day, and caused its absence to be more felt by its brief presence. As for André, he kept his thoughts to himself.

ACT II.—THE ROSE-TREE.

I.

A bright spring-day had come. Oh, it was so bright, so redolent of youth and hope, and the promise of all good, it made even the heart of the little old man to sing for joy. He walked round the Château d'Eau, and surveyed the second-rate flower-market of Paris. All flowers of the season were there, and some which were made to blossom out of their season. He aspired only to a pot of violets: one was there; he demanded the price. Alas! it was a sou dearer, and not a bit better, than the violets on the Quai aux Fleurs!

'Chose inentendue!' cries the little man in some indignation.

'Permit me to present it to you, monsieur,' says a sweet but rather conceited little voice beside him. He turned; there was Laura! She had just bought a budding rose-tree. He gazed; yes, it was her face; but not her dress, not her simple air. The brown merino robe, the coquettish cap, the smart little apron, were changed for a more ambitious attire.

'Mademoiselle Laura!' cried the little old man, swinging his hat down to the ground, but raising his eyes to the fine ribbons of her bonnet, and casting them down to the delicately clothed foot that peeped forth from her robe à volants.

'Monsieur,' replied Laura, inclining affectedly in return to his salutation.

'Mademoiselle, where are you?' cried the little old man.

'Me voici,' replied Laura, inclining again.

'But where, where do you lodge? It is no longer on the sixth story.'

'No, it is on the third,' said Laura, smiling with her usual archness: 'one descends, you know, generally in the world. But will you come and see me where I am, since you cannot see me here?'

'Not see you. Ah! mademoiselle, mademoiselle, you make me a cruel reproach. But pardon me: how is one to know, to understand, since they have abolished faith in the fairies? You lodge on the third; you wear a bonnet, a handsome robe à volants, and buy a budding rose-tree in the flower-market on the Boulevard, instead of a pot of violets on the Quai aux Fleurs!'

'All that is easily explained, my dear professor of writing; pardon me, my dear Mr Author,' Laura answered. 'I am no longer an illustrator of books—I am an actress. But will you *carry* my rose-tree and come home with me, as you did after our *first* flower-market rencontre?'

'Ah! willingly, with the greatest possible happiness,' cried the old man, with difficulty raising the flower-pot in his arms.

'It is too heavy—pray, do not mind it,' said Laura.

'Mademoiselle, any burden borne in your service must be light,' was the reply.

Laura smiled and walked on, the little old man hobbling beside her, and murmuring to himself, 'Actress! actress!' But he could not get beyond that first idea implanted in his brain. Laura ushered him into a pretty apartment, consisting of two rooms; one, a small salon, furnished with some taste and a good deal of display.

'Is it possible?' asked Angeline, looking round as if awaking from a dream, before he took the arm-chair she offered him. 'An actress! why, mademoiselle, it was only the other day you discovered your genius; and now to bring it before the public—I don't understand that. I have not published my first work yet, and it is more than thirty years since'——

'Since you discovered your genius,' Laura broke in. 'Yes, that is probable; but, monsieur, some fruits gain flavour by keeping, and some turn to decay: your genius is of the first, mine of the latter order. I must use mine while it is fresh—green, perhaps, they would call it; but yours may be kept till'—— An almost imperceptible lifting of her pretty shoulders finished a speech too saucy for the gravity of the little old man's comprehension.

'But, mademoiselle—in fact, where are you—that is to say, where are you engaged; or do you but jest?'

'Nothing is more certain,' said Laura; 'and there is an entrée for you to my theatre this evening. I have actually made my début. I have been so fortunate as to meet with a patron'—and the girl slightly coloured—'one who encouraged my talent, who gave me his interest. I met him some time ago, when I was shewing the bookseller my illustrations. So, in short, I played at a private theatre with which that gentleman was connected; and then he got me an engagement with a manager: it is a very good one. I am the fashion now—Mademoiselle Desfleurs—the pretty young débutante! You have seen me, without doubt, on the placards and handbills?'

'And you are Mademoiselle Desfleurs!' cried the old man, stupified with wonder.

Laura courtesied.

'I was always fond of flowers, you know; so when I had to choose a name for my début, I chose that. But come and see me act; I must go to rehearsal now.'

The old man descended the stairs.

'Precocious, precocious!' he murmured to himself: 'if she had studied, thought, felt, before she acted; but she has genius, life, a pretty person, and youth. This will give temporary éclat, at least.'

The doors of the theatre no sooner opened than old Angeline

entered them, and secured a good place—it was one of the small theatres of Paris. Mademoiselle Desfleurs appeared as a farmer's daughter; she was dressed with a charming simplicity which highly became her; she was young, unsophisticated, and from the class of the people. They were more disposed to be pleased than to criticise; she looked so pretty, so fresh, and piquante, with her native colour heightened by modesty and pleasure. Her faltering was thought delightful, her faults were imputed to timidity, and were applauded; some harsher souls sent forth a few groans, but the applause prevailed. Poor Angeline, in spite of his prejudices, felt proud of his pupil; he had certainly given her lessons in writing, and he thought he had taught her elocution. When the curtain fell, he hurried out to meet her. He saw her coming along the passage, looking the very representative of self-complacent happiness; her rosy cheeks more deeply blushing, her cherry lips opening with an elated smile. But Laura was not alone; and the little old man felt a pang in his very heart when he saw the face that leaned over her shoulder, and overheard the words of adulation that were whispered in her ear. 'That fine gentleman is her patron,' he said to himself. 'Poor Laura!—poor child!—she would be better without one.'

Mademoiselle Desfleurs started at the abrupt salutation of the shabbily dressed old man who presented himself before her. Looking at her patron, she said, 'This is Monsieur Angeline, the celebrated author.'

O how the last words tingled in the ears of the poor old man; for how many weary days did they repay him! 'Angeline, the celebrated author!' He had dreamed that they would be spoken after his death, but not in his life. Laura's conscience gave a twinge; she had wished to make her poor friend great, lest his acquaintance should make her little in the estimation of the finer man, who attended her to the fiacre that was to convey her home. So she dropped back, and holding Angeline by his hand, desired him to come and congratulate her the next day at dinner.

He went home well pleased. Laura, he thought, had great natural talent, but it was uncultivated—she wanted taste and experience. She would succeed in simple pieces and low characters; but if the flattery of her patron should make her aspire to others, then, said Angeline, 'she is lost.'

II.

The tête-à-tête dinner was delightful. Laura talked, laughed, danced, sung, and acted, for the sole benefit of the little old man; but more than this did she charm him by sitting patiently while *he read* more than a dozen pages of his many manuscripts, not *one word* of which she comprehended. True, she was mentally

rehearsing her part for her next appearance; it was one she had long desired to fill, and her patron had got it assigned to her. It was the principal character in the piece—that of a princess; her costume was to be brilliant. Poor little Laura's head was nearly giddy; her sager friend shook his. In his opinion, the style of the farmer's daughter was better adapted for her than that of royalty. But Mademoiselle Desfleurs assumed her grand airs, gave him a card of entrance, and said: 'Nous verrons.'

'And Monsieur André,' said Angeline, thinking, perhaps, of her patron, 'is he never to have any part in the drama—not even to act the Beast, though the Beauty plays hers so well?'

'Ah, that poor André,' cried Laura affectedly. 'Here, you shall take him this, and tell him I shall make too good a princess to make a grocer's wife.'

Angeline took the card, which, in fact, he had wished to get, and posted off to the young grocer. 'Well, my friend,' said he, 'have you heard of Mademoiselle Desfleurs?'

'The young actress who does not rouge?' said André, rather gloomily; 'yes, I have heard of her; but that does not interest me.'

'No! Have you heard of Mademoiselle Laura?'

'Laura! Speak—what—is she—married?'

'Well, Laura is Mademoiselle Desfleurs. It is so; and there is a card of entrance to see her next Thursday. She sent it to you.'

'What did she say?' asked André, leaning against the drawers behind him, as if struck motionless with amazement.

'She said,' replied the simple old man, 'that I might tell you, you would see she made too good a princess ever to make a grocer's wife.'

André held a large paper of coffee in his hands; he sprung forward in an impulse of passion and dashed it on the counter.

'Tell her, in return,' he cried, 'that so I fling from me every thought of an actress-wife; tell her, I despise her trade far more than she does mine!'

How long his speech or his message continued, the astonished old man knew not, for the singular waste of coffee wholly absorbed him; he busied himself in gathering into a paper the odoriferous grains which were scattered about.

'There, monsieur, there is your entrée; and see, I have gathered up all this coffee.'

'Throw both into the street,' growled André.

'Parbleu, the man is mad! Ah! true, he is in love. Strange thing love—intellect disordered. Ah!' Thus muttered old Angeline, sweeping the brown berries into his paper. 'I have an opinion, Monsieur André—it may not be original, there is little originality in the world—but I have an opinion that an author's style is greatly formed by the beverage on which he writes. I *think all authors should* drink coffee;' and the little old man

having swept in all the berries the paper would hold, folded it up, and conveying it into his coat-pocket, said: 'So you will not go to see Mademoiselle Desfleurs?'

'Mademoiselle de Fiddlestick!' cried the young grocer. 'Yes, I will go, that I may hiss her off the stage. Tell her so, if she asks you!'

The little old man gazed on André as if he saw him at once transformed into a demon. 'Monsieur,' he said solemnly, 'if you uttered one hiss for Mademoiselle Laura, the serpent's sting would be left in your breast for ever. Yes,' he continued with the earnestness that made him unconscious of speaking to any one but himself—'yes, to genius, condemnation is exquisite pain; to an aspirant to fame, public reprobation is an incurable wound; therefore it is wisdom to refrain from coming before that mighty censor—the Public, until the tomb intervenes between us and its praise or blame. When flattery cannot elate, or condemnation appal, then, yes, then'—he went on in a lower voice, until sinking into the habits of his solitude, he mumbled almost inwardly the concluding words—'then is the time to publish!' and so saying, he walked out of the grocer's shop, his thoughts again busy with the thirty manuscripts.

'And what did Monsieur André say to you?' asked Laura, with some curiosity.

Angeline, who had a childlike habit of repeating facts just as they were, answered without hesitation: 'He threw a great bag of coffee on the counter, and scattered it all about; and told me to tell you he would fling an actress-wife from him in like manner.'

'Ha!' Laura ejaculated, and changed countenance. 'Why will he go to see me, then, if he is so furious?' she demanded again. 'Did he send no other message?'

'He told me to say he would go to hiss you off the stage; but, mademoiselle—but that was a bad thought—it was anger—he will not do it.'

Laura had turned very pale. 'Monsieur Angeline,' she said, 'is it true?—was he so base, so mean, so spiteful? Ah!' she cried, dropping on a chair, 'if he were to hiss me, if he were to carry out his wicked thought!'

Angeline was sorry he had been so literal; he assured the young actress that her angry lover had only spoken in the first burst of vexation, and had already come to a better mind. He succeeded in calming her; and, waving her adieu, she left him with a restored countenance.

At an early hour on Thursday evening, Monsieur Angeline repaired by appointment to the house of the young grocer, in order to have a cup of his favourite beverage before going to the spectacle. While sipping some of the excellent *café noir* which he believed to be essential to authors, and gravely propounding his *opinion as to* its effects on the style of their writings, André stood

before him, with his large eyes fastened on his face, as if intently listening to his dreamy discourse; but suddenly stretching forth his hands, he laid them on the old man's shoulders, causing him to lean backwards, until his whole attention was roused, and his face directed fully to the agitated one of his young host.

'Monsieur Angeline,' said André, 'you know Laura—have you influence with her?'

'Ye—es—yes—undoubtedly, yes,' he answered, gaining conviction of the fact as he spoke. 'But, Monsieur André, it is only the influence which mind can possess over mind; only the influence which mature genius can have over immature; that is all, monsieur. She listens to my manuscripts with great delight and benefit; I never read them to any one else now, for it is only after death'——

'Monsieur Angeline,' cried André, in a voice that terrified the old man, who began to fear he had grown jealous, 'if you have influence with that girl, save her!' and he released the old man's shoulders with a jerk that nearly upset him.

'You think, then,' he said, hesitating—'you perhaps think that she has mistaken her vocation?'

'Vocation! yes, if you will, she has mistaken it. Her vocation is in my house—in my heart: her vocation is to make others happy, to live happy, to die happy, to die on the bosom of love, or to weep happy tears over the cold heart that had loved her: the vocation of her loving heart is to be the centre of a fond circle who will call her wife, mother, friend, or mistress; not to be the poor, mercenary puppet of an exhibition; not to be a creature admired, followed, and flattered for a month or a year, and left to die neglected and forgotten.'

Poor Angeline was much struck by this burst of feeling; and his everworking mind rapidly followed out the ideas presented by André's speech.

'My friend,' he said, 'I believe, now, that Mademoiselle Laura would be happier as a grocer's wife than she ever will be in her career of princess.'

'Bravo! bravo!' cried André, with a kindling countenance. 'Now you speak like a man of sense. Keep to that, now; use your influence with her; get her off the stage; teach her to see her true vocation; then—no matter—you shall write on coffee all the days of your life, at all events.'

'Monsieur André,' answered Angeline, 'I have seen the snares that must beset a girl of genius in such a career as she has chosen. I recommended to her, in preference, the less noisy and more honourable one which I have myself aimed to pursue as a man of letters. I will do your wish; I will try to save her; not for the sake of the coffee you promise—although I consider it a public duty for authors to drink coffee—but because I love her as my child.'

III.

They were in good time at the theatre, and got a front seat in what we call the pit. André never spoke; the little old man soliloquised till the curtain rose, and discovered the princess sitting in state. Then the young grocer took one long gaze at his former simple love. Under other circumstances, the scene might have afforded him a hearty laugh. The assumption of regal state by Laura reminded him of the mock dignity of early days, when they had played at kings and queens together. But he was close enough to the stage to see plainly the pretty, coquettish, but every-day features, which had so long been mingled with his household dreams, which had presented themselves before him in all the arrangements of his little ménage—when he fancied he saw the little retroussé nose grow more retroussé at some of his bachelor proceedings, and the pretty smiling mouth smiling more complacently at others. A sigh or groan burst from his very heart as he saw all these household visions, and in the scene before him the princess was forgotten—his lost love filled his thoughts.

Old Angeline was differently employed: the princess alone occupied him.

'Bah! bah!' he murmured to himself, 'how badly she walks! Ah! how her arms fall—what a want of dignity in her gestures! how awkwardly she turns—her long train will get under her feet! Chut! she is caught in it. Eh! there she stands with it wrapped round her feet, just like a cat in her tail. Parbleu! she can't move. Bah! they hiss—she can't run to meet her lover. O Laura! O Mademoiselle Desfleurs! Bah! they hiss again. See! see! her lover has to disentangle her! Savages—how they groan!'

Hisses and groans, indeed, became vociferous. André had never looked up at the princess since he first recognised Laura—that noise aroused him. He beheld the unfortunate princess before him, her long train exactly describing the circle of the cat's tail about her feet; but the unexpected storm of hisses deprived her of energy and thought. She stood there, her arms straight down by her sides, her eyes fixed in a trembling and imploring gaze upon the audience, and, as André thought, more especially upon himself. He started up at what he considered her appeal; he never thought of answering disapprobation with applause: had he clapped, the terrified actress would have seen him, and might have taken courage; but he turned to the audience, clenched his hands, and shook them, with a display of glittering teeth at the pit, the boxes, and gallery, as if defying to mortal combat the whole armament of hissers, whose clamour, in spite of the threatening teeth and hands, continued to increase in volume; until, when *the hero* of the piece unwound the twining train from the feet of *the princess*, walking round and round her with it raised in his

hand, the uproar became immense: and then, when the royal lady, with a look of anguish, extended her rosy arms, and clasped her hands, the young grocer, boiling with rage, turned and did the same.

'A moi, Laura!' he cried aloud; 'à moi!' But the curtain dropped as he uttered the words, and hid Mademoiselle Desfleurs from the public for ever.

'She is lost!' cried the little old man, in a tone of despair.

'She is saved!' said André in one of emotion, but yet of joy. 'Dieu merci! Dieu merci! they shall see her no more! all those horrid eyes, all those horrid faces. Blessed curtain! I shall love you for ever.'

'Poor Laura! poor child!' murmured Angeline; 'she cannot survive. No; genius unrecognised by the world, rebuked by the multitude, must hide its head and die; therefore it is better that the tomb should stand between us and our fame—that our works should not be known till'——

'We must meet her as she comes out,' said André. 'Now is the time to try your influence; we will go home with her: she will be softened now. She will feel she has mistaken her vocation —we will convince her she will make a better grocer's wife than a princess.'

They went round to the door by which the luckless actress must come out. They had hardly taken a place beside the pillar, when a private calèche drew up to the door, and the next instant Mademoiselle Desfleurs appeared, leaning on her patron's arm, her head bowed down and almost resting on it. He put his arm round her waist as if to support her drooping figure. André darted forward and caught her other arm. Laura looked up at him, shuddered, and with a repulsive movement snatching away her hand, cried, in a tone of more anger than seemed compatible with her nearly fainting state: 'Serpent! have you not already hissed forth your venom to your satisfaction?'

Stupified, André stood rooted to the spot; the step was thrown up. Laura and her patron had driven off, before either the young grocer or the old man could begin to think what this was all about.

'I know what it is,' said Angeline then: 'she thought you incited all this uproar against her, because you know you said you would hiss her off the stage.'

'And did you tell her so?' said André, turning fiercely to him.

'You told me to do so,' the old man answered. 'But be easy; we will tell her the truth to-morrow.'

'She is not worth the trouble she gives me,' said André, now seriously offended, and the more angry at Laura because he felt he had been wrong himself, and thought she had cause to be displeased with him. 'Any man but myself would have given her up long ago. But was there not some one with her to-night? I saw no one but her, yet I think some one led her out.'

'It was her patron,' replied Angeline; 'he got into the carriage with her.'

'Her patron—ah!' and André mused with a gloomy countenance. 'Well, Monsieur Angeline, we will go and see Laura together in the morning: you know I did not hiss.'

'Oh, I know it.'

And the two supped together, and parted to meet in the morning. In the morning they met. They went to the house, in the Boulevard St Martin, and rang the bell; the door as usual opened invisibly; the third story was reached, and the bell of Laura's apartment rung; there was no answer, and no one appeared. At last, there came down the old woman who had the charge of the whole house. Angeline asked for Mademoiselle Desfleurs, for André would not use the name, and that of Laura was not known. The old woman had applied a key to the lock before they spoke.

'I thought you wanted the apartment,' she said; 'Mademoiselle Desfleurs has given it up.' As she spoke, the door opened. But the bird had flown.

'Where is she gone?' demanded André.

'How can I tell, monsieur? She sent and paid her rent up early this morning, though it is not due for more than a month to come.'

'Tell me where she is gone?' André repeated more loudly.

'Monsieur seems to think it possible to know where all the actresses in Paris go,' replied the old woman, looking at Angeline, as if she thought he must be more reasonable. 'Perhaps, she is gone to the provinces; perhaps, she is gone to a more modest lodging: she failed last night, they say—perhaps, she has got a protector.'

André almost knocked the old woman down, and rushed out of the salon into the chambre à coucher, thinking Laura might be concealed there: it, too, was empty. Angeline poked about on the mantle-piece and chiffonnière in search of a card of address, but there was none; nor could any further tidings be learned of Mademoiselle Desfleurs, than that she had paid up her rent and given up her lodgings. Their inquiries after Laura were equally fruitless. Neither the one nor the other was to be found or heard of.

ACT III.—THE WHITE CAMELLIA.

I.

The flower-market on the Place de la Madeleine was as brilliant as the flower-market of the Madeleine ought to be: camellias, myrtles, oranges, expanded their delicate or fragrant blossoms; and between the lovely ranks marched our little old man, his hands joined behind his back, his stick held across it, his head moving from side to side, like an admirer amid the beauties of a ball-room, uncertain where to give his preference. The truth was, the little old man was afraid to make advances; for common flowers on the Place de la Madeleine were as rare as common people, and dear in proportion. His violet was quite gone, and he speculated on replacing it with a pot of mignonette. A smart calèche drove up to the entrance of the flower-market; an overdressed young lady was handed out by an equally overdressed footman, who, with a bâton in his hand, followed her steps down the alley of flowers. She bought a superb white camellia, on which the poor little man had cast many a glance of admiration, while like a humble lover, true to a humble love, he looked more tenderly at the modest violet beneath it. The lady bent over the flowers; the plumes of her white bonnet hung forward, and with her long drooping curls, concealed her features; but her cheeks were pale, her eyes were dull; and it was not until he heard her voice that the little old man, with a cry of surprise exclaimed: 'Laura! Mademoiselle Desfleurs! C'est bien vous? N'est-ce pas?'

Laura trembled, grew a little paler, but yet looked glad. 'Ah!' she said, 'we are fated to meet in the flower-markets.'

An appropriate compliment this time failed the little old man; the violet, the budding rose, the white camellia, all emblems failed him; or Laura?—was it that she failed to present to his honest mind a corresponding image?

'You have come to buy your modest pot of violets, my dear professor; is it not so?' she said; but the arch pleasantry of her address on the Quai aux Fleurs was gone.

'Oui, mademoiselle—or—or—madame,' said the old man, bowing with a constrained air, for he felt as if mademoiselle was no longer Laura's title: 'yes, I am constant to my violet, but there can be no longer opposition between us. It is not always that one descends in the world, as you once said. You, on the contrary, rise too high for your friends to follow.'

Laura looked surprised at the bitterness of the old man's tone, but as she looked in his face, her eyes became suffused with tears.

'My dear professor,' she said, forcing a smile, that shone like a rainbow in the overcast sky, 'you are angry with me; but—Well, perhaps, we both have cause for complaint; will you be friends with me?' She held out her hand; the old man caught it, and pressed the tips of her delicate gloves with his lips.

'Let me carry your beautiful camellia,' he cried, 'as I carried your pot of violets and your budding rose.'

And with bent knees and bent back, the little old man essayed to lift the heavy pot. Laura made a sign to the footman, who, with an ill-disguised sneer, raised the flower and transported it to the carriage.

'Now, monsieur, the will stands accepted for the deed; so enter, and come home with me, as you did on the former occasions. But will you—can you?' Laura added with an almost beseeching air.

'Mademoiselle,' said the old man, 'I believe it my duty to follow you wherever you may be.' He was thinking of his promise to M. André.

Laura followed her camellia to the carriage, made the poor old man enter with her, though she seemed somewhat to deprecate the saucy regards of the two attendants, and drove to a rather stylish mansion. She went up stairs, followed still by the finely equipped footman, whom M. Angeline, holding his hat in his hand, made pass before him. While she directed him to place the flower, Angeline stood in the doorway, his head thrown back, his eyes, and, indeed, his mouth too, rather widely opened, his dust-ingrained hat held down at the very tip of the rim and full extension of the arm, and his head moving like that of a mandarin as he surveyed the bright and handsome salon.

'Where are we?' he soliloquised; 'enfin, où sommes-nous? Mademoiselle Laura, the pretty illuminator of Blue Beard and Tom Thumb, lodging on the sixth, and buying a simple violet; then Mademoiselle Desfleurs, actress, buying a budding rose-tree, and living on the third; and now—ah! descending always—we are on the first, in a splendid salon, and buying a superb camellia; but who are we now? It is like a drama; and here is a new act. Who are we now, I wonder?'

Alas! a grocer's wife and packets of coffee faded from the poor old man's vision as he asked the question. The footman had placed the camellia, and turned his back on the lady with an unrepressed sneer; he passed the old man, who was forced to move out of the doorway, surveying him from head to foot with a disdain which words could not have uttered.

'Ah!' said Angeline to himself, 'that grand gentleman does not respect her; but he does not respect me either—such is the fate genius meets from the vulgar! But after death—ah! after death.'

'Now, my good professor,' said Laura, with a tone and manner *quite unlike* that of the pretty illuminator, 'take that fauteuil,

She pointed to an easy-chair of a most luxurious description. The little old man sat down, and was absorbed in it. He half rose, moved to the edge, and looked behind him at its back. 'Marvellous!' he ejaculated, and sunk into it with such a sensation of bodily, animal, and mental enjoyment as he had never felt in the course of his threescore years. Oh, with coffee and that arm-chair, what glorious things might not be written—how easy would be the flow of ideas! But when was genius born to luxury? His thoughts reverted to his harsh rush-bottomed chair, his ink-stained table—ah, well! after death these will be memorable, precious! A hearty laugh dissipated the dreamy soliloquism to which his solitary habits accustomed him. It was Laura, the pretty little girl who laughed then—it was the young grocer's love who laughed—it was not Mademoiselle Desfleurs the actress, neither was it the great unknown of that handsome salon.

'Ah Laura—Mademoiselle Laura!' cried the little old man, as much as to say 'I have found you again.'

The meaning of his voice and words checked her gaiety. 'It is so long since I laughed like that,' she said, putting her cambric handkerchief to her eyes; 'but to see you and that great easy-chair making an acquaintance was quite a scene.'

'Then you do not often laugh now?' said old Angeline.

'I have no one to laugh with, no one to laugh at,' she replied. 'No cause for laughter now.'

'Mademoiselle, or madame—for I know not which to call you,' said Angeline, 'tell me, are you married?'

'No,' replied Laura, lifting her open eyes to his.

'Alas!' said the old man with a deep sigh.

'Why do you sigh so mournfully?' she asked. 'You sigh for me—why?'

'Because, mademoiselle—because I knew your mother—because I knew you when you bought the pot of violets on the Quai aux Fleurs, and illustrated Beauty and the Beast on the sixth story.'

Laura sank back on the handsome couch she sat on; the tears that started to her eyes could not be stopped—they rolled down her cheeks.

'Laura, Laura!' cried the old man, 'tell me truly, are you happy?'

'Happy! O no! I was once happy—when we met on the Quai aux Fleurs.'

'Poor child, poor child,' said the old man, seating himself beside her, and taking her hand in his. 'Laura, there is mercy with God more than with men: though you have erred and strayed from the right way, return, my child, return to Him; for His dear Son's sake, He will open his arms of love, and shield you from sin and suffering for ever. Oh!' he continued, while she wept on, 'I foresaw this when you first spoke to me of your penchant for the stage. I knew the pretty orphan, the unprotected child, could not sustain its temptations, its many dangers'——

'My friend, my friend!' interrupted Laura, pressing his hand almost convulsively in hers, 'you go too far—you conclude I am fallen, lost, guilty; but except in irresolution of purpose, I have not sinned. Will you listen to what I have to relate since we last met? O Monsieur Angeline, it is very sweet to have a friend to confide all this; yet there is very little to tell.'

'Speak—tell me all,' said Angeline, whose handkerchief had been stanching the drops from his eyes.

II.

'You ask me if I am happy,' began Laura. 'No, I am not. Can I be so when every friend is gone from me—when I am alone with a cold and sullen stateliness with which a heart like mine, I now find, can have no fellowship? Alas! I aspired to grandeur, I longed to be a great lady. Well, I have all that is fine and luxurious about me, and I am miserable.'

'You do not care to act the princess any longer?' said Angeline in a caressing tone. Laura shook her head.

'Monsieur,' she said with gravity, 'from that fatal night my ambition was at an end.'

'Then why,' cried the old man, glancing round the room—'why are you here? why are you so grand?'

'Ah! that is what I have to tell you. You see, monsieur, that fatal night I left the theatre heart-broken, plunged in an abyss of grief and shame. O those horrid faces—those glaring eyes all round the house—those grinning teeth and venomous hisses!—ah! I see them, I feel them still. And he, too, he from whom I expected treatment so different—I saw him gesticulating to the mob he had brought there. I saw him resolved to crush me; and when I came forth overwhelmed, dead with shame and despair, he was there to triumph over me.'

'André?' cried Angeline; but he stopped short.

'Yes, André. I resolved then that he should never triumph again, that he should never hear more of me. But hear all that passed, and then advise me—tell me what I ought to do. O it is sweet to be told what we must do! My patron was always there; it was he who procured me the engagement; it was he who got me to undertake the part of the princess. When the curtain fell so suddenly, he was at my side; he took me away, and put me into his own carriage. I cared not where I was, nor whither I went; but somehow he soothed me—it was balm to hear words of praise, to know my talents were still appreciated, though my success on the stage was hopeless. I would have clung to any friend at such a moment; I thought of nothing in the world but to get into an asylum, and be hidden from public gaze. I was faint, too, and stupified with grief: we had got into this house

before I was aware we were not going to my own lodgings. He brought me to this house; he told me it should be at my disposal till I resolved what to do. My engagement, of course, was over. I could not return to my old friends and my old employments'——

'Why not, mademoiselle?' Angeline interrupted.

'Why not?—ah! shame'——

'Shame! ashamed to go there—not ashamed to come here!'

'I came without knowing I was coming,' said Laura, like a child that would excuse itself; 'I thought of nothing, feared nothing but the public gaze, I heard nothing but those dreadful hisses.'

'And so a degradation that was only fictitious, drove you into one that was real?'

'Yes, I am degraded,' cried Laura, bursting into passionate tears; 'I feel that. I am in a false position; I live on what is not mine; but what could I do? I should have been utterly lost. Surely my blessed mother's spirit watched around her child and saved her.'

'Saved her!' cried Angeline; 'ah! Laura; ah! mademoiselle, who can well understand this? You do not speak of your patron, you do not call him husband; yet you share his house.'

'Call him husband! O no! *Share* his house! not so: it is all mine—at least till his return.'

'His return! Where then is he?—how long has he been absent?' the old man eagerly demanded.

'He is in Algeria: he was departing there on an important speculation on the very night, that dreadful night, when he brought me hither. He had three friends waiting for him here, and had only time to leave directions that everything should be at my disposal till he came home. He wrote on his road to tell me that he had sent to pay my rent, and remove my effects from my lodgings, as I must not think of returning there; that I must remain in retreat until the sensation I had made had died away; and therefore his house would be my asylum. I was at first indifferent to all; but soon the modiste came, saying she had orders to arrange my toilet suitably to my position; and I took all the fine things she brought, because I wanted to maintain that false position as if it had been a real one. The robes, and bonnets, and shawls, were all such as became the wife of monsieur. I wore them at first, thinking they would give me the sense of a more assured position; but I had nothing to do—nothing to care for; I soon took a pleasure in dressing myself, and acting the great mistress. The servants were obsequious, but I saw they sneered secretly. I tired of all; my heart was heavy. Ah! in the midst of ease, and even splendour, I see how life may be dreary. I have suffered, I have pined, when all seemed mine; my heart turned back to the happy times when I worked for my bread, when I have said "Our Father, give us this day our daily bread," and then worked for what I asked for. I did not want my daily bread

here, and I could not pray in this house, neither could I go to the church—I thought all persons knew me, all looked at me. I felt that my vanity and desire of applause had cost me dear; that my levity had lost me the love of all friends. I looked in the mirror and asked myself, was this the Laura you used to call your little coquette?'

'Poor child—poor little dear! My little coquette did not then quite forget her old master?'

'Forget! Ah, monsieur, truth is seldom quite forgotten. But I am very miserable; my patron is on his way home. See, there is the letter I had from him some days ago.'

The old man, putting on his spectacles, perused the epistle, while the girl, with tearful eyes, but now burning cheeks, sat before him. We may guess what its nature was, and save the trouble of an explanation. The old man carefully folded it up, and laid it in silence on his knee.

'And now, mademoiselle,' he said after a pause, 'what will you do?'

'Ah! my friend, tell me that. You will still be my friend; will you not? Tell me what I can do.'

'Laura, do you love this man?' asked Angeline rather sternly, tapping the letter.

'O no! Perhaps that fatal evening, in my misery, I might have fancied so. But no: my ambition, my vanity, might have ended in still worse shame and degradation, but I should not have had the excuse of love. It was because poor André forsook, cast me off, insulted me.'

'Laura, you have been very foolish.'

'O yes, and very culpable. But I was cast off by every one: I had neither friends, nor money, nor trade remaining.'

'You loved Monsieur André, Laura, yet you would not listen to him,' added Angeline.

'Because my vanity was stronger than my love,' said Laura candidly; 'and I thought I had him in chains too strong to be easily burst. Ah, it was only when you told me he had cast me off, that the love grew stronger than the vanity.'

The old man's face brightened.

'You have been very wrong, Laura.'

'Yes, you repeat that—every one will repeat it. When a woman even appears to fall, there is no help for her. There is no resource for me. I may as well be worse, since no one will care if I am better.'

'Laura, there is One who trieth the hearts, as well as seeth the ways. Child, will you speak so, when you know God judgeth not as man judgeth?'

Laura caught the old man's hand; her warm tears fell fast, as she bowed her head with an air of penitence and sorrow.

'You have sinned,' he continued; 'but still you are virtuous, and your heart as yet uncorrupted. Rise, then, to the noble

virtue and peace, and forsake those that lead to error and misery. Will you leave this house?'

'I would gladly; but what am I to do?—where am I to go?'

'Do!' he cried. 'Ask charity from door to door. Go! Go out with the skies alone to cover your head. Lift up a pure unblushing brow, bearing God's holy sign upon it, to the canopy of heaven, and then let God's peace and blessing descend from thence upon you.'

Laura threw her arms round the old man's neck, pressed her lips on his calm forehead, and crying out: 'Attendez, attendez!' ran out of the room with perhaps something of her old theatrical air. Not many minutes had passed when she reappeared, transformed once more into Laura the illuminator. The fine silk robe, the cashmere shawl, the plumed bonnet, were changed for the plain merino dress, the smart little apron, the tiny cap; her flowing ringlets were gathered into their former rich and glossy braids: she stood before the old man, and made him a rustic salutation in the style of the farmer's daughter.

'Excellent! excellent!' cried the delighted old man. 'My dear little girl, my sweet child, is herself again! Then you will come—you will leave this grand house! We shall be as happy, as merry as ever! We will act Beauty and the Beast all through now!'

Laura sighed at this. 'I will go,' she said; 'but when? I promised my patron not to leave it until his return.'

Angeline looked puzzled. 'If you stay, you are in danger, Laura.'

'O yes,' she replied. 'I have put off his fine clothes, and will never put them on; I have left them all ready; I am wiser now than I was.'

'It is a point of honour,' said the old man; 'difficult to determine, for your promise was wrong;' and as he spoke he turned to the window, to reflect more fully on the question.

'What is here, mademoiselle?' he cried; 'a post-carriage has just stopped at the door.'

Laura flew to the window. 'It is he—it is he—save yourself!' she exclaimed, pushing the old man to the door.

'Mademoiselle,' said the little old man, planting his feet firmly one in advance of the other, with his stick horizontally presented as if to poniard the new-comer—'I will not save myself without you. I had just resolved never to leave this house till you left it also.'

'Sainte Marie!' cried Laura, seizing him by the coat, and dragging him on; 'he is coming; he will kill you for this. Ah! he will throw you out of the window. Quick! this way—this way.' She opened a side-door leading into one of those passages common in French houses, which conduct to a private staircase, and to an entrance into some by-street, generally at the side or back of the house; but as she pushed him through it, he

grasped her firmly in his arms, and Mademoiselle Laura and the little old man half rolled down the stairs and into the street.

'Now,' he said, drawing his breath—'now take my arm, and we will run. Don't be afraid: you are saved. I would have died rather than have left you. We are designed to be the protectors of the feebler sex.'

Laura trembling, half laughing and half crying, was now ready to laugh altogether, as, putting her arm through that of the little old man, she hurried him along, supporting rather than being supported. They hurried on thus through many of the streets of Paris, getting away from the gay haunts of the rich and the dissipated, to the humbler quarter where the poor little old man now paid the rent of his simple domicile, chiefly by means of the chance customers who applied to him to carry on their correspondence with their absent friends. It must be confessed that such customers were not of the class called lovers—these either managed their own correspondence, or sought some other hand and head to manufacture it for them.

'And now,' said the little old man as he unlocked the door of his small chamber—'now we are safe; and I think, mademoiselle, I had better fasten the doors and windows while I go to see if I can get you another chamber in this house, or else when I return I may find the lodgings empty again.'

'No, no, my good friend,' said the poor girl, sitting down on the identical box which held the thirty manuscripts. 'I have had enough of wanderings, enough of changes; I am too glad to see the face of the only friend I have in the world.'

'Pardon me, mademoiselle, I have a rival. Let me tell you, Monsieur André never cast you off; he never hissed you: on the contrary, he shook his hands at the audience, and would have fought the whole assembly if it were possible. Your poor Beast is dying for his Beauty, mademoiselle; but perhaps you will not care to turn him into a prince now.' Laura heard this with surprise.

'It was the power of love,' she replied, 'you once said, effected that transformation. Alas! my love is unworthy now of him who once sought it.'

III.

Angeline withdrew; and the sun had nearly retired from the dull little chamber before the door again opened. Its solitary inmate was still sitting on the box, her arms resting on her knee and the joined hands supporting her chin. André stood before her. She gazed into his countenance with anxiety; but read there the indomitable love which had endured her faults, follies, and *levity*. She threw herself into the arms that opened to receive her. The little old man, who was behind the young grocer, enjoyed

about the room in an ecstasy of enjoyment; and finding no way of expressing it while his guests were occupied with each other, he ran for a jug of water, and poured it over his withered violet, either to express his love, or as a souvenir of his first meeting with the young illustrator of Blue Beard and Tom Thumb.

'What can I ever do for you?' said Laura, turning to him at last, as she at once wiped away her tears and hid her blushes.

'Marry me as quickly as you can, dear Laura,' said André, answering for the little old man. 'That is what Monsieur Angeline would tell you. Is it not, my good friend?' and he threw him a look which precluded aught but an assenting reply.

'It is, it is!' cried Angeline, rubbing his hands with great glee. 'Mademoiselle must now be placed in safe keeping. My rôle is played; the Three Acts of our little Drama are ended. You see, my child, when I tried to correct your taste for the stage, I had no idea that I also should become an actor; yet we have played our parts pretty well—pretty well, considering inexperience—rather new rôle—and all that. Yes, yes, the curtain falls in a happy moment—applause—especially when after death'——

'Ah!' cried Laura, half laughing, half weeping, while the little old man fell off to his dreams of posthumous celebrity—'the three flowers that formed the opening scene of each act in our drama shall ever prove moral teachers to me: I shall always love the violet, and fear the rose and the camellia.'

'Then I will cherish the rose and camellia, because they taught my little Laura it was better to be a real and true grocer's wife than a mock-princess,' said André joyously.

'And I, and I,' cried Angeline—'I will have all three flowers—that is, if I can—because—because'——

'Because they brought you to write on coffee all the days of your life!' the joyous grocer interrupted, clapping him heartily on the back. 'You know our bargain—save her, I said, and you shall—you know the rest.'

'Yes, yes! I know the rest. The piece ends with a marriage. *Exeunt omnes.*'

And so our curtain falls. The Three Acts of our little Drama are ended. It has been a flowery one; but even flowers have their moral, and the violet, the rose, and the camellia may have theirs also.

The marriage of André and Laura took place with due form, and the name and title of Mademoiselle Desfleurs were lost in that of Madame André, and the rôle of princess exchanged for that of a grocer's wife. On their wedding-day, a beautiful pot of violets bloomed on Laura's table; but on every succeeding anniversary—the reason thereof our readers must find out—it is said that the husband *placed* a budding rose and a stately camellia beside

it. Whether they were put there in gratitude, or for warning, we have not discovered.

It is also traditionally reported by a curly-headed boy and bright-eyed girl, bearing the respective names of André and Laura, juniors, that there stands in their mother's room a deal-box, containing treasures which she only requires the aid of a publisher to make known to the world, but lacking such aid, they must remain imprisoned there. These treasures are, in fact, the thirty manuscripts which the little old man bequeathed to his rescued pupil. His posthumous fame lives in one heart only; his glory may be that of having saved a soul from death. Laura and her husband were beside him when he died; and after that, on each commemoration of her wedding-day, when she placed the violet, the rose, and camellia in her room, she placed that wooden box also among her teachers and remembrancers of the past; and the tear and the smile that met on the cheek of the happy wife and mother, when she thought of the Three Acts in which he had borne a part with her in the Drama of Life, were the only earthly fame that followed his death. It lived in one thankful heart, although his thirty manuscripts never caused it to reach a single eye.

FIELD-MARSHAL SUVOROV.

HOWEVER illusory or exaggerated may be the opinions entertained by enthusiastic individuals relative to the actual force and prevalence of what are called 'peace principles' amongst civilised nations, it is absurd to deny that a marked change has come over the public mind and conscience, as to the estimation in which successful soldiership should be held when exerted merely for the acquirement of what, by a hoary hallucination, has for so many ages been misnamed glory. Proof of this is to be found in the comparatively subdued, almost excusatory tone which modern military biographers are compelled to assume when descanting upon the exploits of their heroes. The havoc, desolation, and ruin which mark the conqueror's career of triumph—the thousands slain or mutilated—the cities fired—the countries laid waste—which *used* to be so exultingly dwelt upon, and

minutely set forth, as affording the exact measure of a commander's fame, are now either slurred over by judicious commentators, or anxiously justified by the plea that such deplorable agencies were necessarily invoked in vindication of sacred rights and duties—national independence—individual freedom—the balance of power in Europe—which to shrink from defending, at any peril or sacrifice, would be treason to the dearest interests of humanity, and an abandonment of the peace of the world to the caprice of an unscrupulous barbarism, teachable by no other argument than that of bayonets and cannon. 'The laurel-chaplets,' they incessantly repeat, as they point to the names of Washington, Nelson, Wellington, and others—'the laurel-chaplets of a true military hero, are in reality olive-wreaths, the guerdon of successful resistance to the unholy spirit of aggressive war, and the surest pledges of a lasting peace.' There is no doubt, as experience plainly teaches, truth and sense in this mode of presenting the question; and its general adoption by military writers is, it seems to us, a very hopeful sign of the times, betokening, as it unquestionably does, an immense advance in public appreciation of soldier-heroism from but little more than half a century since, when the arrival in Italy of Field-marshal Count Alexander Suvorov, to ply his unsparing sword in the murderous conflict raging there, was hailed by three-fourths of the English press with enthusiastic gratulation, and a jubilant trumpeting forth of his terrible exploits as so many brilliant title-deeds to the esteem and admiration of mankind! Ruthless exterminator of half-disciplined Turks, pitiless destroyer of defenceless Poles as he might be, he was not the less a conqueror; his massacres were at all events successful ones, and success, according to the popular oracles of the time, was after all the one essential condition of military glory. It is only necessary to contrast such a state of feeling with that which now exists, with the indignant scorn which the following under-toned sketch of Field-marshal Suvorov's career can hardly fail to excite in the breasts of the most warlike of our British youth, to ascertain approximately, at least, the measure of progress that the 'peace principle' in its sober, rational signification has made amongst us. And let no one apprehend that the dragging this grim idol of a preceding age into the light of a clearer, though still clouded day, may have a tendency to discredit true military greatness, achieved in a righteous cause, since the briefest, most cursory glance at the mental and moral features of the Muscovite marshal, and the scroll whereon his life is blazoned, will suffice to shew that he had nothing in common with gallant and generous soldiership. Another patent and gratifying fact vividly displayed in the life-history of Suvorov is, that brutal ferocity—energetic barbarism, however aided by a fortunate conjunction of circumstances and immense numerical *superiority*—is utterly powerless when opposed to the strategic *combinations* and scientific resources of modern warfare.

FIELD-MARSHAL SUVOROV.

The family of the Suvorovs—originally spelt Suvor—were of Swedish extraction, and settled in Russian Finland towards the close of the seventeenth century. Its then chief rendered important services to Peter I., which were rewarded by honours, lands, and numerous peasants—a Russian estate being valued according to the number of human chattels attached thereto. Peter the Great, moreover, condescended to be sponsor at the baptism of this General Suvor or Suvorov's son, Basil, who, in the subsequent reign of the first Catherine, Peter's widow, was created a senator, and presented by the czarina with a reinforcement of peasant-serfs. He continued to serve his imperial patroness till her death, when he retired to his estate in Finland with his son, Pierre Alexius Wasiliowich Suvorov, the future field-marshal, who was born at Suskoi, in the Ukraine, on the 13th November 1730, and devoted himself for some time strenuously to the boy's education, in the hope of inspiring him with a taste for the profession of the law. The young man's stubborn will, it was soon found, could not be bent in the required direction, and the attempt was abandoned in despair. He would be nothing but a soldier; and he entered the regiment of Seminoff Guards as a private fusilier when only twelve years of age. This was in 1742; and it was not till 1754—in which year he succeeded to his father's lands and peasants—that he quitted the Seminoff Guards, with the brevet of lieutenant in a regiment of the line. The iron, unquailing hardihood, and stern inflexibility of purpose thus manifested by the boy, were prophetic of the man; and equally characteristic of the future general was the young soldier's disdain of intellectual attainments, even in the science of his darling war. His studies of military strategy were chiefly confined to a Russian version of Charles XII.'s headlong campaigns; and he very early settled in his own mind the system of tactics he pursued in after-life, and which, till it was tested against soldiers worthy of the name, he firmly believed comprised the whole art of war. This system was mainly expressed by a few curt, striking phrases; such as: 'Forward, and strike!—No theory!—Attack!—Push with the bayonet!—Kill!—Trust to the naked steel!—The ball is a fool, the bayonet a hero! &c. And so confident had success against incapable and feeble adversaries rendered him in the invincibility of this rude mode of warfare, that when about to measure himself, in 1799, with Moreau and Massena, he thus petulantly replied to an Austrian general-officer who recommended a reconnaissance: 'Reconnaissance! I am for none of them; they are of no use but to the timid, and to inform the enemy that you are approaching. It is never difficult to find your opponents when you really wish it. "Form column—charge bayonets—plunge into the centre of the enemy"—these are my reconnaissances.' 'Words,' remarks Sir Archibald Alison, the historian, 'which, amidst some exaggeration, unfold more of the real *genius of war than is* generally supposed.' We doubt it; but

if so, 'the genius of war,' it is plain, scarcely reaches higher than the intelligence and ferocity of a butcher's dog. From the day, too, that Suvorov entered the army, he displayed the contempt of luxurious indulgences, including that of soap and water, which have thrown his historiographers into such paroxysms of delighted admiration. He preferred sleeping upon hay or straw, with a sheep-skin for the only coverlid; wore no body-linen, except upon occasions of ceremony or parade; and so disdainful was he of the fripperies of dress that, when field-marshal, he frequently drilled the soldiers without his coat, the knee-bands of his white serge breeches unfastened, with but one boot on, and his stockings about his heels. Conjoined with habitual indifference to personal cleanliness, there was much foppery of affectation in all this, as his reply to Ségur, who inquired if he took off his clothes when retiring to rest, plainly enough indicates: 'No; when I get lazy, and want to have a comfortable sleep, I generally take off one spur.' In person he is described as being 'miserably thin, five feet one inch high, with a large mouth and pug-nose;' but it cannot be questioned that within that unpromising exterior there dwelt a fiery energetic spirit, which laughed at danger and disregarded toil, and that, helped by the terrible discipline he enforced amongst his soldiers—chiefly by means of the unstinted use of an improved knout, fashioned by himself, composed 'of a thick square thong of leather, three feet six inches long, very sharp at the edges, attached by a ring to the end of a stick two feet in length, and made to play like a flail'—Suvorov could do more with Russian troops than any general before or since his time. He was, it is also stated in a book published in the English language just before his final overthrow, 'sincerely religious, and this not from enthusiasm but principle;' which religion upon principle, truth obliges us to add, consisted in fervent faith in the victory-giving prowess of St Nicholas—an image of whom he always wore about his neck, and reverently addressed previous to giving the signal for a battle or a massacre—and in piously raising his crimson hands to Heaven in thanksgiving for the success of his butcheries. He was, moreover, as wakeful as the lynx, 'and would frequently start up from his bed of hay or straw in the middle of the night, and startle the camp by crowing like a cock'—an accomplishment he is said to have greatly excelled in, and which we shall afterwards find was upon important occasions his favourite battle-cry. This faint preliminary portraiture need not, however, be carried further; Suvorov in action, can alone present a faithful picture of the true Suvorov.

The succession to the Russian throne is in the direct line of the Romanoffs, broken from time to time by palatial revolutions and murder. The first of these varieties overthrew the regency established at the death of Catherine I., and placed the imperial *diadem* upon the brow of Elizabeth. In order to buckler her usurped crown with the ægis of victory, the new empress engaged

in the hostilities with Prussia, historically known as the Seven Years' War. Suvorov, who had previously attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel, made his first campaign, 1759, in this war, throughout which he distinguished himself as a brave and enterprising officer. He served at the battle of Kunnersdorf; was present at the capture of Berlin by Tottlieben; and at the termination of the contest, in 1762, he was rewarded for his zeal by a colonel's commission, presented to him by the empress herself, to whom he had been deputed by the Russian commander-in-chief, Count Romanzoff, to announce the return of the troops.

The young soldier's appetite for war was whetted to a keener edge by this foretaste of its charms; and the occurrences at the court of St Petersburg, not long after the death of Elizabeth, opened for him the career of carnage which he ran with such unsated eagerness to its close. Catherine II., styled the Great, ascended the Russian throne over the dead body of the husband she had murdered, Peter III.; and the prompt adhesion of Colonel Suvorov to her interests, procured him the rank of brigadier, and an important command in the war which terminated in the first formal dismemberment of Poland in 1772. This war, known as that of the Confederates, was the desperate struggle of a portion of the high noblesse of anarchic Poland, assisted by a few chivalrous Frenchmen, to rid their country of the foreign yoke, constantly increasing in weight and force, by which Poland had been curbed since the death of John Sobieski, whose prophetic words wrung, a century previously, from that greatest of the Polish kings, shortly before he descended to the tomb, were now on the eve of receiving their but delayed fulfilment. 'Nature,' said John Sobieski, 'has gifted every living creature with the instinct of self-preservation, and given the most inconsiderable animals arms for their defence: we alone in the universe turn our arms against ourselves. I have been able to gain for you victories, but I feel myself unable to save you from yourselves. Believe me, the eloquence of your tribunes, instead of being turned against the throne, would be better directed against those who, by their disorders, are bringing down upon our country the cry of the prophet, which I, alas! too clearly hear rolling over our heads—"Yet forty years, and Nineveh shall be no more."' Ultimately vain as this attempt of a few thousand of the gentlemen of Poland proved to avert the mournful prediction, they made a gallant stand, extending over four years, against the overwhelming forces of the three bandit powers—Russia, Austria, and Prussia; and Suvorov's share in overcoming the efforts of the Confederates has been reckoned amongst his most brilliant achievements—one instance amongst thousands scattered through the bloody leaves of battle-history of the transforming power of success, by whatever means obtained. Had Suvorov, indeed, and the other military executioners of the despotic will of the partitioning powers found *themselves opposed to* the Polish people, instead of a portion

only of the equestrian order of that nation—had the bulk of the population been freemen instead of peasant-serfs, to whom foreign dominion could only bring a change of masters—there might have been some slight ground for such vainglorious boasting, which in view of the actual conditions of the struggle cannot but be pronounced absurd. The chief motive alleged by the three crowned conspirators for interfering upon this occasion, it may not be amiss to state, was their anxiety to uphold the democratic *liberties* of Poland; especially the anarchic and fatal privilege of the *liberum veto*, enabling any freeman to paralyse by his sole dissentient vote the action of an else unanimous Diet, which the Confederates, wise too late, proposed to modify or abrogate. Another excuse was the necessity of re-inforcing the menaced authority of King Stanislaus Augustus Poniatowski, a former paramour and present puppet of the Empress Catherine, imposed by that sovereign upon the Polish nation in 1764.

Suvorov, however, it may be freely admitted, displayed great energy throughout this hopelessly unequal contest. He overthrew the two Pulauskis, and finally compelled the surrender of the castle of Cracow—garrisoned by about 600 Poles and Frenchmen, who had not only been long reduced to scanty rations of horseflesh, 'but were without flints to their muskets, which had all been consumed in their sallies'—for which important service Catherine created him a Knight of the Order of Alexander Nevski, and a Major-general, 'in the hope that these distinguished testimonies of our imperial benevolence will serve to cherish your zeal, and that you will consecrate your life to our service.' The surrender of Cracow was the last notable event of this war; at the conclusion of which (1772) one-half of Poland was formally divided amongst the three encircling military monarchies, and the remaining moiety left for a time under the nominal sovereignty of Stanislaus Augustus.

Faint as in the eyes of a just appreciation must appear the lustre of the military laurels gained by Suvorov in the Confederate War, it is right to add that they were not stained with more of wanton blood-shedding or cruelty than is ordinarily incident to Muscovite warfare. The same remark applies to his operations against the Turks, in the brief contest with that power which broke out immediately after the first partition of Poland, during which he served with distinction under Field-marshal Romanzoff. Suvorov's theory, that the whole science of war consists in fierce attacks with the bayonet by columns—forward—strike—kill—was confirmed by his encounters with wretchedly organised Turkish troops, notably deficient in the arm which, skilfully wielded, is fatal to such rude tactics—that of a numerous and efficient artillery; and so high a reputation did he gain by the success of his headlong daring, that Catherine, shaken in her usurped throne by the formidable Pugatchev insurrection (1774) preferred him before any of his superiors in rank to

the numerous forces she had as yet vainly opposed to the progress of the rebellion; and he was hastily recalled from Moldavia for that purpose. 'I have proclaimed a reward of 100,000 rubles for the body of the rebel Pugatchev,' said the empress, addressing Suvorov on his departure from St Petersburg to assume his new command; 'and to you, general, his overthrow shall secure my constant favour.'

'With the help of God and St Nicholas,' replied Suvorov, kissing her majesty's hand and the image of the saint with equal reverence, 'I will bring the traitorous dog in chains to your majesty's feet before a month is past;' and ten minutes afterwards, he was on the road to Moscow, escorted by a squadron of Cossacks.

The insurrection which Suvorov was relied upon to quell was a remarkable and significant one, being nothing less than a fierce struggle for civil and religious freedom against the usurping despotism of Catherine, and the intolerance of the Russo-Greek Church—blessings only obtainable, in the opinion of the leaders of the enterprise, by the restoration to his lawful throne of Peter III., popularly believed to be lingering life away in some one of the dungeons of his wife and successor. The Primitive Believers of Russia, as they styled themselves—Sectaries was their name in the government vocabulary—were numerous, and inflamed with zeal against what they deemed the corruptions of the national church, introduced by the patriarch Nixon, especially the use of images in the churches; and it happened that amongst other projects, rightly or wrongly attributed to the murdered monarch, was one for curtailing the revenues, reforming the morals of the clerical hierarchy, and restoring the alleged simplicity of worship existing before Nixon's innovations—a report eagerly propagated by the chief Sectaries, towards whom, it was known, Peter III. had frequently expressed admiration and esteem. Catherine, wiser in her generation, and anxious to conceal the callous scepticism of her character beneath a show of extreme reverence for the Russian Church, ostentatiously took part against the Sectaries, who were consequently everywhere discouraged and repressed. The schismatic clergy retaliated by industriously spreading reports of the miraculously preserved existence of Peter III.; and so effectually was this done, that no less than four impostors had succeeded each other at no very distant intervals as claimants of the imperial throne. These rash and feeble players for the stake of empire, were soon and mercilessly disposed of, without, however, quieting the subdued but angry clamour for the restoration of the deposed monarch to his usurped throne. This morbid condition of the public mind was at length turned to formidable account by Ikelman Pugatchev, a Cossack of the Don, and a soldier of great personal prowess and daring, whose audacious determination to enter the *lists against* Catherine for the imperial crown was first

awakened by the remark of a Russian officer, who had personally known Peter III. 'If,' said the officer, after attentively regarding Pugatchev, then a private soldier in Count Panin's army, 'if the emperor of Russia were not dead, I should believe I saw him once more in thee.' So instant and firm a hold did the theme thus suggested take of Pugatchev's mind, that ten days afterwards he had escaped from the army and reached Podolia, where he announced himself to some hermit Sectaries as the veritable Peter III., escaped by miracle from his wife's jailers. Several persons who were known to be capable of forming a correct judgment, subsequently declared their belief that Pugatchev was indeed the long-lost emperor; and the reckless Cossack of the Don found himself in less than a month at the head of a numerous and enthusiastic force, of which the most effective portion consisted of Cossacks, Calmucks, and other predatory tribes of Eastern Russia, in arms to restore a rightful monarch to his throne—to do away with the corruptions of the national church—and, most effective bait of all—abolish serfdom throughout the imperial dominions.

The conflagration thus adroitly kindled, spread swiftly over the inflammable soil. Orenburg was taken by assault; the military colonies of Irghiz were successfully attacked; and the insurrection triumphed, in fact, wherever it appeared. General Karr, hastily despatched by the empress at the head of a large force to chastise the insolent rebels to her authority, was defeated with great loss, and returned in discomfiture and dismay to St Petersburg. Other generals were not more fortunate; whilst Pugatchev's astounding successes daily increased the number and inflamed the courage of his followers. Hordes of Budiah Tatars from the Volga, 10,000 Calmucks, after slaying their brigadier—hundreds of Poles exiled in Siberia—found their way to his flying camps; and every part of Asian Russia helped to swell the huge wave of rebellion, which swept swiftly on in its triumphant course towards Moscow, where 100,000 serfs, feebly kept in awe by a garrison of little more than 3000 soldiers, impatiently awaited the approach of the liberating czar. This was the supreme hour in the life of Pugatchev. The possession of Moscow might have had incalculable consequences; but at the decisive moment, the redoubtable Cossack of the Don did not prove equal to his position and apparent destiny. He turned from Moscow to engage in unimportant enterprises, and the slighted opportunity never again presented itself. Catherine, thoroughly aroused by the imminence of the peril, closed eagerly with the sultan's proposal of an armistice with a view to the settlement of terms of peace, by which she was enabled to reinforce the troops opposed to the rebels with 30,000 veteran soldiers, the command of whom, as we have seen, was forthwith conferred upon the dreaded Suvorov. The bare announcement of that commander's approach so discouraged the insurgent army, that before Suvorov, with all his haste, could arrive upon the scene of action, Pugatchev had sustained several severe checks, principally

from Colonel Michelson. Thickening rumours of the vast bodies of troops converging upon them from all sides, completed the discouragement of the rebels, who fell away with such rapidity, that a few days only after his last encounter with Michelson, the pretended Peter III. found himself left with 200 or 300 Cossacks, upon whose fidelity, moreover, he knew but slight dependence could be placed; with these, however, he plunged without delay into the Desert, in the hope of reaching the fastnesses of the Ural Mountains before the encircling hosts of foes could bar that outlet of escape. But the indefatigable Suvorov, at the head of 1000 light troops, followed swiftly in pursuit, guided in his unknown and pathless course by the sun during the day, and the stars at night, and the so lately dreaded enemy of the puissant Catherine was speedily brought to bay, with only one desperate chance for life remaining—that of immediate flight alone, and in disguise. He was saddling his horse for this all but hopeless venture, when several of his remaining Cossacks approached, and the foremost said abruptly: 'Come, it is over at last. Thou hast been emperor long enough.' Pugatchev, with the speed of thought, snatched a pistol from his belt, fired, and broke the traitor's arm; but he was quickly overpowered by the others, bound, hurried off, and delivered up to Colonel Simonoff, at the nearest Russian post. As soon as Suvorov was apprised of this important capture, he directed all the scouring-parties to be recalled, and hastened himself to Uralsk, to take personal charge of the prisoner. Arrived there, he forthwith ordered a wooden cage, thickly studded with sharp points of iron, to be constructed, of such a size that Pugatchev should neither be able to stand upright nor lie at length therein. When completed, it was fastened to the top of a timber-carriage, the prisoner and his son, a lad of about twelve years of age, were thrust in, and slowly conveyed, under an escort of Cossacks, commanded for a part of the journey by Suvorov himself, towards Moscow. There the captive rebel was condemned to be beheaded, after his hands and feet had been severally chopped off. Catherine ratified this sentence, which the executioner carried into effect by *first* striking the head off—a mistake, or a mercy, which the empress punished by exiling the headsman to Siberia for life. Pugatchev perished on the 21st January (O. S.) 1775.

Catherine evinced her gratitude for the zeal and promptitude displayed by General Suvorov, by presenting him with a sword enriched with diamonds worth 60,000 rubles, an estate of 2000 peasants in Red Russia, and the command of the St Petersburg *Corps d'Armée*. Thus honoured and enriched, the successful soldier solicited in marriage the daughter of General Prince Ivan Prosorowski, a young lady of less than half his own age, now approaching five-and-forty; and so averse to the union, that even the menacing commands of the empress, who claimed and exercised the right of disposing as she pleased of all her subjects—princesses *equally with* peasants—could hardly terrify her into

acquiescence. Two children were born of this marriage, a daughter and son—Natalia and Alexius; but not very long after the latter's birth, the ill-assorted parents finally separated by mutual consent.

With success and fame, and the power and impunity which success and fame confer, whatever of kindliness or prudence had previously modified or restrained General Suvorov's ferocious instincts disappeared, and his subsequent career will be found to be one almost continuous crime against humanity, unexcused, save by the poor plea that the atrocities he delighted to perpetrate were esteemed meritorious services by his sovereign, the equally infamous empress of Russia. We shall have space for a brief glance at a few only of the more startling and instructive of the Russian hero's pitiless exploits. Catherine had huddled up a peace with the sultan in 1774, partly on account of the Pugatchev danger, and partly because of the menacing tone of the British cabinet; but no sooner was England involved in war with the United States of America, and France preparing to strike in with the revolted colonists, than the empress, true to the traditional policy of St Petersburg, forthwith commenced, whilst yet the ink was wet with which she had subscribed a covenant of 'perpetual peace' with Turkey, active provocations for a renewal of the war by offensive demonstrations in the Crimea, on the Kuban northward of the Caucasian Cordillera, and on the shores of the Black Sea. In 1776, Suvorov, fully possessed of the designs of the czarina, left St Petersburg for Cherson, the most southern point of the Russian frontier towards Turkey; and without even a decent pretence for hostilities, at once attacked Dulut Ghiray, khan of the Crimea; drove him off to seek such redress as Constantinople might afford; and set up Schaim Ghiray, a kinsman of the deposed khan, and the supple tool of Russia in his stead. General Suvorov next proceeded to erect forts on the Kuban, and provoke hostilities with 'the banditti of Circassia;' but with such ill-fortune, that he abandoned the task to Major-general Kayser, and busied himself with 'the delicate mission'—a much easier one, at all events, than a guerilla warfare with the Tcherkessi—of removing some 20,000 Armenian families from the Crimea to the district of Catherinoslaf in Russia, where they would be more manageable than in their own country. Nearly a third of these unfortunates perished by the way of fatigue and privation, and hundreds threw themselves in despair beneath the hoofs of the Cossacks' horses, as the riders, in obedience to Suvorov's orders, pricked them onwards with their spears, as if goading cattle to market or to pasture. The Sublime Porte loudly remonstrated against these proceedings of the Russian general, and even went so far as to parade a numerous fleet in the Black Sea; but the deplorable war with America and her European allies, precluding the ministry of Lord North from affording the sultan more than 'moral' help, the Capudan Pacha returned with his fleet to Constantinople, after receiving a contemptuous

note from Suvorov, in reply to his demand for 'an explanation' of the Russian doings in the Crimea, and the appearance of 'Russian corsairs' in the Black Sea, to the effect that the legitimate khan of the Tatars, Schaïm Ghiray, had been pleased to call in the aid of his august ally the empress of All the Russias, which had enabled him to dispense with the assistance of the sultan; and that with regard to the scandalous epithet of 'corsairs,' applied by the Capudan Pacha to her imperial majesty's ships, *that* was a grave offence, which must be answered for thereafter. The sultan was at length induced to acknowledge Schaïm Ghiray as the rightful khan; and that point gained, comparative tranquillity prevailed till 1782, when the Tatar tragi-comic farce was played out. Large bodies of Russian troops having been quietly drawn together, and judiciously posted, the Prince Potemkin issued a proclamation, setting forth that Schaïm Ghiray had solemnly abdicated his khanship, entirely of his own free-will, in favour of the empress of Russia, to whom, therefore, all Nogay Tatars were bound, and required immediately to swear allegiance. To facilitate the due performance of this solemnity—at which Suvorov and his soldiers were of course to assist—a grand feast was provided in the open air for the Nogay chiefs and their dependents; where, after they had devoured 100 oxen and 800 sheep, with 32,000 pints of sago-brandy, the oath was administered to them collectively; and Suvorov immediately despatched a special courier to inform Prince Potemkin of the completion 'of that act of faith and homage' by the intoxicated Tatars.

Doubts, however, were not long in suggesting themselves to the mind of General Suvorov as to the degree of binding force which an oath, however solemn in itself, or impressively administered, could be expected to have upon the consciences of men who, 'he was grieved to discover, were entirely destitute of religious reverence;' the result of which was an understanding between him and Prince Potemkin, that all the tribes of Nogay Tatars should be gradually removed to the wilds of Ural, and that in the meantime they should be, as opportunity offered, as quietly as possible, and under plausible pretexts, disarmed. This scheme went on prosperously for some time; but at last a large body of Nogays, on their way to the Ural steppes, suddenly refused to move further in that direction, overpowered and broke away from the escort, and fled for shelter to the south-west bank of the Kuban, in the plains of Caucasia. Suvorov pursued them thither, with the determination of taking signal vengeance upon the 'oath-breaking infidels'—a promise which he thoroughly redeemed. By daybreak on the morning of September 11, 1782, a large encampment of Nogays was discovered—whether the precise delinquents he was in quest of, the general did not stop to inquire—and presently the Russian squadrons burst upon the surprised and defenceless tribe, and 'the massacre,' we read, 'continued *till noon*'—till, in fact, there were none left to slay;

all—men, women, and children—having been destroyed by Suvorov's express orders, 'they being godless heathens, who did not respect their oaths!' This terrible example, if we may believe the Russian historians, produced the desired effect; and the enforced migration of the Nogays encountered no further opposition. Catherine soon afterwards sent the successful general the Grand Cross of the Equestrian Order of St Wolodimir, 'as a public testimony of our approbation of the zeal and activity you have displayed in our service, and particularly in the commission you have borne under the direction of our general, Prince Potemkin, for the reunion of the various nations of the Russian Empire.' Suvorov returned to St Petersburg in 1785, after having thoroughly 'pacified' the Nogay Tatars, one of whose chiefs, Mursa Bey—a great eater, who drank pure sago-brandy with his meals, and was always carried by his servants to bed—the Russian general regarded with great attachment and esteem, and took leave of with many expressions of affectionate regret.

Overt, acknowledged war again broke out between Russia and Turkey before two years had past; and this time (1787) it was the sultan who had the temerity to defy at once both the Russian and Austrian empires. Catherine's ostentatious progress to the Crimea, renamed by her the Taurida, accompanied by the Austrian emperor, Joseph II., and the boastful, irritating speeches and military displays indulged in by the czarina, precipitated the rash challenge; the first intimation whereof that reached the English and French governments being the startling announcement that Bulgakof, the Russian ambassador at Constantinople, had been sent to the Seven Towers, and the Austrian internuncio ordered to return to Vienna. The Turkish fortresses and armies on the Danube and the Pruth were at the same time powerfully re-inforced, and loud were the vauntings of the valiant deeds soon to be performed by the Ottoman forces, and the magnificent viziers and three-tailed bashas by whom they were commanded. To meet these apparently formidable foes, Suvorov was named commander-in-chief of the different *corps d'armée* stationed in the frontier districts of Pultuva and Cherson. Admiral Ribas, having for his second in command the celebrated Paul Jones, whom Catherine's splendid promises had induced to enter her naval service—was sent with a numerically powerful fleet into the Black Sea; and a large Austrian army, commanded by Field-marshal the Prince of Coburg, marched to re-inforce the already greatly preponderating Muscovite forces. The issue of such a struggle could not be doubtful. Kinburn, a Russian seaport on the Black Sea, separated from Turkish Oczakow by the estuary of the Dnieper, a distance of about two miles, attacked in the night by the numerous garrison of Oczakow, was successfully defended by Suvorov; and Oczakow, assailed in its turn by Suvorov and Prince Potemkin on the land-side, and Ribas and Paul Jones from seaward, was stormed, and the garrison put to the sword.

Suvorov, who had been dangerously wounded during the siege of Ochakow, returned for awhile to St Petersburg, where he was attended by the physician of the empress. His 'lady-mother' moreover, as soon as he became convalescent, presented him with a plume of diamonds for his casque; and thus morally and physically renovated, Suvorov speeded back to his command, eagerly desirous of adding yet ruddier wreaths to his crimson war-chaplet. Opportunities for reaping the fell harvest soon presented themselves. Prince Coburg and his Austrians, apprehensive of an attack by the grand-vizier in great force, applied for aid to his Muscovite ally; and Suvorov's prompt compliance and rapid march brought him up in time to assist the prince in dealing a heavy blow at the vizier, near the Putna. Subsequently, the allied armies overthrew the Ottomans with terrific slaughter at the battle of Rymnik. This murderous victory obtained, so far as Suvorov's share therein went, by his old unvarying tactics, is chiefly memorable for the devilish ferocity displayed by the Russian commander. The tumultuous mob of Turkish janizaries and spahis, driven in confusion out of a wood on the north bank of the Rymnik, threw away their arms, and plunged by thousands into that river, in the hope of reaching the opposite bank—the only chance of escaping with life—Suvorov having, say his admiring biographers, 'thought it expedient to give the Turks no quarter on account of their great numbers.' The Muscovite conqueror was not to be so cheated of his prey. He brought up all the Russian and Austrian artillery within his reach in an incredibly short space of time, and caused it to play incessantly upon the struggling masses in the water. The carnage was hideous, sickening; but Suvorov—who, surrounded by his staff, watched the practice of the artillery from a near eminence—shouted repeatedly with gleeful excitement, and more than once joyously exclaimed: 'Yes—yes, as I always say, the bayonet for victory, and then hurrah for the cannon and the cavalry to sweep up the runaways!' Night fell upon this hellish scene; objects could no longer be discerned in the dark river; and after firing for some time at random, the wearied cannoneers were permitted to rest from their dreadful work. Suvorov and Prince Coburg, meeting soon afterwards in the former's tent, shook each other's bloody hands, and 'felicitated themselves with effusions of the warmest friendship upon the day's heroic deeds;' and so fascinated was General Karatschay with the Russian hero, that he could hardly persuade himself to leave him. This victory made Suvorov a Count of Russia and of the Roman Empire, and procured him the addition, by imperial command, to his name of Rymnikski—that is, 'He of the Rymnik.' It was gained on the 22d September 1789.

The whirligig of time, speeding on its ceaseless course, brings us, something more than ten years after this massacre, in presence of another tragedy on the Rymnik, of which another Alexius

Suvorov, 'he of the Rymnik's' only son, is the hero; and the time, the victim also. It is a splendid evening late in April 1800, and a party of officers are amusing themselves upon the north bank of the river, not far from where General Suvorov watched the play of his murderous artillery—a circumstance frequently alluded to in the lively conversations of the young men. The weather being warm, a bathe in the calm, tempting Rymnik, shining like molten silver in the mitigated rays of the westering sun, is proposed and agreed to. The officers strip—plunge in—disport themselves for awhile; and are about returning to the shore, when a sudden cry of mortal agony is heard, and the young Count Alexius Suvorov is seen to strike his arms for a few moments wildly in the air, and immediately disappear beneath the waters, which 'he of the Rymnik' once exultingly crimsoned with the blood of his fellow-men! Cramp was the supposed cause of this catastrophe, by which the male line of the Suvorovs became extinct; 'he of the Rymnik,' himself expiring, we shall find, a few days after the tidings of his son's sad fate reached St Petersburg, to strew his miserable death-bed with fresh thorns—to point the moral of his ferocious life with a more impressive significance!

The battle of the Rymnik was the last struggle of any magnitude in the field during this war between the Ottomans and the Russo-Austrian armies; but a memorable achievement was yet in reserve for Suvorov, which has been held to be the most brilliant of the Oriental plumes in his military casque. This was the storming and sacking of Ismail, an unskilfully fortified town at the mouth of the Danube, crowded by fugitive Turkish soldiers—brave enough, it may be, especially when inspired by opium, but utterly deficient in organisation and the requisite material, as well as skill, required for the defence of a place incapable in any case of a prolonged resistance to a well-appointed and efficiently handled European force. This Suvorov perceived at the first view of the crumbling wall and half-choked moat surrounding the landward side of the straggling town; and he determined, in conjunction with the Russian admiral, to assault it forthwith. This resolution taken, Suvorov assembled his chief officers on the evening of the 8th of December 1790, and gave his final directions for an escalade, in seven columns, an hour before daybreak on the following morning—the admiral, Ribas, aiding by an attack with his whole force, at the same hour, on the side of the Danube. The leading files were to carry not only ladders, but fascines, to fill up more completely, where necessary, the filth-choked ditch. The mode of assault having been thoroughly explained, General Suvorov dismissed his officers with these words: 'You now understand what is to be done, and how to do it. Two hours before daybreak, I shall rise, say my prayers, dress myself, go out in front of the tent, and crow like a cock. The men must then be immediately got under arms. At the second crow, which will *be just* half an hour after the first, I expect everything to be in

readiness for the advance; and at the third crow, you will push forward according to my directions. And do not forget what I have already told you—that till resistance has entirely ceased upon every point, the men must not be encumbered with prisoners. Now, begone.'

Suvorov's directions were rigidly obeyed, and the look-out of the Turks—whom the cock-crowing signals did not alarm—being of the blindest, the heads of the Russian columns had surmounted the ramparts before any combined resistance was encountered; and thenceforth the defenders of Ismail were nothing but a tumultuous, panic-stricken mob, jammed helplessly together in the narrow streets, from which there was no outlet, and where their principal weapons—pistols, sabres, and poniards—were of slight avail against the serried weight of the Russian columns, pioneered as they all were by cannon taken on the ramparts, which, in combination with musketry, rent asunder at each discharge the crowded, and, from the pressure of their numbers, instantly reclosing masses of the Turks. In the intervals of these destructive volleys, the Russian officers were heard shouting, with mechanical repetition of the orders of their general: 'Forward!—Strike!—Push on!—No Quarter!—No Prisoners!' and the terrific massacre thus relentlessly urged, soon became as indiscriminate as it was ruthless and unsparing. Men, armed or unarmed—women—children—gray-haired age and lisping infancy—alike appealed in vain for mercy to a ruffian soldiery; and it was four o'clock in the afternoon before the bloody harvest of that dreadful day was mainly reaped, and the wholesale slaughter of crowds of human beings had subsided to the scattered gleanings of individual murder, which, it is admitted, continued during the three days and nights of pillage expressly authorised by General Suvorov—'many of the Turks having sacrificed their lives in defence of their property, and the women defended or avenged their honour with poniards.' However, at 4 P.M. all attempt at serious resistance was over; and Suvorov despatched the following bulletin to Prince Potemkin:—'Glory to God! Glory to thee! Ismail is ours, and I am in it.' *

The loss of the Russians, according to the statement of their own historians, was comparatively trifling; and if we may credit the same authority, 33,000 Turkish soldiers were slain or grievously wounded, besides 6000 women and children of the same nation; 2000 Moldavian and Armenian Christians; and 500 Jews. Let us hope that these numbers are exaggerated for the purpose of enhancing the glory of the conqueror, though it is hardly possible to do so in the face of the official report, which states that the earth being so frozen that pits to contain the slain could not be dug, the dead bodies were all flung into the Danube—

* This dispatch was written in rhyme, and was literally as follows:—
'Islawa boga; Islawa warn,
Ismail wsjat; Suvorov tam.'

its operation which by great exertion was completed in six days. Be, however, the numbers he had destroyed a few thousands more or less, General Suvorov lost no time in celebrating a solemn service of thanksgiving to the Almighty for the divine aid afforded in effecting the inhuman butchery. On the early morrow of the assault, the blasphemy ascended from the Convent Church of St John, from the very midst of the heaps of slain and still writhing bodies—the shrieks, curses, pistol-shots, incident to the authorised pillage, then in full career, breaking in from time to time upon the intonations of the Greek priests, and the responses of the military audience—a veritable *Te Deum* of devils—ascribing to God the cruelties of Suvorov and his brutal serfs; 'Not unto us, O Lord—not unto us, but to Thy name be all this glory!' The Empress Catherine ordered a gold medal to be struck in commemoration of the storming of Ismail; Suvorov, its prime hero, was received at St Petersburg with the most distinguished marks of favour, and immediately appointed Colonel of the Preobraschenski Guards.

The war, successful as it had been, was however soon brought to a sudden and unexpected close. Notwithstanding the exhausting consequent upon the American conflict, and the menacing aspect of affairs in France, Mr Pitt's cabinet, alarmed by the fall of Oczaklow and Ismail, took instant and decisive measures for arresting the southern progress of the Muscovite. The English ambassador at St Petersburg presented a note to the empress, which, in the usual periphrastic style of such documents, intimated that persistence in the war with Turkey would compel Great Britain to take part in the conflict, 'as his Britannic majesty could not view with indifference an apparent attempt against the integrity of the Ottoman Empire.' The rapid concentration of a powerful fleet at Spithead gave force and point to this diplomatic protest, and Suvorov's bloody sword was struck from his grasp whilst in the very act of being uplifted for a still wider sweep than it had yet attained. Conditions of peace, known as Lord Whitworth's Treaty, were ratified in December 1791, at Jassy—in the vicinity of which town, by the way, Prince Potemkin, suddenly seized with mortal illness, had expired in a ditch not many weeks previously.

Suvorov's triumphant course was not yet run, and three years had barely elapsed when the shaking of the nations, consequent upon the thunder-burst of the French Revolution, gave to view a field of strife in which it was almost impossible that victory should desert his banners. Poland—dismembered, bleeding, trampled Poland—inspired new life with every breath from Paris, and madly measuring her strength by her courage, essayed another struggle with her gigantic oppressors. The hero of this conflict of despair was Thaddeus Kosciusko, a name immortally associated with mournful and heroic memories. He was a young Polish noble of but moderate fortune, who had received his earlier military education at the Royal Academy

of Cadets at Warsaw, where he greatly distinguished himself, especially in the science of military engineering. An instinctive love of freedom, quickened by a disappointment of the affections—the lady upon whom 'he had set his soul,' to quote his own expression, having preferred accepting the hand of Prince Lubornyrsky—induced him to pass over to the United States, where he served in the War of Independence under both Washington and Gates, and with such efficiency as to attain the rank of lieutenant-colonel. On his return to Europe, Kosciusko naturally placed himself in communication with those of his countrymen who writhed impatiently beneath the triple yoke to which Poland was manacled; and upon the first decided manifestation of popular feeling, in 1792, he was unanimously invited by the chief Polish malcontents to assume the direction and control of the insurrection, which it was plain would soon burst forth. But a near view of the actual state of affairs dispelled the illusive hopes with which the great, but, as regards the continent of Europe, utterly misleading example of America had inspired Kosciusko; and after a calm and careful estimate of the utmost force which the convulsive enthusiasm of the Polish patriots could be expected to place at his disposal, he frankly declared that there would be no possible chance of success with such means against the multitudinous hosts of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, already either imbedded in, or closely circling his unfortunate country. 'The struggle would be without hope,' he said, addressing the assembled chiefs; 'and the torrents of Polish blood that would flow in the desperate strife, would but cement and harden the accursed despotism which bows us to the earth. Better wait, with what patient fortitude we may, till the bayonets of a French army glitter near the frontier, and then the vigorous exertion of our hoarded strength may again place Poland in the front rank of independent nations.' This prudent counsel could not allay, and but slightly deferred, the breaking forth of the popular tempest, which had already caught in its first fitful eddies the more enthusiastic and volatile of the patriots; and the premature revolt of two Polish regiments, stationed at Pultusk, decided and hastened the general outburst. Kosciusko was at Leipsic at the time; but determined to share the clearly seen peril of an enterprise which his wisdom would have postponed, he hastened at once to Cracow, and on the 1st May 1794, closed the gates of that city, and formally proclaimed the revolution. Catherine's mock-king of Poland, Stanislaus Augustus Poniatowsky, of course discountenanced the revolt, but his efforts availed nothing to arrest its electric progress. The astonishing victory of Raslowice, obtained by Kosciusko with 4000 Poles, two-thirds of whom were armed with scythes only, over an equal number of efficiently armed and disciplined Russian troops, excited the successful revolt of Warsaw, which resulted in the discomfiture and expulsion of the Russian and Prussian garrisons by the inhabitants of that city, aided by a brigade of Polish

guards, after a two days' sanguinary conflict in the streets; and the young generalissimo of the insurgents found himself unexpectedly at the head of a force of 12,000 men, with which he marched without loss of time against the Russian general, Denisoff, whom, however, with all his unresting speed, he could not reach till the Russians had been joined by a Prussian army of 30,000 men, commanded by Frederic-William in person, on their march to avenge the victorious expulsion of the Prussian troops from Warsaw. Success against such disproportioned numbers was out of the question; and after sustaining a severe loss, Kosciusko was compelled to retire upon the intrenched camp before Warsaw, where for upwards of two months, the whole of July and August, he and his Poles withstood the utmost efforts of the combined Russian and Prussian armies to force their position; and the Prussian monarch was ultimately obliged to retire with precipitation, leaving many sick and wounded, and a considerable quantity of stores in the hands of the so far triumphant insurgents. But the odds, as Kosciusko had predicted, were rapidly becoming too unequal. An Austrian army entered Galicia, and trampled out the already fading embers of the insurrection sparsely scattered there; and now, in the beginning of September, the fierce Suvorov, he of the Rymnik and Ismail, was advancing with the Muscovite Grand Army to assist Prussia and Austria in overcoming the resistance of a handful of half-armed Poles. Kosciusko, taking counsel of his courage only, moved rapidly with such weak forces as he could hastily bring together against the Russian general, Fersen, strongly posted at Matschewitz, about eight German miles from Warsaw, with the hope of striking a good blow before the arrival of Suvorov with the Grand Army shut out all chance of success. But the hour of final defeat had struck. Fersen had been already powerfully re-inforced; and after a day of marvels, the Poles, worn out rather than vanquished by overpowering numbers, abandoned the field of battle, and retreated in disorder upon Praga—a wooden suburb of Warsaw, with which it was connected by a bridge across the Vistula. Kosciusko, who had received two sabre wounds in the neck and one on his head, was overtaken and surrounded by a party of Cossacks, the officer commanding whom, Cornet Philipinko, confronted the partially disabled Polish general, and asked if he demanded quarter. Kosciusko replied by sending a bullet through the querist's head; then dashed the spurs into his horse's flanks, broke through the encircling line of Cossacks, and might have escaped, but for the stumbling of his horse, wounded and exhausted like his rider, which enabled a Cossack to overtake, spear through the back, and hurl him to the ground in a state of insensibility. He was immediately secured, and as soon as possible hurried off in close *custody* to Russia.

After surprising and quietly disarming several Polish regiments *isolated* from each other in Podolia, Suvorov marched forthwith

upon Warsaw; and so feeble was the resistance it was possible to oppose to him, that he arrived with his whole force in front of Praga in the second week of October. Within that feeble barrier the broken remnant of the patriot forces—about 15,000 in number—had drawn together, not with the futile expectation of successfully defending the last refuge of expiring Poland, vanquished with Kosciusko, but to sacrifice their lives upon her tomb, in the firm hope and faith—wrote one of them, Jasinski, to his sister—of thereby assuring and hastening her ultimate resurrection. The Russian general was observed to smile grimly as he reconnoitred the defences of Praga, and satisfied himself that the reports of his numerous emissaries within the place—King Stanislaus Augustus being of the number—were perfectly correct as to the impossibility, in the actual condition of the Poles, of defending Praga against a vigorous assault. 'Let my children know,' said Suvorov, addressing the officers by whom he was surrounded, 'that I intend repeating Ismail here, and without delay too.' These words, passing rapidly from mouth to mouth throughout the Russian camp, were greeted with ferocious glee by the eager soldiery, who readily caught the general's meaning, that he was about to marshal 'his children,' not for valiant contest with an equal or nearly equal foe, but for an easy and welcome task, like that he spoke of, and with which their hands were still red—one of massacre enlivened by pillage! The comparative feebleness of this last barrier of Polish nationality could scarcely, indeed, be exaggerated, notwithstanding the stories we have been told of the numbers on both sides being nearly equal, and of the hundred pieces of cannon found in Praga by the victors. It is true, the Poles were numerous enough; but more than one-third of them were armed only with scythes; and for those who had muskets, only seven ball-cartridges, upon an average, could be supplied to each upon the morning of the assault. There was a large number of cannon, too, in the place; but not more than thirty pieces, hastily brought over from Warsaw on the approach of the Russians, were mounted or serviceable, and for these barely a sufficient number of balls, of the requisite calibre, could be collected at the crisis of the struggle, to feed their fire for more than half an hour. All this, we repeat, was well known to Suvorov, and shrewdly guessed at by his soldiers; and except that the Russian commander had hastily constructed three batteries of heavy ordnance, chiefly with a view to lull the Poles into a belief that he was about to sit down before Praga in regular form, the fire from which heralded the advance of the Russian columns, seven in number, as at Ismail—the magical seven was one of Suvorov's numerous superstitions—on the morning of October 23 (November 3), 1794, the assault was as ill-combined and headlong as at the Turkish massacre, whilst the instructions issued to the officers were precisely the same as on that occasion. The hour of attack was to be *daybreak; the leading files* were to carry fascines and ladders; the

signal to advance by the general himself, after he had said his prayers—three lusty cock-crows; and, above all, no prisoners were to be made till all resistance had everywhere ceased.

Thus instructed and prepared, with the revived and grateful scent of the blood shed at Ismail in their nostrils, the Muscovite hordes marched eagerly upon Praga as to an assured and facile butchery. Whilst the ammunition of the Poles lasted, the assaulting columns were everywhere driven back; but as the fire of the defenders of Praga necessarily slackened, and finally ceased, that of their foes increased in weight and fierceness, and the Russian infantry pressed resistlessly onwards, the grape-charged cannon in their front, and their close volleys of musketry, delivered with mechanical regularity, cleaving a bloody road to the centre of the crowded suburb, towards which point the attacking columns all converged. The only difference between the storming of Praga and that of Ismail was, that the resistance of the Poles was more deadly and effective than that of the Turks—unhappily so for Suvorov, impatient of success, heightened a hundredfold the horror of the struggle, by giving orders to set the wooden houses, of which Praga was chiefly built, on fire. We shall not attempt to paint in words the scene which ensued upon the execution of this demoniac command; it is enough to say that, according to the most moderate estimate, 12,000 of the inhabitants of Praga, of both sexes and every age, besides two-thirds of the practically disarmed Polish soldiers, were shot, bayoneted, sabred, perished in the flames, or were driven into and drowned in the Vistula! The tocsin continued to sound during the dreadful uproar from all the churches, which were thronged chiefly with women and children, striving to follow the words of the trembling priests, who since the dawn of day had been saying masses for the dead and dying. A church was no sanctuary from Suvorov's 'children.' The doctrinal difference between the Greek and Latin churches is so peculiar, that it requires a somewhat acute theologian to appreciate it fully; but the difference of *name* sufficed to dissipate any hope which the well-known superstition of the Muscovite soldiers might have suggested, and the massacre was equally unsparing within as without the temples of religion. The priest was slain at the altar; the woman, as she knelt in prayer; the girl, wildly clasping the crucifix or her mother's robe; and before eleven o'clock of the forenoon, the life-blood poured forth like water of 22,000 human beings—so swift had been the destruction, testified alike to the glory of Suvorov, and the benign suffering of Him by whom they had been created in His own image!

The breaking down of the end of the bridge over the Vistula abutting upon Warsaw alone saved that city from the fate of Praga, and its unconditional capitulation a few days afterwards consummated the triumph of the Russian general. Suvorov, surrounded by a brilliant cortège, made his entry into the humiliated

capital with great pomp and circumstance on the 8th of November; and when met on the Warsaw side of the bridge by the magistracy, who presented him with the keys of their city upon a velvet cushion, with emblematic gifts of bread and salt, he took the keys in his hand, pressed them to his lips, and looking upwards said, with an impious audacity scarcely credible: 'I render thee thanks, Almighty God, that thou hast not exacted the same price for these keys as for the possession of Praga.' The procession then moved on, and when it had reached the cathedral, Suvorov 'ordered his staff to halt, whilst he, uncovered, recited a prayer.' One house alone along the triumphal line of march was, in defiance of the order of the day, closely shut up, and exhibited no rejoicing finery of any description. 'Who lives in that house?' angrily demanded Suvorov, fiercely checking his horse. 'The English ambassador,' replied General Tolinief, pointing to the not very conspicuous arms over the gateway. The conqueror motioned impatiently with his hand, and the momently checked military display went past. The surrender of Warsaw was the concluding act of the Polish tragedy, and the absorption of ancient Sarmatia became for the present an accomplished fact. Even Stanislaus Augustus, spite of his subservient infamy, could not be forgiven his shadowy crown; and the imperious Catherine—upon whose favour, in consideration of former intimacy, he had all along depended for personal immunity and the means of luxurious life—ordered him to be seized and imprisoned for life in Russia; a fate he richly merited, but not at her hands.

Suvorov's services in accelerating the Polish catastrophe were highly appreciated by the potentates amongst whom Poland was divided, and their admiring gratitude was very warmly expressed. Francis of Austria, speaking for himself, 'his late uncle, and other ancestors of glorious memory,' declared that exploits so brilliant as the storming of Praga, and the splendid entry into Warsaw, would for ever secure him the esteem of the whole world;' and the youthful kaiser further assured 'my dear General Count Suvorov,' that in proportion as he had constantly admired his extraordinary abilities did he feel grateful for the zeal employed in re-establishing the tranquillity of Poland. As a slight token of his esteem, he had sent him his, Francis's, portrait, by the hands of Captain Langfrey. Frederic-William of Prussia, writing from Potsdam, on the 10th November 1794, assured 'my very dear, dear General Count Suvorov-Rymnikski,' that he had learned with extreme pleasure the agreeable intelligence of the brilliant victory of Praga, so honourable to the troops who had combated with such courage and good-fortune, and begged his acceptance of the Order of the Red and Black Eagle. But Catherine, his own sovereign, was not only the most gracious, but, a far more important consideration, infinitely the most munificent of his majestic entourage. She sent him a field-marshal's baton, and uniform adorned with jewels *worth 50,000* crowns, accompanied with the following

note:—'Field-marshal General Count Alexander Suvorov-Rymnikski, I make you my compliments on all your victories, especially on your carrying the intrenchments of Praga.—CATHERINE.' Her imperial majesty presented him, moreover, 'by virtue of our plenary authority, from the imperial possessions in Lithuania, constituting a part of the ci-devant royal district of Brezcia, the entire district of Robrin, with all the burghs, manor-houses, and villages dependent thereon, and the population of 6922 souls contained therein; all the cattle, and summarily all the objects of rural economy, attached to the said district of Robrin, to be enjoyed by himself and his heirs for ever.'

This regal generosity excited a correspondingly loyal gratitude in the breast of the recipient; 'but, ever faithful to his religious principles,' the newly-created field-marshal would on no account assume the vestments and insignia of his new rank till they had received the benediction of the church; which ceremony was performed with much *bizarre* pomp in the cathedral of Warsaw. The uniform, baton, &c., having been deposited upon the high-altar, Suvorov indulging, as he frequently did, in the antic buffoonery which has suggested the charitable apology for his deeds, that he was radically insane, caused as many chairs to be ranged along the aisle as there were generals in the Russian service whom he, by his recent promotion, had overleaped in rank; and entering the cathedral at a run, in his shirt, jumped over the intervening chairs, one by one—dressed himself in his new uniform—'and joined devoutly in the Te Deum.' Field-marshal Suvorov remained in Warsaw till the end of the following year, when he departed for St Petersburg, where he was received with extraordinary honours, lodged by the empress's express command in the palace of Taurida, and served by the officers of the court.

The progress of the French republican armies now began to disturb the susceptibilities of Catherine, and Suvorov was constantly entreating his 'lady-mother' to send him against 'the French atheists.' The meteor successes of Napoleon Bonaparte especially aroused the jealousy of the Russian field-marshal. 'That youngster goes too fast,' was his frequent remark, 'and should be stopped at once. That would not be so difficult for me and my children, if our lady-mother would but give us leave.' Catherine was yielding to the importunity of her impatient field-marshal, the argumentative solicitations of the British ambassador, and her own instinctive hatred of republics, when death suddenly invaded the imperial palace; and the haughty czarina, starting from the apoplectic trance in which she had been for some hours plunged, revealed her consciousness of the dread presence by that long frightful scream, ceasing only with life, which so haunted ever afterwards the imaginations of the lady-attendants.

Paul succeeded to the Muscovite throne, and the preparations for war with France were suspended. Suvorov very soon incurred the displeasure of his new sovereign, by opposing and ridiculing

the fiddle-faddle fashions—such as hair-powder, periwigs, pig-tails, which Paul, in exaggerated imitation of the military mode of Prussia, was desirous of introducing into the Russian service. Some doggrel lines upon the subject—

> 'The tails have not the bayonet's powers,
> The curls are not long twenty-fours,
> The barber's powder is not ours'—

attributed to the field-marshal, fell into the indignant young monarch's hands, and Suvorov was forthwith exiled to his estates, where he remained chiefly employed in practising bell-ringing, hopping a long distance upon one leg, and similar pastimes, till the close of 1798, when the cannon of the Nile, by shattering the prestige of French invincibility, and, moreover, placing an apparently impassable gulf between Bonaparte, his veteran Army of Italy, and Europe, inspired Austria with resolution to make another strenuous effort to retrieve and avenge her losses and defeats, and if possible, hurl back and enchain revolutionary France within her former settled limits. The counsels and subsidies of Great Britain gained over the Emperor Paul; and in December 1798, a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, against France, was signed by the representatives of England, Russia, and Austria. As regarded Russia, England agreed to advance immediately the czar, whose exchequer was in its usual state of chronic exhaustion, the sum of L.250,000, and to pay him further a monthly subsidy of L.75,000 as long as the war should last. In return, 40,000 Russians were to co-operate with a British army in Northern Germany, and 60,000, commanded by the great Suvorov himself, were to re-inforce the Austrian armies in Italy and upon the Rhine; the Russian field-marshal, moreover, to command the combined armies in chief wherever he was present. Paul's letter to Suvorov announcing his restoration to imperial favour, and his appointment to the command of the allied armies, was thus couched: 'I have resolved to send you into Italy, to the assistance of his majesty the king and emperor, my brother and ally, Suvorov has no need of triumphs or laurels, but my country has need of him; and my wishes agree with those of Francis II., who, having conferred on you the supreme command of his Italian army, begs you to accept that dignity.' This gracious missive threw the field-marshal into ecstasies, manifested, amongst other modes peculiar to himself, by copious libations of brandy, and a solemn service of thanksgiving for his good-fortune. The appointment to this high command of the conqueror of Ismail—Praga was not so much spoken of—also threw, as previously intimated, the more ultra-English partisans of the war against France into paroxysms of delight. 'What,' they urged in every style of phrase and type—'what great results may not be fairly anticipated, now that the profligate French are about to be encountered by the rugged and invincible warriors of the north?'—led by an equally rugged and invincible *chief*, whose luxurious couch was a bundle of

hay or straw, who repudiated the effeminacy of body-linen, rarely washed and never shaved himself, had not made use of a looking-glass for twenty years, nor in that period encumbered his pelisse with either watch or money. Generals and troops, with bodies debilitated by a temperate and genial climate, could not be expected to oppose an effectual resistance to such hardy soldiers of nature; and the only regret seemed to be, that the avenging, but entirely well and piously disposed modern Attila, had not been brought into the arena before the young Corsican, unfortunately left in Egypt, had escaped therefrom. Suvorov, it is well known, had these and the like absurdities carefully translated and frequently read to him. This, though laughable enough, does not much surprise one in such a man; neither perhaps should it do so, that he himself seriously and openly indorsed the opinions of the writers, by exclaiming aloud every now and then: 'That *is* true: quite right. It *is* a pity that famous youngster has got away before I came. He will have to be quick now, to meet me before I reach Paris.'

The unquailing energy of the Russian marshal had no more than his unreasoning arrogance been weakened by advancing years: he was speedily at Vienna; 'the mirrors were ordered out, and the straw ordered in,' at the palace prepared for his reception; and the capture of Paris, the restoration of the government of the Bourbons, and condign punishment by axe and knout of all revolutionary atheists, were glibly prated of by the wonderful warrior, as results already virtually achieved by the terror with which the news of his advance at the head of his redoubtable 'children' would necessarily inspire the soldiers of France. The Emperor Francis, more astonished than convinced by the Russian hero's vaunts, asked, very naturally, what precise plan he had conceived for carrying out his very magnificent designs. 'Plan!' replied Suvorov, with sublime contempt for strategic war—'plans? I never make any: time, place, and circumstances decide me.' Being pressed, however, to indicate at least the general outline of scheme of operations that was to break down the military strength of France in such swift decisive fashion, supposing the greatness of his name should fail to utterly disorganise the French armies, the Muscovite marshal condescended to dictate the following luminous memorandum for the guidance of the Austrian officers: —'Austria and Russia should act against France on the following principles: Nothing to be thought of but the offensive!—Quick marches; energy in attack; the naked steel!—No theory! *Coup d'œil!*—Full powers to the commander-in-chief.—Seek the enemy in the field, and beat him!—Lose no time in sieges, unless in coming on a good depôt, as Mayence.—If necessary, now and then blockade a place, and occasionally carry a fortress by surprise or storm.—Never scatter forces to cover many points.—If the enemy passes the unguarded points, so much the better: he comes to us to be crushed.—Direct on to Paris.—Do not [illegible]

Landau, but observe it with a sufficient force; not to cover a retreat, which must not be thought of, but to protect the convoys. There must be no idle manœuvring, countermarches, and what are called *ruses de guerre:* such things are only fit for wretched pedants.—No delay.—The English clear the Mediterranean, and Italy and the Netherlands fall easily after Paris.' It is not surprising that after the perusal of this document, the Aulic Council, with the recollection of the famous Italian campaign still vivid in their minds, felt strong misgivings as to whether Marshal Suvorov was really 'another and sterner Bonaparte;' and unanimously determined upon warning the Emperor Francis, that 'full powers ought *not* to be given to the commander-in-chief to lead the Austrian troops like sheep to the shambles.' It would be well, they argued, to see this victor over viziers and pachas *aux prises* with Moreau and Massena, before investing him with powers which as yet he had shewn no capacity for wielding efficiently in the presence of such adversaries. This prudent counsel was but in part adopted by Francis; and except as to the general aim and policy of the ensuing campaign, Suvorov assumed supreme command over the allied armies.

Unquestionably there was at this time a highly favourable concurrence of circumstances which would have enabled a general worthy of the name to have achieved important results, and a lofty and enduring reputation. Let us recapitulate a few of them. Napoleon Bonaparte—luckily for the warriors of Ismail and Praga, who would else have been sent howling home again much earlier than they subsequently were—was in Egypt, with the flower of the French veterans; and the Republican armies, numbering in all 150,000 soldiers, one-third of whom were raw conscripts, had to cover Holland, the line of the Rhine, Switzerland, and all Italy. These forces scattered from the Texel to the Gulf of Tarentum included the armies occupying Naples and Rome, and were everywhere environed by hostile populations, whom the oppressions and exactions of the French generals had in several places, particularly in Piedmont, driven into open revolt. Then the Directory were at feud with themselves and the best generals of their armies. Championnet, the conqueror of Naples, was under trial for disobedience of orders; Massena had been removed from Rome, for more than usually outrageous peculation; Moreau, being under a cloud, was intrusted with a division only; and Bernadotte and Joubert had refused the command of the Army of Italy, which the Directory were at last fain to force upon the acceptance of the minister of war, Scherer, an officer worn out with infirmities, and extremely unpopular with the soldiers. On the other side, Austria, by dint of incessant exertion since the armistice of Leoben, had brought 250,000 efficient, well-appointed soldiers into the field, to say nothing of the immense number of recruits preparing to join, commanded by tried and skilful generals. The opening of the campaign, answering to the precited conditions, was a disastrous

one for France. On the 25th of March, long before the arrival of the Russians, the Archduke Charles had obtained a complete victory over the French army of the Danube, commanded by Jourdan and Soult at Stockach; and on the 3d of April, the Austrian army in Italy, under Baron Kray, overthrew Scherer at Magnano, and drove him back from the Mincio to the Adda. Except in Switzerland, where Massena firmly maintained himself, the French armies were in full retreat upon all points after terrible reverses, when, on the 9th of April 1799, six days after the battle of Magnano, Suvorov with 28,000 Russians effected a junction with the victorious Austrians, the command of whom had been transferred from Kray to Mélas. In such circumstances, a general like Napoleon or Wellington would have swept the broken forces before them with the speed and fury of a whirlwind; but 'the energetic barbarian,' who, fortunately for France, had acceded to the chief command of the allied armies, had a genius for military murder only, not for the combinations of strategic war; and the French Republic was saved, at a crisis of immense peril, by the incapacity of the 'conqueror' by whom she was to have been infallibly overthrown.

Suvorov's first step was to irritate and disgust the Austrian troops, by appointing Russian drill-sergeants to teach them the bayonet-exercise; and his general language, as well as that of his lieutenants, was equally offensive and ridiculous, addressed to victorious troops by men whose military reputation rested upon successful encounters with half-Asian Turkish soldiers. One instance of this assumption of superiority, though occurring some months later in the war, may be quoted here. Korsakoff, a general of the Suvorov-school, had joined the Archduke Charles in Switzerland with 40,000 men, and at a conference relative to the positions which the allied armies were to assume, the Archduke, placing his finger upon a spot of the map, said: 'Here you must place a battalion.' 'A company, you mean,' said the Russian general. 'No; a battalion.' 'I understand,' rejoined Korsakoff; 'an Austrian battalion, or a Russian company.' Experience taught the Russians a more correct and modest appreciation of themselves; and this uncomfortable wisdom dawned upon Suvorov's mind at the very first bayonet brush of his 'children' with the French soldiers, near the bridge of Lecco upon the Adda, in the first attempt to pass which the Russians were repulsed with great loss. The French soldiers had been made to believe that the Russians were enormous and formidable colossi, whom it would require the most strenuous exertions to withstand; and great was the astonishment of the 18th Regiment of Light Infantry at the facile victory they obtained with the bayonet over a large body of these terrible fellows, who had been ordered by Suvorov to carry the Lecco Bridge: '*Ces Colosses là sont assez petits mais ont de bonnes jambes pour courir après tout*'—(Those Colossuses are little enough, but with good legs for running, after all\), was the exploit

of the 16th to their comrades; and the Russian prestige, so far as regarded the French troops, was at an end. Suvorov, nevertheless, by force of overwhelming numbers gained several victories, or, at all events, what sufficiently resembled victories, to figure under that title in the gazettes of the Allies. Scherer, who appears to have entirely lost his senses, devolved the command of his army upon Moreau, on the eve of a renewed attempt by the Russo-Austrian armies to force the Adda, which attempt was successful; but Suvorov, hampered by the orders of the Austrian Aulic Council, and deficient in strategical skill, made but slight use of his success, Moreau, with about 25,000 men only, continuing to hold the immense force opposed to him vigorously in check. It was the same after the destructive three days' fight, ending in a drawn battle on the Trebbia with Macdonald, who with the Army of Naples sought to effect a junction with Moreau; and even after the somewhat decisive victory of Novi, where the critically timed advance of the Austrians under Mélas alone rescued the Russian commander from a ruinous overthrow, notwithstanding his confident address on the eve of battle to his soldiers. 'God wills, the emperor orders, and Suvorov commands, that to-morrow the enemy be conquered.' He wasted precious time in Piedmont, which the remodelled French Directory employed in vigorously re-inforcing their armies; and so palpably apparent had the operations of the indecisive campaign rendered his utter deficiency in the highest attribute of a great commander—the clear-eyed, swift sagacity which perceives and instantly avails itself of the quickly passing opportunity for achieving decisive success—that his most eloquent eulogist, Sir A. Alison, is fain to confess, that, 'master of all the plain of Lombardy, and at the head of an overwhelming force, Suvorov did not evince that activity in pursuing the broken (?) remains of his adversary, which might have been expected from the general vigour of his character. For above a week he gave himself up to festivities at Milan, while an army, hardly a third of his own, was in full retreat, by diverging columns, before him.'

These triumphs, such as they were, induced Paul to confer the title of Prince Italysky upon his field-marshal, who, in return, promised the emperor that the next campaign should see him enter France, at the heels of the vanquished Massena, against whom he had conceived a plan of attack which could not fail of decisive success. A very brief description of this, his last campaign, will enable a child to measure accurately the military capacity, rightly so called, of the once famous Russian hero, who, upon this occasion, writes Major Macready, a great admirer of his, 'risked the fate of Switzerland, the spell of his own invincibility, and the existence of his noble (!) army on a most desperate and unnecessary chance.' It had been suggested, for various reasons, by the Aulic Council, that the Russian forces should act together in Switzerland, where Korsakoff had arrived with 40,000 men; and with this view,

Suvorov's army was to replace there that of the Archduke Charles, who leaving Hotze with 25,000 Austrians to co-operate with the Muscovite forces, was to fill the void left by Suvorov's departure from Italy. Thus far the Aulic Council is chargeable with the disaster that ensued; but the plan of operations concerted with Korsakoff and Hotze, involving the junction of the Russian forces, which rendered that disaster inevitable and ruinous, was emphatically Suvorov's own. A few words will describe the main features of that brilliant conception. Switzerland is enclosed and frontiered by two principal river-lines, the Rhine and the Limmat, which traverse that country, one within the other, from their sources near the Great St Bernard in the Great Alps. The first, which is of great extent, Massena could not defend, and he had consequently retired behind that of the Limmat. This river, from the Great St Bernard, to the city of Zurich, which it passes through, is called the Linth, and after issuing below Zurich, from the lake of that name, becomes the Limmat. Korsakoff and his Russians, after the departure of the Archduke Charles, were posted in and about Zurich; the Austrians under Hotze upon the Linth, about midway towards the Alps, with detached corps commanded by Jellachich and Linten extending thitherward, for the purpose of meeting Suvorov, when he should emerge from the passes of the Great St Bernard into the valley of the Reuss, and help to ferry him over the Lake of Lucerne, in boats prepared by them for that purpose, to the French bank of the Linth; thus enabling him to march upon the flank of Massena's forces, which were at the same moment to be attacked in front—that is, along the line of the Linth and the Limmat—by Hotze and Korsakoff. This scheme, which, says Sir A. Alison, promised brilliant results, involved an egregious miscalculation, in some degree analogous to that of Marmont at Salamanca, instantly detected, and fixed as with a thunderbolt by Wellington; or, to adopt a more familiar illustration, Suvorov's plan for taking Massena at a disadvantage, closely resembled the well-known expedient for capturing little birds by placing salt upon their tails; an infallible contrivance upon one only indispensable condition—that the little birds wait quietly to have the salt so placed. Its failure in this instance was decisive and terrible. The Archduke being gone, and Suvorov thoroughly entangled in the passes of the Alps, Massena—instead of patiently waiting, as the Russian field-marshal intended he should, till his 75,000 soldiers were attacked by 90,000—suddenly crossed the Limmat, and threw himself with greatly superior forces upon Korsakoff, driving him pell-mell into Zurich, and but for the arrival during the night of two Austrian battalions and the division under Durassoff, the astounded Russian general would probably have submitted to Massena's summons to surrender. As it was, the catastrophe proved scarcely less destructive and ruinous. At daybreak on the 28th of September, Korsakoff arranged his army in columns, for the purpose of forcing

passage by the Winterthur road, the only avenue of escape left the Russians to Schaffhausen and the line of the Rhine; but having, with inexplicable fatuity, placed his infantry in front, the cavalry in the centre, and the artillery in the rear, only about 12,000 of the infantry succeeded, after several hours of desperate fighting, in effecting their escape; the remainder, together with the mass of the cavalry, being either slain or taken prisoners, whilst the whole of the Russian artillery, baggage, military-chest, stores, &c., fell into the hands of the victors. The slaughter in the streets of Zurich was terrific; and amongst the victims was the celebrated Lavater, who was mortally wounded by a French dragoon during the murderous hurlyburly. A like deadly blow was, almost simultaneously with the rout of Korsakoff, inflicted by Soult upon the Austrians on the Linth. Hotze, their commander, was slain, and his army hurled back beyond the Rhine, with the loss of 3000 prisoners and twenty pieces of cannon; Jellachich and Linten, moreover, who were to have met Suvorov by the Upper Linth, speedily becoming involved in the general flight and discomfiture.

To complete Massena's triumph, it only remained to deal with Suvorov, who, whilst these terrible blows were falling upon his lieutenants, was toiling over and through the acclivities and gorges of the Swiss Alps, every step of his way purchased by the lives of his vainly sacrificed soldiers. Massena had devolved upon Lecourbe the duty of harassing and impeding the field-marshal's advance, and well and efficiently did he with about 4000 light troops perform the allotted task. The tirailleurs of a single brigade, commanded by Gudin, assailed the Russians with so fierce a storm of well-directed bullets as they began to ascend the zigzag path of the St Gothard, that the leading companies fairly turned and fled. Suvorov, amazed and angry at this unexpected check, hurried to the front, and lying down in a ditch, declared 'he would be buried there, where his children had retreated for the first time.' Gudin's position was at last turned; and Lecourbe yielding slow way, gradually loosed his hold of the mountains, and fell back to the valley of the Reuss, after breaking down the Devil's Bridge across that river. So unskilfully handled were the Russian masses, that when arriving the next morning at the broken bridge, hundreds of the leading files were forced over the edge of the abyss into the Reuss by the pressure of the rear, which in the absence of efficient control and direction, continued its mechanical march. The difficulty presented by the broken bridge surmounted, Suvorov at length emerged from the Alps at Altorf, two days after the overthrow of Korsakoff and Hotze, only to find his progress arrested by the steep banks and wide expanse of the Lake of Lucerne, where neither the Austrians nor the promised transport-boats, which had been seized and destroyed by the French, awaited him. Foaming with rage at what he *deemed the neglect* of his subordinates, Suvorov looked

fiercely round for some outlet by which he might affect a junction with his allies, other than that of the difficult defile of Schachenthal, which would compel the entire abandonment of his artillery and stores. There was none to be found; and after two days of dreadful fatigue and suffering, his worn and dispirited troops reached the fertile valley of the Mutten—not long to remain there, for tidings of the recent disasters, confirmed by the rapid advance of the victorious French armies, compelled him, after only forty-eight hours' repose, to endeavour to retrace his steps by Bragd. After much furious fighting, he was thrown back upon the Glaris Alps, with no other resource than to ascend the valley of Enghi, whence he might pass to that of the Rhine. This route was a much more terrible one than that of the Schachenthal, described, it is true, by Sir A. Alison, as 'a horrible defile;' adding, that 'no words can do justice to the difficulties experienced by the Russians in this terrible march, or the heroism of the brave men engaged in it;' whilst Major Macready, writing after personal observation, declares the 'horrible defile' to be, 'in truth, simply a stiff mountain march of six, or at most seven hours;' and the only possible difficulty, therefore, surmounted by the heroic Russians having been a lack of food during the fourteen hours they consumed in accomplishing it. After several days of frightful suffering and disaster, which strewed the passes of the Glaris Mountains with the dead bodies of the assassins of Praga, Suvorov, choking with shame and fury, cursing the French, the Austrians, all mankind, himself included, reached Ilantz, in the valley of the Rhine, after having in the brief space of a fortnight lost the whole of his ammunition, stores, cannon, and more than one-half of the army with which he had left Italy for the assured conquest of France.

The wreck of Korsakoff's army, in the meanwhile, had only been saved from annihilation in the neighbourhood of Constance by the Archduke Charles, who had hastened to their succour from Manheim with a large body of Austrian troops. Thus on every side baffled, overthrown, the prestige once attaching to his name utterly trampled out, the Russian field-marshal awaited the necessary re-inforcements, which it was hoped Paul would lose no time in despatching to his aid, in sullen inactivity, varied, perhaps relieved, by fierce imprecations upon his foes, and idle boastings of his former and future triumphs. 'Some time ago,' he exclaimed, addressing a field-officer about to proceed to England—'some time ago we only talked of victories and conquests; there is no more of that just now; unforeseen circumstances have made us change our tone; but it will come again, take my word for it. You will return to England and see His Royal Highness the Comte D'Artois; tell him our passage of the Alps equalled, if it did not surpass, that of Hannibal.' He then instructed the officer to assure the English, from him, that they were a great people, 'and approached nearer than any others to angels.' The Scottish nation were also to be complimented, not so much upon their

successful resistance to the Roman arms—though that was praiseworthy—as that 'Ossian was quite equal to Homer.' These impatient maunderings of a mind, vacant save when filled with images of successful havoc, were terminated by the arrival of the anxiously expected courier from St Petersburg, who brought the astounding intelligence, that so disheartened was the Emperor Paul with the results of this first collision of his invincible veterans with the soldiers of the West, that he had determined to proceed no further with the quarrel; and in January 1800, the remains of Suvorov's and Korsakoff's broken hosts limped back to Russia. The field-marshal's heart was broken; a brief experience of the disgrace and calamity it had been the glory of his life to inflict on others had humbled his spirit to the dust; and one only consolation remained to him—that of the continued favour, of which he was officially assured, of the Emperor Paul, the crowned impersonation of the power he had incurred such a fearful weight of crime to strengthen and extend. But the lesson illustrated by the close of this terrible life, lacked nothing of completeness. Suvorov, after a journey much lengthened by painful illness, had only arrived at Riga, on his road to St Petersburg, when news reached him, that for some trifling breach of etiquette in his last orders of the day, he was in disgrace with the czar; and immediately the flatterers by whom he had been so long almost deified, fell off as from the presence of a spotted leper.

He entered St Petersburg furtively, in the dusk of the evening, and was supported from his carriage to the bed, which he was never more to leave in life. His own relatives, including his daughter the Countess Zouboff, towards whom he had ever manifested the strongest affection, dared not visit the miserable old man. The love of his children would seem to have been the one redeeming, humanising trait in Suvorov's character. It is related of him that once, when hurrying to war, this feeling had such power over him, that he turned aside from the road he was incessantly pursuing, though night and darkness had long since fallen, and briefly indicating the place where he would rejoin his escort on the early morrow, galloped off alone towards Moscow, the lights of which city were faintly visible in the far distance. Arrived at the Countess Suvorov's residence, he hastened to his children's bedroom, gently drew aside the curtains of the bed where they slept together, kissed and blessed them with passionate earnestness, broke resolutely away, and not permitting himself a moment's rest, mounted a fresh horse, and sped swiftly to overtake his Cossacks. The hope, then, remained to the dying soldier, that his children would live to cherish his memory with affection—the absence of the Countess Zouboff having been charitably accounted for by his attendants upon the pretext of absence from St Petersburg—and to inherit the wealth and honours he had lost himself to win. That consolation was at the last hour to be rent from him, by tidings that his son, his beloved Alexius, was dead—had been

drowned, he read in the brief, garbled report permitted to be published, in the Rymnik. This cruel stroke severed the last link which bound him to life; his mind thenceforth wandered continuously, and he expired, May 10, 1800—his last intelligible words, the expression of a wish that a portrait of the Empress Catherine, which he had constantly worn about his person, should be buried with him, and remain for ever fastened on his breast. Thus passed from earth the renowned conqueror of Praga and Ismail; and the hireling menials who alone stood beside his death-bed were, with the single exception of Lord Whitworth, the British ambassador, the sole mourners present when the tomb closed over the mortal remains of Field-marshal Suvorov.

THE POETS OF AMERICA.

FEW readers would wish the literature of past times to be forgotten, while few have either leisure or inclination to study it in its details. Concise and faithful summaries of the past will therefore be required from time to time, to save from oblivion all that is curious and interesting, and to note the progress that has been made. It is one of the laws of progress, that in the same ratio as productiveness increases, or as the power of writing becomes more general, the standard of criticism should be raised. Thus we cannot doubt that in our country, in the present day, there are many hundreds of persons who are able to write such verses as would have made a reputation some fifty years ago; and even in America, short as its literary career has been, this law has already come into operation; so that many who were esteemed as poets in their day, hold their titles now only by the force of tradition.

Of these old verse-writers—that is their proper name—we shall give some brief notices, which may be amusing, and shall then turn our attention to the superior productions of recent times; for almost all American poetry worthy of the name is the growth of the present century.

Every influence on intellectual culture in America must be important. The thoughts and sentiments diffused throughout that vast republic must affect the destiny of the whole future world. It is a pleasing fact, that so far as poetry has exercised any influence upon society in America, it has been good; ever since the days when the Pilgrim Fathers sang their rude version of the Psalms of David. Whatever may be the defects of American poetry, its moral characteristics have been irreproachable. But we must not overrate its importance. On that rapidly increasing and ever-changing population—composed of English, French, Irish, Scotch, German, and many other materials, brought together from all parts of the world, with all varieties of temperament, creed and character, all earnestly engaged in buying, selling, toiling, and speculating—we cannot suppose that literature of any kind has hitherto had any great influence. The newspaper is the literature of the million; while poetry, history, and philosophy represent only a select class of superior minds.

America has no distinct national literature. It cannot have that for which all the conditions are wanting. The general rule, that literature is in some degree a reflection of the life and character of a people, is true with regard to such countries as Greece, Rome, England, France, and Germany; but America forms an exception. We cannot expect a native and peculiar style of thought and language to spring up in a country which began its career with an extensive literature already provided, with Chaucer, Shakspeare, Spenser, Sydney, Bacon, Hooker, Taylor, Barrow, and Raleigh, already established as authorities. When critics have complained that American poetry is not national, or not peculiarly American in its features, they have only stated a necessary fact. They may say, perhaps, that imaginative writers on the other side of the Atlantic might have made something more of their vast lakes, rivers, and forests, and of the native Indian tribes who once possessed such splendid domains; but poetry of the highest order was never composed of mere description. It requires human interest such as is found in nations with long-cherished traditions. America has no ruined towers, covered and beautified with legends as with ivy-leaves; no old ancestral homes, haunted by memories of ancient times. Its lakes are sublime in their extent; but there are no points of historical interest on their shores. Its mighty rivers are associated with the industry and commerce of the present day, *and also* with thoughts of the future; but not with the old *recollections* on which imagination loves to dwell. Even the

Falls of Niagara have hitherto produced no remarkable poetry, if we except a few lines written by Brainard. In short, we must not expect to find in America any native poetry like that of Scotland and Germany, which bears the impress of popular traditions peculiar to these countries.

With regard to the North American Indians, we think that Cooper, Bryant, Whittier, and other writers, have done all that could be expected with such scanty materials. Savage life is, in fact, rather monotonous. The hunting-excursion, the battle, the ambuscade, the treaty, with its pipe of peace, and then the feast and the war-dance—all these are soon described, and will not bear frequent repetition. One of the oldest verse-writers, Roger Wolcott, attempted to celebrate the destruction of the Pequod Indians; but made a sad failure, as may be guessed by his lines describing the death of the chief, Sasacus :—

> Yet he escaped, and to the Mohawks goes,
> Where he to them keeps reckoning up his woes;
> And they, to cure the passions of his breast,
> Cut off his head, and all his cares released.

And civilised life in America, however interesting in other points of view, is not rich in poetical materials. The Pilgrim Fathers, and their immediate descendants, though worthy and good men, were not poetical. As Timothy Flint has said with reference to their belief in witches and other creatures of diablerie, their first excursions into the world of imagination were not of a nature to tempt them to go much further. Apart from their steadfast and severe religious views, they were generally shrewd practical men. Many wrote verses; but as they were destitute of genius, they were also free from all the eccentricities ascribed to its possessors. Roger Wolcott, the poet, so called, who wrote of the Pequod war, was a very practical man; for he appends to his poems a clothier's advertisement—telling us that he, the writer of the said poems, has been, even from his youth, 'employed in the making and working of cloth,' and, 'having been something at charge in publishing the foregoing meditations,' hopes that his readers will remember him kindly in his way of business! There was something rather wild, perhaps, in publishing his own poems; but he makes amends for it by the practical good sense of the conclusion.

Even the stirring events of the War of Independence have hitherto refused to submit to imaginative treatment. Washington, however great and good, can never be the hero of an epic poem. George Richards who, in 1793, published a poem on *The Declaration of Independence*, gives us such lines as these :—

> Trade dies away—and commerce quits the shore
> Where right to hard-earned property is known no more.

If for a theme we go back to the discovery of America, Joel

Barlow, once so famous as a verse-writer, in his long and tedious epic, *The Columbiad*, has only left a warning instance of the way in which poetry ought not to go.

If, turning from history, we seek for supernatural materials, America is barren here also: it has no haunted places, no fairies, pixies, kobolds and water-sprites, such as abound in the legends of Germany, Scotland, and other countries. As *The Edinburgh Review* has said: 'No ghost was ever seen in North America.'

It is evident, then, that poetry and general literature on the other side of the Atlantic must be, not national, but cosmopolitan in its character; or, in other words, must consist of ideas and sentiments common in civilised countries, and expressed in a language which was well cultivated before North America was colonised.

Without any critical disquisition on the wide difference between poetry and common-place verse, we shall accept as poets all those whose names we find recorded in American collections of poems; but out of the crowd of mere verse-writers shall select only a few, as examples of the mediocrity which was once tolerated.

About three years after the arrival of the Pilgrims in New England, WILLIAM MORELL, an Episcopal clergyman, wrote a description of the country in Latin hexameter verse. The next production in verse was more important, as it was an English version of the Psalms of David by JOHN ELIOT, THOMAS WELDE, and RICHARD MATHER. This version, which was the first book printed in the United States, was dry, literal, and unmusical in the extreme, as one verse may shew:—

> The Lord's song sing can wee? being
> in strangers' land, then let
> loose her skill my right hand if I
> Jerusalem forget.

BENJAMIN TOMPSON is styled 'the first native American poet.' On his tombstone at Roxbury, he is described as 'learned schoolmaster and physician, and the renowned poet of New England.' He died in 1714, aged seventy-four. His poem, entitled *New England's Crisis*, is a curiosity in its way, as it was written between 1670 and 1675, and contains lamentations over the decay of New England through luxurious habits, at a time when the females of Boston were found among the workers building a fort against the Indians! Tompson deplores the degeneracy of his times; the shortening of grace before dinner; the introduction of silk dresses, tobacco, chocolate, and French wines.

ROGER WOLCOTT—born in Windsor, Connecticut, in 1679—wrote a long poem on *The Charter* obtained for his native colony in 1662. He set a good example by employing his verses to celebrate American scenes and events; but his descriptions are often very

prosaic. Here, for instance, is a sketch of the Connecticut River :—

> The water 's fresh and sweet; and he that swims
> In it, recruits and cures his surfeit limbs.
> The fisherman the fry with pleasure gets,
> With seines, pots, angles, and his trammel-nets.
> In it swim salmon, sturgeon, carp, and eels;
> Above fly cranes, geese, ducks, herons, and teals.

If Wolcott now and then touches a poetic topic, he is sure to spoil it by some dry details. Thus, in describing some mountains, he takes care to tell us :—

> Twenty-four miles *surveyors* do account
> Between the eastern and the western mount.

And then he proceeds to say :

> Hither the eagles fly, and—lay their eggs.

MICHAEL WIGGLESWORTH—born in 1631—was a verse-writer on religious topics. His principal work in verse, *The Day of Doom*, was very popular in its time, went through six editions in America, and was also published in London. It deserves to be placed among the curiosities of literature. In the style of Sternhold and Hopkins, the most solemn matters are here discussed in rhymes so miserable, that the descriptions which were intended to be serious would now read as profane caricatures. The *End of the World* is accompanied with such features as these :—

> They rush from beds, with giddy heads,
> And to their windows run.

For obvious reasons, we can give no further quotations from such a work.

JAMES RALPH gained a reputation scarcely desirable; not by his long poem *Zeuma*, nor by that on *Night*, but simply by giving offence to our poet and satirist, Alexander Pope, who immediately gave him a place in the *Dunciad* :—

> Silence, ye wolves! while *Ralph* to Cynthia howls,
> Making 'night' hideous—answer him, ye owls!

Ralph was, in early life, the friend of Benjamin Franklin, and came to England with him. Here he became known as a writer on politics. The specimens of his poetry, or verse, which are given in some collections, are very dreary.

THOMAS GODFREY—born in 1736—must be briefly noticed, as his tragedy, *The Prince of Parthia*, was the first dramatic attempt in American literature. It is a very dull piece. NATHANIEL EVANS, the friend of Godfrey, was another verse-writer esteemed by some American critics, but scarcely rising above mediocrity.

MATHER BYLES—born in 1706—was noted in his day as a

popular preacher and a wit. His occasional verses have no remarkable merit.

JOSEPH GREEN—born in 1706—was a very successful mercantile man, and also a writer of verse. He amused the people of his native place, Boston, by his harmless lampoons against the Rev. Mather Byles. On one occasion, when Byles was engaged to conduct divine service on board a vessel, finding no collection of psalmody, he wrote for the edification of the crew a metrical psalm. On this little fact, Green founded one of his lampoons, in which he describes how Byles lamented that even David had never written 'a proper psalm to sing at sea.' To supply the supposed defect, he is represented as producing from his own poetic resources, a psalm of a very dreary character, as a few lines will shew. He

Sat down, took out his book, and said:
'Let's sing a psalm of Mather Byles.'
At first, when he began to read,
Their heads the assembly downward hung;
But he with boldness did proceed,
And thus he read, and thus they sung:
'With vast amazement we survey
The wonders of the deep,
Where mackerel swim, and porpoise play,
And crabs and lobsters creep,'—&c.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT—born in 1752, at Northampton, Massachusetts—is chiefly remembered as a theological writer; but was also the author of several poems which were regarded as above mediocrity. They displayed, however, imitation rather than invention. *The Conquest of Canaan* is an epic founded on Scripture history; *The Prospect* was written in imitation of Thomson; and *The Flourishing Village* was written on the model of Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*. In one of his most lowly poems, *The Farmer's Advice to the Villagers*, he gives very good counsel; but it might have been as suitably conveyed in plain prose.

JOEL BARLOW.—Literary taste has passed through some changes in America, as elsewhere, since the time when Barlow was reckoned among the epic poets. We may venture to say that few persons could now be found, either in the Old World or the New, who would have patience to read his great poem, *The Columbiad;* though it was well received on its first appearance in America, and was reprinted in London and Paris. An American editor says: 'Barlow was a poet by dint of study and labour;' which is equivalent to saying that he was not a poet. He appears to have taken a sensible view of his own powers as a verse-writer, when, leaving all the heights of his *Columbiad*, he condescended to sing the praises of *Hasty Pudding*, the title of one of his poems in three cantos. Here he treated his topic with a genuine gusto, and his verses have a quality often wanting in modern poetry—

reality; for Joel was really in love with his theme. He begins thus:—

> I sing the sweets I know, the charms I feel,
> My morning incense, and my evening meal,
> The sweets of *Hasty-pudding!* Come, dear bowl,
> Glide o'er my palate, and inspire my soul.

These notices of Dwight and Barlow must suffice to indicate the mediocre character of other verse-writers in the latter half of the eighteenth century. To find true poetry, we must here pass over many names and come to recent times—to Pierpont, Mrs Sigourney, Bryant, Longfellow, and other poetical writers, of whom we shall now give some short notices.

LYDIA SIGOURNEY, a native of Norwich, in Connecticut, appeared in early life as a writer of verses, characterised by a religious strain of sentiment. She has been styled 'the American Hemans.' We do not admit the full justice of this comparison. In her numerous pieces of fugitive poetry there is a natural flow of sentiment, with an easy and pleasing style of expression. We do not find in them anything great, or displaying creative genius, but such poetry as many can still read with pleasure. The purity of moral feeling which is found in her verses is so generally prevalent in American poetry, that it hardly demands distinct notice. Many of her best poems are quite as familiar to readers on this, as on the other side of the Atlantic.

JOHN PIERPONT.—A true lyrical spirit and flow of language is found in the poetry of John Pierpont, a native of Connecticut, born in 1785. His most considerable poem in length, is entitled *The Airs of Palestine;* but we prefer his occasional hymns, which are chaste and beautiful.

RICHARD H. DANA, a prose-writer in *The North American Review*, and other periodicals, gained reputation as a poet chiefly by his tale of *The Buccaneer*, which is written in a singular and abrupt style, and has been regarded as a powerful narrative of crime, remorse, and punishment by supernatural agency. To us the supernatural terrors called up seem to be defects in the poem. The mind of the pirate and murderer might have been haunted, like that of a similar reprobate, Peter Grimes, so powerfully sketched by Crabbe; but Dana has chosen to represent the end of Lee the pirate, who is carried out to sea on a spectre horse, as if it had been a reality. The opening of the poem, in its quiet imagery, forms a pleasing contrast with the sequel:—

> The island lies nine leagues away.
> Along its solitary shore,
> Of craggy rock and sandy bay,
> No sound but ocean's roar,
> Save, where the bold, wild sea-bird makes her home;
> Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.

But when the light winds lie at rest,
And on the glassy, heaving sea,
The black duck, with her glossy breast,
Sits swinging silently;
How beautiful! no ripples break the reach,
And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.

And inland rests the green, warm dell;
The brook comes tinkling down its side;
From out the trees the sabbath-bell
Rings cheerful, far and wide,
Mingling its sounds with bleatings of the flocks,
That feed about the vale amongst the rocks.

Nor holy bell, nor pastoral bleat
In former days within the vale;
Flapped in the bay the pirate's sheet;
Curses were on the gale;
Rich goods lay on the sand, and murdered men;
Pirate and wrecker kept their revels then.

But calm, low voices, words of grace,
Now slowly fall upon the ear;
A quiet look is in each face,
Subdued and holy fear:
Each motion's gentle; all is kindly done;
Come, listen, how from crime this isle was won.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.—We must now briefly notice a writer of whose poetical powers we cannot entertain that high estimate which some of his countrymen have formed. James Gates Percival was born September 15, 1795; was educated in Yale College; and appeared as a verse-writer in 1820. His early writings were censured on account of some indications of religious scepticism, which do not appear in his later productions. In his general literary and scientific attainments, he is superior to the majority of American authors; but his poetry is chiefly remarkable for fluency and ease of versification, unfortunately associated with a tedious diffuseness of style. Words, words flow on, as in a torrent, while we look in vain for new thoughts. It is quite evident that he has written rapidly. He even boasts in one of his prefaces that his poetry bears no 'marks of the file and burnisher.'

MARY A. BROOKS.—The poetry written by Mrs A. Brooks of Massachusetts, would demand some notice, if only on account of the singularly high commendation bestowed upon one of her works by such an authority as Dr Southey. The title of this poem is *Zophiel;* and in its story of the love of an angel for a mortal maiden, it resembles the well-known poems by Lord Byron and Moore, founded on that mystic text in Genesis: 'And it *came to* pass. . . that the sons of God saw the daughters of men *that* they were fair,' &c. Beyond the topic, however, there

no traits of likeness in the poems. The style of Mrs Brooks is her own—sometimes terse and expressive; but frequently harsh, and disfigured by inversions of the natural order of words. In the passages from *Zophiel*, which we have read, we see some instances of poetic power and expression above mediocrity, but nothing to warrant the singular opinion of Southey, who spoke of it as 'by far the most original poem that this generation has produced.' When we recall the names of Crabbe, Shelley, and Wordsworth, as instances of originality, we can only regard the assertion of the poet-laureate with surprise, and as one among many proofs of the want of critical powers in some superior minds.

JOHN NEAL is a truly American writer; at least in all his faults. Rapidity of production is his forte. He studied law; practised at the bar; edited *The Yankee*, a weekly journal; wrote poetry, novels, criticisms, history, and many papers for English periodicals; produced his best novel during 'odd hours' in less than a month; and in about twelve years, filled some fifty volumes! Of this easy and rapid style of writing we have never been admirers. Neal says: 'Had I a dozen hands, I could keep them all employed when I am writing poetry.' (!) We would suggest, in that case, that half-a-dozen hands at least might be advantageously employed in blotting-out, of which Mr Neal seems never to have thought. Accordingly, his verses are, in a great measure, dreamy, vague, diffuse, overloaded with metaphors, often marked with bad taste, and, in short, destitute of all artistic excellence. Whatever poetic powers he might have, they have never been cultivated. He says of his own writing in verse: 'It is poetry, or it is the most outrageous nonsense; one or the other it must be.' This is very dogmatic, and quite illogical; for it is obvious that it may be a mixture of both, which is indeed the case.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT was born at Cummington, Massachusetts, November 3, 1794. In his fourteenth year, he published a volume of poems, which was so well received, that it was reprinted in the following year. After studying law, and being called to the bar at Plymouth, he removed to New York, where he was engaged as one of the editors of the United States *Review and Literary Gazette;* and afterwards as associate-editor of the *New York Evening Post*. In 1821, he published a volume containing some of his best poems, including his fine blank-verse lines on death, entitled *Thanatopsis*. Other occasional poems appeared in the United States *Literary Gazette*. The favourable reception which his poems enjoyed in England served greatly to extend his fame among his own countrymen. Especially the review in *Blackwood's Magazine*, written with the usual warmth and enthusiasm of Professor Wilson, contributed its influence to make Bryant a poet honoured in his own country. Some American critics have mentioned Percival as a rival, or as even superior to Bryant; but all *that they* have said amounts to little more than a

supposition that Percival, with greater care and study, *might* have surpassed Bryant. Such suppositions of what men might have done are altogether too vague to have a place in criticism. Without attributing to Bryant great creative genius or extraordinary power of any kind, it must be admitted that many of his occasional poems are among the best produced by America, while, with regard to correctness and elegance of style, they excel all others. This elegance of language must not be regarded as a slight qualification. It is essential to poetry; for why should we leave prose unless to write more melodiously? Plain prose is better than ill-constructed verse.

We have always regarded the following verses as a model of a short occasional poem. The picture in the first verse is an instance of clear description in few words, and the closing sentiment is not stuck upon the poem in the shape of a moral, but flows naturally out of the preceding verses:—

TO A WATERFOWL.

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power, whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere;
Yet, stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone; the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

The following verses, supposed to have been spoken by *An Indian at the Burying-place of his Fathers*, are among the best that have been written on similar themes:—

It is the spot I came to seek—
My fathers' ancient burial-place,
Ere from these vales, ashamed and weak,
Withdrew our wasted race.
It is the spot—I know it well—
Of which our old traditions tell.

For here the upland bank sends out
A ridge toward the river-side;
I know the shaggy hills about,
The meadows smooth and wide;
The plains, that toward the southern sky,
Fenced east and west by mountains lie.

A white man, gazing on the scene,
Would say a lovely spot was here,
And praise the lawns so fresh and green
Between the hills so sheer.
I like it not—I would the plain
Lay in its tall old groves again.

The sheep are on the slopes around,
The cattle in the meadows feed,
And labourers turn the crumbling ground,
Or drop the yellow seed,
And prancing steeds, in trappings gay,
Whirl the bright chariot o'er the way.

Methinks it were a nobler sight
To see these vales in woods arrayed,
Their summits in the golden light,
Their trunks in grateful shade;
And herds of deer, that bounding go
O'er rills and prostrate trees below.

And then to mark the lord of all,
The forest hero, trained to wars,
Quivered and plumed, and lithe and tall,
And seamed with glorious scars,
Walk forth, amid his reign, to dare
The wolf, and grapple with the bear.

This bank, in which the dead were laid,
Was sacred when its soil was ours!
Hither the artless Indian maid
Brought wreaths of beads and flowers,
And the gray chief and gifted seer
Worshipped the god of thunders here.

But now the wheat is green and high
On clods that hid the warrior's breast,
And scattered in the furrows lie
The weapons of his rest;
And there, in the loose sand is thrown
Of his large arm the mouldering bone.

Ah! little thought the strong and brave,
Who bore their lifeless chieftain forth,
Or the young wife, that weeping gave
Her first-born to the earth—
That the Pale Race, who waste us now,
Among their bones should guide the plough.

They waste us—ay, like April snow
In the warm noon we shrink away;
And fast they follow, as we go
Towards the setting day—
Till they shall fill the land, and we
Are driven into the western sea.

FITZ GREENE HALLECK.—There is spirit and promise in the poems of Fitz Greene Halleck—a native of Guilford, Connecticut—who has been chiefly engaged in commercial pursuits; but has found time to write verse. Some of his pieces are characterised by a familiar and playful vein of humour. We quote three stanzas from a poem on his native state, Connecticut:—

And still her gray rocks tower above the sea
That murmurs at their feet, a conquered wave;
'Tis a rough land of earth, and stone, and tree,
Where breathes no castled lord nor cabined slave;
Where thoughts, and tongues, and hands, are bold and free,
And friends will find a welcome, foes a grave;
And where none kneel, save when to Heaven they pray,
Nor even then, unless in their own way.

And minds have there been nurtured, whose control
Is felt even in their nation's destiny;
Men who swayed senates with a statesman's soul,
And looked on armies with a leader's eye;
Names that adorn and dignify the scroll,
Whose leaves contain their country's history,
And tales of love and war—listen to one,
Of the Green-Mountaineer—the Stark of Bennington.

When on that field his band the Hessians fought,
Briefly he spoke before the fight began:
'Soldiers! those German gentlemen are bought
For four pounds eight and seven pence per man,
By England's king—a bargain, as 'tis thought.
Are we worth more? Let's prove it now we can—
For we must beat them, boys, ere set of sun,
Or Mary Stark 's a widow!'—It was done.

JOHN BRAINARD, who died of consumption at the age of thirty-two, wrote so carelessly, that he often came into collision with the ordinary rules of syntax and prosody; but his verses display powers worthy of a more careful cultivation. As the editor of a journal—*The Connecticut Mirror*—he was remarkable for his generosity and gentlemanly character. These qualities would perhaps have been scarcely noticed in England; but in America, where the power of the periodical press has been too often abused, they claim especial recognition. In his verses, which were written hastily to fill corners in newspapers, we find occasional traits of boldness and originality, as when he speaks of Niagara as—

A light wave
That breaks and whispers of its Maker's might—

but his poetical writings are generally unequal and unfinished. An *Epithalamium*, or Marriage-song, may be quoted:—

I saw two clouds at morning,
Tinged with the rising sun;
And in the dawn they floated on,
And mingled into one:
I thought that morning cloud was blest,
It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents,
Flow smoothly to their meeting,
And join their course, with silent force,
In peace each other greeting:
Calm was their course through banks of green,
While dimpling eddies played between.

Such be your gentle motion,
Till life's last pulse shall beat
Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,
Float on, in joy, to meet
A calmer sea, where storms shall cease—
A purer sky, where all is peace.

CHARLES SPRAGUE, a native of Boston—1791—resembles Bryant in the studious finish given to his verses. In a style of comparison which is generally injurious to the author whom we seek to raise, he has been called 'the American Pope;' but

he has neither the laconic force of expression, the pointed wit, nor the malevolence of our satirist. Good sentiments and polished versification are the chief characteristics of his poetry, which, though quiet in its tone, has enjoyed considerable popularity in America. We quote a few occasional verses, unassuming and pleasing in their style :—

THE WINGED WORSHIPPERS.

Two swallows, having flown into church during divine service, were apostrophised in the following stanzas :—

Gay, guiltless pair,
What seek ye from the fields of heaven?
Ye have no need of prayer,
Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,
Where mortals to their Maker bend?
Can your pure spirits fear
The God ye never could offend?

Ye never knew
The crimes for which we come to weep.
Penance is not for you,
Blessed wanderers of the upper deep.

To you 'tis given
To wake sweet nature's untaught lays;
Beneath the arch of heaven
To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing,
Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,
And join the choirs that sing
In yon blue dome not reared with hands.

Or, if ye stay,
To note the consecrated hour,
Teach me the airy way,
And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd,
On upward wings could I but fly,
I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'Twere heaven indeed,
Through fields of trackless light to soar,
On nature's charms to feed,
And nature's own great God adore.

RUFUS DAWES, a native of Boston, and graduate of Cambridge, was, some few years ago, editor of *The Emerald*, a Baltimore weekly paper; and wrote several poetical pieces for the United

States *Literary Gazette*. In *Geraldine*, one of his longest poems, we find a mixture of tragic with comic passages; the use of uncommon rhymes, and frequent familiarities of expression. The whole appears to be little more than a feeble imitation of Lord Byron's humorous and satirical style. In his short occasional poems Dawes is more successful, as in the following:—

THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

The Spirit of Beauty unfurls her light,
And wheels her course in a joyous flight:
I know her track through the balmy air,
By the blossoms that cluster and whiten there;
She leaves the tops of the mountains green,
And gems the valley with crystal sheen.

* * * *

At noon she hies to a cool retreat,
Where bowering elms over waters meet;
She dimples the wave, where the green leaves dip,
That smiles, as it curls, like a maiden's lip,
When her tremulous bosom would hide, in vain,
From her lover, the hope that she loves again.

At eve, she hangs o'er the western sky
Dark clouds for a glorious canopy;
And round the skirts of each sweeping fold,
She paints a border of crimson and gold,
Where the lingering sunbeams love to stay,
When their god in his glory has passed away.

She hovers around us at twilight hour,
When her presence is felt with the deepest power;
She mellows the landscape, and crowds the stream
With shadows that flit like a fairy dream:
Still wheeling her flight through the gladsome air,
The Spirit of Beauty is everywhere!

WILLIAM B. O. PEABODY, a native of Exeter, New Hampshire, and pastor of a congregation at Springfield, Massachusetts, has written several short poems, characterised by good sentiments and a refined taste. We may quote two or three stanzas from his *Hymn of Nature*:—

God of the light and viewless air!
Where summer breezes sweetly flow,
Or, gathering in their angry might,
The fierce and wintry tempests blow;
All—from the evening's plaintive sigh,
That hardly lifts the drooping flower,
To the wild whirlwind's midnight cry—
Breathe forth the language of Thy power.

God of the fair and open sky!
How gloriously above us springs
The tented dome, of heavenly blue,
Suspended on the rainbow's rings!
Each brilliant star, that sparkles through
Each gilded cloud, that wanders free
In evening's purple radiance, gives
The beauty of its praise to Thee.

God of the rolling orbs above!
Thy name is written clearly bright
In the warm day's unvarying blaze,
Or evening's golden shower of light.
For every fire that fronts the sun,
And every spark that walks alone
Around the utmost verge of heaven,
Was kindled at Thy burning throne.

God of the world! the hour must come,
And nature's self to dust return;
Her crumbling altars must decay;
Her incense-fires shall cease to burn;
But still her grand and lovely scenes
Have made man's warmest praises flow;
For hearts grow holier as they trace
The beauty of the world below.

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS, a native of Boston, and graduate of Yale College, edited several periodicals, and gained an early reputation as a writer of prose and verse. At the age of twenty-one, he published a selection of his poems which had been written during his college-life, and had great success in America. In his *Pencillings by the Way*—a series of sketches in prose, written in a lively style—he offended against propriety, by dealing too freely in his reminiscences of the personal circumstances and habits of literary men to whom he had gained introductions during his visit to England. The book, however, though objectionable on principle, was harmless, as its breaches of confidence consisted in mere trifles; such as telling us that Christopher North (Professor Wilson), in the warmth of his conversation on poetry, poured his tea or coffee on the outside of his cup. In another series of sketches, *People I have Met*, we find a remarkable specimen of a book under a false title; for while it professes to be composed of characters drawn from real life, the sketches are mostly quite imaginary and extravagant. They display also a fulsome admiration of the aristocracy, which seems strange in an American writer. As a poet, Mr Willis is characterised by a fluent and pleasant style of versification; but it is evident that his verse-writing has been a recreation rather than a study. To [illegible] *easy* and unstudied—to exercise that consummate art which conceals itself—this is a merit in prose and verse, but [illegible]

writing, or such as costs little thought and care for its production, is seldom worthy of preservation. The old German proverb, that 'good things must have time to grow,' is perfectly true in literature; for even seeming exceptions only serve to confirm the rule. Luxurious imagery, rather than deep thought, marks all the prose and verse written by Mr Willis. A few lines on *Idleness* may serve as a specimen of his flowing and pleasant style:—

> The rain is playing its soft, pleasant tune
> Fitfully on the sky-light, and the shade
> Of the fast flying clouds across my book
> Passes with delicate change. My merry fire
> Sings cheerfully itself; my musing cat
> Purrs as she wakes from her unquiet sleep,
> And looks into my face as if she felt,
> Like me, the gentle influence of the rain.
> Here have I sat since morn—reading sometimes,
> And sometimes listening to the faster fall
> Of the large drops, or, rising with the stir
> Of an unbidden thought, have walked awhile,
> With the slow steps of indolence, my room;
> And then sat down composedly again
> To my quaint book of olden poetry.
> It is a kind of idleness, I know;
> And I am said to be an idle man—
> And it is very true. I love to go
> Out in the pleasant sun, and let my eye
> Rest on the human faces that pass by,
> Each with its gay or busy interest;
> And then I muse upon their lot, and read
> Many a lesson in their changeful cast;
> And so grow kind of heart, as if the sight
> Of human beings were humanity.
> And I am better after it, and go
> More gratefully to my rest, and feel a love
> Stirring my heart to every living thing;
> And my low prayer has more humility,
> And I sink lightlier to my dreams—and this,
> 'Tis very true, is only idleness!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.—In the poems by Mr Longfellow—a native of Maine, and formerly a professor in Bowdoin College—there is more variety of tone than in Bryant, or any other American writer of verse. This may partly be ascribed to Mr Longfellow's acquaintance with foreign literature. Of German influence especially, we find so many traces in his poems, that they may be described as German-American in style. His love of old legends, clothed in simple and unstudied language, has been acquired during his travels in Europe. His poems are generally healthy in their moral tone, and especially wide-

short pieces as *The Village Blacksmith* and *The Psalm of Life*, are very suitable for young readers. In one of his more extended poems, *Evangeline*, the metre is not happily chosen, as it has a tendency towards wordiness, and we may discover in its general style some indirect imitation of Goethe's *Hermann and Dorothea;* but, on the whole, it is a beautiful poem, and has the distinct merit of being truly American in its scenery and incidents. *The Spanish Student* is a love-tale, in a dramatic form; and though marked by vivacity of style in some passages, has no especial claims on our notice. We prefer the short, moral poems, such as *The Ladder of St Augustine*, which may be quoted as a concise and excellent sermon in verse. In other poems, such as *Excelsior*, Longfellow is sometimes rather indistinct, perhaps we may say mystical; but still there is a fine purport in his mysticism. His views of human life are as superior to the gloom and despair of the Byronic school, as to the doctrine of endless play and pleasure in the frivolous school of poetry. In his verses, entitled *The Goblet of Life*, he says:—

He who has not learned to know
How false its sparkling bubbles shew,
How bitter are the drops of wo
That from its brim may overflow—
He has not learned to live.

The doctrine of the use of trials and sorrows implied in this stanza is given more plainly in the following poem:—

THE LADDER OF ST AUGUSTINE.

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame.

All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end;
Our pleasures and our discontents
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design,
That makes another's virtues less;
The revel of the giddy wine,
And all occasions of excess;

The longing for ignoble things;
The strife for triumph more than truth;
The hardening of the heart that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

All thoughts of ill—all evil deeds
That have their root in thoughts of ill;
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will;

All these must first be trampled down
  Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright field of Fair Renown
  The right of Eminent domain.

We have not wings—we cannot soar;
  But we have feet to scale and climb,
By slow degrees, by more and more,
  The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
  That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen, and better known,
  Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains that uprear
  Their frowning foreheads to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways that appear
  As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept,
  Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
  Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore,
  With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern, unseen before,
  A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past
  As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
  To something nobler we attain.

To readers of mature age, the frequent iteration of the doctrine that to *work*—morally, intellectually, and physically—is man's true destiny and happiness, may be rather tiresome. Carlyle, Emerson, and Longfellow are certainly rather monotonous in their preaching on this point; but for young readers, the following verses are as wholesome in purport as they are simple in style:—

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
  The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
  With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
  Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat, and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village-bell
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a thrashing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught:
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

Another strain in praise of honest work is to be found in

A PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
'Life is but an empty dream!'
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Find us further than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral-marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time:

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

The tale of *Evangeline* is founded on an event which, though hardly noticed by British historians, is still remembered in the traditions of America. In 1713, when Nova Scotia—then called Acadia—was ceded to England by the French, the inhabitants were expected to take the oaths of allegiance, with the conditions that they should not be called upon to take up arms against either the French, who *were their* kinsmen, or the Indians, with whom they

had made friendly treaties. It does not appear that the oaths were ever taken: probably the British government objected to such conditional terms. Afterwards, when the English extended their territory, and captured the French fort of Beau Séjour, the people of Nova Scotia were regarded as having forfeited their neutrality, by affording to their former friends, the French and the Indians, intelligence, provisions, and quarters. It was also said that 300 Acadians had been found in arms assisting at the defence of Beau Séjour. We cannot say how far these charges were true; but the lieutenant-governor of Nova Scotia, fearing that the people might increase the strength of the French army, determined to disperse them among the remote British colonies in America. Accordingly, it was ordered that the people might take with them their money and household goods; but that their lands and tenements, cattle and livestock of all kinds, must be forfeited to the crown. Nearly 2000 people, reckoning men, women, and children, were thus expatriated. Some escaped into the woods, but the country was laid waste, to prevent their subsistence. About 1000 arrived in Massachusetts Bay. At the time of this compulsory emigration, Evangeline, the daughter of a farmer who lived at Grand Pré, was betrothed to Gabriel, the son of Basil the smith. The marriage was prevented by the confiscation and banishment. The village of Grand Pré was burned to the ground; and overcome by the affliction that had fallen upon him, the father of Evangeline died on the sea-shore, while Gabriel and his father were driven away into exile.

> With the ebb of that tide the ships sailed out of the harbour,
> Leaving behind them the dead on the shore and the village in ruins.

The remainder of the poem describes the long wanderings of Evangeline in search of her betrothed, Gabriel:—

> Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed;
> Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from the north-east
> Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the banks of Newfoundland.
> Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city,
> From the cold lakes of the north to sultry southern savannas.

Among them Evangeline journeyed from place to place, hoping to find some clue that might lead her to Gabriel:—

> Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever within her,
> Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,
> She would commence again her endless search and endeavour;
> Sometimes in church-yards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and tombstones,

Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.
Sometimes a rumour, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.
Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her belovèd, and known him;
But it was long ago, in some far-off place, or forgotten.
'Gabriel Lajeunesse!' say they; 'O yes, we have seen him.
He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies;
Coureurs-des-Bois are they, and famous hunters and trappers.'

At last, after a voyage down the Mississippi, she meets with Basil; but he tells her that Gabriel has left him:—

Then the good Basil said, and his voice grew blithe as he said it:
'Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he departed.
Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses.
Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his spirit
Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.
Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles.'

Far away, into the Indian country at the base of the Ozark Mountains, Evangeline and Basil went in quest of Gabriel; and afterwards the maiden alone sought for him in many places; but all in vain!

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places
Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden:
Now in the tents of grace of the meek Moravian missions;
Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army;
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.
Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.
Fair was she, and young, when in hope began the long journey;
Faded was she, and old, when in disappointment it ended.
Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray on her forehead,
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

In the city of Philadelphia the long pilgrimage finds a close. Evangeline, now advanced in years, here joins the order of the Sisters of Mercy, and devotes herself to attendance on the afflicted:—

Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy; frequenting
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,
Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight,
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.

Night after night, when the world was silent, another watchman repeated
Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the village!
High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as she passed through the suburbs
Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the market,
Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its watching.

A fatal pestilence prevailed in the city and its neighbourhood. Many of the poor victims were carried to the alms-house when Evangeline, with others, waited on the sick and the dying:—

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and silent,
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the alms-house.
Sweet on the summer air was the odour of flowers in the garden;
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty.
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors cooled by the east wind,
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church,
While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted
Sounds of psalms that were sung by the Swedes in their church at Wicaco.
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit;
Something within her said: 'At length thy trials are ended!'
And with light in her looks, she entered the chamber of sickness.
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants;
Moistening the feverish lip and the aching brow, and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead and concealing their faces.

* * * *

Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain, to gaze while she passed; for her presence
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.

* * * *

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colourless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish
That the dying heard it and started up from their pillows of pain
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of the sexton;
Long, and thin, and gray, were the locks that shaded his temples;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the form of its early manhood;

(So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying).
Motionless, senseless, dying he lay, and his spirit, exhausted,
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness—
Darkness of slumber and death—for ever sinking and sinking.
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like:
'Gabriel! O my belovèd!'—and died away into silence.
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood;
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and walking under their shadow,
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes; and, as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline kneeled by his bedside.
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents, unuttered,
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what the tongue would have spoken.
Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

All was ended now! the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow;
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing;
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!
And as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured: 'Father, I thank thee!'

In his *Golden Legend*, Mr Longfellow has given a dramatic version of an old German poem, written by Hartmann von der Aue, about the close of the twelfth century. In this simple narrative we are told that the plague of leprosy was prevalent in some parts of Europe during the middle ages, and was regarded as incurable by the medical men of that time. In Swabia, there lived a wealthy young nobleman, named Heinrich von der Ouwe, who, in the midst of his prosperity, was suddenly seized by this dreadful disease, and became an outcast from society. In vain he travelled far, and sought the aid of various celebrated physicians: they could not give him a ray of hope. At last he went to a physician at Salerno, who, according to the superstition of the times, told him that he might be cured, but only on the condition that a young maiden must freely and voluntarily offer her life as a sacrifice. As Heinrich regarded this as impossible, he returned home to Swabia in despair, left his castle, disposed of his riches and furniture, and retired to a little farmhouse occupied by one of his vassals. Here he lived for some time, bitterly lamenting his fate, and refusing to submit patiently to the evil

which had fallen upon him. His misery touched the heart of a young peasant-maiden, the daughter of his vassal. In conversation with her parents, she learned what the doctor of Salerno had said of the only means by which Lord Heinrich might be cured. It dwells upon her mind; she meditates upon it by day and by night; and at last, against all the protestations of father and mother, she resolves to give her life. This supernatural self-devotion is contrasted with the selfishness of Lord Heinrich, who, in his love of life and its honours, accepts the offered sacrifice. The sequel, though improbable, is very graphically narrated in the old poem. Along with the noble leper, the innocent young victim, having said farewell to her parents, goes to Salerno. When she arrives there, she is closely questioned by the physicians, who are convinced that the proposed sacrifice is purely voluntary, and that she has been subjected to no persuasion. The instruments of death, which are brought before her, excite no terror. She calmly asserts her perfect willingness to die, while the leper, Heinrich, looks on his victim with an agitated conscience, weighing the sin about to be committed against his selfish longing for life and health. But when the little maiden lies bound upon the table, and the knife is lifted, Heinrich's heart relents; his selfishness is melted; he commands the sacrificer to stay his hand, and will not buy health on such costly terms. Attended by the maiden, he travels back into Swabia, where he becomes a pious and resigned man in his affliction. The old story goes on to say that, after some time, his leprosy departed; he was restored to perfect health and happiness; and in the course of a few years married the peasant-maid who had so readily offered to die for him. Mr Longfellow has disguised this simple story in a rather cumbrous dress, and has introduced Lucifer and other unnecessary characters. Many parts of his poem are wild and mystical; but in some passages there is a graceful simplicity, such as we find in the following speech of a child on death:—

'Tis the cessation of our breath.
  Silent and motionless we lie:
And no one knoweth more than this.
  I saw our little Gertrude die:
She left off breathing, and no more
  I smoothed the pillow beneath her head.
She was more beautiful than before.
Like violets faded were her eyes;
  By this we knew that she was dead.
Through the open window looked the skies
  Into the chamber where she lay,
And the wind was like the sound of wings,
  As if angels came to bear her away.
Ah! when I saw and felt these things,
  I found it difficult to stay;

I longed to die, as she had died,
And go forth with her, side by side.
The saints are dead, the martyrs dead,
And Mary and our Lord; and I
Would follow in humility:
The way by them illumined.

There are other passages where the power of simple words, arranged in an easy style of versification, is well employed in expression of sentiment or description of external objects. As an instance of the latter, we may quote the following brief sketch of a deserted castle:—

How sad the grand old castle looks!
O'erhead, the unmolested rooks
Upon the turret's windy top
Sit talking of the farmer's crop;
Here in the courtyard springs the grass,
So few are now the feet that pass;
The stately peacocks, bolder grown,
Come hopping down the steps of stone,
As if the castle were their own;
And I, the poor old seneschal,
Haunt, like a ghost, the banquet-hall.
Alas! the merry guests no more
Crowd through the hospitable door;
No eyes with youth and passion shine,
No cheeks grow redder than the wine;
No song, no laugh, no jovial din
Of drinking wassail to the pin.
But all is silent, sad, and drear,
And now the only sounds I hear
Are the hoarse rooks upon the walls,
And horses stamping in their stalls.

It will appear from the above remarks and quotations that, while we do not rank Mr Longfellow among the poets who have displayed a deep knowledge of mankind and power in portraying varieties of character, we recognise in him a truly poetical spirit, and a lyrical style of conveying his thoughts.

J. M'LELLAN, of Boston, has written poems in various periodicals. We quote the following lines, because there is something American in their notices of birds and scenery:—

THE NOTES OF THE BIRDS.

If thou art pained with the world's noisy stir,
Or crazed with its mad tumults, and weighed down
With any of the ills of human life;
If thou art sick and weak, or mourn'st the loss
Of brethren gone to that far distant land

To which we all do pass—gentle and poor,
The gayest and the gravest, all alike—
Then turn into the peaceful woods and hear
The thrilling music of the forest-birds.

How rich the varied choir! The unquiet finch
Calls from the distant hollows, and the wren
Uttereth her sweet and mellow plaint at times;
And the thrush mourneth where the kalmia hangs
Its crimson-spotted cups, or chirps half hid
Amid the lowly dog-wood's snowy flowers;
And the blue jay flits by, from tree to tree,
And, spreading its rich pinions, fills the ear
With its shrill-sounding and unsteady cry.

With the sweet airs of spring the robin comes;
And in her simple song there seems to gush
A strain of sorrow when she visiteth
Her last year's withered nest. But when the gloom
Of the deep twilight falls, she takes her perch
Upon the red-stemmed hazel's slender twig,
That overhangs the brook, and suits her song
To the slow rivulet's inconstant chime.

In the last days of autumn, when the corn
Lies sweet and yellow in the harvest-field,
And the gay company of reapers bind
The bearded wheat in sheaves—then peals abroad
The black-bird's merry chant. I love to hear,
Bold plunderer, thy mellow burst of song,
Float from thy watch-place on the mossy tree,
Close at the corn-field edge.

Lone whip-poor-will,
There is much sweetness in thy fitful hymn,
Heard in the drowsy watches of the night.
Ofttimes, when all the village lights are out,
And the wide air is still, I hear thee chant
Thy hollow dirge, like some recluse who takes
His lodging in the wilderness of woods,
And lifts his anthem when the world is still:
And the dim, solemn night, that brings to man
And to the herds deep slumbers, and sweet dews
To the red roses and the herbs, doth find
No eye, save thine, a watcher in her halls.
I hear thee oft at midnight, when the thrush
And the green roving linnet are at rest,
And the blithe, twittering swallows have long ceased
Their noisy note, and folded up their wings.

J. G. WHITTIER, editor of *The American Manufacturer*, a *Boston* newspaper, was once a shoemaker; and may be regarded

as a self-educated man. His poems rise considerably above American mediocrity. The following stanzas are taken from his *Indian's Tale*, founded on an old tradition that a short time before the arrival of the Pilgrims in New England a mortal pestilence had been introduced among the Indian tribes which had in a great measure depopulated some of the inner portions of the country on the sea-board:—

THE INDIAN'S TALE.

There came unto my father's door
A pale, weak creature of distress:
The Red Man's door is never sure
Against the lone and wretchedness.
And when he came before the fire,
My father fed the stranger at.
He gave him of the hunter's meat—
Alas! it was a deadly act.

The stranger's voice was not like ours—
His face at first was ashy pale:
Anon 'twas like the yellow flowers
Which tremble in the meadow gale.
And when he ate and grew at ease,
And murmured of the wilderness,
My mother wiped her tearful eyes.
My father knit his burning brows.

He died at last—the funeral yell
Rang upward from his burial pile.
And the old Powwah knelt in veil.
The tidings to the White Man's land
The next day came—my father's brow
Grew heavy with a hateful pain:
He did not take his hunting-bow—
He never sought the woods again.

* * * *

And it was so—from day to day
The spirit of the plague went on.
And those at morning blithe and gay
Were dying at the set of sun.
They died—our tribe, both man and maid.
The living might not give them grave,
Save when, along the water-side,
They cast them to the hurrying wave.

* * * *

Alone—alone—a withered leaf
Yet clinging to its naked twig:
The Pale Face knew the night was short,
And I will join my fathers now.

The spirits of my people bend
At midnight from the solemn west,
To me their kindly arms extend—
They call me to their home of rest.

If we pass over several names as prominent as others noticed in this brief review, our limited space must explain such omissions. If writing on a wider plan, we should give more than a passing notice to the poems of RUSSELL LOWELL, which are too often marked by haste and want of finish, but give expression to hopeful and enthusiastic sentiments, and display considerable powers of description.

ALFRED B. STREET, a lawyer, who was lately residing at Albany, has published several descriptive poems—among them such as *The Old Bridge*, *The Forsaken Road*, and *Sunset on the Shawangunk Mountain*—which have been highly commended for their faithful and vivid traits of description. With regard to aptitude in the choice of epithets, an American critic compares Street with Bryant. Another critic says: 'In a foreign land, his poems would transport us at once to home.' One of Mr Street's more considerable poems is *Frontenac; a Tale of the Iroquois.*

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES—born 1809, an eminent physician in Boston—is the author of several occasional poems, chiefly characterised by playful and sometimes grotesque humour, but not without serious and elevated passages. His versification is easy and fluent, and many of his poems have gained a wide popularity, partly founded on their familiar style. Miss Mitford, in her *Recollections of a Literary Life*, says of Dr Holmes: 'For him we can find no living prototype: to track his footsteps, we must travel back as far as Pope or Dryden; and to my mind it would be well if some of our own bards would take the same journey—provided always it produced the same result.' There is some exaggeration in this judgment which suggests a comparison of Dr Holmes with Pope and Dryden. Playful humour, good-natured satire, and pleasant versification, appear to be the leading traits in the lyrics and other poems of O. W. Holmes.

EDGAR POE, the most original of the poets of America, was as remarkable on account of his truly lyrical genius as for the degradation and misery of his life. His biography is very painful, shewing that great mental power, especially artistic genius, may be allied with extreme moral depravity. It appears that he entered life in circumstances by no means unfavourable, and under the care of a generous guardian. In early life he stayed some years in England, and studied in a school near London. Soon after his return to America, his dissipated conduct led to his expulsion from the university of Charlottesville. Having offended and insulted his guardian, Poe sallied forth on a mad expedition, professedly going to take part with the Greeks in their war of

liberation. He never reached Greece; but after some wanderings in France, Italy, and Russia, where he was taken as a beggar, returned in destitution to America, where he found employment in writing for several periodicals. He had, in some measure, redeemed his character, and had gained some literary reputation, when he married the gentle wife who, soon afterwards, died in abject poverty, induced, it is said, by the insane depravity of Poe. He deplored her fate in a very beautiful lyric, of which we must quote a stanza remarkable for its musical flow:—

But the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea—
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

For some time after his marriage, his life seemed turned into a calmer and better course; but again the fatal habit of inebriety resumed its power over him, though lucid intervals of sobriety and steady work were now and then interposed. In his lowest degradation he found friends, especially in the mother of his deceased wife, and another lady not named by Poe's biographer; but all their efforts made to save him proved fruitless. After one last effort of reformation, 'he fell never more to rise, and in deep degradation and misery died in the public hospital at Baltimore, in October 1849, at the early age of thirty-eight.' Exquisite harmony of sentiment, with rhythmical expression, has been justly described as the leading trait in Poe's lyric poems. His tales and sketches in prose belong in a great measure to 'the literature of the horrible;' but his poems, though pervaded by the sadness of a remorseful spirit, have no objectionable moral features. That singular and well-known poem, in which he represents his own despair as *The Raven*, with its haunting croak of 'Never more,' is generally allowed to be one of the most remarkable examples of harmony of feeling and rhythmical expression to be found in any language. Though, to do it justice, it should be entirely quoted, we are tempted to give the concluding stanzas. While the poet is musing in his study, a raven enters, and perches upon a bust. A colloquy then follows between the poet and the bird of ill-omen:—

'Prophet,' said I, 'king of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if within the distant Aiden,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore?'
Quoth the Raven: 'Never more.'

'Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend,' I cried, upstarting;
'Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore;
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust above my door—
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!'
Quoth the Raven: 'Never more.'

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,
On the placid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming, throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor,
Shall be lifted—Never more.

CHAMBERS'S

REPOSITORY

OF

INSTRUCTIVE AND AMUSING

TRACTS

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WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS

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CURIOSITIES OF COSTUME.

TO compress within the narrow limits of the following pages a complete history of the annals of dress, as connected merely with our own country, would be a task as impracticable as it is unnecessary. Antiquarians have many a voluminous chronicle ever open to their curious investigations; and artists are already provided with the cream and essence of existing information, moulded into forms less ponderous. But there are no doubt very many who, belonging to neither class, have felt little disposition to study in detail the minute records of *external* vanities of society. The object, then, of the

writer is to conduct such general readers, steadily but expeditiously along the course of time, noting on the route the prominent features of the dress of each age, and the progressive steps by which one style originated, and finally lost itself in another; defining, in short, the various links which connect the rude covering of England's earliest inhabitants with the costume of our own highly civilised times.

A proof of the great similarity of instinct in all savage nations, before it becomes modified by contact with advanced civilisation, is afforded in the circumstance, that Captain Cook's account of the South Sea islanders closely describes the appearance of the ancient Britons. Like their modern prototypes, they tattooed their bodies with the juices of herbs; the woad, which bore a small blue flower, being preferred for the purpose. This mode of decoration had the triple advantage of serving as an emblem of social rank, its absence being regarded as an evidence of mean descent; of adding terror to their appearance in battle, no unimportant consideration to a barbarian nation perpetually plunged in intestine broils; and lastly, of affording an outlet, however ill directed, to the innate vanity common to human nature of every age and class. As a protection against wind and weather, they wore the skins of animals bearing relation to their occupations in life: the herdsman, for instance, adopting that of the brindled ox; the hunter wearing trophies of his prowess in the pursuit of wild beasts; and the shepherd clothing himself with the fleecy covering of his own flock. ' These garments were generally fastened with thorns; a custom which, like many others of extreme antiquity, might very lately be met with amongst the Welsh peasantry. The costume of the women was scarcely more elaborate, although they added grace to it by the addition of a few bead ornaments, and wild-flowers interwoven in their long hair.

The first minute advance in civilisation consisted in separating the hair or wool from the skins, and subsequently in using up the former materials in the manufacture of some rude kind of cloth, which improved in quality as the virtues of flax and hemp became generally known. For the art of weaving, the early Britons were probably indebted to their intercourse with Phœnician traders, who early frequented the island in search of tin; but in a knowledge of dyes, and of the capabilities of certain plants for producing them, they were so far proficient as to stand in little need of instruction from others; and in due time the experience gained by a habitual practice on their own persons, eventuated in the elaborate adornment of their woven materials. All authorities agree that the favourite method of applying dyes was in checks or stripes; which gives us the origin of Scottish tartans. Nor does the association stop here, for, with the exception of the plumed cap; and one or two small details, a Highland chieftain in his national attire affords a tolerably close illustration of a Briton of rank during the second era of costume. We may imagine him clothed

in a plaid tunic, open in the front, with sleeves to the wrist, and generally described as the *cota*. Nor is this the only instance in which we shall meet with terms, sounding to our ears essentially modern, in use, with some slight difference, in these very remote ages. Beneath the tunic appeared loose trousers, of the same checkered material, not unfrequently confined at the ankles in the Turkish fashion, and called *brages*, or *braccæ*, by the Romans; who also gave its name to the *sagum*, or mantle, of uniform colour, which was thrown over the shoulders, and fastened by a *fibula*, or brooch. The head was covered with a conical cap, which borrowed both form and name from the *cab*, or rude dwelling-place, of the Briton; whilst shoes of cow-hide, with the hair turned outwards, completed the catalogue of essentials in his attire. The elegances consisted of rings, bracelets, and the *torques*, or collar, of twisted wire—iron being used where gold or silver was unattainable. This ornament, regarded as a badge of rank and authority, was indispensable to all who put forth the least claim to these social advantages. In the history of Dion Cassius is to be found a description of the renowned Boadicea, which, on the principle that one example is better than a thousand precepts, has generally served as an illustration of the dress of her countrywomen; and once more it must answer its appointed purpose. She is said to have worn her long yellow hair floating in the wind, and a splendid golden torques on her neck; a long tunic or robe of many colours hanging in folds to her feet; and over this a shorter one confined at the waist, called gywn, and afterwards *gaunna*, whence the derivation of our modern term gown; her hands and arms were bare, with the exception of rings and bracelets. The large mantle attached by a fibula, surmounted, but did not conceal, the other portions of her dress.

The dominion of the Romans in Britain exercised, of course, a marked influence on the customs and manners of the inhabitants; but the alterations by which they rendered their garb conformable with that of their conquerors need not detain us long from more interesting epochs. The principal change consisted in the abandonment of the braccæ, the use of which was speedily looked upon as a marked evidence of barbarism. The tunic, descending to the knee, and the mantle or sagum completed the equipment of the men of condition. The apparel of the British women had long resembled so closely that of their Roman sisters, that they were able to retain it unchanged; but there was no doubt a perceptible advance in luxury of detail, as we find the shoes, for instance, much ornamented with embroidery in gay tints and designs, and consequently an important feature of costume with both sexes.

In the Anglo-Saxon period which succeeded the three centuries of Roman dominion in our island, we notice an obvious sign of the decay of its influence in the partial abandonment of that classical style it had introduced. The tunic, edged with embroidery, and made, according to the season, of linen or wool,

was still retained, newly endowed, however, with long close sleeves. These were arranged with careful negligence in a series of rolls or wrinkles from the elbow to the wrist—a token that Saxon simplicity was not superior to the adoption of meaningless fashions for mere fashion's sake. The large toga-like mantle completely lost its original character, being diminished to a short cloak, fastened on one shoulder by a fibula or a ring; and the reduction of this garment necessitated the use of drawers and stockings. The practice of swathing the leg up to the knee in crossed bandages of linen or cloth, is peculiarly distinctive of this period, although it may be met with again among the French peasantry of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and to the present day amongst all the inhabitants of the Apennines. An equally characteristic feature was the Phrygian cap, which covered the long curls turned back over the ear, but flowing at full length on the shoulders. The raiment of the Saxon women, simple and nun-like in everything but colour, we find reproduced, to some extent, in all ancient representations of the Virgin Mary and the saintly sisterhood. Indeed the old missals, to which many a holy man's life was reverently devoted, are our principal sources of information, and are especially valuable as faithful chronicles of contemporary fashions. A moment's thought, then, will suffice to remind us that the characteristic of the Saxon lady's costume was extreme amplitude. The gaunna, or undergarment, was lengthened to a most inconvenient extent, lying in folds on the ground; the super-tunic was proportionably long in the skirt, and its large wide sleeves descended so low as frequently to muffle up the hands altogether. The wearer of this mass of drapery would by no means have considered herself sufficiently incased without the addition of the large mantle, which was arranged to hang in thick folds to the waist in front, forming a complete train behind; whilst the coverchief or headrail, of silk or linen, served as a hood for the head, and at the same time encircled the throat in the fashion preserved in most conventual dresses. It is not surprising that where free action of any kind was so much impeded, the ordinary occupations should have been of a sedentary character. The Saxon dames are reported to have been remarkably proficient in the arts of weaving and embroidery, and to have devoted the greater part of their time to the practice of the latter accomplishment, which found ample field for display in the borderings of robes and tunics. Despite the limited opportunities which feminine headgear afforded for the exhibition of the hair, it appears to have been no less tenderly cherished by the women than by the men, as Adhelm, bishop of Sherborne, who wrote about the seventh century, alludes to a certain wife who had her twisted locks delicately curled by the irons of those adorning her. This peculiar appreciation of fine hair—a distinguishing characteristic of all Teutonic nations—displayed itself most forcibly, perhaps, amongst the Danes, with whom it might

almost be termed a ruling passion. The last request of a noted warrior, doomed to die by the hand of the executioner, is recorded to have been, that his locks should neither be sullied by his own gore nor touched by the hands of a slave; and Harold Harfagre, who resolved to achieve the conquest of Norway for the love of his mistress, vowed, as the greatest sacrifice he could make, to neglect his golden curls until the enterprise should be completed.

The short dominion of the Sea-kings in England affords little worthy of observation in reference to our subject. From the absence of any positive information to the contrary, it has been supposed that their dress differed but little from that of their Saxon compeers, excepting in colour; their exclusive preference for black was signified in their national emblem, the raven, and obtained for them the common designation of the Black Danes. After their establishment as masters of our soil, they abandoned their sombre raiment, with the warlike habits which had been engendered by their incessant predatory incursions, and affected a luxury of apparel which is said to have greatly dazzled the eyes and hearts of the Saxon ladies; and by this means to have increased a thousandfold the natural enmity of the subjugated nation.

The introduction of Norman tastes and habits preceded by two reigns the great conquest of our country in 1066. It will be remembered that, previously to William's invasion, the Saxons regained for a brief space their former sway in the person of Edward the Confessor, who, having in early youth sought and found a safe refuge in Normandy, returned to his native country at a mature age, almost as much an alien in feeling as the troop of Norman adventurers by which he was accompanied. To the more subservient of his subjects, the tastes and wishes of the monarch were arguments strong as law for the adoption of the language and manners so dear to his heart; but with the more patriotic, this attempted reversal of national habits became the watchword of discontent and rebellion. Notwithstanding this partial resistance, Norman fashions must have continued to gain ground; for according to the trustworthy testimony of the Bayeux tapestry, there was at the time of the Conquest a remarkably close similarity between the two nations, so far as external appearance was concerned. The widest distinction between them consisted in the method of dressing the hair; for, as we have already remarked, the Saxons cultivated it to its utmost length, whilst the Normans shaved, not their faces only, but the backs of their heads, leaving on the crown merely some slight token of nature's intentions. It is recorded in the chronicles of William of Malmesbury, that the spies despatched by Harold to gather information of the enemy, returned with tidings that they had seen no soldiers but an army of priests. This absurd fashion had been borrowed from the nobles of Aquitaine, on the occasion of a *marriage between* Robert, king of France, with a Poitevin

princess, at the beginning of the eleventh century. Although the sacrifice of their most cherished adornment was made by many of the English as a compliment to their conquerors, by others it continued to be obstinately withheld; and the prevalence of long hair, some few years later, proves that in this, as in other instances, the weaker nation influenced the stronger. When the Normans were fully established in the possession of supreme power and princely revenues, their former simple garb seems to have been disdained; the short tunic and cloak, the drawers and long stockings, or *chaussés*, were not retained as the general costume of all classes; for the chief study of the nobles appears to have been the discovery of fresh outlets for extravagance and display. A glance onward at the reign of William Rufus will reveal the fruits of their search, in the senseless innovations for which that age has been justly stigmatised.

Whether garments of a reasonable length were no longer considered to afford sufficient scope for adornment, history sayeth not; it only informs us that the habits of the nobility, consisting of a long tunic, with another of linen beneath it, literally trailed on the ground, and that the sleeves not only covered their hands, but were long enough to descend to the knees. With the addition of the furred mantle, they must have been as unfitted as those Saxon dames whose encumbered plight we have already commiserated, for any occupation more active than lounging in a king's ante-chamber. In minor details, also, fashion exhibited strange vagaries. The boots and shoes which had hitherto been suffered to retain the shape defined by common sense as most convenient, now became elongated, and were worn with extended peaks. It is recorded that an exquisite of that day was inspired with the idea of stuffing out his shoes with tow, and curling them round in the shape of a ram's horn; he acquired in consequence the designation of Cornado, and his invention received the highest of all compliments—that of imitation. Ample work was again provided for the clergy, in anathematising the long hair once more universally worn, which had so often in the Saxon times called forth thunders of reprobation from the fathers of the church. They had now the additional evil of long beards to contend against, and to overcome, or to endure. A plenitude of hair seems always to have been a peculiar *bête noire* with the monkish fraternity, and the idea will perforce suggest itself, that they had less than ordinary charity for a form of vanity from which they were themselves so strictly precluded. Their denunciations appear generally to have been quite ineffectual in restraining the fashion; but one solitary instance may be given, in which immediate success attended an outburst of eloquence directed against it. During a visit paid by Henry I. to Normandy, a prelate named Serlo preached before him a sermon in earnest reprobation of *this*, as he considered it, reigning vice, and held forth so appealingly, that the king and his courtiers were moved to tears.

Whereupon the wary moraliser, doubting the permanence of the impression made on the hearts of his hearers, took advantage of their temporary repentance, and by producing a pair of scissors from his sleeve, and clipping the whole congregation, thus assured himself of their practical amendment. This occurrence gave rise to a royal ordinance for the suppression of long hair; but in the reign of Stephen it was worn longer than ever, and was even increased by artificial means, so that the art of making wigs and the custom of wearing them, may be retraced to this remote period. In due time succeeded the reaction in public taste, eventuating in the voluntary adoption of a more manly style.

The eccentricities of the lordlier race during the Norman era, have hitherto diverted our attention from the corresponding alterations in female attire. The first that greets our eyes must be regarded as a decided advance in the art of dress: it is no less important than the substitution of the *robe*, laced up the front, and closely fitting the figure, for the loose gaunna of the Anglo-Saxon. The sleeves were also tight down to the wrist, where they suddenly widened, and hung down in the shape of a miniature canoe. As the gentlemen lengthened their garments, the ladies followed their example, and were at length driven to the expedient of knotting up their sleeves and veils, to avoid treading on them; and the management of their skirts must necessarily have been an element of their education. The hair was worn plaited in two long tails, which were bound round with silk or ribbon. Previously to the appearance of the Normans, we meet occasionally with a rude kind of muffler, evidently leading the way towards the invention of gloves, which appear among the higher classes of both sexes in the time of Henry I. The bishop of Durham is mentioned as having then suffered severely in his escape from the Tower, by slipping down a rope without the protection of his gloves.

During the latter half of the twelfth century, we find signs of a certain reaction succeeding the fantastic customs which had distinguished its earlier years; the ambition of the age, or rather of the leaders of its fashions, being principally directed to the improvement of military accoutrements. It is true that much money was expended, and many rich materials adopted in the civil costume; but they were applied in forms of a modified and much more rational character. All superabundant length was dispensed with, and Henry II. himself introduced from Anjou a mantle, which obtained for him the sobriquet of *curt-manteau*, from its comparatively small proportions. In this particular vestment much luxury was displayed; it had been worn by the Normans of fine cloth, lined with furs, and seems to have been of great value even then; as the bishop of London presented one to Henry I., worth one hundred pounds of the money of the time. But Richard Cœur-de-Lion was the fortunate possessor of a mantle which has obtained quite an historical reputation for its splendour, and *must have* eclipsed everything that had been previously

conceived or executed. It was thickly ornamented with half-moons and constellations in solid silver, and was as complete an imitation in miniature of the starry spheres, as the astronomical knowledge of the artificer enabled him to achieve. The precious metals were much used by the rich as borders and decorations to their clothing; and during the earlier years of the Plantagenet dynasty, a fashion prevailed of finishing the tunics and mantles in a manner that answers in its effect to the 'pinking' or stamping out, in vogue amongst ladies of the present day; the edge being cut out, by hand probably, into the semblance of leaves, or any other device that was preferred. This description of bordering was exclusively reserved for the use of the rich and noble, as the wearing of cut or jagged garments was publicly prohibited to the lower ranks of society. As the general dress, though much varied in detail, consisted merely of the tunic, cloak, chaussés, and boots, we may pass on to the time of Henry III., when the introduction of many new fabrics afforded increased scope for perfection of attire.

Among these were velvet, then known as *vellosa* or *villeuse*, and a magnificent description of silk, called cloth of Baldeckins, from Baldeck or Babylon, the place of its manufacture. The Cyclades contributed a rich stuff which gave the name of *cyclas* to a sort of super-tunic worn by both sexes; and Damascus added to the list a variety of beautiful damasks. Sarsenet, or saracenet, as it was then called, probably from its Saracenic origin; and gauze—from Gaza, where it was chiefly made—were both known in this age; as were several other materials which have been either rechristened, or wholly lost to us. In furs, also, great refinement of taste was perceptible. Those of sables and foxes, hitherto used, being frequently superseded by the more delicate ermine and minever, whilst the skins of martens and squirrels enlarged the assortment. Furred pelisses were much worn, and are frequently mentioned in the lists of garments ordered by the monarchs for their queens, who were not, it would appear, awake to the advantages of independence and pin-money. We learn from these documents—which were not, fortunately for us, esteemed too unimportant to be preserved for the benefit of posterity—that this surveillance of their wardrobe descended even to minute particulars. King John, after giving his royal warrant for the manufacture of two robes for the queen, each to consist of six ells of cloth, the one to be brunet and the other green, adds to his donation four pairs of boots, and gives particular directions about the style of their embroidery. The labour, as well as the rich materials devoted to the decoration of boots and shoes, was a marked feature of the thirteenth century; and a special example of the highest fashion is presented in the effigy of Henry III. They are rather pointed in shape, and are covered with cross-bars of gold; a leopard being embroidered in each square of the fret. The practice of emblazoning the various articles of dress with armorial devices had become very general. In an order given by the same monarch for various

robes fringed with gold, a purple one is individualised, to be made of a rich description of silk, called samite, and embroidered with three little leopards in front and three behind. It is distinguished as a *quintis* or *cointise*, and although the word is familiar to us as describing some peculiar gown or tunic of the time, and is mentioned as the attire of the nobles present at the marriage of the Princess of England in 1251, its exact fashion has never been positively determined. The name leads to the conclusion that it was a robe quaintly cut and slit, probably with the jagged border already referred to; *quinteux* or *quinteuse*, signifying in French, fanciful or freakish. This kind of tunic, or another variety called the cyclas, with chaussés and drawers, formed the ordinary male attire at this era. The hair was worn in flowing curls, although the face was closely shaven.

The ladies of the period are represented with long gowns, the skirts being looped or held up to reveal an under-dress, the sleeves of which descend tight to the wrist. Occasionally a super-tunic and mantle were added to this costume. The style of head-dress was altered, in some respects for the better, as the long plaited tails were coiled up, and enclosed in a golden caul or net-work, 'a fashion which has to some extent been revived.' Its effect was then very much neutralised by the addition of the veil, and the wimple or gorget, an article of feminine apparel which had made its first appearance in the reign of King John. It was wound round the throat and chin beneath the veil, and produced an effect similar to that of the Saxon coverchief, or the conventual head-gear; its own peculiar characteristics being the richness of the materials, and the addition of a circlet or band, more or less elaborate, or of a small round hat or cap.

The severe simplicity of tastes and habits for which Edward I. was personally remarkable, proved a check upon the fashions of his own time, and accordingly there is little to note in the costume of either sex, although by contemporary writers the ladies were considerably satirised. A ludicrous specimen of the style adopted by some of the monkish commentators may here be given in reference to the long trains, which, however, did not by any means emulate those of the Norman ladies in absurdity. 'I have heard,' says the ghostly moraliser, 'of a proud woman, who wore a white dress with a long tail, which, trailing behind her, raised a dust even as far as the altar and the crucifix. As she left the church, and lifted up the train to avoid the dirt, a certain holy man saw a devil laughing, and having adjured him to say why he did so, was answered in this wise: "A companion of mine was just now sitting on the train of that woman, using it as it were his chariot, but when she lifted it up, my companion was shaken off into the dirt, and that was why I laughed."'

On the habits of Edward II.'s time, it will be unnecessary to linger; for although the luxurious character of the court and favourites of this unfortunate monarch gave rise to many curious

novelties, we shall meet with them in full maturity during the long and prosperous reign of his successor. This is considered by Mr Planché—the most competent authority of modern times, and one to whom all subsequent writers on the subject must acknowledge their obligations—as one of the most important crises in the history of British costume; for it then completely changed its character, amplitude, and loose raiment, giving place to a style which may essentially be called compact. The principal feature in the ordinary male attire consisted of a close-fitting, and often richly embroidered garment, which would present itself better perhaps to our modern imaginations under the name of a jacket, although we must recognise it by its mediæval designation of a *cote hardie*. This was perfectly tight, descending to the hips and wrists, and fastening down the front and sleeves with a thick row of buttons. Over the cote hardie was worn a clasped belt, not, however, encircling the waist, but girt some inches beneath it; and from the sleeves depended long narrow streamers, called tippets, which are supposed to have consisted generally of white cloth. The shortness of the tunic permitted an ample view of the chaussés, which were occasionally supported below the knee by highly ornamented garters. The foot was incased about this time in low boots, reaching to the ankle, and buttoning up the front, with points as long as could be worn without great inconvenience. The adoption of the cote hardie did not altogether supersede the use of mantles. They were sometimes worn buttoned on the right shoulder, and turned back over the left, to form a sort of cope in the front. The head was frequently covered by a *capuchon*, or hood, the forms and fashions of which article had now become innumerable and indescribable. From the earliest times, it had formed an element of costume in Britain, its simplicity and convenience rendering it the favourite covering of the lower classes. At intervals it ascended into the higher grades of society, and under many quaint phases found favour with them in the fourteenth century; it was then seldom represented without the addition of a long tail or tippet, called the *liripipe*, which was wound round the neck or head, or suffered to hang down at the pleasure of the wearer. The capuchon, however, was not unfrequently surmounted by a cap; and beaver hats are mentioned for the first time, adorned with a single feather, also a novelty in its way.

Two distinct fashions have been handed down to us as characteristic of feminine attire at this period; and the more picturesque will seem familiar from the frequency with which it has been selected by artists for reproduction in their works. I need but recall to the reader's memory the long robe, descending to the feet; the tightly fitting jacket, cut low and square in the neck, but rounded at the lower corners, and faced with rich fur; the *clasped* belt, low on the hips; the long mantle, forming a train *behind*, and connected in front by a jewelled band; finally, the

square mass of plaits visible on each side the face through the gold net-work, surmounted by a circlet—and they will have the more striking of the two costumes before them. The rival dress, though less grateful to our own eyes, seems to have prevailed most extensively at the time. It consisted of a long shapely gown, almost devoid of fulness, and just revealing another skirt beneath it. In reference to these garments, it was said that the ladies 'wore such strait clothes, they were constrained to have long foxes' brushes sewed within to hold them forth;' but as this assertion proceeds from a churchman, we may politely set it down as a little bit of monkish scandal. The sleeves of the gown often terminated at the elbows, whence hung down as low as the knees those same narrow tippets which formed so conspicuous a feature of male attire. The similarity of style between the costume of both sexes is perceptible; but it was so far modified in each case, that this fact can scarcely be urged against it as a disadvantage, and we may fairly number this era with the most picturesque in the annals of dress. It is recorded, also, to have been one of the most sumptuous and magnificent; and we find evidence of the luxurious tendency of the age, in the sumptuary laws passed by the Commons in 1363, limiting the use of certain descriptions of raiment to such persons as, from the amount of their revenues, were honestly entitled to wear them. The wisdom of such restrictions, could they only have been practically carried out, is evident from the passion for display in dress which obtained possession of the public mind at certain junctures, and which burst forth to an inconceivable extent beneath the feeble sway of the last of the Plantagenets. Richard II., far from restraining the evil by his personal example, after the prudent custom of his predecessor, fostered it by an expenditure too lavish to be credited, had we not the authority of Holinshed for the fact that he possessed one robe worth L.2000. Unfortunately, the large sums now devoted to personal adornment were as ill spent as they could well have been; for fashion had reached the acme of absurdity and folly. Some of the courtiers wore long loose robes, embroidered all over with armorial devices, and having sleeves called *pokys*, of width so enormous as to trail along the ground. The edges were jagged, and the garments generally were cut and slit about according to individual taste. Habited in these 'gownes,' as they were appropriately called, the men, it is said, were not easy to recognise as such. Others, again—for the fashions were as numerous as they were contradictory—attired themselves in short tunics, extending very little below the belt which marked the waist, but still endowed with disproportionately long sleeves. It is in conjunction with this style that we chiefly meet with instances of party-coloured costume—a fashion which had made its appearance in Edward II.'s reign, but had now only reached its full development. If we can realise the effect that would be produced by the systematic division of the person from head to

foot, half the hood and tunic, one chaussé, stocking and shoe, being of a colour as strongly opposed to the other as could be devised, we shall find truth and reason in Chaucer's suggestion, that the wearer looked as though the fire of St Anthony, or some other mischance, had cankered or consumed half his frame. The points of the shoes, termed *crackowes*, were longer than they had ever yet been, and were sometimes attached to the knees by gold or silver chains—a custom probably of Bohemian origin. The forms of ladies' dress continued not dissimilar to those of the last reign; but they were generally 'departed,' as the phrase ran, in two colours—blue and white being as popular with them as scarlet and black among the gentlemen. It would seem at a glance strangely inconsistent that the most troublous periods of history have been those especially marked by the wildest follies and extravagances of dress and manners.

The firm establishment of the new dynasty of Lancaster was marked by some retrenchment in personal decoration; but this must be regarded rather as a natural reaction than as the fruit of the code of sumptuary laws then instituted; since these regulations were invariably treated with indifference and contempt. The only feature of this epoch requiring distinct notice, is the enlargement of ladies' head-dresses. The caul of net-work into which the hair had long been gathered at the side of the face—a style known as reticulated—became extended, by means of some internal support, into large squares or blocks on each cheek; and as a veil was often thrown over them, we have here the elements of the extraordinary horned head-dresses which were peculiarly distinctive of the brief but brilliant reign of Henry V. Their name literally describes them, as they consisted of two horns, of wire probably, gently curved, after the pattern afforded by the brute creation, and resting on the top of the reticulated caul, where that portion of the structure was retained. A small veil or kerchief was thrown lightly over; revealing thus the complete outline without the details. It must be acknowledged that this quaint adornment, however unnatural and inconvenient, was scarcely as much so as those to which we shall have hereafter occasion to refer, at a period when advanced civilisation might have been expected to check such ultra-absurdity. And at anyrate, the belles of the fifteenth century, who objected to pay so great a sacrifice to fashion, were not compelled so to do; a kind of roll or turban, through which the hair was permitted to stream at full length, being the alternative open to them. The dresses which generally accompanied the horns, were fortunately very long and full, with tabard sleeves descending to the ground, so that the extreme width of the head was to some extent counterbalanced.

We find no marked attempt on the part of the gentlemen to vie in external importance with their fair contemporaries; they presented, indeed, a particularly mean appearance about the head, as no beard was worn, and the hair was closely clipped above the

ears, leaving only a kind of tonsure. Of robes and tunics, no doubt every variety of size and character was admissible. But we encounter only two decided curiosities in male attire—one being the adoption of small bells as ornaments to the vestments; and the other, the use of curious clogs, with high heels, and long peaks extending some inches beyond those of the shoes. The miserable discords and tumults which preceded the triumph of the White Rose, were attended by more than the ordinary increase of fantastic extravagances in dress; but as every one appears to have had a style of his own, it is impossible to give any comprehensive view of the epoch. The ladies, however, remained faithful to their terrific headgear, merely approximating the horns, to form a fork. Occasionally, the semblance of a gigantic heart was produced by means of some ingenious contrivance beneath the veil; and when these had had their day, they were displaced by enormous steeple hats, which must have looked like perambulating telescopes, as they were slightly flattened at the top, and were quite devoid of brim. It is not to be imagined that the clergy, those self-constituted censors of folly, should have forborne all remark upon the one in question; and a French wandering friar, mentioned in Monstrelet, took strong measures for the repression of the mania during its prevalence in his own land. By the promise of a general remission of their sins, he incited the idle boys to wage practical warfare against the hats; and so actively were all unfortunate ladies persecuted in the streets, that they could scarcely leave the shelter of their own homes. At length they bowed before the storm, and contributed their steeples as fuel for a grand *auto-da-fé*, conducted by the triumphant missionary before his pulpit; but no sooner were they relieved of the presence of their chief oppressor, who left to carry his crusade elsewhere, than the evil, literally hydra-headed, sprang forth again with renewed vigour, and the worthy father received a lesson on the impolicy of encouraging evil that good might come. The time of Henry VI. was marked by many strange devices in men's hats and caps, indescribable in words, but generally distinguished by the senseless liripipe or tippet, hanging down to the feet, or wound round the neck. The shoes continued pointed, but were loose round the ankle, and turned down over the heel and instep.

The rule of so gay and gallant a prince as Edward of York introduced a stronger element of dandyism into the prevailing modes of his day, and foppery was their chief characteristic. Flowing drapery was entirely discarded, and exceedingly short, full doublets or jackets took their place. These were gathered into the waist by a belt, the frill below it, for skirt it could not be called, being edged with fur or embroidery. They were plentifully padded at the chest and shoulders, and the sleeves were slashed, to exhibit the lawn shirt beneath. Tight-coloured hose, with feet to them, covered the legs; and shoes, some say a foot, others an ell long, called *poulaines*, completed, with the

exception of ornaments, the attire of the *petit maîtres* of this day. The ladies, on their part, had cast aside their trains, having the bottom of their robes trimmed with a deep border of fur, and a collar of the same turning over the neck. The steeple and veil prevailed as a covering for the head; but in the portraits of the fair Elizabeth Woodville may be observed a complete modification of it, which became popular in the brief reign of her brother-in-law. It was, in fact, the perpendicular tower first reduced to a moderate height, and then suffered to fall lower on the back of the head, until it assumed a horizontal position, enclosing the hair, which was entirely strained back from the face. This coif was richly ornamented, but the veil was, nevertheless, retained. Richard III. discouraged, probably when he assumed the stern and grave characters of usurper and lawgiver, the undignified style of attire which he had patronised when only a flutterer at his brother's court; for after his accession, the abbreviated doublet was generally covered with a loose furred gown, longer or shorter as the case might be; but revealing, by various openings and slashings, whatever demanded display underneath. The caps, now termed 'bonnets,' were round, turned up with fur, and adorned with a single feather, drooping over from the back; the hair, though not curled, was worn long and bushy, as had been the case in the preceding reign.

The influence of a monarch like Henry VII., who found infinitely greater pleasure in the acquisition of wealth than in its distribution, was not likely to tend towards brilliancy of adornment generally; but under the most discouraging circumstances dress has always had its band of earnest devotees. Strutt, the indefatigable chronicler of 'habits and manners,' in treating of this age, gives utterance to the oft-repeated complaint of the close resemblance between the two sexes; and when we find the words *pettycotte* and *stomacher* as descriptive of male attire, we are almost prepared to echo it. In point of fact, however, the long gown, faced with some darker colour, and turned back over the shoulders to display the inner vest after the fashion of a lady's stomacher, with a narrow scarf girding it loosely at the waist, presented a dignity of effect by no means unworthy of those grave and sedate members of society by whom it was chiefly worn. It is represented, with some slight variation, in the portraits of the savans of this and the following reign; the familiar square cap being the usual type of it. The apparel worn by the Young England of that day must certainly have had the advantage of individuality, for it held out no inducement to the most distant imitation by the fair sex. The most conspicuous object was the very broad-brimmed hat, of velvet or fur, surmounted by gigantic plumes of party-coloured feathers, very much like a peacock's tail transferred intact. It was either worn very much on one side, to reveal a small skull-cap or gold net beneath it, or was slung at the back, the head being merely protected by the slighter covering,

and its own array of tenderly cherished curls. The doublet was very short, but the liberality denied to the skirts displayed itself in the sleeves, which were preposterously long, the arms emerging through a slit in the front. This vestment turned back almost like a cape with ends to it, revealing the vest, cut low in the neck, to allow a glimpse of the lawn shirt embellished with lace and needle-work. The hose were tight, and the shoes very wide at the toes, for the long poulaines had resolved themselves into slippers, a foot in breadth we are told, but this can only be accepted as an extreme case.

The ladies continued to wear simple, graceful dresses, not very different in their general character from those familiar to our own eyes in the everyday life of the nineteenth century. The bodices were either cut square, high up to the throat, or laced across a stomacher; and the sleeves, confined at the wrist, or suffered to hang loose. But the girdle, with its long chains, pendent ornaments, and rich clasp, was a piece of mediæval magnificence which we had entirely laid aside, until the days of chatelaines presented a faint revival of the style. The head-dresses were very numerous, including the turban, the horizontal caul of gold net or embroidery, a square capuchon turned back on the forehead, a kind of Greek cap; and, finally, the picturesque, diamond-shaped head-dress, which overshadowed the brow like a miniature Gothic porch, and was the favourite tire of the matrons of condition, with Margaret of Richmond at their head. Wherever the nature of the covering permitted, the back hair was suffered to pass through or beneath it, and to float unrestrained down the back, this being an invariable feature of bridal attire.

The ambition of Henry VIII. to surpass all his compeers, no less as a gallant cavalier than as a wise king, prepares us for great display in the fashions led by him, which are carefully recorded in Holbein's portraits. The short, full-skirted doublet, with enormous slashed sleeves to the wrist; the equally full over-coat or cloak, with the broad rolling collar of fur; the tight chaussés of the Normans, revived under the name of trouses; the square shoes; and flat jewelled cap, with its graceful ostrich feather—but for consistency's sake would scarcely need recapitulation. In this reign, however, we discover the germs of some fashions which afterwards became prominently marked, and therefore deserve notice at our hands. The most important is the appearance of the full slashed hosen of silk or velvet, and the introduction of stockings under that name as distinct articles of dress. These two words have been so indiscriminately used, that it is difficult to ascertain fully the sense in which they were applied: but most probably the hose covered the upper part of the legs, being frequently *en suite* with the doublet, to which they were attached with tags, called aglets or aiguillettes. The stockings were also of thick and rich materials at this time; for in an inventory of the king's wardrobe, contained in the Harleian Library, there are

entries of a yard and a quarter of green velvet, 'for stocks to a payr of hose for the King's Grace,' and 'purpul' satin for the same purpose. But mention is also made of silk and Venice gold woven into a caul or net-work; and here is something that approaches, at least, our ideas of the article, and prepares us for the definite existence of silk stockings in the following reign. They were then much esteemed novelties, and a single pair was deemed by Sir Thomas Gresham an offering worthy of his young sovereign's acceptance. Queen Elizabeth, too, must have thought the possession of these rarities worth some sacrifice of dignity, when she borrowed a pair from the Spanish ambassador, and could never make up her mind to return them. Increasing attention was paid to the decoration of the shirts, which were pinched or plaited, and also embroidered in gold, silver, or black silk; the ruffles being adorned to match. The use of anything so very elaborate was, however, denied to any person beneath the degree of a knight, by a new code of sumptuary laws; for King Harry, though setting a very indifferent example of economy in his own person, portioned out vanities to the various classes of his subjects with an exemplary regard to their domestic prosperity. The custom of slashing, a very elegant one when followed in moderation, was very much in vogue at this time; and Camden gives an amusing anecdote in connection with it. A shoemaker of Norwich, happening to see at the tailor's some fine French tawny cloth, which was about to be made into a gown for Sir Philip Calthrop, ordered another length for himself, to be fashioned on the exact model of the knight's garment, whatever that might be. Sir Philip, on learning this circumstance, resolved to read the presumptuous imitator a lesson, and ordered his doublet to be as full of cuts as the sheers could make it. The shoemaker, on receiving his property slashed to tatters, was highly indignant; but when reminded of his own directions, could only vow that never again would he ape the habits of a gentleman.

The frequency with which Henry VIII. gave a new queen to his subjects, and in her person a new leader to feminine fashions, must have occasioned many slight revolutions in ladies' attire; but good taste seems generally to have regulated them. The gown was still worn of the richest materials, opening in the front to shew the kirtle or under-petticoat, and also the waistcoat, an article recently introduced among both sexes. The sleeves were especially splendid, and formed entirely distinct portions of the clothing, being made separate, and attached to the gown or waistcoat, and likewise to the men's doublets by points or laces. In the first time since the age of the early Britons, a trace is to be found of short sleeves; but they were quite an exception to the rule, and were regarded as rather an outrage on propriety. The partlet, so popular in the days of the Maiden Queen, now makes its first appearance as a kind of external habit-shirt of lawn, frequently interwoven with gold. From this age dates also the

Mary Queen of Scots' cap; but the three-cornered coif, lined with minever, and modified to something more becoming and less severe than its original form, was the prevailing head-dress.

There is little temptation to linger over the two succeeding reigns; for the thoughtful tendency of society under Edward VI., and the personally severe character of his eldest sister, exercised a restraining influence on the habits of the nation. Magnificence and display were abandoned, and everything was sobered down as far as might be without a complete change of style. But for this temporary stagnation, fashion took ample vengeance beneath the sway of Elizabeth.

That glorious sun, whose brilliant rays, according to the dubious testimony of her courtiers, imparted life and happiness to all who entered within the sphere of their influence, certainly fostered a plentiful harvest of vanity and finery. She could, however, claim the merit of suggesting, by her own example, new and ample fields for its indulgence and display. It would be impossible to discover in the whole annals of dress two figures more fitly paired than the stiff gallant and stately dame to whom the Elizabethan era gave birth. It is sufficiently evident that the same laws, if fashion can be said to have any, have presided over the toilets of both, and that each has made an equal sacrifice of ease and comfort for the satisfaction of her tyrannical dictates. It is pitiable, even in this age of waists and whalebone, to contemplate the forms of the sovereign and her fair subjects compressed down to the hips in their long-peaked stomachers, often so overlaid with ornament as to look like a species of scale-armour. To see their necks encumbered with the gigantic ruffs, rising up to form a complete frame for the head, and sustained in this position by a trellis of wire-work, called the supertasse or under-propper. The eye is certainly comforted and relieved by the appearance of some support for the head, when it takes in the amount of ornament with which this part of the person was encumbered. It may be described in the words of a contemporary writer, who distinguished himself as the anatomiser of abuses. 'The hair,' he says, 'must be curled, frizzled, crisped, laid out in ropes, wreaths and borders from one ear to the other; and lest it should fall down, under-propped with forks, wires, &c., and ornamented with great wreaths of gold and silver, with bugles, ouches, rings, glasses, and other such gewgaws. Then upon the tops of their stately turrets stand their capital ornaments—a French hood, hatte, cappe, kircher, and such like, whereof some be of velvet, some of this fashion, and some of that.'

Far be it from us to place, even in imagination, all the items which make up this long catalogue on one oppressed head; but the portraits of Elizabeth herself display the wonderfully comprehensive character of the favourite headgear. Common consistency demanded that the lower portion of the figure should be invested with a degree of importance proportioned

to the upper, and this object was fully attained by the invention of the farthingale—a piece of internal mechanism, by which the dress and kirtle were extended at the hips, and made to form a horizontal ledge on each side for the arm to rest upon. The bottoms of the skirts were sufficiently lifted to exhibit the shoes with the rosettes, or, properly, roses, of lace or ribbon, and the high heels, called *chopines*, recently introduced from Venice. This costume in its details, as well as its important characteristics of the bedizened head and extended petticoats, bears a strong resemblance to the hoop and powder style of attire prevalent during the eighteenth century; but in the gentlemen's dress of the two periods no similarity is to be traced. The Elizabethan gallant emulated the lengthy stomacher of his fair contemporaries, by what was called the peascod-bellied doublet, which, descending only to the waist, formed a point in front, and was stuffed or bombasted on the chest to render him more portly; it was also slashed at pleasure. From beneath it, protruded the trunk-hose, which the age of Henry VIII. may be said to have originated, and which, after suffering a temporary eclipse beneath the lengthened doublet of Queen Mary's reign, now burst forth into such full-blown maturity as almost to rival in circumference the farthingale of the ladies. These 'sacks,' as they were sometimes appropriately called, were commonly stuffed with wool; but an anecdote is recorded of a would-be fascinator, who, on rising to conclude a conversation with some ladies, unconsciously fractured his nether-garments with a nail in the chair. Through the small apertures thus made, the bran, which had distended them, rapidly escaped, leaving him by the time his adieus were achieved in a complete state of collapse. At one time, a law was enforced against the adoption of bags stuffed in the sacks, and a person charged with violating this regulation, asserts in self-defence, that his own contained merely a pair of sheets, two table-cloths, ten napkins, four shirts, a brush, a comb, a glass, and a night-cap. It only remains to be added, that the dimensions of the trunk-hose at length required that the attention of the legislature should be directed to their better accommodation; and a curious note, exhumed by Strutt from an old manuscript, records the removal of a scaffold or bench in the Parliament House, which had been erected for the use of those who wore great breeches, stuffed with hair, like woolsacks. The external casing of these garments was silk, satin, or velvet, and was often slashed to match the doublet. Long stockings met the upper hose, and the feet were equipped in low shoes, or pantouffles, adorned with a very full-blown rose of lace or ribbon. We have but to allude to the ruff, the little mantle, hanging jauntily from one shoulder, the high hat and feather, and the gentleman of that day is completed.

The great importance attached by both sexes to the set, or rather the stand, of their ruffs, was a source of no mean profit to those who practised the art of getting them up. The under-

propper of wire only professed to assist the effects of starch, which was made of various colours, and seems to have been looked upon with suspicion by Stubbs, the aforesaid anatomiser of abuses, as a direct gift of the Evil One. When the use of holland for ruffs was superseded by that of cambric and lawn, no hands but those of Dutchwomen were found skilful enough to impart stability to such delicate fabrics. A Mrs Dingham Van Der Plasse was the first person who gave lessons in the art; her terms being L.5 for each scholar, and L.1 extra for instruction in the process of seething the starch. When ruffs had in some measure palled upon the tastes of Elizabeth and her ladies, high-standing collars of foreign lace were worn instead. The latter material was now in great estimation, on account of its beauty and comparative rarity, and was applied by the very luxurious to the decoration of their pocket-handkerchiefs. However expensive and complete in other respects might be a lady's toilet, it was not considered perfect at this period without the fan of ostrich feathers, the velvet mask for the protection of the face from the external atmosphere, and more than a *soupçon* of paint to enhance its charms when exposed to view. A pocket-mirror was also the constant companion of beau and belle.

Little alteration took place in costume during the reign of James I. His well-known dread of assassination induced him to encourage the stuffed clothing, which served as a safeguard against a blow from a dagger of any ordinary dimensions. The doublets were, therefore, much padded; but to correct the disadvantageous effect on the figure, stays were commonly worn underneath them; this habit may possibly have originated in the preceding reign, in the extensive use of whalebone by the ladies. The ample ruffs, with their manifold frills edged with lace, still divided public favour with a broad standing collar, called the band, which was wired and stiffened with the new-fangled yellow starch, with which the name of the notorious Mrs Turner is inseparably connected. The trunk-hose were either made, as before, to form a large roll, or sloped down gradually to the knee, being in the latter case described as Venetian hosen. The high-crowned hats and small feathers were universal, with the addition of a jewelled clasp by those who could procure it; indeed, the use of precious stones increased, if possible, owing to the luxurious tastes of the favourite Buckingham, who chiefly guided the fashions. The beard was at this time moderately long, and cut square; and the love-lock, to the 'unloveliness' of which Mr Prynne afterwards devoted an entire treatise, might frequently be seen falling in graceful negligence on the breast.

Of the ladies, there is little to remark. The farthingale at one time assumed a more hoop-like form; but afterwards slightly subsided, so that we are prepared for its subsequent disappearance. When the fashion was at its height, the English ambassadress at Constantinople exhibited it on her own person and those of her

attendants, to the astonished gaze of the sultana of the day, who, struck by the enormous extension at the hips, inquired if this peculiarity of form was common to all Englishwomen. It was only by a full revelation of the mysteries of the dress, that Lady Wych could clear herself and her companions from the suspicion of so extraordinary a deformity.

We now gladly advance to a new era in dress; for beneath the rule of the Martyr King, the ungraceful fashions of his predecessors disappear so entirely, that we might imagine a chasm of many years to have intervened. In the beautiful portraits of Vandyck, we have the Cavaliers as a class before us. The long flowing curls descending low on the forehead, with the one still longer love-lock worn on the left side; the little pointed beard and upturned moustache must have meetly adorned the manly, thoughtful countenances, on which the dangers and troubles of the times seem often to have set their seal. The doublet of silk or velvet, with loose, slashed sleeves, or the buff-coat of historical renown, was softened by the pointed collar of rich lace. Sometimes a little cloak, the last relic of the Elizabethan age, hung from one shoulder, but often again it was absent; and we see the full shirt puffing out between the doublet and breeches, for the ancient term *hose* seems now by common consent to have been abandoned. The use of padding was entirely discarded from this as well as from all other portions of the apparel, the nether-garments being quite tight, and descending below the knee, where they terminated with a lace frill or a profusion of points, and met the large funnel boots, also beruffled with lace or lawn. A handsome sword-sash, and broad-brimmed Spanish hat trimmed with feathers, completed, it must be acknowledged, a costume unequalled for manly grace and dignity. The closely cropped Round Heads, with their steeple-hats, plain bands, and dark cloth vestments tightly buttoned up to the throat, and sufficiently ill cut if they followed the example of their leader, must have needed all the alleviation which could be derived from their superiority in moral qualifications, to console them for their inferiority in external accomplishments. To our thinking, there is at least as much envious spleen as of religious enthusiasm in the bitter denunciations which they ceaselessly poured forth against the graceful vanities from which they were themselves debarred.

Although the distinctions in dress, which marked the ladies of the two political parties, were not quite so pointed as in the case of their lords and masters, they were yet unmistakable: the Puritans confining themselves to sober colours, and to fashions which soon became obsolete with the court party. During the commencement of the reign, the farthingale and French hood seem to have lingered among the fashionables as it were on sufferance; but they quickly disappeared, giving place to flowing skirts and long trains, accompanied by very high-heeled shoes. Length had become as great an object of ambition as breadth and

effect had previously been. The bodices were still peaked, and were laced up the front, being left sufficiently open to display a stomacher of satin. The neck was either left uncovered, or veiled by a large collar of foreign lace, for which the taste was at this time very strong; and the sleeves were large and slashed, terminating at the wrist with a pointed lace cuff. The hair was commonly parted very far forward, and arranged in small curls at the side of the face as well as on the forehead, if it were not turned back, to reveal this feature completely; the absence, generally speaking, of head-dresses, and superfluous ornament, proving that the disappearance of Elizabethan fashions was common to both sexes. We are scarcely prepared to find the absurd custom of patching, which is associated in our minds with a later costume, in vogue so early as the year 1650, but the satirical allusions to it in writers of the time are too definite to leave any doubt of the fact. Nor does the art appear to have been then in its infancy, if we may judge from the elaborate forms in which it displayed itself. The feminine physiognomy was made a background for every variety of strange device; and although moons, planets, and starry constellations continued most popular, yet representations of objects as commonplace and inappropriate as an equipage complete with coachmen and horses, were said to have adorned the temples of beauty. We scarcely like to think of this as the habitual practice of a generation otherwise peculiarly distinguished by taste and grace; more characteristic does it seem of the days of the Restoration, when the court and country avenged themselves for a long period of gloom and mourning by indulging in reckless frivolity and caprice.

For a time the 'merry monarch' and his gay followers contented themselves with impairing the beauty of the Vandyck dress; but almost insensibly the style changed, and some years before the close of the reign, may be observed the germs of the various fashions which combined to produce so unpicturesque an effect during the greater part of the eighteenth century. Let us now glance cursorily at the transitions in question. At the close of the Protectorate, we have first a very short doublet, with the shirt bulging out over the nether-garments: these were probably of the fashion known as petticoat-breeches; being very full, and tied above the knee, where the stockings were attached to them by ribbons—large bunches being also placed on the waistband, and indeed on every available spot. The effect produced was that of a full skirt to the doublet, and it probably gave rise to the idea of altering the upper garment, which suddenly lengthened, and in fact took the form of a coat having a row of large buttons down the front, although it was invariably worn open. The sleeves, which descended only to the elbow, were profusely ornamented with knots of ribbon, and those of the shirt, puffed out beneath them; finishing at the hand with a deep lace ruffle. No falling collar was then to be seen, but in lieu of it a cambric cravat, with long ends

trimmed with Flemish lace, and knotted like a scarf. The shoes were high at the heel, and on the instep were fastened with a bow or buckle. Lastly, we notice the head disguised by the enormous periwig introduced from France, which it was the highest ton to comb in public; and surmounting this the hat, turned up at the side, and surrounded by a wreath of feathers. In regard to the precise fashion of ladies' drapery, authors and artists are vague: it would appear to have been rich, but at the same time more simple than of yore, from being less slashed and trimmed. They had evidently much difficulty in reconciling themselves to the use of wigs, and continued to wear the hair curled, though in a more careless, graceful style. Occasionally, they made a compromise with fashion, to the extent of adopting powder; and among Pepys's important entries in his *Diary*, is the following:—'This day my wife began to wear light-coloured locks, almost white, which, though it made her look very pretty, yet not being natural, vexes me; that I will not have her wear them.' In common with other arts for the adornment of beauty, painting was generally resorted to.

Some few years before his death, King Charles solemnly announced in council his resolution of adhering strictly to one costume, and encouraging its adoption by his subjects. It was to consist of a long, close vest, of black velvet, pinked with white satin; a loose over-coat, of the Polish fashion; and instead of shoes or stockings, buskins or brodequins. The 'inconstant' monarch did not in this case belie his name or nature; but this edict had the effect of introducing into general use the long vest or waistcoat, which thenceforth totally concealed the shirt. This innovation rendered the ample petticoat-breeches useless and inconvenient, and at the accession of James II., they had given place to a closer description, which descended below the knee—the stockings being drawn up over them, and rolled at the top. The hat was then looped up on both sides, or indeed wherever it might please the taste of the wearer to 'cock' it, as the phrase ran; every important individual, or prominent event of the day, giving its name to some particular phase of this custom. These are the only features in male attire during the reigns of James and his two successors which require notice, if we except the steady increase in magnitude of the periwigs, or full-bottomed wigs as they were more commonly called, in which every aspirant for distinction endeavoured to surpass his neighbour. But meantime the ladies were not left to the untroubled enjoyment of their former luxurious negligence. Queen Mary had imbibed, during her residence in Holland, not only a strict sense of decorum, but a taste for the stiff fashions of that country; and accordingly on her arrival, the fairer portion of her British subjects were compelled, morally and physically, to draw themselves up. The flowing ringlets were, to use Mr Planché's appropriate expression, combed up from the forehead 'like a rising billow.' They were crested by tiers of stiffened lace and ribbon, arranged in plaits, and rising one above another to a

very considerable height; they, in their turn, were surmounted by a scarf, the ends of which hung down on either side: this inconvenient structure was described as a commode. The long-waisted Elizabethan stomacher, rising to a seemly height, again compressed the forms of the ladies, and from the slender waist hung the ample skirt, looped back to display the rich under-petticoat completely; the sleeves were tight to the elbow, turning back with a cuff like those on men's coats, and a profusion of lace ruffles served, with the help of the long gloves, sufficiently to protect the arms.

Queen Anne appears to have accepted willingly the costume introduced by her predecessors, and even to have accommodated herself for some years to the towering commode, but at length it was happily superseded by a more natural style. The hair, real or otherwise, as the case might be, was worn in large heavy curls of various lengths, some clustering round the neck, and others floating over the shoulders. They were usually tinted with powder—although the queen herself would never defile her beautiful chestnut locks by the use of it—and pinners, or lappets of lace, were interwoven amongst them; simple hoods were also occasionally worn. The great reduction in ladies' stature, which the adoption of this fashion involved, is adverted to by Addison, who says: 'I remember ladies who were once nearly seven feet high, that at present want some inches of five, and how they came to be thus curtailed I cannot learn. Whether the whole sex be at present under any penance, of which we know nothing, or whether they have cast their head-dresses, in order to surprise us with something which shall be entirely new, though I find most are of opinion that they are at present like trees lopped and pruned, that will certainly sprout up and flourish with greater heads than before, we are unable to divine.' The suggestion was, in truth, destined to be fully realised hereafter; but at this particular juncture, the reproduction of the old farthingale under the name of hoop, endowed the fair sex with sufficient importance in breadth to make amends for height, which they had laid aside with their top-knots. The shape in which the whalebone petticoat made its first appearance, is said to have been rather triangular, but it speedily assumed a circular form, and swelled out so enormously, that great contempt was expressed for the country ladies, who, not professing the highest fashion, 'could absolutely walk in their hooped petticoats without inconvenience.' When the circumference was at its largest, hinges were introduced into the supports, that ladies might catch up one side in order to enter their carriages—a feat which could never otherwise have been accomplished. The style of the dresses continued the same; and the only novelty which remains to be noticed, was the use of scarlet stockings by ladies of condition. The gentlemen continued to wear square cut coats, with loose sleeves and enormous cuffs; long flapped satin waistcoats, with extensive pockets; and stockings,

either blue or scarlet, drawn up to meet the long, high-backed cloak with buckles of various fashions; and these increased skirts, lined with gold or silver galloon, and trimmed with feathers; a tiny muff slung round the neck with ribbons; strangely enough to our modern tastes, characterised the winter dress of the beau, as well as the belle.

Whatever advantageous effects on the fortunes of England may have resulted from the advent of the Hanoverian dynasty, in comparison with that of the Stuarts, it must be acknowledged that improvement in the arts of dress and decoration were not of the number. The courtly grace of Charles I.—the elegant frippery of his son—nay, even the stately decorum of William and Mary, and the somewhat less severe style which prevailed in the reign of Queen Anne—all contrast favourably with the plain, burgher-like costume patronised by George I. Of mature years, and a cold and phlegmatic temperament, this monarch was little disposed to concern himself with a search for the beautiful, and clung with tenacity to the customs of his native land; where the fashions in habit, descending very frequently from father to son, could boast little modification or improvement, excepting in the quality and texture of the material. But if the taste of George I. and his age was plain and homely, the internal peace which reigned in the country at this period proved eminently favourable to the development of productive industry. The improvement in the staple commodity of England, led to the exchange of our broadcloths for the lighter and more elegant fabrics of France and Holland; and before long, the better understanding existing between the European nations generally, led to that rapid advancement in all peaceful arts, which has steadily continued even to the present day. It would be difficult to adduce any decided change of fashion in gentlemen's attire, as indicative of the increased sobriety in dress which characterised this reign; it consisted in various details too minute to have been deemed worthy of record, and in a general retrenchment in size and decoration. The full-bottomed wig, with the long curls descending over each shoulder, was, however, exchanged for another of an entirely novel description, ornamented with a long plaited tail hanging down the back, and tied with a large bow of black ribbon at the top, and a smaller one at the bottom. For the Ramillies' tail, which, like a particular cock of the hat, owed its name to the Duke of Marlborough's famous victory, the public are said to have been indebted to the invention of Lord Bolingbroke. Some spirits more adventurous than their companions suffered their own hair to grow long on the forehead, and combed it back over the foretops of their wigs; but this experiment, not satisfactorily carried out, must have exacted as large an amount of care and thought in walking, as was confessed to by a great poet some three centuries before. 'At this time,' says Petrarch in one of his Latin letters, pathetically lamenting his former light-headed foppery, 'I was so choice of my appearance, that I never passed

the corner of a street hastily, lest the wind should disarrange my curls.'. The general adoption of the Ramillies' tail led to a continual diminution of the size of the head, and brown bob-periwigs, with a single row of curls at the bottom, frequently devoid of powder, shared with it the favour of society. It only remains, before turning our attention to the ladies, to quote a description of himself, committed to paper by a gay young coxcomb of that day in the following words:—'I tie the collar of my shirt with half an ell of black ribbon, which appears under my neckcloth; the fore-corner of my hat is considerably elevated, and shortened like a spout; my waistcoat is edged with narrow lace; my stockings are silk, and I never appear without a pair of gloves.' The progress of time has lent an interest to this account, which it probably wanted at the time it was written for every one but him who was both author and subject.

In feminine attire, the hoop was still the most conspicuous feature under some one of its manifold phases: to-day, it might extend itself only at the hips, and be a farthingale in everything but name; to-morrow, swell out like a balloon; and a week hence, have assumed a more modest circumference. Notwithstanding the continuance of this mode, the flowing skirts which had accompanied it in the last reign were no longer to be seen; trains had wholly disappeared, and an ample view of the high-heeled shoe was permitted. Tight bodices, with small-pointed waists, stiffened with whalebone; sleeves almost tight to the elbow, with diminished ruffles, maintained their place in the toilet. But two novelties, in the shape of the apron and sacque, appeared to diversify the fashions. The latter commonly, but erroneously, described as a loose gown, consisted of an ordinary dress, fitting properly in front, but having the back-breadths appended to the shoulders instead of the waist; thus effectually concealing the falling-in back, regarded as one of the distinguishing beauties of women. The apron, an article of Dutch or German origin, was now set off by elaborate decorations in tambour stitch, and various coloured crewels or worsteds, the patterns being frequently copied from the tea-cups of the Chinese, or from the favourite lacquered screens covered with representations of gaily plumed birds. When it did not form part of a lady's apparel, the petticoat, displayed by the open skirt of the dress, was worn additionally handsome, flounced or quilted at the bottom, and ornamented even to the waist in front. The hair was drawn up close to the head; and caps, some ridiculously small, and others descending over the forehead, were very frequently exhibited. A black mode-cloak, crossing over the bosom and tying loosely behind, and also a round cloak with a hood, called the cardinal, are mentioned as forming the prevailing outdoor costume. That the love of foreign fabrics and fashions, introduced in former reigns, was not easily expelled, we learn from the satirical notes of some strong-minded woman, who, writing about 1710, rather vehemently *in defence* of the manufactures of her native lands,

enumerates thirty articles imperatively necessary for a fine lady's attire. Five-and-twenty were of foreign growth, and among these were cambric from Holland, Italian and French brocades and flowers, Flemish lace, Turkey handkerchiefs, &c., leaving little to be supplied by England beyond shoes and stockings, and the woollen camlet necessary for riding-gear.

The long reign of George II. presents few varieties worthy of notice in connection with the gentlemen, beyond the popularity of the tie-wig; the introduction of a very large and fierce cocked-hat, called the kevenhuller, peculiar to the notorious band of the Mohocks, and the more riotous spirits of the age; and lastly, an increased inclination for finery, evinced in the bright colours of the garments, whether made of cloth or velvet, and in the more jaunty style of wearing them. The ladies continued faithful for some years to their enormous hoops, but the affectation of a pastoral style, and general pseudo-simplicity supervening, they were reduced to a circumference scarcely more formidable than that of our modern stiff petticoats. The headgear, according to the order of the day, belonged to the milk-maid or shepherdess school; the little caps already mentioned being rivalled by the newer invention of the chip or straw hat, generally adorned with a wreath of flowers, and resembling in shape an inverted soup-plate, unless it were cocked at the side in more coquettish fashion, as was not unfrequently the case.

From the early age at which George III. and his queen ascended the throne, the art of dress was more cultivated for many years after their accession, before the cares of war and the vexations of political tumults had arisen to occupy the public mind with matters of graver import. Models of propriety themselves, an air of stately decorum was for some time the characteristic of the fashions of society, no less than those of the court itself. The queen, somewhat diminutive in person—a fact which the short petticoats of recent reigns tended to render more conspicuous—sought to veil her deficiency of stature by lengthening them, to conceal the feet in front; and behind, so to form a train varying from half a yard to thrice as much in extent—a style which was speedily adopted even in undress. The management of the train was professedly taught by the 'posture-master,' and some ladies excelled in the art of first twisting and then flinging their drapery across the arm for convenience in the promenade; some, again, surpassed their rivals in the style with which the elbow was squared and the arm placed behind the back to hold it up flat, as though sustained by a band; whilst others prided themselves, with reason, on accomplishing a graceful spread of the folds, and on the dexterity of the sly little backward kick, by which they were prevented from clinging to the heels. The narrow-chested form of the bodices was generally expanded, and although they were still drawn tight, the shoulders had space to descend to their natural level. For this improvement, the fair ladies of Britain

were indebted not so much to the remonstrances of the faculty, as to those of the young rising artists, West and Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose anatomical studies and correct tastes led them to protest against a practice which tended to deform the human figure, but which, in deference to fashion, had been so long patiently submitted to. This change in the outline of the form demanded a like change in the filling up, and for ordinary wear were introduced lawn or lace handkerchiefs, fastened behind and crossing over the bosom, outside the square-cut bodice of the dress—the achievement of as many round folds as possible being the aim of the accomplished tire-woman. A cap with a round caul and fluted wings, with an apron *en suite*, were features of the time, and are represented to greatest advantage in portraits of the queen and princess-royal by West. This modest head-dress was, however, an exception to the general rule, for the fair sex having bided their time, were enabled to indemnify themselves for the loss of the commode by various styles of coiffure, all far exceeding it in absurdity, and most of them in height. The hair, overladen with powder, either gray or white, and stiffened with thick pomatum, was raised over an enormous cushion of wool or tow, at one period of a globular form, but generally rising perpendicularly. Large locks of false hair, fashioned into French curls like eggs strung on a wire, or into Italian curls, called also scallop-shells, or German curls, a mixture of both, had all their appointed places at the side of the face, or low on the neck; but the back regions might be curled indiscriminately, in a style known as the *tête de mouton*. On the summit of the structure were placed feathers, flowers, ribbons, and strings of large beads; such an accumulation of ornaments as had never been witnessed since the days of Elizabeth. Among the most prominent eccentricities of fashion was that of the capriole, or imitation of some equipage; everything being admissible from a coach-and-six down to a chair with its bearers. The great importance attached to the decoration of the head at this time elevated those who professed it to a dignity which they had never known before, and we find, accordingly, several adventuring into the world of literature with practical and philosophical treatises on their art. The process of 'making up a head' was too expensive and painful to be frequently repeated, and it was warranted to last for periods varying from one week to four, provided the curls were wound on rollers all night, and a large net or fillet carefully drawn over the whole mass. The result of the powder and pomatum so plentifully applied, was to render the operation of 'opening' even more unpleasant than that of erecting the structure, and ladies are advised to bring to bear upon both a considerable amount of 'easy silent determination.' The hats and caps which were devised for the accommodation of the fashionable mode of hair-dressing were necessarily very light, and of monstrous size. The hats look frequently like extensive flower-baskets, and but for the balloon-

like caps, with frills descending over the brow; no comparative illustration could be found. Towards the close of the eighteenth century, the fashions became happily modified, and ladies were enabled to adopt a small high-crowned hat, turned up at the sides, which had a very piquant effect.

At the time when revolutionary principles gained an ascendancy in France, and every elegancy or refinement of the toilet was regarded with suspicion, there were not wanting many of our countrymen and countrywomen, who, notwithstanding the conservatism of the English court, evinced their sympathy with the republican movement by adopting the fashions which it prescribed. The wigs, after becoming gradually smaller, were at length totally abolished; the hair, which no gentleman would have omitted a few years before to have carefully dressed and powdered, was suffered to hang in scattered locks on the shoulders—the pigtail being no longer seen among the rising generation; the coat was divested of its gold and silver trimmings, its skirt was left unstiffened, and being cut off over the hips, assumed something of the modern form; the waists became shorter, and waistcoats of satin were exchanged for those of yellow Marseilles; in short, plainer materials and sadder colours became the order of the day. But notwithstanding the gloom which protracted struggles with our own colonies, as well as those raging on the continent, combined to cast over our country, neither beaux nor belles were disposed to persevere in wearing weeds. The change from a republic to a consulate in France was one step to a monarchy and a court; and Josephine, who presided over its fashions, was by nature a devotee of the toilette; fashion had once more room to germinate and expand beneath her fostering care; and although little cordiality then existed between the two nations, her influence was soon apparent even among ourselves. Indeed, to this epoch may in a great measure be traced the ascendancy of our French neighbours, and our acknowledgment of their authority in all matters of dress, as a dictum from which there can be no appeal. The wife of the First Consul being herself a Creole, the native of a genial climate, was naturally indisposed to look with a favourable eye on the massive style in vogue at the abolition of the monarchy; still less could she accept that which succeeded it, with its accompanying characteristics of dirt and déshabillé. Republican simplicity, for a time so loudly vaunted, had too many disagreeable associations connected with it to remain in favour long, and it was gradually dropped, to make way for fashions more airy and less uncouth; for the age of heavy brocades, dimity, and linen had passed away, and that of muslins, sarsenet, and tiffany succeeded. The success of the French arms in the south of Europe had much to do with the character of the new costume, since the spoils of the conqueror served as models for it, and the inventions of the *modiste* ceded to the adaptations of the artist. Josephine's salon was already a miniature court, where talent of

every description was assembled, and men of high renown in our own day gained their first laurels by devising 'modern antiques' for their fair contemporaries.

The hair, which, after being a wonderful work of art, had descended to a more simple style, was destined to still further humiliation: the gentlemen offered up their straggling locks at the shrine of patriotism, and their heads were literally shorn, with the exception of a tuft at the top, called a *brutus;* the preservation of which in its fiercely erect position required a constant application to the curling-tongs, and much mathematical precision in the mode of putting on the hat. Even ladies for a time affected the same style, but it was speedily superseded in their case, and the classic fashions in coiffure reigned supreme. The head was bound round with a fillet, or the hair was dressed *à la Grecque*, gathered up behind into a knot, with a bunch of drooping curls depending from it, which were carefully kept clear from the neck. It is a natural supposition, that flimsy drapery must necessarily be full and expansive; but in Greek statuary it is never so represented, and in this particular the fair imitators exhibited no desire to improve upon their models. Filmy muslins, scarcely concealing the outline of the figure, became the mode, and a gold or silken cord indicated the waist. Women of fair fame wore sleeves three inches deep, and occasionally, both in France and England, they were entirely dispensed with, a string of pearls or a brooch attaching the drapery on the shoulder. Very small straw or silk bonnets, the forms of which were taken from the antique helmets, with scarfs and shawls, were the out-of-door accompaniments to this style; but as no classic authority could be found for a garment worn crosswise, the shawls, in order to preserve the unities, were put on strait, and tied under the chin in a large knot. A diminutive parasol, with a hinge at the top, by which it was let down sideways to serve as a fan, completed a costume which had some duration, and the latest examples of which are to be found in the pictures of the Cosways and Mrs Moser. The war which subsequently broke out between France and England necessarily led to severe commercial restrictions on each side of the Channel, and no new fashions could be openly imported. Unfortunately, too, the contrabandists who succeeded in exchanging English broadcloth for French brandy, and even English muslins for French lace, could do little in the way of introducing caps and bonnets, for they were men of enterprise and not of observation. In this dilemma our fair compatriots, instead of boldly organising a national costume, contented themselves with modifying the last Parisian mode which had reached them, and ingrafted English edifices on dubious French foundations with very indifferent success so far as the effect was concerned. Woollen stuffs and cloths of every shade, with long bear-skin tippets and beaver hats of nondescript shape, sufficed for winter wear; and Spitalfields' silks and nankeens, in the form both of dresses and pelisses, for the

summer. The bonnets, which continued very small, were frequently *en suite* with the rest of the attire.

It may be worthy of remark, *en passant*, that whenever the caprices of fashion reach a certain height, and the capacity for invention seems for a time exhausted, a brief interval generally intervenes, during which a certain portion of the fair sex make little incursions upon masculine preserves; the pioneers on such occasions being of the class more especially addicted to out-of-door amusements. The Amazonian dress of the age of Louis XIV., invented to compliment the passion of the Duchess of Orleans for the chase, and complete even to the little coutean-de-chasse, had its votaries in our native land. During the reign of Queen Anne, the masculine riding-dress came into general use, and Addison describes a young lady as attired in a coat and waistcoat of blue camlet, trimmed and embroidered with silver, with a petticoat of the same material, which was the only distinguishing mark of her sex, as she wore a smartly cocked-hat, edged with silver and adorned with a feather. The hair, in this particular case, was powdered and curled, and tied like that of a rakish young gentleman with a long scarlet ribbon; very generally, however, the periwig was an accompaniment of this costume. Towards the middle of the reign of George III., certain ladies of the 'dashing' school, and belonging chiefly to the Whig faction, undertook to astonish the simple-minded and defy the court by similar means; for a certain Arcadian simplicity of attire was rather affected by the unassuming daughters of Queen Charlotte, and the younger married ladies of the day; and to judge by the records of Miss Burney, a shrinking helplessness of manner became its characteristic affectation. Political parties ran high, and the ladies ranged themselves on either side; the 'movement,' with the prince at its head, enlisting the more daring spirits in its cause. At the time when the English 'volonteers' were heroes of the day, equestrianism became decidedly fashionable, and its habit proportionably popular. The dress then consisted of a round beaver hat, with band and buckle, a frilled habit-shirt with a high collar, a black neck-handkerchief, a buff or white Marseilles waistcoat, over which was worn a lapelled jacket, with coloured facings and a long skirt like our own; dark beaver gloves, and high-heeled boots with a silver spur completed the costume. So general did it become, that no lady of condition took the shortest journey in a carriage without it, and it was not deemed unsuitable even for morning-calls. Another section of the ladies of the energetic school were possessed with a furor for driving, and very high carriages of the mail-phaeton class were the vehicles in which they displayed their skill. On the occasion of a lady's handling the reins, the riding-habit was exchanged for a drab box-coat, with horn or silver buttons, left open at the waist, to exhibit the waistcoat and watch-chain with multitudinous seals; the hat and other details resembled those above described. For such ladies as

had not acquired the art of whistling to call the Danish dog —a necessary accompaniment of a stylish turn-out—a silver dog-whistle was an indispensable appendage.

To put to shame such unfeminine audacity, and to exhibit at once their own modesty and humility, a childlike innocence of attire was affected by the devotees of the ancient régime; printed cambric gowns, and meek-looking Pamela-hats were their livery; and to suit the style of the fair occupants, a carriage was invented of such extreme lowness that it almost trailed along the ground; it was entirely devoid of ornament or pretence, drawn by a pair of ponies, and driven by a child of twelve years of age, and was denominated a 'muddie.' *Outré* as this conveyance then appeared, it was destined to an honourable revival under the name of a park-chair, and solaced in his old age the monarch whose youthful taste it was expressly invented to satirise.

With the ratification of peace in 1815 the continent was opened, and the rich rushed over the water to see what had been doing in the course of the long interregnum. French commodities, if not absolutely interdicted, were only admitted here under heavy duties; but still the visits of foreigners of distinction, fresh from the very court of fashion, gave an impetus and a new direction to our modes. The Grand Duchess of Oldenburg, sister to the emperor of Russia, appeared like a comet amongst us, startling society with a bonnet like a chimney-pot in height, and a pink gingham gown with balloon sleeves, which threatened to overwhelm all who approached her. As this lady had a mania for sight-seeing and displayed herself at Vauxhall Gardens, and places of popular resort as well as in more fashionable spheres, her example was universally followed, and every lady wore a top-heavy appearance, although a number of narrow flounces were introduced, in some measure to restore their equilibrium. The hair was dressed in large bows on the top of the head, in honour of the Giraffe, and tier above tier of stiff curls were ranged around the face, to fill up the immense expanse of brim to the bonnet or hat. High dresses now universal, were then first worn habitually, and as the skirts had become fuller, they were not widely dissimilar to those of our own day. Strait frock-coats, *à la militaire*, trimmed with braid, and closing up to the throat with hooks instead of buttons, full Cossack trousers of gaudy appearance, and Wellington-boots, completed the costume of the gentlemen.

The brief reign of William IV. presented no distinguishing features worthy of especial remark, and the fashions of the present reign will doubtless be too fresh in the reader's recollection to need any recapitulation. It only, therefore, remains for us to observe in conclusion, that although many of the habits and customs of our ancestors are undeniably calculated to provoke wonder and *ridicule*, even under the softening disguise of a

necessarily imperfect description, it is equally certain that the eye can become perfectly reconciled to any form constantly presented to its view. And it is by no means improbable, that what we regard as the sensible style of dress which characterises the present age, may afford to our descendants as much food for satire and compassion, as any that have preceded it. 'There is nothing so ludicrous as a fashion neither new nor old' was the apothegm of a great painter; but happily there is an older and still sounder proverb which says, that 'a fair face is lovely under any hood.'

THE MORAVIAN BRETHREN.

COUNT ZINZENDORF.

'A HUNDRED years hence, and you shall answer for this before God and me.' Such were among the last words of John Huss. They had led him out without the gates, to a pleasant and sunny meadow, in front of the city of Constance; and there, on a high summer-day, in the month of July of the year 1415, surrounded by all the pomp of nature—by that glorious sun which shines on the just and on the unjust—by those trees, and flowers, and flowing streams, which seem ever to be whispering but never telling the wondrous secrets with which they are charged, secrets which shall never be revealed till God himself shall justify his ways to man—he suffered cheerfully a cruel death, rather than renounce his

long and dearly cherished faith. They could call him before their Council; they could give, and then violate a safe-conduct; they could throw him into a loathsome dungeon, washed by the waters of the Rhine, and fasten him even while he slept by a padlock to the wall; they could tear from off his body the priestly garments, and scrape from his nails the holy oil; they could crown him with a paper mitre, and inscribe thereon *Heresiarch;* they could deliver up his soul to Satan, while he meekly committed it to the Lord Jesus Christ; the emperor could seem as if he had washed his hands of blood-guiltiness, when he gave over the victim to his 'dear uncle,' the Count Palatine, to be dealt with after the manner of heretics; and he, in his turn, could hand him over to the mayor of the city, who delivered him to the executioners, who gave his ashes to the flowing Rhine: but they could not hinder bands of his faithful followers from singing, in muffled tones, the prophetic elegy—'His ashes will be scattered over every country; no river, no banks, will be able to retain them; and those whom the enemy thought to silence by death, thus sing and publish, in every place, that gospel which their persecutors thought to suppress.' They believed not then, what wise men in every age have proclaimed, but which is still little else than foolishness even to the men of this generation, that not more surely does the precious rain refresh and cause to spread the tender plant, than is the blood of the martyrs, whatever their faith, the most fructifying of all irrigation.

The sect known almost ever since the days of John Huss as the United Brethren, or the Moravian Brethren, are descendants of a people who, like to the Waldenses, never bowed beneath the Romish yoke, and trace their origin through the Greek Church to the primitive age of Christianity. The Moravians, as a nation, embraced Christianity in the ninth century, and their tenets gradually spread into Bohemia. In the reign of the Emperor Charles IV., an attempt was made to introduce all the dogmas and usages of the Western Church. Prague was made an archbishopric; a university was founded; and the Italian professors enforced popish ceremonies, prohibited the marriage of the clergy, and denied the cup to the laity. Much persecution followed; but many faithful pastors boldly administered the ordinances in the same form as heretofore in private, and preached with great zeal; one of whom lived to such extreme old age, that he witnessed the formation of the Church of the United Brethren, thereby fulfilling a prophecy uttered by a banished disciple on his death-bed—that there should arise 'a small mean people, without sword or power, whom the adversary shall not be able to withstand, but that one only of their number should see it.'

Towards the end of the fourteenth century, the writings of *Wickliffe* had penetrated even to the heart of Bohemia and Moravia, where the people, still mindful of their ancient religious liberty, felt

their hearts burn within them as they read together by the way-side, or in their inner chambers, what seemed to them their own thoughts thus echoed back from a far distant land. The archbishop of Prague, who could not even read till he was raised to the see, and whose ignorance the people ridiculed in their songs, ordered the writings of Wickliffe to be burned in the court of his palace. Against this proceeding, Huss made a public protest; was accused of heresy, and excommunicated; which caused him, and his friend Jerome, only the more loudly to denounce the pope, who had promised remission of sins to all who would aid him in a crusade against the king of Naples and the two anti-popes; for it was at this time that Christendom presented the strange spectacle of three infallible heads—a curious triple link in the chain of apostolical succession. The sellers of these indulgences were insulted by the citizens, which caused Prague to be laid under an interdict, and her churches closed. But Huss continued to preach to the multitudes in the villages and open fields, till at length he was summoned before the General Council of Constance, where he met that doom for which he had long been preparing. His followers were cast into prison, burned, or drowned. Hundreds of them were condemned to the deep mines of Kuttenberg. But from this army of martyrs there arose an army of warriors, who defended themselves with desperate bravery during the thirteen years in which raged the barbarous struggle called the Hussite War. No sooner, however, were they at peace with their enemies, than divisions arose among themselves, and the Hussites became two great parties, called the Calixtines and the Taborites; the latter from *tabor*, in the Bohemian language, a camp. The Calixtines demanded no other reform than a participation in the cup for the laity; while the Taborites insisted on the abolition of every rite that seemed to foster superstition, sought to restore the purity and simplicity of the apostolic church, appealed to Scripture in everything, addressed each other as brethren and sisters, and ate at one common table. They held Baptism and the Lord's Supper to be the only ordinances instituted by Christ; their ministers were not allowed to hold property, but were maintained by voluntary contribution, and preaching formed the principal part of their worship. Such was the origin, and such the tenets and practices, which formed the nucleus of those now held by the great body called the Moravian Brethren. The king of Bohemia, although a Calixtine, granted them a district of country on the borders of Silesia and Moravia, where they were to have the free exercise of their own religious tenets, and where, in 1457, they first assumed the name of United Brethren, and many settlements were formed throughout Bohemia and Moravia. New and bitter persecutions arose, during an interval of which they made a translation of the Bible in Bohemian, which they got printed in Venice; and thus secured the distinction *of being* the first people in Europe who possessed a

Bible in their own language. The sale was so rapid, that it was twice reprinted at Nuremberg; and the Brethren established three printing-offices in Bohemia and Moravia, which were long used solely for printing Bibles.

The oppressors of the Brethren were often so suddenly averted from their purpose—some of them dying as it seemed miraculously—that the hearts of the people were so stricken, it became a proverb among them: 'If any man is weary of life, he has only to persecute the Brethren.' In the face, therefore, of persecutions and afflictions, the Brethren mightily grew and prevailed. Many of the higher orders of the Calixtines, nobles, priests, and learned men, joined their ranks, while the party itself became nearly extinguished by most of the remainder re-entering the Romish Church; and early in the sixteenth century, ere yet Luther had begun to send forth his voice of thunder, the Brethren could number as many as 200 regularly constituted Protestant churches. Erasmus, indeed, had already made attempts to improve the schools of science and theology, and the Brethren made an appeal to him to lift his testimony to the purity of their doctrine and apostleship; but, true from first to last to his character of time-server, he dismissed them with fair and wary words: 'If you call one another brother and sister, I see no harm in it; would to God that this appellation, dictated by brotherly love, existed among Christians universally!' and many other praises; but trembling for his worldly possessions and reputation, he bore no open testimony till the Brethren no longer stood in need of it.

Very different was their reception by Martin Luther, who declared himself 'much strengthened and animated by their conversation.' They urged on him the necessity of uniting strict discipline with soundness of doctrine; but he replied that things were yet in too immature a state, and that he must proceed slowly. The Brethren, however, ceased not to press him even to offence on this one point of discipline, notwithstanding of which Luther continued to live with them in constant union, and declared thus: 'Since the times of the Apostles, no Christians have appeared who have maintained a doctrine and practice more conformable to apostolic teaching than the United Brethren. Though they do not surpass us in purity of doctrine, since we teach every article by the Word of God alone, yet they far exceed us in the discipline by which they blessedly govern their churches; in this, we must confess, to the glory of God and of the truth, they are more commendable than ourselves.' The reaction, consequent on the first brilliant success of the Reformation, brought again persecution to the Brethren. The Emperor Charles V., and Ferdinand of Bohemia, took up arms against their Protestant subjects; and the Brethren were driven from their churches, the greater part of them emigrating into Poland, where, according to Paul Vergerius, once the pope's legate, afterwards a pious brother,

in his preface to the Brethren's *Confession of Faith*, nearly forty churches were formed by them at this time.

Under the mild rule of Maximilian II, the Brethren of Bohemia and Moravia enjoyed the free exercise of their worship, and many of the emigrants returned. The Brethren were now to enjoy a long period of repose. This they employed in confirming and spreading the churches, and in translating the Bible into the Bohemian from the original text, instead of formerly from the Latin vulgate. This version appeared in six volumes, between the years 1579 and 1593. They also established colleges and seminaries of their own; and although too poor to provide fixed salaries, eminent men flocked to them as teachers and professors. Never had the church of the Brethren seemed so secure as on this the eve of its entire destruction. Since that memorable day when the blood of John Huss had become the seed of their church, it had spread and flourished with—for we need not say in spite of—every persecution. So great was now their prosperity, that we find them relaxing in that discipline they had not only gloried in as the life of their church, but had sought to enforce on others; and their own historian, Commenius, pathetically laments 'so much carnal security, not pleasing to pious souls, who feared its evil consequences.' They were slumbering on the edge of a precipice, and fearful was to be the awaking.

Maximilian II., early raised to the imperial purple, reigned long over the holy German Empire; and he died. Then there arose to rule after him Rodolph II.; and he died. Then were the slumbering Brethren astounded by the news, that the papal court had bethought them of the ancient decrees of the Council of Trent, and now, in 1612, were about to enforce them on all Protestants. As men are always most given to the use of carnal weapons when they are awakened from a state of carnal security, the Brethren, after refusing allegiance to Ferdinand II., joined the other Protestants in acts of aggression. Now began the famous struggle called the Thirty Years' War; and at the Peace of Westphalia, in 1648, we find the other Protestant powers abandoning to their enemies, without one stipulation in their favour, these poor dispersed Brethren, who had first led the way to the Reformation then secured by that treaty.

The constitution of the ancient church of the Brethren, at that period suffering under a total eclipse, was at once simple and severe. Five or six bishops presided over the whole church, one of whom they elected their president. Each had two or three co-bishops, who were bound to keep secret their deliberations. The bishops were elected by the co-bishops and pastors, who wrote their votes, and sealed them up. When the person elected declared he regarded the call as divine, and accepted it, the whole assembly fell on their knees, and in this posture, the bishops having their hands on him, they chanted: 'Come, Holy Spirit.' His colleagues

then gave him the right hand of fellowship and the kiss of charity. The bishop was bound to visit his diocese once every year. General synods were held once in three or four years, to which the landed proprietors of the district were admitted as well as all the office-bearers. Special or diocesan synods were held for special matters, such as the election of a bishop. The pastors in their turn were chosen by the bishops, who also had the power of removing them. The pastor had under him deacons, who were his principal assistants and candidates for the ministry; also acolytes, young men trained for the service of the church. These boarded in the pastor's house, assisted at all household work, and must conform rigidly to rules. They could not buy anything, send letters, lend or borrow, without the pastor's consent. The pastor himself was supported by contributions, chiefly of food and other necessaries. Celibacy was not enjoined on, but generally observed by him, as leaving him freer in times of persecution. He could not travel without permission of the bishop, was always lodged by the Brethren, the acolytes washing his feet. He must report to his bishop every six months his own spiritual condition and that of his flock. Candidates for the ministry underwent three strict examinations, and after the last they all prepared themselves by fasting and prayer for the ordination, which was conducted with great solemnity, the whole assembly again on their knees chanting the hymn, 'Come, Holy Spirit.' Each church was divided into three classes—the beginners, the advanced, and the perfect; the last choosing the elders. There were also female elders, who visited and exhorted the women. All worldly amusements, such as games and dancing, and all costly and gay apparel, were forbidden; disputes were settled, if possible, by arbitration. Marriage was not permitted without consent of parents and pastors: the ceremony very simple, and always public. Some of the Brethren only baptised adults, but the greater part adhered to infant baptism, and the duties of the sponsors were regarded as very solemn.

They set apart four days in the year for prayer and fasting, besides those for public calamities, the church's troubles, and for hardened offenders, some abstaining wholly from food, others at least till evening. Of discipline, properly so called, there were three kinds: brotherly admonition, public reproof, and expulsion—the last resorted to with much sorrow and solemnity, the whole church saying 'Amen' with many groans and tears. But there was nothing final in the sentence; the offender might still be a hearer at the door of the church, and his return to obedience was hailed with joy and love. Such was the ancient church of the Moravian Brethren.

In the year 1722, towards the close of spring, four plain wayfaring men, weary but not faint, with wayworn feet and drooping *limbs*, but eyes in whose mild flash could be discerned firm *resolve* and conquering patience, approached the mansion of

Hennersdorf, the property of the pious Countess Gersdorf, the grandmother of the youthful Count Zinzendorf. They had gone out, scarcely knowing whither; they had left house and friends in the enemy's land; with wives and children, they had arisen at midnight, and wandered forth by cross-roads and over mountains, and reached in safety the sanctuary of Goerlitz, where they were gladly received by the pastor of the place. Having heard that 'one Count Zinzendorf, a real Christian, had bought an estate in Upper Lusatia, where he had stationed a faithful pastor, named Rothe,' and hoping there to find an asylum, the four men proceeded on their way, holding as they went the deep counsels of those who are sharers in misfortune and sharers in hope. The most remarkable of these men was Christian David, a native of Senftleben, in Moravia. In his youth, a tender of cows and sheep, afterwards a carpenter, he had eagerly listened to the singing and praying, night and day, of some imprisoned friends. He had been a zealous papist, and had not yet seen a Bible, but obtaining possession of one, it became his constant study; his conversation was purely biblical, and he learned to write from it, forming a set of letters peculiar to himself. He entered the Lutheran Church, but not being satisfied with it, and having met with the pastor of Goerlitz and other enlightened men, he joined himself to them, and afterwards travelled from place to place preaching the Gospel. Two of the others were the Brothers Neisser, dwellers in the Zauchtenthal, who with others in the valley had been stirred and gladdened by an old soldier, who was wont to come and seat himself under their porches, singing hymns and repeating the Scriptures. Christian David in his wanderings came hither also; they resolved to go forth together, for the spread as well as the peaceful enjoyment of the faith, and in after-years the Brethren used to praise God for his marvellous works, in that a begging-soldier had begun, and a humble artisan carried on, so glorious a revival.

The countess having often been deceived by impostors, at first received the pilgrims coldly, but afterwards agreed to send them to Rothe, the pastor of Bertholdsdorf, a village belonging to the young count, two miles off, whose steward in his absence assigned them a settlement near the village on the declivity of the Hutberg, on the great road from Loebau to Zittau, a wild marshy spot covered with brushwood. When the wife of Augustin Neisser first saw it, she exclaimed: 'Where shall we find bread in this wilderness?' She was answered in a solemn tone: 'If you believe, you shall in this place see the glory of God.' Christian David then took his axe, struck the nearest tree, and said: 'Here the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow her nest; even thine altars, O Lord of Hosts!' Space being cleared, on the 17th of June the pilgrims repaired to the forest, and cut down the first tree for the first house; and on the spot where this tree stood, a stone monument has since been raised in memory of the

event. The wood was brought to the place in boats; they were derided by the passers-by; they were so weak from fatigue and poor food, and oftentimes so faint in spirit, they seemed to themselves like children building houses with cards; it was only after three weeks' labour they obtained water; but they ceased not to animate each other, and to commune of Abraham, who had gone forth alone into a strange land, and God had made of him a great nation, and a blessing to all peoples. The house was completed in August; and in October, the three Brethren and their families entered it. The pastor at Bertholdsdorf, in his discourse on the occasion, used these words: 'God will one day kindle a light upon these hills, which shall enlighten the whole country; of this I am assured by a living faith.' Count Zinzendorf also addressed his tenantry, and commended the Brethren to their Christian care and kindness. Such is the history of the early foundation of the immense settlement of Herrnhut (*the watch of the Lord*), in Upper Lusatia, the first-fruits of a revival destined to spread over many lands. A great revival had at the same time taken place at Fulneck, in Moravia, where Commenius had anciently been pastor; and in two different districts in Bohemia, not only without concert, but each in total ignorance of what was going on amongst the others.

Nicholas Lewis, Count and Lord of Zinzendorf and Pottendorf; Lord of the Baronies of Freydeck, Schöneck, Thürnstein, and the Vale of Wachovia; Lord of the Manor of Upper, Middle, and Lower Bertholdsdorf; Hereditary Warden of the Chase to his Imperial Roman Majesty, in the Duchy of Austria, below the Enns; and at one time Aulic and Justicial Councillor to the Elector of Saxony—of one or other of which titles he made use when it seemed expedient for him to travel or labour incognito—was born at Dresden, 26th May 1700. As far back as the eleventh century, the family of Zinzendorf formed one of the twelve noble houses, the chief supports of the Austrian dynasty. From the count to Ehrenhold, the founder, were reckoned twenty-two generations. In 1552, the family embraced the doctrines of the Reformation, to which they rendered military as well as civil services; and in the time of the Emperor Rodolph II., there were found on the estates of the family four flourishing Protestant congregations, duly provided with pastors. The motto of the house was: 'I yield to no one, not even to the whole world.' The grandfather of the count emigrated to Oberberg, near Nuremberg, thus obtaining that liberty of conscience which he valued more highly than all his lands. His son, the count's father, entered the service of the Elector of Saxony, and died at Dresden in 1700, six weeks after the birth of the count. Four years afterwards, his mother having been remarried to a field-marshal of the Prussian army, he was placed under the care of his grandmother, formerly mentioned, and he used frequently to say, that it was to her early instilling into his mind the doctrines and precepts of the Gospel, to associating with the pious persons who

visited her, and to the constant reading of the Bible and the works of Luther, he was indebted for the loss of all relish for anything but the doctrine of Jesus Christ, his merits and sufferings. As was the custom in his family, it was intended he should be devoted to state affairs. His bodily constitution was delicate until after he was twenty-one. He was lively and volatile, and learned to read slowly; but shewed an extensive capacity, conceived clear ideas, and formed opinions by weighing and comparing things. He was sometimes irascible and impetuous. Of himself he writes thus: 'My genius was simple, but natural; my memory retentive, with a mind more lively than phlegmatic; a disposition sufficiently calm to weigh the reasons of a thing; originality of ideas, which might have been more productive had I been less scrupulous; an inclination to grave subjects; and a love of the truth, which moderated even my propensity to poetise.' When yet a child, he described himself as deeply affected by the thought of God becoming man; of Christ being our brother, and dying for us; that when he had pen, ink, and paper, he would write notes to his beloved Saviour, and throw them out at the window, in hopes he might find them; that his covenant was: 'Be thou mine, dear Saviour, and I will be thine,' and this he often renewed; that when left alone, he often spoke of him to the chairs he had playfully collected; and that he shed abundance of tears when he thought of what his Saviour had done for him. When looking back on this period towards the close of his life, he says: 'Thus for more than fifty years I have conversed as it were personally with the Saviour, spoken to him for hours together, like one friend to another.' One biographer says, there was something so extraordinary in the expression and appearance of the child, that pious and distinguished men felt impelled to give him their blessing, and even sent the same in their letters. He early shewed a fondness of doing good to others; even in his sixth year giving away the money he had received. It deeply pained him when unable to assist the necessitous, and nothing was ever of value to him, if another needed it more; he gave in so pleasing a manner, as to render it still more welcome; he was passionately attached to those who assisted and benefited him, and his gratitude knew no bounds.

In his eleventh year, he was placed in one of the institutions of the celebrated Professor Francke, at Halle. In his sixteenth year, he could deliver a Greek oration; and extemporise a Latin speech on a given subject. In Hebrew he had no success; but was so expert in versifying, that he composed quicker than he could write. Of his companions, he says: 'I was upheld by a power they knew not, and not only preserved from their snares, but more than once prevailed with those that sought to seduce me to join me in prayer, and won them over to Christ.' On leaving Halle, in 1716, it was found he had established *no* less than seven societies for religious purposes.

the result of prayer-meetings he had early held. Five young men of noble rank were conspicuous in these, and closely united: the two most remarkable being the Baron Frederick von Watteville and Zinzendorf, both destined by their friends for the service of the state, but in reality to be fellow-workers through life in that cause they regarded above all others, and to which they were thus early devoted. In 1715, these two youths formed a sort of covenant together for the conversion of the heathen; and however widely men may differ, either as to end or means, none can deny that these young covenant-makers were anything but covenant-breakers. Zinzendorf devoted his spare hours to his favourite study of theology; but, as he was enjoined, with a view to the future, paid strict attention to that of law, and the knowledge he thus acquired proved of signal use in managing the affairs of the Brethren.

On leaving Halle, having been urged by his friends to travel, he first visited Holland, and then France. At Paris, he was beset by many temptations—one party trying to corrupt his morals, another attacking his religion; by which, and everything that befell him, he gained much experience. He had frequent intercourse with many of the clergy, especially with the excellent Father de la Tour, and the Cardinal de Noailles; with the latter, however, although 'much united in heart,' he came to an entire breach, in consequence of the cardinal's acceptance of the Constitution *Unigenitus;* and the count brought himself into trouble by his zeal for the appealing bishops, being nearly poisoned by one of their enemies, the marks of which he is said to have retained in his face throughout life. He was here given to feel that pride was not subdued within him, for he felt so mortified at not having been received with due distinction at court, that he complained of it to the court-chamberlain. Soon, however, he despised himself for this, and 'threw himself at the Lord's feet, and besought His grace and forgiveness with many tears.' Here he met with a brother of his friend Von Watteville, who says: 'I loved the world; Zinzendorf took no pleasure in it. He conducted me to cardinals and bishops; I could not persuade him to go to a single opera.' The count gave his testimony, that here he found many among the great, and where he had least expected, to whom he could speak of the grace and goodness of his Saviour; and adds: 'The world knew not what to make of me; many reported me to be a pietist, whereas they to whom this name was given would not let me pass for one.' He seems to have been largely tolerant, and much edified by the society and preaching of the clergy, mentioning with especial approbation a sermon he heard from a Dominican monk. He concludes: 'I must, generally speaking, admire the sincerity of the Catholics of this country.' Towards the end of his stay, he became so ill that his first and dearest thought was that God would take him to himself. He says: 'I hoped to have been received into everlasting habitations;

at the same time, I heartily thank my Creator for his innumerable benefits, which I reverentially admire.'

In 1720, he returned to Germany, and became tenderly attached to his cousin, the young Countess Theodora, to whom he offered himself; but before a betrothal had been proposed, he discovered that his friend Count Henry de Reuss was deeply in love with her, and she being not disinclined to him, the count generously gave her up, though it cost him a severe struggle. The wish he had often expressed to devote himself to the ministry, now became stronger than ever, and it was after much repugnance and deliberation, and many tears, that he yielded to the wishes of his relatives, and accepted of a seat in the government at Dresden, where he was soon appointed aulic and justicial councillor. His legal powers he chiefly exerted in preventing lawsuits or expediting them; he pursued, also, his chief object of preaching; and issued a periodical work, called *The Dresden Socrates*, in which he exposed the vices and follies of the age, but afterwards declared his zeal had exceeded the bounds of discretion. In 1721, being now of age, he purchased the manor of Bertholdsdorf, and there built a house, which he named Bethel, and inscribed over the entrance:—

'As guests we only here remain;
And hence this house is slight and plain.
Therefore, "Turn to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope!"
We have a better house above,
And there we fix our warmest love.'

On the 17th of September 1722, he married a sister of his friend Count Reuss, for whom he had sacrificed his first attachment, and visited, for the first time, with her, at Christmas of the following year, his estates in Upper Lusatia; on reaching which, and seeing in the wild wood the house raised by the poor Brethren, he joyfully entered it, and welcomed them, falling on his knees, and giving thanks to God. There were now associated for the work four, called 'the United Brethren,' of whom, from 1723 to 1727, a history in manuscript exists. These were the pastor Rothe, of Bertholdsdorf, a man of 'incomparable talents and profound learning,' of whom the count says: 'Rothe preached with great power: he seemed as if he would exhaust every subject, and collect together a treasure of comfort against the evil times coming upon the church. The lowest peasant understood him, and the greatest philosopher heard him with attention and respect; no one was ever weary.' Scheffer, the pastor of Goerlitz, 'a faithful preacher, who had suffered much reproach,' was another. Also, the Baron von Watteville, who had gone to Paris, where 'the vanities of the world had made him almost an infidel,' but who had been brought to repentance and a sense of his condition when on a visit to the count. And lastly, the count himself, who became Rothe's assistant and catechist. After sermon, Rothe conversed in church with the hearers, when all were at *liberty to* give their sentiments or ask questions. The

count, then, 'edified those present with pleasing hymns or verses appropriate to the subject. Sometimes one Tobias Friedrich, who had a peculiar talent for music, performed on the organ.' From this time arose the custom, still existing among the Brethren, of the leader giving out a succession of hymns from an order of subjects, the singers passing insensibly from one melody to another. On leaving the church, the hearers assembled in the mansion of the count, who repeated the sermon in presence of the clergymen, he or any one else making additions. The count, besides, acted as chief magistrate of Bertholdsdorf with punctuality, kindness, and authority, in spite of his dislike to worldly business. Of the rules which governed him, he says: 'A man ought to look to God himself, in order to see how he governs the world, and learn from him how to govern, whether he have little or much to superintend.' With offenders he had great patience, so long as they did not draw away others; and he considered that nothing but hypocrisy and misery resulted when rulers exerted their power in matters of conscience. These four Brethren directed their efforts to preaching with simplicity and power, sinking minor points; to advancing the Gospel in foreign parts; to the printing and circulating of religious works at a cheap rate; and to the establishment of schools, for general as well as religious education. They furnished the sum of 1500 rix-dollars for the erection of a large building, to contain a school for young persons of noble families; a bookseller's shop for the sale of their own publications; and a dispensary, to furnish the poor with medicines. Their words were: 'This building is begun in the faith of the living God, who never refuses anything that his saints agree to ask of him.' Before the foundation-stone of the new building was laid, there was an important accession to the number of the Brethren.

Early in the year 1723, while employed in flooring the count's house, Christian David had left his axe and his rule, and even his hat, and set out on a journey into Moravia, and again appeared in the Zauchtenthal, and the districts around, preaching with much 'life and savour;' and a great revival took place, more than 150 persons sometimes assembling to hear him, though their meetings were forbidden under grievous fines, and even corporal punishment. Once, on being surprised by the enemy, they begun to sing Luther's celebrated hymn; and on silence being demanded by the officer, they repeated the verse beginning—

> 'If the whole world with devils swarmed,
> That threatened us to swallow,'

a second and even a third time; which is said so to have struck him with such terror that he fled, leaving behind him the books he had collected. Among the greatest sufferers in the punishments which followed were the Nitschmanns and Schneiders; but none would cease to listen to the 'bush-preacher,' as their enemies called Christian David. From chains and misery, we are told, 'the

Lord almost miraculously opened a way for their escape,' and a new emigration was the consequence. On the 12th of May 1724—a day that Zinzendorf was wont to call *the critical day*—as the Brethren were assembled to lay the foundation of the new establishment, five weary travellers slowly wended their way towards them, three of whom bore the name of Nitschmann, afterwards so conspicuous in the history of their church. They were so moved by the scene they now witnessed, that they said: 'This is the house of God; here we will take up our abode.' The count delivered a discourse, and Watteville fell on his knees on the foundation-stone, and 'poured out such a fervent prayer, that the count often declared he never had heard anything so moving, and that he thence dated the rich effusion of divine grace bestowed on the Brethren.' The singing of the *Te Deum* closed the ceremony. Watteville had placed under the stone all his remaining jewels, especially a ring that had passed seven times through the fire, in token that the vanity of the world was now buried. On the conclusion of the ceremony, the countess said to Watteville: 'You have promised much; if one-half is fulfilled, it will be beyond our expectations.' Fresh immigrants were now constantly arriving, and were employed in the erection of the building, to which dwelling-houses were added from time to time. The following year the institution for young noblemen was opened; and the hall of the building was for thirty-two years used as a place of meeting for the church of Herrnhut. The count always received the newcomers coldly, until they gave such evidence as he required of their spiritual state, fearing lest temporal motives should have lured them hither; and it was contrary to his desire that any of the Brethren returned to visit their kindred, and tell them of the peace and freedom they might enjoy if they would arise and follow them; for with all his enthusiasm and desire for the spread of his own doctrines, he was too sagacious not to see that the rapid growth of the settlement of Herrnhut would only hasten the persecution it was sure sooner or later to provoke. The five newly arrived Brethren became the means of restoring the discipline of the ancient church, which they had received by tradition from their fathers, a subject which had as yet met with little attention in the rising colony. The count, indeed, always clung to the hope of a union with the Lutherans—a project in which he scarcely received any support from the Brethren. Many Lutherans had now come to the settlement; and in the year 1727, it contained about 300 brethren and sisters, one-half being Moravian exiles. Many dissensions followed, which seemed very grievous to the count; but he succeeded in arranging them all, and drew up, with the assistance of Rothe and others, a set of regulations, called *Statutes of the Congregation*, by which the Brethren reserved to themselves their Christian liberty, and everything held by the ancient church, but agreed to make use of the Lutheran *liturgy*. All having signed this deed, they them-

proceeded to matters of discipline, first electing twelve elders, who were to choose from among themselves, always by lot, four for the administration of affairs, at the first choice of whom it seemed to the Brethren as if a miracle had been wrought. The first lot fell on Christian David; the second, on John Nitschmann, the oldest man at Herrnhut; the third, on C. Hoffmann, also very aged; the fourth, on Melchior Nitschmann, for whom, on account of his extreme youth, he being only twenty-five, the lot was cast three times, 'and as often his name was returned, so that the church, filled with astonishment, could make no further objection.' The count was made warden of the congregation, with Watteville for an associate. At meetings, called 'conferences of the elders,' when any matter continued doubtful to them, they invariably appealed to the lot, holding that decisive as to the will of God. Soon after the 'constitution' was signed, and harmony restored, we are told 'there was a wonderful effusion of the Spirit on this happy church, when the measure of divine grace seemed absolutely overflowing.' Ten solemn services were held in one day. Schwedler, the pastor of Niederwiese—who had been known to preach from nine in the morning till two in the afternoon, and even longer in his own parish, sometimes beginning the service at five or six in the morning, and only pausing while there was a change in the auditory, and singing some verses of a hymn—preached on this occasion at Bertholdsdorf, where the crowd was so great, that Rothe preached at the same time to more than 1000 hearers in the grave-yard. Other services of the same nature followed; then the count held three meetings in the great hall; after which another for conversation on the services of the day. Soon after this the count, Christian David, and about fourteen of the Brethren, spent the whole night in visiting the people, and held a numerous prayer-meeting on the Hutberg at midnight. On the following Sunday, the pastor Rothe, in the midst of the assembly of Herrnhut, 'was seized with an unusual impulse, threw himself on his knees before God, and the whole assembly prostrated themselves under the same emotion. An uninterrupted course of singing and prayer, weeping and supplication, continued till midnight; all hearts were united in love.' At the same time, we are told, 'a constant work of God was going on in the minds of the children. A meeting was held, which was very much blessed; and one night, from six to one in the morning, the Hutberg resounded with the prayers and singing of the young females in the neighbourhood, and all were much delighted. At the same time, the boys assembled for prayer in other places. No words can express the powerful operation of the Holy Spirit upon these children.'

Quite corresponding to this is the account of Zinzendorf's own family. He was the father of twelve children, nine of whom *died* in infancy or early youth. Of one we are told: 'Before she was quite twelve months old, she could speak with some fluency,

and sing the principal tunes in the Brethren's collection. When seized with her last sickness, she began to sing the hymn used for children, for it is the custom of the Brethren to sing around each other's death-beds—

"Take me to thy rest divine;
Rock me, Saviour, I am thine;"

and on the day of her death, while her father was singing—

"Freely to thee my spirit yields
This infant, dearest Lord"—

the child rendered up her spirit to God, aged two years and six weeks.' Again: 'When another child was dying, and his sister was weeping, her little brother of four and a half asked her why she wept. "Because my brother is dying." "O no," said he; "*he* is not dying, though they say so; it is only his *misery* that is dying."' Anecdotes of a like nature are also recounted of some of his other children.

The rapid rise of the settlement of Herrnhut had now excited so much attention, that it was no uncommon thing for fifty letters to be received by different Brethren in one day, asking information regarding it. Many persons, some of high rank, flocked to visit it. The Brethren began to send deputations to every Protestant land in Europe—the first of a systematic course of itinerancy. For the sake of avoiding persecution and evil reports, a few of the Brethren desired that their church should be embodied in the Lutheran. The count, president of the church, and lord of the manor, threw the whole weight of his opinion on the side of union, to which were opposed the vast majority of the Brethren, amounting to nearly 600. As usual, the lot must decide. In the urn were placed two notes, on one of which was written, 'To them that are without law, as without law,' &c.; and on the other, 'Brethren, stand fast, and hold the traditions,' &c. After prayers made, a child of the count under four being fixed on, drew out the latter note, on which there was much rejoicing—all submitting as to a decree of God, the count himself delivering a powerful discourse on the occasion. Some new arrangements as to the election of elders was made about this time, and a remarkable nomination among the female elders, that of Anna Nitschmann, then only fifteen, the sister of Melchior, the judgment being also confirmed by lot. She gained her living by spinning wool, and led a peaceful life, often spending most of the day and night in prayer. The following year she was raised to the office of chief elderess over all the sisters, and entered into a solemn agreement, together with eighteen others, 'not to listen to any proposal of marriage on worldly principles, or contrary to the discipline of a true church of Christ.'

In 1731, the attention of government had been called to the spread of the settlement of Herrnhut, and it seemed now threatened with extinction. A Jesuit missionary was the first to publish a pamphlet against it, called *An Account of a New* Sect, just Established in

Upper Lusatia and Silesia. Some of the Brethren, contrary to the count's wish, replied to it; and the count at length found himself obliged to publish his *First Public Declaration against his Adversaries.* The court of Saxony ordered a formal inquiry to be made, the result of which was at first quite favourable to the Brethren; but fresh immigrations, and some indiscretions among the more zealous, again awakened the jealousy of Saxony, and the count was ordered to sell his estates and depart. Foreseeing the coming storm, he had begun to convey over his property to his wife; resigned his civil offices at Dresden; and fully resolved to give himself wholly to the ministry, in 1734, under his title of Freydeck, he presented himself for examination to the theological faculty of Stralsund; became a tutor in the family of a rich merchant, who afterwards became a brother and zealous missionary; and was shewn the plan of a work preparing against himself, whose author acknowledged he had never read his writings. The count soon after made himself known to all; was received with favour by the professors; and ordained a preacher at Tubingen. On his way back to Herrnhut, he was met by David Nitschmann, bearing the order for his exile, which ran thus: 'We have resolved without delay to advise the said Count Zinzendorf absolutely to quit our territories from the date of this order,' &c. 'Then,' said the count, in a transport of joy, 'the moment is come for collecting together a church of pilgrims; we must go and preach the Saviour to the world.'

Thus arose the count's 'church of pilgrims'—a kind of missionary congregation, or moving Herrnhut—every member of which, who had any means, providing for himself, none being paid for his services; the count's house as richly supplied as any other nobleman's with servants of both sexes, all belonging to the church of the Brethren. With all this, however, the count was called on for supplies he was now little able to give, as, owing to the demands of the new establishments he was always forming, he had contracted heavy debts, which, in his banishment, he was less hopeful than before of discharging. In this crisis, a rich man in Holland, scarcely known to him, undertook to discharge them all, at a small rate of interest for the sum advanced. 'Thus,' says the count, 'the Lord has made my way plain, which was at that time altogether dark, though I myself never distrusted God.' Other timely reliefs are also recounted by his faithful, and we need not add lengthy, biographer Spangenberg, which strongly remind us of those vouchsafed to that strangest of Germans, Jung Stilling. The countess, meanwhile, employed all her fortune in the support of the home establishment at Herrnhut. The count did not always remain with his wandering church, for his own wanderings over the continent of Europe, as well as other lands —of which it would be equally impossible and also unprofitable, because of their sameness, here to give an account—began when he left Halle, and ended only with his life.

In 1727, the count's father-in-law obtained permission from the king of Poland for his return to Herrnhut; but not long after, having declined to subscribe certain conditions, he again departed, and received an order never to return. In 1738, he repaired to Berlin, having always been received with favour by the king of Prussia; founded an establishment there, and held meetings four times a week, which were crowded with military, courtiers, and clergy. From thence he went into Wetteravia; and while occupying the ancient castle of Marienborn, founded near it the settlement of Herrnhaag, which in a few years outgrew Herrnhut.

In the year 1735, the celebrated John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, with his brother Charles, and their associates, Delamotte and Ingham, in pursuance of their missionary labours, set sail for Georgia. In the same vessel were twenty-six Moravians, with whose extreme meekness, seeming to evince that they were delivered from pride, anger, and revenge—their performance of the most servile offices without recompense—their composure when the great deep was as if about to swallow them up—even their women and children, being devoid of all fear, continuing calmly to sing the hymn they had begun—he was so smitten, that he joined himself to them, submitted to their discipline while in the colony, even on the tender point of marriage; and shortly after his return, resolved to make a journey to Herrnhut, 'for the establishment of his faith.' He found Count Zinzendorf a banished man.

Herrnhut at this time had become a little town, with regularly built streets, and consisted of about 100 houses, presenting all the appearance and some of the practices of a monastic institution. Four regularly ordained pastors or teachers were overseers of the whole flock, and they alone, and their helpers, were allowed to converse with the women. The sexes were each divided into five classes: the first three consisting of children of different ages; the other two, of the young and of the married. Houses were allotted to married persons; the single men and single women and widows living in separate houses. Two women kept a nightly watch in the women's apartment, and two men in the street. They prayed for the sleepers, and sung hymns to excite devotion in the wakeful. There was an *eldest* over each sex, and two inferior eldests. Each household also had a deacon, a censor, a monitor, an almoner, and a humble order of servant. As if this open inspection were not sufficient, there were also secret monitors; each of these was formed into bands, and each band had a leader, and all the leaders met the superior eldest once a week, to lay open to him whatever might be 'hindering or furthering the Lord's work in the souls committed to their charge.'

Every office-bearer, from the elders downwards, the attendants on the sick, schoolmasters, young men, and even children, held weekly conferences in regard to their several duties. There was *public service* every morning and evening at eight, consisting of

singing, expounding, and a short prayer, in the evening usually a mental one. In addition to the ordinary Sunday services, the superior eldest exhorted the members separately, divided for the purpose into fourteen classes, spending about a quarter of an hour with each. After the evening-service, the young men went round the town singing hymns. Continual prayer was offered up day and night, by married men and women, bachelors, maids, boys, and girls, twenty-four of each, who relieved each other, and this on the principle that, as in the ancient temple, the fire on the altar never ceased to burn, so ought the prayers of the saints always to ascend to the Lord. The children were early trained to this pupilage. They rose at five, prayed in private, then worked till breakfast at seven, an hour's schooling before public service, school from nine to eleven; after which, an hour's walk till twelve, when they dined and worked till one. Instruction of various kinds, and work till six, when they supped; a short prayer and walking till eight, when the younger went to bed, and the elder to public service; then work again till bedtime at ten. They were taught Greek, Latin, Hebrew, French, and English. They had no holidays or relaxation, except the time allowed for walking. The attire of the Brethren was very plain, and they all attended the meetings in their working-dress. They were content with extremely frugal diet, small dwellings, and scanty furniture. There were serving-brethren employed in providing for the love-feasts and meetings. The elder brethren and sisters in turn made a daily visitation from house to house, saluting the inhabitants with a passage of Scripture called *the daily word;* and it afterwards became their custom to print these in advance for the whole year—a custom now imitated by the Religious Tract Society in their *Penny Almanacs*. The Lord's Supper was administered on the first Saturday of every month, instead of, as formerly, only once in three months; and they washed each other's feet, the men and women apart. After the ordinance, the church met in the great hall, saluted each other with the kiss of charity, the brethren and sisters separately, and then sung hymns expressive of brotherly love. The chapel at this time was still called the *hall*, from the meetings having first been held in the count's hall. The pastor stood on a raised platform, having a table before him, on festivals adorned with flowers. On the top of the building was a turret, surmounted by a lamb, and every few minutes sounds were heard from its summit of four trumpets playing a hymn. These also gave the signal of the decease of the members; and each choir having a peculiar melody, all knew, even when many were dying, who had at that moment expired. No mourning was worn at funerals, but the whole church accompanied the body, singing hymns expressive of their hope of a happy resurrection. In 1730, a new cemetery had been formed at the base of the Hutberg, about a furlong from Herrnhut. It is laid out in regular squares, the walks planted with tall lime-trees, the whole

surrounded by a beech-hedge. It is approached by an avenue of tall trees, and is a favourite resort, having rather the appearance of a pleasure-ground than a grave-yard. Here, even in death, the sexes are as carefully classified and separated as they were in life, and over each grave lies a flat stone, bearing the name, day of birth, and death of those who sleep beneath. Over the portal, on one side is written: 'Christ is risen from the dead;' and on the other: 'He is become the first-fruits of them that slept.' Holmes, in his history, says that in 1822 the number of graves was 2502.

In a Moravian settlement, therefore, there was as little personal liberty as in a convent, and less than in a Jesuit Reduction; and from the moment any one entered it, the only power he retained was that of withdrawal. To this strict discipline, which would seem to imply a sort of legal saintship within the community, and to the revival in a still severer form of the ancient practice of leaving the choice in marriage to the elders—in which the celebrated Anna Nitschmann took the lead—must be traced the fanatical and presumptuous language, and the strange and almost blasphemous practices, which some years after this prevailed among them, and which drew upon them an assault, wherein the testimony of their own writings supported the charges brought against them, to which they had nothing to oppose but the testimony of their pure lives. To their honour, however, it must be recorded, that they at once saw and admitted the offensive and dangerous nature of the extravagances they had indulged in, and corrected their writings, their talk, and their practices. Of these, more hereafter. Wesley also visited Count Zinzendorf in his banishment, at the castle of Marienborn; and it is more than hinted that they parted with a less favourable opinion of each other. The reason is not far to seek. Both sought to be leaders; but the count, though a humble pastor washing the feet of the disciples, was still the feudal German baron, the prophet, priest, and patron of immense multitudes, ruling supreme in a spiritual empire, within which his written and spoken utterances were received as oracles, and he regarded Wesley more as a religious inquirer than an equal. Hampton, in his *Life of Wesley*, says, the count sent him one day to dig in his garden, and when he had been some time there, working in his shirt, he ordered him to get into a carriage to pay a visit to a German count, without suffering him to wash his hands or put on a coat; and when he would have remonstrated, 'You must be simple, my brother,' was all the reply. Hampton affirms that this anecdote, more than savouring of monastic discipline, is quite authentic; but Southey considers that neither would Zinzendorf, who had been in England, have exacted, nor Wesley given, such a proof of docility. He returned to London, and for some time wrote and spoke of the Brethren in the highest terms; but by degrees he began to entertain 'doubts concerning certain *parts of their conduct*, which he wished them to consider well;'

and from this declaration began the differences which ended in a separation. When Molthier, one of his adversaries, was taken ill, Wesley was guilty of the presumption of tracing his illness to a judgment from God. 'Mr Molthier was taken ill this day. I believe it was the hand of God that was upon him.' When this was remarked on, he used the discreditable subterfuge, that he had not said it was for opposing him! The count sent Spangenberg to London to act as mediator. Finding on his return that the Moravians had been blameable, and had injured Wesley, the count desired them to ask his forgiveness, a circumstance disingenuously concealed by Wesley in his account of the affair, only printed in Latin—which scarcely any of his adherents understood—in relating his conversation with the count, who came to England himself when he heard of the rejection of the proffered reconciliation. In this conversation, which Wesley said, 'he dared not to conceal,' he maintained the doctrine of Christian perfection, which Zinzendorf vehemently repudiated, saying: 'I acknowledge no inherent perfection in this life. This is the error of errors. We are perfect in Christ; we are never perfect in ourselves.' We have no intention of recording either the conversation or the progress of the breach, after which Wesley published foul accusations against the Brethren, on the authority of persons who had left their society: that they used cunning and evasion; that children left their parents to starve, and the like; and even insinuates—in speaking of one part of Rimius's *Narrative of the Rise and Progress of the Herrnhutters*, which assuredly is not wanting in severity—that he knew 'a hundred times more than Rimius has written, but the particulars are too shocking to relate.' Of the count, he says: 'Was there ever such a Proteus under the sun as this Lord Freydeck, Domine de Thürnstein, &c. &c.? for he has almost as many names as he has faces or shapes.' For all this, Wesley is severely censured by Southey. In the separation many of the leading Methodists adhered to the Brethren; among others, Wesley's oldest associates, Ingham and Delamotte.

The celebrated Whitefield also entered the lists against the Brethren, who were certainly, as his biographer says, 'ill represented in some respects, in London.' He addressed a letter to Count Zinzendorf, in which he accuses him of being instrumental in instituting 'a whole farrago of superstitions, not to say idolatrous fopperies;' he goes on to speak of a 'picture of the Apostle Paul handing up a lady and gentleman to the side of Jesus Christ,' of strange practices on the birthday of Anna Nitschmann, who was 'seated before a table covered with artificial flowers, behind which was an altar with a cross composed of mock or real diamonds and other glittering stones, and surrounded by wax-tapers, the whole also illuminated with three pyramids of wax-tapers, over the head of the general elderess being placed her picture, to which [illegible] it that of the Son of God!' that the count [illegible] wounds to be burned before them; that

the properties as well as consciences of individuals; and that one William Bell, on becoming bound for another who had promised more than he was able to pay, had his drooping spirits revived by being shewn a sort of transparency, in which he was sitting near to Jesus Christ, and a profusion of money falling from the clouds over their heads. All this, and much more, is minutely recounted by Philip in his *Life and Times of Whitefield;* but he does not give a word of the count's reply and explanation, nor does he tell us that although some absurd ceremonies took place on Anna Nitschmann's birthday, she was not only not present, but 'resented it highly, and avoided ever after both the place and the individuals associated with the remembrance of such improprieties.' The count's biographer admits, that at the period referred to, 'a spirit of extravagance prevailed in many of the Brethren's congregations, though happily only for a short season,' but neither introduced nor patronised by the count; and as for the giving and bequeathing of money by individuals, that is a practice common enough in other communities. Concerning these faults and accusations of strange licence permitted, which continued to be repeated and improved upon long after the real evils had been acknowledged and abandoned, a Saxon nobleman, when some friends were pretending to believe all the stories against the Brethren, replied thus: 'Pray, gentlemen, do not assert that you *believe* these things, for I know you all so well, that if you really did believe that all manner of licentiousness might be practised at Herrnhut with impunity, there is not one of you who would not long ago have requested to be received as a member of such a community.' When Whitefield published his accusations, Lord Granville, then president of the council, wrote to the count, who was residing near London, 'that he would do well to bring an action against Whitefield, who was punishable according to English laws;' to which Zinzendorf replied, if he had acted thus he might have ruined many; adding: 'Mr Whitefield is still listened to with benefit by many, and therefore I would not even write anything that might destroy his reputation.' We have examined the testimony of friends and opponents, and cannot find that Zinzendorf, when accused and assailed, ever made use of violent or recriminative language, which seems quite marvellous in a man of his ardent and imprudent temperament.

Cennick, the great friend of Whitefield, with a large body of his supporters, had previously gone over to the Moravians, and were not to be moved by accusations which called forth much testimony to the personal worth and sincerity of the count, the highly romantic and undaunted Christian leader of a most generally reputed humble and unpretending body. He had stood before kings and emperors, grand-dukes, electors, margraves; and whether for the furtherance of his work, or that they might demand an account of his deeds, he spoke with an earnestness and unction that none of them could gainsay, and few were able to

resist. The secret lay in his romantic ardour; this it was which gave to him a mouth and wisdom for a work which if he did not at all times pursue with wisdom, he did at least with sincerity. When called before Frederic-William I., the father of the Great Frederic, and interrogated as to why he was so much calumniated, the king, who had previously sifted the matter, publicly declared, with his usual vehemence, that 'the devil in hell could not have invented worse lies.' The title of bishop having been revived in the modern church of the Brethren, the count, by express consent of the king, had been ordained a bishop at Berlin, and was congratulated on the event by Potter, archbishop of Canterbury, with whom he had previously much friendly intercourse; and who declared, that though he could not speak in the name of the king or the church, with respect to himself, he could not doubt the episcopal succession in the Moravian Church, though he might suffer by the avowal. The bishop of London also sent the count a copy of his published sermons, with a most friendly letter. At length, in 1749, by an act of the British parliament, the United Brethren were recognised as an ancient Protestant Episcopal Church; the bishop of Sodor and Man became its honorary president; and the members were exempted from foreign military service, from taking oaths, or acting as jurymen. Southey says, that from the time they were so fiercely assaulted, 'the Brethren have not only lived without reproach, but enjoy in a greater degree than any other sect the general good opinion of every other religious community.' We have seen that from their fanatical language and monastic discipline, they were led by indiscreet members into many extravagances; but these they corrected in time, and they seem to have possessed as a body, the most delightful of qualities when exhibited in individuals—that of readiness to confess a fault; a still more rare virtue than that of correcting it.

Such was the count's devotion to the work, that there was no service of danger, no forlorn-hope, on which he was not ready to go for its furtherance. In his constant visitation of the churches he had planted, the pestilential swamp and the huge crushing iceberg were as welcome to him as the mountain-heath and the smiling meadow. The Brethren's first foreign mission arose thus. In 1731, when attending the coronation of Christian VI. of Denmark, Zinzendorf, in holding converse with a negro named Anthony, eagerly listened as he related how 'he had often sat on the sea-shore of the island of St Thomas, and prayed for a revelation from Heaven; and that, by the providence of God, he had been brought to Copenhagen, where he had embraced Christianity.' So moving was his picture of the condition, temporal and spiritual, of his fellows, that the count determined at once to despatch two willing brethren—Leonhard Dober and David Nitschmann—to each of whom he gave a ducat, and from the church they received three dollars each, with which they

travelled to Copenhagen, where, having found favour in high places, one of the princesses gave them money for their voyage, and a Dutch Bible. In 1738, after taking leave of his consort as if they were parting for eternity, the count set sail for St Thomas, to visit the infant church he had planted there. Often was he asked by the way, if he knew that St Thomas was the general church-yard of the West Indies; that he would arrive at the worst season; and that of 100 who came together from Europe, scarcely ten were left at the end of the year. But to all these things, which moved him not, his sole reply was, that 'at the Lord's appointed time he would enter into his rest.' He found the Brethren in prison. Soon, however, by his usual mild conciliation, he obtained their release, and beheld, from the different plantations, nearly 1000 negroes flocking as they were able to the different meetings.

After remaining more than a year on the island, he departed for Europe, amidst the tears and assurances of Christian fidelity of the negroes. During the voyage—physically very weak, his body even wounded and ulcerated—he wrote to the countess how happy he was, and says: 'I do all that I am wont to do on shore, and even more.' When two of the ship's company were about to fight, he rushed between them, took away their swords, laid them under his bed, and kept them there till they came to land. He sent for the crew, and told them kindly what he thought of their course of life, and how happy the children of God were; shewed the utmost forbearance to offenders; but if one who had been blaspheming all day took a prayer-book into his hand, or named the name of Jesus, he warned him not to mock God. Such was one of his voyages across the Atlantic. At a subsequent time, he spent some years in America, where Anna Nitschmann and her aged father also laboured long; and during this absence, the countess visited not only Herrnhut and Berlin, but Livonia and Denmark, where she had an audience of the queen, to whom 'she spoke freely and fully respecting the progress of the Gospel.' Scarcely had the count returned to his family at Marienborn from St Thomas, and suffering from severe indisposition and other trials, than he set out on foot to hold a synod at Wurtemberg, which we mention only as a sample of his mode of life. Taking into account the total lack of swift modes of conveyance a century ago, and his having consumed much time by foot-travel and by vehicles scarcely more expeditious, we are left in amazement at the amount of ground he traversed in the course of his wandering life. For personal comfort he was without a thought. After his banishment, among the asylums offered him, that which pleased him best, on account of its locality, was the old mansion of Ronneburg. Christian David was sent to inspect it, but returned, saying the count could not possibly reside there. He asked him: 'Christian, hast thou not been in *Greenland*?' 'Yes,' answered he; 'if it were only as *good as we had it* in Greenland! But thither you cannot go; it

would be the death of you.' Thither the count went, however; and writes of his arrival: 'The mansion itself is sumptuous, but desolate, like the palaces against which woes were denounced by the prophets; but I brought thither a contented heart, finished the same day the little hymn-book for pilgrims, and felt it to be a happy day.' He said he had come there for the poor and needy, and he found ample work. His family soon joined him; and to his other works he added schools for the young, who were always the objects of his peculiar care, and had the poor boys to dine with his son, the young count, and the girls with the young countess. We give this, we repeat, as a sample of his manner of life wherever he went. Whatever he had himself, he gave liberally; but he was against the ordinary methods of procuring aid by collections, and had no knowledge of the practical management of affairs. The countess possessed this knowledge, and both lived in the most sparing manner. But when the churches extended, she must be in one place while he was in another. Hence embarrassments ensued, to obviate which they were always the first to venture their own and their family's property. At one time the affairs became so complicated—owing to loans contracted by the deacons of the church in London without his knowledge, and for which he must make himself personally responsible—that he, feeling more than ever his incapacity in pecuniary matters, and that he had failed in exercising necessary authority and enforcing caution, calling together the elders of the church—he was residing then at Lindsey House on the Thames, near Chelsea—he confessed with many tears the faults he had committed, not only then, but in long bypast years, 'mournfully pointing out all the mistakes he had made from time to time, which excited in others feelings peculiar to the contrite in heart.' He went so far as to send this confession to the churches, desiring to resign every office he held but that of pastor, with which desire the Brethren would not comply. This humility might seem to some to savour of affectation; but every action shewed he was ready to live out the words he had uttered, and Zinzendorf was altogether a man not to be judged of by ordinary rules. He held himself indeed as suspended for a time, and yet was ready for any labour night and day when called on. Once he was actually prepared to go to prison, when a sum of money he had expected in vain arrived. Another time he writes: 'We have lived this year chiefly upon the sale of our ornaments, gold and silver.' When their affairs were at the worst, so popular had it become to write against the Brethren, and especially the count, that pamphlets were thrust into the hands of the members of parliament in going to the House; and one man, who had written most severely, confessed he had done so to earn something, and would just as soon have written in their favour. It was not uncommon, however, for editors of journals to make public apologies for having inserted

injurious attacks. The count habitually acted on the principles propounded in his work, *The Forgiveness of Offences*. He never boasted, or made a trade of his distresses and persecutions. These are his words: 'I do not think it necessary to make a great show of the cross I am called to bear; indeed, the church would have been spared the pain of hearing the calumnies so industriously propagated against myself, had it been in my power to prevent it. The sun, I know, will shine again; but while the gloom endures, something is gained, both of comfort and safety, by remaining tranquil.

This doctrine, admirable as to the attacks of enemies, he carried to a fault in his dealings with the Brethren. True and single-hearted himself, he refused to believe that those he had loved and trusted were crooked and self-seeking, and he would sometimes absent himself from conferences when he feared the Brethren would speak of things painful for him to hear. Personally adverse to strict church-discipline, as tending to make men presume on their own righteousness, and maintain a holy appearance in the eyes of the world, when true devotion and purity of heart might be wanting, his manner was to bear long with trifling differences; and hence he would not see, and failed to rebuke in time, as he alone could have done with authority, those hurtful extravagances which raised such a tempest against himself and the Brethren. When this tempest was at its height, vast numbers of all ranks came from many lands to see and hear for themselves, which caused a great increase in the Brethren's settlements, of which the count's biographer says: 'He saw this concourse of people not without pain, for he was of opinion that the Saviour's cause would be more promoted if those who were truly pious remained where they were, and either taught in words or by their good example.' He, however, cordially welcomed such as were suffering injury, and would have become Separatists. At length he assembled a synod, with the intention 'fully to eradicate the injurious fanaticism which had spread itself in the Unity, and especially amongst the teachers;' and then his words were those of needful severity, seasoned with unfailing love. When troubles assailed, and obstacles baffled him, like Hezekiah of old, 'he spread the matter before the Lord with many tears,' and seems always to have received the desired strength and counsel.

In 1747, after a ten years' banishment, which had served only to further his own work and confound the designs of his enemies, Count Zinzendorf was permitted to return to Upper Lusatia. He entered Herrnhut at four in the morning of the 14th of October; and in the afternoon a love-feast was held, at which he alluded to the watchword for the day: 'The Lord turned the captivity of Job, when he prayed for his friends.' In 1751, while the count was again visiting Herrnhut, he was greatly affected by the death of Christian David, his faithful associate for thirty years, who had conducted the mission to Greenland, and touching which there was a common saying among the Brethren: 'We have

only one Christian David.' The countess also died at Herrnhut in 1756. One of the finest passages in the count's writings is the character he has drawn of her; and so great was the grief of the church for her loss, that he who most needed comfort must impart comfort to others. She was familiarly known by the name of *Mother*. She managed all the count's manorial and domestic affairs during their thirty-four years' union, was tender and unwearied in her maternal duties, weak in body, but strong in understanding, of original mind, and overflowing compassion.

Exactly one year after, during which he had ceased to exercise certain functions in the church only permitted to married men, he married the elderess Anna Nitschmann. Beyond the fact nothing is recorded, which we regret, as it would have been curious to note what amount of anxiety she manifested to be guided by the sentiments of the Brethren when about to be raised to that honour. From this time, and even before the death of the countess, the health of the count had been evidently impaired. He had never allowed bodily illness to interfere with his exertions; but the attacks were now marked by extreme prostration, and we have longer intervals between his journeys. He occupied himself much in arranging his works, even the titles of which—amounting to more than 100—it would occupy pages to insert. They are chiefly theological—as sermons, essays, and hymns; and except a few tracts in Latin, French, and English, in which languages he learned to preach freely, they are written in German. His style is highly colloquial, also fresh and vigorous, even the smallest of his treatises exhibiting the originality of the writer. He spoke extempore, delivered generally two or three discourses in a day—those of his earlier years containing some crude and extravagant statements and doubtful imagery; the later, mild, dispassionate, and cordial in tone. His *Final Apology*, a reply to the attacks of his adversaries, was published in 1752, after which their virulence began to abate, and the princes to discover how much their territories were benefited financially by these peaceful communities. Anxious to correct even an erroneous expression, the count undertook a complete revision of his works, and was thus engaged when death called him away. His maxim was: 'The smallest truth is of more value than the reputation of him who propounds it.'

Count Zinzendorf was called 'the master-singer' of the Brethren's modern church. The hymn-book in present use in the German congregations contains 540 of his composition, forty by the countess, and sixty by the young count, who died early. It is not generally known that the beautiful hymn which has found its way into so many collections—

'Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress'—

is by the count. It was composed on his wretched voyage from

St Thomas. Of one period his biographer says: 'The count was this year like a fountain, from which many edifying hymns proceeded, which were composed chiefly at the time of singing them.' On one occasion he composed six hymns, which were sung on the instant. The fine hymn, *High on His Everlasting Throne*, was composed by Spangenberg, and presented to the count on his thirty-fourth birthday. In the older and more objectionable collections, one of which contained as many as 2169 hymns, we find a number puerile, others highly offensive in taste and imagery. As a specimen of the former, we give—

'What is now to children the dearest thing here?—
To be the Lamb's lambkins and chickens most dear.
Such lambkins are nourished with food which is best;
Such chickens sit safely and warm in the nest.
* * * *
And when Satan at an hour
Comes our chickens to devour,
Let the children's angels say:
"These are Christ's chicks—go thy way."'

Of the latter, this will suffice—

'How bright appeareth the wounds-star
In Heaven's firmament from far!
And round the happy places
Of the true wounds-church here below,
In at each window they shine so
Directly on our faces.
Dear race of grace,
Sing those hymns on,
Four holes crimson
And side pierced,
Burden this of all the blessed.

All such as these have been long expunged; the modern collection contains many of great beauty, but some, like the above, which would grievously offend our scanning friends.

Count Zinzendorf had always rebuked the Brethren when they spoke despairingly, as if the loss of him would be irreparable. The hour they had long dreaded was now at hand. On the 5th May 1760, when at his own Herrnhut, after finishing his morning labours, he gently said: 'Now rest will be sweet.' He sat at table for the last time, scarcely ate, and complained of extreme thirst. In the afternoon he composed a hymn, attended a love-feast, then retired to bed exhausted, and rose not again. The disease was catarrhal fever. His wife, also, was very ill. At night he conversed with his three daughters, his son-in-law, his oldest friend Baron Frederick von Watteville, and Henry Count Reuss, saying that he knew this sickness was unto death; his countenance, meanwhile, and his every word expressive of entire joy and resignation. He wrote and laboured much, spoke of some affairs of the Brethren that lay near his heart, sent remembrances and admonitions, listened to the latest intelligence from the churches, and rejoiced in the many fruits of his work. The ministers of the church watched over him in turn. Very early in the morning of the 9th, it being evident that his last hour was approaching,

nearly a hundred of the Brethren and Sisters assembled around him und in the adjoining apartment. His kind and cheerful looks were answered by the tears of the assembly. Towards the ninth hour, after a parting look of surpassing serenity, he bowed his head, his eyes closed, and whilst his son-in-law uttered the words: 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace,' he expired. On the following day, the body being clothed with his ministerial gown, and placed in a coffin covered with violet-coloured cloth, it was visited by the whole congregation and other companies, all singing suitable hymns at intervals. On the 14th, the day of the funeral, the coffin was brought early into the place of worship, and six Brethren sat around it, relieving each other every hour, the organ and other instruments uttering soothing music. Strangers of all ranks, and officers of the imperial army, were present, and a corps of the Imperial Grenadiers entered and occupied Herrnhut at eleven, playing martial music. At five, the whole congregation having assembled in the space before the chapel, the females clothed in white, the trombones sounded, and twelve of the Brethren brought forth the body, and placed it in the midst of the circle. The procession was then formed, amounting to 2100 persons, with nearly twice as many spectators, the body being borne in turns by thirty-two presbyters and deacons of the church, who happened to be at Herrnhut from distant lands, some even from Greenland. At the grave-yard, round which the outer circle, composed of the children, stretched as far as the uplands, where were stationed the musicians, John Nitschmann, the minister of Herrnhut for the time being, who had walked before the body with a bishop on each side, after the singing of suitable hymns, solemnly uttered these words: 'We commit this grain of wheat to the earth, though not without tears; but it will yield its fruit in due time, and he will joyfully gather in his harvest with thanksgiving and praise. Let all who desire this say, Amen.' And the whole congregation answered: 'Amen!' They then prayed responsively a portion of the Litany, and the benediction, accompanied by the musical choir, closed the service. The grave was close to that of the late countess, at the further end of the principal walk. On the tombstone are these words: 'Here rest the mortal remains of the ever-memorable man of God, Nicholas Lewis, Count of Zinzendorf and Pottendorf, the most worthy Ordinary of the Brethren's Unity, renewed in the eighteenth century, through the grace of God and His faithful and unwearied services. He was born at Dresden on the 26th May 1700, and entered into the joy of his Lord on the 9th May 1760. "He was ordained that he should bring forth fruit, and that his fruit should remain."'

Towards the end of the same month died Anna Nitschmann, his second spouse.

The biographer of Count Zinzendorf, in comparing his temperament with that of Martin Luther, says with much truth and

some quaintness: 'With respect to both these distinguished men, thanks are due to God for having taken them early under his tuition, and constrained them to devote themselves to his service; for, otherwise, they would both, in all probability, have done as much evil in the world as, by God's grace, they have done good.' We have no intention of pursuing the parallel, which would certainly not be a close one. To us, he seems more nearly to resemble the great Jesuit missionary Francis Xavier. He had not, it is true, the lofty eloquence of that prince of apostles, which caused his tall form to dilate till his auditors declared it was no figure of speech to say he was lifted above this earth, but there was the same self-abnegation, the childlike faith never disturbed by a doubt or a fear, which would have made him preach on, as Xavier did, when the thunderbolt rent in twain the temple wherein he taught; thus giving, as has been finely said of him, the best of all proofs of his belief in the real Presence. Their situations and times reversed, they would have made the same achievements, and committed the same mistakes. We confess that in following and narrowly sifting the life of Zinzendorf, we have warmed up to a point of admiration we little thought of in the outset, but which we cannot admit to have in any measure biased our judgment. He was one of those real, transparent, defective characters, far more interesting than so-called better, which generally means more cautious men. He was a true martyr, but not in the ordinary fire-and-fagot sense. His lot was cast in times when men had to live and to *work* for their faith—a much more difficult thing than to fight and to die for it; inasmuch as life-long endurance, and the constant manifestation of a higher mind and spirit than pervades the mass, serve and teach men better than single acts and daring deeds. To be led to the stake amidst the cheers of friends, and the still more exciting taunts of enemies, may be called the poetry of martyrdom: but to work on during a lifetime, where the labour that was seen, great as that was, bore no proportion to the unseen; to pass whole nights as well as days in the details of business; to wander on foot through savage lands, where the sun scorched by day and the assassin lurked by night; to partake of unwholesome food, bringing both present and future disease; to brave the deadly jungle and the stormy ocean; to have to listen to the loud oaths of godless sailors, while lying with a bruised and ulcerated body—the tempest raging without, and separated from eternity only by a few creaking timbers, inditing, meanwhile, lofty hymns of praise; to reach the welcome shore, only to learn that one child had been led into 'injurious fanaticism,' and another snatched away by death—that new enemies had arisen, and former friends grown cold—that hired maligners were plying their work, and angry creditors clamouring for payment; to have to rebuke evil and abhorrent practices, even while confessing with contrite heart and many tears personal errors and multiplied mistakes; and yet still to go

on, with failing limbs but undaunted heart, sowing the good seed, when well-nigh choked by the tares and the weeds that had sprung up around, till the great Lord of the harvest himself thrust in his sickle to gather in the sower into his harvest—this is at once the prose of martyrdom and the truest heroism. All this and more did Nicholas Lewis Count Zinzendorf. Doubtless in some of his grievous sicknesses, he hoped and desired that God's time was come for him to cease from his labours. Had he not felt and confessed this, he would not have been the true character we are called on to honour. He was always ready again for the work. Like his great Master, his life was a fulfilment of his words: 'I must work the work of Him that sent me while it is day.'

It only now remains for us to speak of the present state of the Moravian Church, its missions, and their history. In January 1728, at a meeting held in Herrnhut, to receive accounts from the various societies and settlements, 'the Brethren felt themselves urged to attempt something that might redound to the glory of God;' and many distant countries were mentioned, the difficulty of reaching which seemed to most of those present to offer insuperable obstacles; 'but the count expressed his firm conviction, that the Lord would one day grant the Brethren, with the grace, the means also necessary for the work.' Three years afterwards, two of them were on their way to the island of St Thomas. In other eight years, being just sixteen after Christian David first struck his axe into the forest tree, and busy habitations had sprung up, chasing away the snake and the heron, the Brethren had planted themselves, with firmer or weaker roots, in about thirty different stations. In the country around Herrnhut, were Herrnhaag, Hoerendyk, Pilgerruh, and Ebersdorf. At Jena, the young count had a church in his own house, and meetings attended by students and others. There were greater or lesser churches in Berlin, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, London, and Oxford. Of foreign countries—in Greenland, several of the West India islands, America, Cape of Good Hope, Livonia, Esthonia, Lithuania, Russia, on the coasts of the White Sea, Lapland, Norway, and afterwards in Denmark, Sweden, France and Switzerland, changes, in the way of extension and discontinuance, have of course taken place; but it is remarkable that no country contains Moravian stations or settlements not founded and mostly flourishing in the days of Zinzendorf; so that he could say, in another and a better sense than the Grand Monarque: 'The Moravian Church! c'est moi.'

The Moravian institutions are divided into settlements, societies, congregations, missions, and schools. Their discipline is no longer so strict as formerly. A settlement is a village inhabited solely by Moravians, and contains workshops and weaving manufactories, chapels, school-houses, and an inn for travellers. Societies, which consist of members attending the public ministry in their

parish churches, but having private meetings for edification. The congregations possess a chapel, and sometimes a school-house, but live among their fellow-citizens. In Great Britain and Ireland there are nearly 5000 Moravians, including children. There is a London association, to aid their missions; also one in Scotland. By the latest 'Periodical accounts,' they had expended within a trifle of L.13,000, nearly the half contributed by other churches, the rest by the Brethren themselves, and received in legacies. The missionaries also labour for their own support. Schools are established at all the principal settlements. To these, in England and on the continent, many hundreds of scholars are every year sent from all denominations of Christians, the education being both excellent and moderate. The Moravians are chiefly remarkable for their simple habits, quiet cheerfulness, and regularity. Formerly, they had adopted one uniform dress; now, the only distinction is a peculiar white linen cap, not unlike three large oyster-shells, one on the crown of the head, and one at each ear, worn by the females, fastened under the chin with a ribbon. Young girls wear scarlet, but after being received into the community at the age of fourteen to sixteen, pink; married women, blue; and widows, white. As on the continent generally, they work and have music on Sundays; their service resembles the English, only simpler, with more singing, the sexes sitting apart; the dead bodies still laid out in the chapel, with singing of hymns at the grave. Easter is their great festival, when at early morning, and to sound of trumpet, they walk in procession round the grave-yard, singing appropriate hymns.

Marriages are still arranged at the conferences. Lately, one of their ministers, after having declared his desire not to marry, was told he must do so, and choose one of three females. He declined to choose, and settled the matter by lot. But such instances are rare, and the lot is now seldom appealed to. Notwithstanding this seemingly unnatural mode of procedure, an unhappy marriage is said to be unknown among them. On this fact a theory might be built—that strict discipline is the best preparation for a condition in which it is constantly averred that much is required. The Brethren and Sisters hold themselves in constant readiness to depart on any service, however dangerous, at the bidding of their superiors, closely resembling in this respect the society of Jesuits. In an old Moravian hymn, marriage is included among the 'services of danger' for which the Brethren must be prepared:—

> 'That like the former warriors each may stand,
> Ready for land, sea, marriage, at command.'

The Brethren, receiving contributions from others, also contribute in their turn to the support of churches still poorer than themselves. Last year an appeal was made to them by a poor Protestant church at Krabschütz, in Bohemia, who were endeavouring to build a new church, and able to raise no more than L.11, 16s. annually for the

support of their pastor, who even of that had only received the year before L.3, 12s. A sum of L.23 was contributed at Herrnhut, to aid in finishing the church and parsonage; and when one of the Brethren arrived with the money, he found the pastor's house in a miserable state, having for furniture only 'a few wooden stools, a rude table, and some pegs to hang clothes on.' On receiving the gift, 'the good man was quite overcome with thankfulness, as likewise for the articles of furniture and clothing collected for him and for the poorer members of his flock.' This reminds us of the abject letters of thanks written by the poor curates of the Church of England to the societies, for there are now two, in London, who collect for them articles of furniture, cast-clothes, and other necessaries. And this, too, in a church whose higher dignitaries are clad in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day!

William Wilberforce says of the zeal of the Moravian body: 'It is a zeal tempered with prudence, softened with meekness, soberly aiming at great ends by the gradual operation of well adapted means, supported by a courage which no danger can intimidate, and a quiet constancy which no hardships can exhaust.' Cecil says of them: 'The Moravians have very nearly hit on Christianity. They appear to have found out what sort of a thing it is: its quietness—meekness—patience—spirituality—heavenliness—and order.'

We have now done. We have presented to our readers a great fact in the history of Christianity.

THE REFUGEE'S DAUGHTER.

I. THE BROTHERS.

THE shepherd's house was a solitary place amongst the hills, seldom visited by any one, except, perhaps, a way-lost traveller striving to shorten his journey—following the mountain-path pointed out to him by some villager, who, in answer to his inquiry of 'How far distant the next town?' would reply: 'Six miles by the high-road—scarcely more than four by the sheep-track over the hills.' This was a temptation which might be yielded to with safety at mid-day; but wo to the stranger who was beguiled by it after sunset! All who crossed those mountains were not so fortunate as to espy the glimmering light afar off in the

shepherd's hut, which was, however, invariably placed in the window after nightfall, as a beacon to the traveller; for Job Swainston had a kind heart, and thought of other wanderers besides the stray sheep of his flock.

This was a custom observed by him for many a year, which originated in his once discovering the body of a man who had got out of the track, and fallen into a deep ravine of the mountain. The little oil-lamp could not throw its feeble rays far; but there, in the one small window of the cottage, it twinkled all the night through—trimmed from hour to hour by that faithful, self-constituted watchman, Job Swainston.

Returning one autumn evening just as darkness had set in, the old shepherd paused in front of his desolate dwelling, and heaved a deep sigh; his two faithful dogs seemed, in their strong instinct, to sorrow with him, for drawing close on each side, they stood still, and gave a low dismal howl. 'Poor dumb beasts, they miss her too!' said Job, as he removed the broad bonnet from his silvery locks, ejaculating a prayer as he lifted the latch and crossed the threshold, then, throwing aside his *maud* or plaid, the old man sank down on a chair, burying his face in his hands, and wept. The dogs crouched, and lay across his feet, that he might know of their dumb sympathy.

Job did not care that night to kindle either fire or lamp, to shew him the dreary bed from whence the body of his wife had been carried so recently down to the village church-yard. But he was aroused from this selfish indulgence of grief to a recollection of his—for the first time—neglected duty, by what he thought was a distant cry. He and his two faithful companions simultaneously raised their heads, listening with intense eagerness, when a nearer, but still distant and prolonged 'Hollo!' fell distinctly on his ear. The shepherd, ashamed of his neglect, struck a light, and kindling the lamp, put the little star-like beacon in its usual place, then going to the door, shouted loudly: 'Hollo!'

'Hollo!' replied the distant voice, which indicated the direction of the traveller; and scarcely awaiting the signal from their master, the dogs bounded off to find the wanderer, the shepherd following, still proclaiming help by his oft-repeated 'Hollo!'

At length one of the dogs came back joyously, in proof of their successful mission, whilst the other most sagaciously walked by the side of, or rather preceded the traveller, looking back every now and then to see that he followed, until he brought him in safety to his master.

'You've saved my life, friend,' said the stranger, as he came up to Job, and shook his hand in gratitude; 'that is, your excellent dogs have preserved it.'

''Tis a blessing they were in time,' said Job; and he led the way into the cottage, where, setting fire to some dry furze and wood heaped together on the hearth, an air of cheerfulness was diffused through the hitherto dreary abode, and threw a warm

glow on the naturally pale, but fine face of the stranger. As he began to partake with a keen appetite of the coarse brown bread and milk which the shepherd placed before him, 'I would fain,' said he, 'ask a few questions about the village, which, I suppose, lies in the valley some mile or two from hence.'

'Tis the village of Brinkbrook,' said Job.

'And who are the inhabitants?' inquired the stranger.

'Mostly worthy people, though poor,' replied his informant.

'But is there not a rich man amongst them?'

'O ay; Sir Roland Thornton is supposed to be one of the richest men in all the country-side.'

'And does he do much good?'

'It is thought,' said Job, somewhat evasively, 'that the tenants will be easier under his son, Mr Harry, when he comes into possession; and that is likely to be soon, for Sir Roland's health is sinking fast.'

'That is what I feared—what I have heard, I mean,' said the stranger, recalling the word; and hastily finishing his meal, he prepared to depart. Upon which the shepherd, with his two dogs, declared himself ready to be his guide.

'Sir Roland, then, is not much beloved in his neighbourhood?' resumed the stranger, as they descended the hill.

'Why, he's proud, and distant, and seems like a man that has something on his mind. You'd never take them for father and son, for Mr Harry is a fine, frank, generous-hearted young man, with a cheerful and kind word for everybody.'

'Sir Roland, I believe, inherited when he came of age; was he the eldest or only son?'

'Neither,' said the shepherd. 'There were two boys, and Sir Roland was by a year the younger of the two; Stanley Thornton was a fine lad of sixteen when he disappeared, and has never since been heard of.'

'Strange! And were not inquiries set on foot, and means used to recover him?'

'Yes,' replied the shepherd; 'the old baronet did what he could, but all to no purpose. The two boys had been together that day shooting on the moors; young Mr Roland was home early, and his brother not returning by midnight, servants were despatched in search of him; and though they found evidence sufficient to leave little doubt of his having been foully murdered, still the body was undiscovered. Every one said it would cast up amongst the fissures of the rocks or beds of the torrents; yet from that day to this, now upwards of thirty years, there has been no more seen or heard of Stanley Thornton.'

'How long have you been shepherd here?'

'I came to these Cumberland hills a year after the murder of Mr Stanley Thornton; I remember the talk there was about it, and how every one said it was a black day for Brinkbrook that gave them Mr Roland for a master instead of the kind young squire.'

'Is there company at the Hall at present?'

'No, no; it is many a day since the old Hall had a visitor. When Sir Roland's wife died—and that was on the birth of her son, poor lady—his own health began to fail; and now he doesn't care to see or speak to anybody, but walks silently with a bowed head through the village, or, as the servants say, shuts himself up in his library, like a state-prisoner.'

'I must intrude upon his solitude.'

'To-night, sir?' asked the shepherd in surprise.

'To-night, if at all; I have travelled far for the purpose.'

By this time they were close upon Brinkbrook Hall; and the stranger, with difficulty persuading him to accept of some remuneration for his trouble, shook the kind old shepherd heartily by the hand, and bade him farewell.

The Hall seemed wrapt in darkness and in sleep. The stranger, however, whether his business might warrant it or not, seemed not to be deterred by so unpromising an aspect. Going round to the other side of the house, with which he appeared to be perfectly familiar, and perceiving a light shining through the curtains of the library, he deliberately retraced his way to the principal entrance, and, ascending the flight of steps, boldly rang the bell. He was on the point of repeating the summons, when the door was unlocked by the old steward, who had prepared a pretty sharp reproof for so untimely and importunate a visitor; but finding himself unexpectedly in the presence of one who seemed to have a right to command, with an almost servile bow he awaited his orders.

Without inquiring whether Sir Roland was visible or not, the stranger, in a somewhat authoritative tone, said: 'Inform your master that a person, who is on the eve of departure for a foreign land, has travelled some distance from his route to see him, and the urgency of the visit must excuse its irregularity.'

The steward invited the visitor to follow him to a room adjoining the library, and, without any remark, proceeded to deliver the message.

Sir Roland Thornton, who appeared to have been busied with the numerous books and papers before him, looked up with an eager expression of countenance as the steward entered the library, exclaiming: 'Has my son Harry arrived?'

'No, sir,' replied the steward; 'it is a strange gentleman, who craves to see you on important business.'

'He has chosen a singular hour,' remarked Sir Roland, rising in nervous agitation, which he invariably betrayed at the announcement of any stranger.

The steward then gave the message verbatim, which seemed to reassure Sir Roland, who desired that the visitor might be *admitted*. Meanwhile, he paced the room with a quick unsteady *step*. Approaching footsteps warned him of the necessity of self-*possession*. Partly to obtain this, and partly to give time for

the steward to have quitted the apartment after ushering in the stranger, he had turned from the door and walked to the further end of the library. He felt that he was no longer alone. How the prematurely old man trembled as the single stroke of the Hall clock broke the silence, announcing the solemn hour of one! Then, again recovering himself, with sudden resolution, and inwardly cursing his own cowardice, he turned to meet the stranger, who had advanced a few paces from the door, his tall, dark figure faintly revealed by the lamps of the apartment. Sir Roland approached to within a few feet of his visitor, who, advancing another pace, raised his hand to hold back the dark hair which had veiled the high, pale forehead, and uttering the words: 'Do you not know me, Roland?' his brother dropped senseless at his feet!

This was a scene for which Stanley Thornton—for it was indeed the long-lost heir—came prepared; and of which he, as well as his brother, desired no witness. Raising the fainting man from the ground, he bathed his forehead with water which was on the table, long and anxiously watching his return to consciousness; at length Sir Roland, recalled to life, and his haunting sense of danger, gazed wildly round, as if awakening from a dream.

'Roland!' again uttered his brother.

'Great Heaven!' exclaimed the terror-stricken man; 'it is indeed Stanley! For mercy's sake, do not call for help—I am better. Do not, I implore, summon the servants. For my sake—for my son's sake—have compassion on me!' and the wretched supplicant sank on his knees at the feet of his brother.

'Do not fear, Roland;' and Stanley Thornton forced his brother from his degraded posture. 'I do not come to accuse you; I do not come to dispossess you; I do not even come to make my existence known to any but yourself; but I *do* come once more to behold you, my brother—to clasp your hand—and to forgive you!'

'No, no!' said Roland, pacing a few hurried steps to and fro, then sinking into a chair, and pressing his hands tightly over his eyes. 'You cannot forgive me. It is impossible you can forgive one who has so sinned against you!'

'By Him, who commanded that we should forgive our brother, if he sin against us, not only seven times, but seventy times seven,' said Stanley solemnly, 'I pardon and I love you, Roland.'

'And why,' asked his brother, still unable to look at Stanley, who had seated himself opposite to him—'why have you concealed your existence for five-and-thirty years, and returned at length to strike a deadlier, surer blow than that which my rash hand attempted? Is that in accordance with the Christian lesson you boast to follow?'

Stanley felt at once by this harsh retort that his brother's heart was beyond his reach. 'I may, perhaps, be wrong,' he said, 'in coming thus suddenly upon you. After much deliberation, I resolved upon it as the safest way of our meeting once again in this world. The rumour of your sinking health and care-worn

appearance reached me in a distant land, and seemed to call loudly for the remedy which I alone could minister; I thought my presence would lift from your heart a fearful weight of crime, and give peace to a death-bed, or, it might be, happiness to a prolonged life.'

'Tell me,' said Roland, apparently little moved by the kindness of his brother—'tell me, while I have strength to listen, how and by whom you were preserved?

'And can you bear to hear the recital of that day's events?' asked Stanley in surprise.

'How else can I feel assured that I was not suspected—nay, *seen* to do the deed—by those who must have removed you from the spot?'

'Be calm, my brother; my father's name, which you bear, is as fair in the eyes of the world as it has ever been.'

'Proceed,' said Roland, 'and do not spare me; I can better endure cutting words than kind ones.'

Thus urged, Stanley, as if taking up the thread of a discourse which had suffered but slight interruption, commenced: 'We were returning home through the gap of "the Split Rock"—'twas early in October, and the sun had not set—I remember it was by your suggestion that we took the dangerous path through the gap; but danger was delight to me, and I thanked you for waving, with so little selfishness, your strong repugnance to the narrow slippery descent. You and the dog were in advance, but, knowing myself to be the better mountaineer, I called to you to be cautious. You were standing on the sharp turning of the rock; "Roland!" I cried, "hold on by the mountain-ash, or you are a dead man!" You did not answer, but I saw you instantly turn, as if in anger, raise your gun, and level it at me. I recollect springing upon you, and dragging you from the edge of the rock to firmer footing; but mine, alas! failed me—I fell—and ere I could rise, you fired!'

'I did, I did!' exclaimed Roland in great excitement. 'You had provoked me by taunts of cowardice; I had often wished your death; I was ambitious of my father's rank; but never meditated foul means of acquiring it until that day, nay, until that hour, when some fiend whispered me to take you through the gap. I had been unsuccessful in the day's sport; you had made it a subject of ridicule; it galled me. Every way I was your inferior, and I longed for revenge. Enough, the deed was done; and the fear of discovery stifled remorse. I fancied I heard voices; your dog, I felt, would betray me, and he would not be dragged from the body. With the but-end of my gun I dashed out his brains; fear lent me a giant's strength. I then—and it seems now all to have been the work of an instant—*twisted* a branch of the tree, which overhung the path, into the *lock* of your own gun, that your death might be attributed to *accident*—fool! I forgot that the mutilated remains of the dog

would confute this. The voices sounded nearer; I dared not linger another instant, but hurried home. Search was made; the body of the dog found; the ground much trodden and bloody, on which lay a fragment of your dress; all confirmed the belief that you had been murdered—I know no more!'

'Short time must have elapsed,' resumed Stanley, 'ere a party of smugglers and gipsies passed through the gap; they raised me from the ground; found my wound not mortal; put a flask of brandy to my lips; and having restored me to consciousness, told me in plain terms that I must go with them, as they would not run the risk of my giving information, by leaving me behind. Having no power to reply, I was carried to their wagon, and ere many hours elapsed, I, along with themselves, was hurried on board the smuggling lugger which awaited them off the coast. I cared as little then as now for rank or riches, and my love of adventure induced me, on my recovery—of course under an assumed name—to stain my face, and for some time to lead the wandering gipsy's life; besides, I owed them gratitude for my preservation, and their rough and roaming habits were not distasteful to me. I would not, could not, like an accusing spirit, return to my home; had my mother been alive, I might, perhaps, have decided differently. You were my father's favourite; he treated me as his heir, you as his son; so I resolved to leave you uninterruptedly to the inheritance you coveted. Again I changed my name, and gave up my gipsy life for that of the soldier; fortune awaited and rewarded every action beyond even my most sanguine hopes. It was glorious to live, if for no other purpose than to count scar after scar gained in defence of the oppressed, for whom I fought; and I almost felt grateful to you, Roland, for having been the means of saving me from the dull, insipid career of a country squire. Sometimes, indeed, a strong impulse would urge me to come to Brinkbrook, and share with you the honours I had won; but then, and not till then, came the chilling thought that you wished not for me. There was no hearth to enshrine my triumphs; my happiness must be homeless! This was the balance with which impartial justice counterpoised my prosperity.'

But Stanley Thornton's manly and generous narrative moved not Roland; after the momentary excitement the description of the supposed murder had caused him, he subsided into a calm and dogged silence. Stanley had not calculated on, and did not yet know, the small, selfish heart of his brother. How could he have conceived that forgiveness and love—the divinest gifts human nature has to bestow—were to be thrown back, scorned and rejected! Yet, what else was he to infer from the cold silence of his brother?

'And are we to part thus, Roland?' asked Stanley, breaking the freezing pause.

'Did you expect my entreaties that you should remain?' inquired the brother, almost hoarsely, and for the first time looking at him.

'Perhaps,' said Stanley with a smile, 'the [illegible] flit through my mind.'

'I will not feign what I do not feel,' said Roland; 'at least, I am no hypocrite. You think, no doubt, I owe you gratitude—for what? The injury I did you, it seems, was slight, and you have suffered me to drag on a miserable existence from boyhood to age, my conscience fettered with the crime of murder, when a word from you might have made that life a blessing which has been a curse. Were there no means by which to assure me of your safety and my own, but by coming at the eleventh hour to paralyse the last pulsations of a closing life?'

'I should doubt,' said Stanley, roused to indignation by this wilful misinterpretation of his kindness, 'if the heart that was hard enough to conceive a brother's murder, were capable of the pangs of conscience—no, Roland, no!—and the blame be on you, if I now, as on that unhappy day, reproach you with cowardice. Fear, not remorse, has poisoned existence, and brought on this premature and miserable old age. However, for the present rest in safety; I leave you as I came—unknown and unacknowledged. The name I have assumed rings louder in the English ear than that which I abandon to you; and the fortune I have acquired, makes Brinkbrook but as dust in the balance! Be, therefore, free from the check of fear; atone, by well employing the property and the power you so sinned to obtain. Otherwise, beware lest you see me again!' And without another word, Stanley Thornton left the apartment, and to the astonishment of the steward, who came into the corridor on hearing a footstep, crossed the Hall, unlocked the door, and quitted the house.

II. THE LOVERS.

The village and neighbourhood of Brinkbrook looked bright in the next day's sunshine, seeming to realise, in its beautiful variety of hill, dale, wood, and water, a poet's or a painter's dream. It seemed a peaceful, out-of-the-way nook, where care and sorrow neither obtained nor sought an entrance. But for all this outward seeming, the little town was no better than its neighbours—indeed, at the period specified, it might be something worse. The firm of Love, Hate, Ambition, & Co., is by no means confined to the city; it has branches everywhere, which may be drawn upon to any amount with little danger of bankruptcy, and the bills of this copartnery were just in as brisk circulation at Brinkbrook as elsewhere.

Farmer Bloomly had watched the last leading of corn. The harvest was under the average; the old man's heart was sad, another such failure would be ruin. Sir Roland was a *hard landlord*, and if he could not pay his rent, what would become of *May*, the darling and sunshine of his life?

May Bloomly, as she was called in the village, was an adopted daughter of the farmer and his wife, or, rather, a child thrown upon their compassion. Her father—a French refugee, who had come to Brinkbrook some years previously in the capacity of a dancing-master—happened to lodge with the Bloomlys. In vain the old French gentleman dressed himself with the utmost precision—took his little daughter Madeline in his hand—his 'kit,' or small fiddle, in his pocket, and sallied forth to the 'long room' of the village, which he had hired as a dancing-school. Alas! few scholars came. It was pitiable to see the isolated pair pass along, day after day, on so hopeless an errand. The poor Frenchman's drooping heart was, however, a little cheered by a message from the Hall: 'Sir Roland would permit his son, Master Harry, to take a few private lessons.' On these occasions, M. Duroc was fastidiously attentive to the appearance of himself and little Madeline, whom he invariably took along with him, partly because he could not bear her to be out of his sight, and partly for the advantage of the young squire having a partner in the Minuet de la Cour. Harry was quite enchanted with his little French partner, a mere baby, at least in his estimation, he having arrived at the mature age of ten, an advantage of four years over Madeline. The morning on which his last lesson was to be given, M. Duroc hoped that Sir Roland would witness Master Harry's wonderful performance of the minuet; but Sir Roland was 'for other than for dancing-measures.' Besides, he disliked M. Duroc: he had presumed to bow to him one day in the village, a liberty he reproved with a haughty look, and which the dancing-master as haughtily returned. So the poor Frenchman's triumphs were, as usual, unappreciated; the children, too, were sad at the prospect of parting, and bowed and courtesied through the formal dance with very doleful dignity.

Monsieur and his little daughter were to leave Brinkbrook on the following day, to pursue their Terpsichorean avocations on, it was to be hoped, some more genial soil, where the mammas and papas were more desirous that their offspring should 'foot it featly.'

But it mattered little to the exile whether success awaited him or not, for on the morning of his intended departure, he was found dead in his bed. 'A disease of the heart,' said the village doctor; and, no doubt, he was right—'of a broken heart.'

Poor Madeline had nowhere to go; so Farmer Bloomly and his wife, good souls, having no children of their own, resolved to keep little May, and rear her up as their own daughter.

This claimant on their charity and love excited much sympathy in the family of the pastor of the village, who did all he could towards the education of the orphan. Accordingly, he took care that her quick acquirement of English should be grammatical, while her native French was not suffered to fall into disuse; then his girls gave her the benefit of their lessons on the old spinet, for music was a great luxury in those days; so that May Bloomly,

as she was now called, insisting likewise on taking her share of the work of the farm, in milking cows, making cheese, tending the dairy, feeding the poultry, &c., grew up a very prodigy of accomplishments and usefulness.

'What a pity it is,' the good dame would sometimes say, 'that the lords of the land don't know where to look for a good wife! There's not a squire's daughter in all the country-side to compare with our May.'

'So Mr Harry Thornton seemed to think,' said the farmer, 'when he came home from college last year, and danced with no other girl on the village-green.'

Young Mr Thornton had given great offence by his exclusive devotion to his old partner, who had emerged astonishingly from babyhood since those lessons at the Hall; but Harry had been at Cambridge, and had lost sight of May during the years in which she had sprung up into a beautiful young woman; for May was very beautiful, though the girls of the village said it was only the 'Frenchified way in which she trimmed and put on her gipsy-hat, and the pains she took to shew off her feet and hands, because they happened to be smaller than other people's.'

As Farmer Bloomly stood contemplating the disastrous results of bad weather, &c., May came, singing, up the green lane, laden with a sheaf of corn across the identical gipsy-hat in which, some of her companions avouched, lay all her talked-of beauty. She had been gleaning the farmer's fields for a poor old woman who was bedridden. She had no money to bestow, but employed every spare moment in devising some service to her fellow-creatures.

It would have been impossible to see her, without admiring her. She was not above what is called middle height; her dress, of moderate materials, neither too coarse nor too fine; her pretty little feet, so envied and maligned in the village, were scarcely, if at all, disfigured by the pointed thick leather shoes, and clear gray and white speckled stockings of her own knitting; her petticoat, terminating at the ankle, was of pale blue calimanco, over which she wore the lightest chintz bodice and skirt, looped up after the fashion of the little porcelain shepherdesses we see in the shop-windows; her gipsy-hat and blue ribbons completed the costume, which, with her soft brown hair—of much the same hue as her eyes—falling in curls over her shoulders, and the heightened colour of her cheeks from air and exercise, made May Bloomly, as she peeped at the farmer from under the ears of corn which were hanging loosely from the sheaf, like a veil over her pretty face, one of the most attractive pictures ever seen. The pity of it was, that there was no one to attract, no one even to see her, but the old farmer; perhaps he thought so too.

'"Why, May, my sweet blossom,' said he, 'have you been gleaning after the careless reapers, to save me every grain of this scant harvest?'

'*Nay*, dear father,' she replied; 'this I have gleaned for poor

Dame Briarly; she is lame this autumn, and unable to collect her little winter stock. Dear father, you are not angry with me that I thought of the childless, lonely widow first?'

'No, no,' said the farmer. 'Tell the old woman we won't see her want when the cold weather sets in.'

So May tripped away joyously to the cottage of Dame Briarly.

After depositing her burden, cheering up the dame with her message, and busying herself in baking for her her girdle-bread, May prepared to be gone, and was much surprised to find it was past sunset. Hurrying on, lest the farmer and his wife should be uneasy at her stay, she had just crossed the road and turned into the green lane, when, to her great annoyance, she met young Farmer Heslop, who had evidently been partaking much too freely of the good cheer of 'harvest-home.' Heslop, who was a rejected suitor of May's, no sooner caught sight of her, than he determined to make himself, as he thought, excessively agreeable, and by some eloquent and irresistible appeal, reverse the verdict she had recently pronounced against him. For this purpose, and with an absurd attempt at dignity, he intercepted her progress with a ludicrously low bow, which she returned by a slight inclination of the head, and was about to pass on; but her admirer, either unable to recover his equilibrium, or with a desperate attempt at gallantry, to the great alarm of May caught her hand between his own, exclaiming at the same time: 'Stay one moment, my dear Miss Bloomly—my dear May! I am happy—that is, I am miserable—and the great depression of—of—spirits under which I am sinking' (here the young man gave another stumble) 'is—is all the consequence of your cruelty'——

'Mr Heslop,' said May, 'I must entreat you will not detain me. Pray let go my hand, sir. I am sure you do not wish to offend me'——

'Offend!—I'd die for you!' but of course, instead of releasing her hand, it was locked more firmly in his grasp.

Perplexed, and even alarmed, May, with the policy of a woman's fear, which often screens itself behind extreme civility, replied that she never doubted his good-will, and only begged of him to suffer her to proceed home without further interruption.

'No one shall interrupt you, dear May,' said Heslop, stupidly mistaking her meaning. 'I'll see you home myself. Only tell me, first, that you won't be cruel—that this hand'—— And he was in the act of raising it to his lips, when, as May, shrinking with disgust, with a loud scream tried to throw him from her, a strong arm suddenly interposed, and whirled the delinquent fairly to the other side of the road, and against the quickset-hedge.

May saw that her protector was Harry Thornton, Sir Roland's son. Confident that she was indeed safe with such a champion, and casting off all further fear, she pressed his hand in gratitude, while Mr Thornton, drawing her arm within his own, would probably have conducted her home without vouchsafing a glance

at the culprit, had not that worthy, though a little subdued by the pirouette he had been made to perform on his transit to the hedge, prepared once more to intercept their path.

'Miss Bloomly'—— he recommenced.

'That will do, sir,' said Harry, at once interrupting him. 'Move from the pathway, and dare not, at your peril, to breathe another word in the hearing of this lady, to whom you have behaved so improperly.'

Heslop looked at Harry with the indomitable stupidity of a drunken man when he hasn't an idea or a word to say for himself; so, putting his hands in his pockets, and backing himself once more safely against his old supporter, the quickset-hedge, he quietly maintained his position there, and allowed his opponents, who appeared to him very much intoxicated, to pass on.

'Miss Bloomly,' said Harry—for though he was in the habit of calling her May, he was a true gentleman, and would not use the warranty of the service he had rendered for so familiar an appellation—'I am thankful that my presence rescued you from the annoyance of a drunken fool, who, after all, I believe, would not in his sober moments have uttered a syllable to offend you. Pray dismiss the disagreeable occurrence from your memory.'

'I should be ungrateful, indeed, could I obey you,' said May; 'on the contrary, I am sure I shall never forget it. Your unexpected appearance, so surprising—you, whom I thought so many miles away!'

'Fortunately, I travelled post,' said Harry. 'My father's summons admitted of no delay. I arrived this morning, and was on my way to pay my respects at Farmer Bloomly's, when this unlooked-for episode occurred.'

'Is, then, Sir Roland dangerously ill?' asked May.

'The letter I received gave me great alarm; but I found him, as usual, suffering from a severe nervous attack, which, in spite of a naturally strong constitution, occasionally prostrates him. However, I shall not leave home again during the winter, and hope to rouse him out of his unaccountable depression.'

'But that duty demanded your presence here, it must have been a great sacrifice to quit so gay a place as London,' observed May.

'There is to me a greater charm in Brinkbrook than in London,' said Harry in a low, deliberate tone, which indicated much more than was uttered.

May was silent for a moment; and to turn the conversation 'We've had a poor harvest,' she remarked, picking up an ear of corn.

'I suppose I have missed your dance at harvest-home, by being in London,' said Harry.

'I doubt our having any merry-making after so poor a season,' replied May. 'Had you gay partners there?'

'Where?' asked Harry.

'In London,' said May, betraying a sad bewilderment of ideas.

'No, dear May,' said Harry, pressing the little hand which was crumbling the wheat-ear to pieces, 'I sought no partner there; my first—and, would I might say, my only one—is here.'

Another and more embarrassing silence ensued. Perhaps there was an indication in the words uttered, which in her secret heart May rejoiced at, but which not for the world would she have revealed; it was, therefore, with a feeling of relief that she quitted Harry's arm, and ran forward to meet the farmer, who, walking briskly up the lane, a little uneasy at her stay, interrupted the conversation.

It is probable, however, that Harry, during the long ensuing winter-evenings—in which, whatever the weather, he never failed to spend an hour or two at the farm—found an opportunity of renewing the theme of the walk down the lane.

At length Mr Thornton's constant visits at Oakly Farm, and undisguised admiration of May became the grand topic of discussion in the village.

'The farmer ought to be ashamed of himself, to encourage the attentions of Sir Roland's son to May Bloomly—a child of charity—a dancing-master's daughter!' said one spitefully.

'The old man knows what he's about,' said another. 'If the girl were his own, he'd take better care of her; but Sir Roland's son can put him into a larger farm some day, and if May loses her good name, old Bloomly can pack her off to her own outlandish country.'

'I can tell you this,' said a third, who evidently knew all about it, 'that Sir Roland has threatened to cut his son off with a shilling, if he doesn't instantly drop all acquaintance with that French *mounseer's* daughter; and the parson has been up to the Hall, to see if she can't be turned out of the village. She'll find out her mistake'—here all were unanimous—'if she's such a fool as to suppose she'll ever be lady of Brinkbrook.'

Sheridan, in his famous comedy, somewhere says, 'there never was a scandalous story without some foundation.' That may or may not be the fact; but in the Bloomly case there certainly were stubborn truths for gossip to build upon. There had been serious altercation between Sir Roland and his son; and Parson Loveal, closeted with the baronet, consulting on the expediency of taking means to prevent Harry Thornton forming so disgraceful an alliance, had undertaken the disagreeable task of informing the farmer, that the renewal of his lease must depend upon his sending May away from Brinkbrook.

This the farmer would not listen to, and in his anger, dared Sir Roland to do his worst. Slander was at its height—which, like fever, might or might not take a turn—it raged with great malevolence at Brinkbrook, with very little chance of recovery. Harry had been at the farm only once that week, but had written a hasty note, entreating May not to heed the idle

gossip of the village; to have confidence in him, whatever rumours might reach her of his being influenced by his father's threats; that he had, in consideration of a parent's declining health—the physician having declared that further opposition might be fatal—given a promise not to see her again for the present, but she was not for a moment to suppose that he had pledged himself to anything further. He would send her a letter in a day or two, which must be his last for some time, explaining his own plans. He wished her to be guided by that letter alone, and in the meantime to look forward with confidence to a period when he should be emancipated from all control.

The farmer now blamed himself for suffering matters to go so far, without having spoken seriously to the young squire. The dame reflected on the folly of ever supposing, that even May's great beauty and goodness could reconcile such rich folks to so unequal a match. And as for May, what were her thoughts, as day after day passed without bringing the promised letter, upon which seemed to hang all her future?

The village-girls began to pass her with scornful looks, while the young men nodded to her with a familiarity very unlike their former respectful manner. Even the parson's daughters seemed to grow colder; and after sermon, would remain in their seat so long, or hurry out of church so quickly, as to prevent their usual kind recognition. Then—oh! more painful than all—Harry Thornton, sometimes accompanying his father, whose health seemed wonderfully improved, and sometimes alone in the curtained and cushioned family-pew, would pass her in presence of the congregation with merely the most distant bow! And, opposed to all this, she had but the vague promises of that short hurried note to trust to! It appeared as if she were suddenly and rudely awakened from a happy dream. How often she read the few lines he had written to her—at first with the strong faith of a girl's earliest love, then with doubt and apprehension, and lastly, with the full conviction that Harry Thornton intended to forget her! Of course the father would attack his son's pride, and represent to him the humiliation of marrying the daughter of a poor exile, who had died almost a pauper in the house of one of his own humble tenants. This continually urged against her, as it no doubt would be, could not fail in its effect on Harry. His father's health served as an excuse for the promise he had given, but it was quite evident that every word of the letter was evasive, with merely an appearance of sincerity to soften a little the blow which was to follow. At least so reasoned May, as she sat gazing into the fire, reading her future fate in its dying embers. And was she destined to be for ever desolate and unfriended?—was there none in the world beside the farmer and his wife who cared for her? It appeared so, or would she not have been traced long ago? Could she not seek *them*? She had one hope—one very slender hope—a fragment apparently of the back of a letter, and which, in fact, had been put

of an epistle written by her father to some one in France; but the enormous price of its conveyance in war-time being far beyond the poor dancing-master's means, he had, like Monsieur Mallet, with national vivacity torn it in pieces, and this, the sole remnant, bore merely these words or letters:—

'À Madame
Madame J. Fe——
Rue des Apotres,
H——'

The rest was torn off. This was some clue to guide her—the initial letter of a town, and the actual name of a street. With this to help her, why might she not travel to France, and ask from town to town, or from door to door, if any one remembered the name of Duroc? She would do so—she felt assured she *could* do so—anything, rather than remain at Brinkbrook, spurned by the rich and a burden on the poor!

The farmer, who had been watching the pouring rain, sat down to his evening-meal weary and desponding.

'Dear father,' said May, going to him, and leaning over his chair with all the caressing fondness of a child, 'it is I who have brought this care and sorrow to your home. Suffer me to leave you; Providence will guide and protect me. When I am gone, Sir Roland will be as much your friend as he is now your enemy.

'We've done nothing to be ashamed of,' said the farmer; 'except, perhaps, believing that any son of Sir Roland's could act with honour or sincerity. The proud man may turn us out of the farm, which he will doubtless do; better so, than purchase the right of remaining by sending a poor orphan girl into the wide world, who has been to me even as a daughter.' And, like a daughter, May clasped his neck, and kissed the lips that had uttered words of such fatherly love.

With something more than her usual manifestations of gratitude and affection, May bade the worthy couple good-night, whispering apart to one of the farm-labourers to be in the kitchen half an hour hence, as she wished to speak to him.

'It is useless to think or pause about the matter,' thought May, as she gained her own room. 'It would be selfish to remain, and they will never voluntarily consent to my leaving them; besides, *his silence* proclaims his wish that I should be gone!' and without further hesitation, she wrote the following letter:—

'To Henry Thornton, Esq.—You will, no doubt, be surprised at my venturing to address you. You will most likely condemn it as unbecoming my position. Perhaps it is so; but I do it in justice to those whose kindness to me may involve them in ruin. I am, no doubt, the cause of Sir Roland's resentment towards him who has been to me as a parent, and I would rather that my happiness were sacrificed—a foolish boast, perhaps, when the alternative is no longer our own—than that his prospects should be *so unjustly* injured. Pray, lose no time in making known to

Sir Roland, that the obstacle to the renewal of the letter is removed.—MADELINE DUROC.'

When she had written this letter, May took from her neck a little golden ornament, in the shape of a true-lover's-knot, Harry had placed it there one evening—one happy evening, as the token of their plighted troth. He would understand well why she never returned it: it would be a quiet reproach for the suspense he had left her to endure—the harsh, unkind silence which he could, but would not break!

May gazed on the little token through almost blinding tears, and after pressing it to her lips, enclosed it carefully in the letter, then returning to the kitchen, where the lad awaited her message, she gave him strict orders to deliver it early next morning into Mal Thornton's own hands. This he promised to do, and May knew she could trust him. Once more alone in her own little chamber, May took from a small jewel-case—which, with its contents, she had but recently discovered concealed in her father's old violin box, wrapped in the fragment of the letter already described, three rings. She recollected that the jeweller in the neighbouring town had told her that they might be worth L.30 or L.40. She would sell them, and thus have ample means of journeying to France. 'But, alas!' thought May, checking the project she was so eagerly forming, 'is there not a prior claim? The produce of these might save the farmer and his good dame from ruin.' Selecting, therefore, the two rings of most value, May twisted round them a slip of paper, on which she wrote: 'For my kind father, to be used when necessary.' Depositing them in the desk of the old-fashioned chest of drawers, which she knew he would search for some communication from her, she began to prepare for her departure. The small bundle of what she deemed necessary to take with her was soon made up; then putting on her cloak and gipsy-hat, she extinguished the light, and drew back the window-curtain. After the heavy rain, the night was dark but clear. It wanted a couple of hours to midnight; should she start at once, or wait till nearer dawn? All had retired to rest, and by daybreak they would be stirring. There was no necessity to unbar the door, her window, opening noiselessly lattice-fashion, was near the ground; through this she passed, with a beating heart 'tis true, but upheld by the strong consciousness of what to her unselfish, pure, but inexperienced mind, seemed right. Without pausing to look back on the scene of all her joys and sorrows, she hurried on, fearful lest any interruption should prevent the accomplishment of what she had begun. May knew the path well where it skirted the mountain, leading to the great London road, and it was the night on which the coach would pass—that, indeed, had influenced her determination not to delay. She had a few shillings to pay for a stage or two; then she must pause, sell the ring, and determine on what was next to be done.

Where the path separated into a double track, one springing up

the hill, away to the shepherd's house, May stopped for the first time irresolute. It was a strong temptation to go up the mountain, and seek advice from old Job Swainston, who was well beloved by the inmates of the farm, and prized for his wisdom and kind-heartedness; but, no—she might miss the coach, and so frustrate her plans.

Six miles had she to walk over clayey mountain-paths and through heavy miry lanes, where the roads were dangerous from deep ruts and ditches. But these were trivial hardships to May. Her small feet and slight, girlish figure pressed lightly on the rough road; it was her heart alone that was heavy, and yet its very heaviness seemed to give her resolution to hurry onward. At length she gained the highway, the very spot, close by the finger-post, where the coach must pass. Between twelve and one was the usual time—of course only an hour or two's difference, one way or the other, was great punctuality in those days. She knew that it was ten when she set out—she had come only six miles; she could not be too late. Yet, after waiting long and anxiously, sometimes fancying she saw the lamps in the distance, at others that she heard the sound of the horn—all false creations of her over-excitement—she began to fear the coach had passed. What would become of her if it had? The town was ten miles off; it was beginning to rain, and the roads were execrable. Was her resolution to be shaken by a little rain and a rough road? She would try it. And May, gaining strength at every step from the recollection of her lover's unkindness, had pursued her way bravely for another mile or two, when, on entering a dark wood through which the road ran, her heart began to tremble—and O how fearfully it beat as a shrill whistle pierced her ear, followed by a man bounding down from the heights of the plantation on to the road, where he was joined by a companion! Poor May was well-nigh sinking to the earth, when the reviving sound of wheels gave her fresh courage. Up came the coach, with its cheerful dazzling lamps. She waved her hand to the coachman, almost frantically calling on him to stop. The man appeared neither to see nor hear, and drove past! This was worse than all! To be left on the road with those fearful men—poor May! heartily at that moment did she repent her rash journey.

'Ship ahoy!' roared one of the men in a voice of thunder, calculated to intimidate every passenger in those days of highwaymen. 'After keeping us waiting here in the rain for the last two hours, do you mean to drive on as if you were deaf and blind? Two passengers are worth dropping anchor for, I suppose? And, if I'm not mistaken, here's a third throwing out a signal. Heave alongside, my lass,' said he, as May, greatly relieved, overtook the coach, and got into the inside, there being no room on the top. This additional expense would take every shilling she could muster; but after her late terror, she was thankful at *any sacrifice to* obtain a conveyance and the protection of company.

She felt a little ashamed, too, of having been so suspicious of the two men, a soldier and a sailor, who, now seated beside her, talked all night of the wonderful victories they had helped to achieve. After Neptune had boasted his very utmost of the hearts of oak, and the wooden-walls of Old England, protesting that Frenchmen could neither fight by sea nor land—'Stand at ease, Jack,' said his companion; 'I don't know what their "lubberly sailors," as you call 'em, may be, but I've seen good fighting by the French *mounscers* out in Egypt and Spain; and isn't everybody talking now of that brave young Frenchman, the Marquis des Coulanges, at the battle of Borodino, where he beat back the Russians, and took three of their standards with his own hands, in a way that would have done credit to Wellington himself? We have valour enough of our own, Jack, to afford a few words in praise of courage in whatever country we may find it.'

May could not help feeling grateful to the man for defending her countrymen, and again asked pardon of him in her heart for her previous ill opinion.

When the coach stopped to breakfast, as there was an hour to spare, May sought out a jeweller's shop for the disposal of her ring. The man disparaged it a good deal: 'it was old-fashioned, would require resetting,' &c.; but concluded by giving her L.5, no doubt congratulating himself on his excellent bargain. This enabled May to pay for her long and expensive journey, which, as the coach was slow and heavy, did not terminate until the evening of the third day, when she was set down at the Bull and Mouth, London.

III. THE GOVERNESS.

May was so dazzled by the lights, and astounded by the din of coaches rattling along the crowded streets, that she could not even think of what was best to be done. Her first desire was to get away from the confusion and noise, into a quiet part of the town where everybody was not quite so busy, and entering some respectable shop, inquire about a situation, or at least obtain a lodging for the night.

Proceeding towards Ludgate Hill, the throng of passengers increased at every step, and it seemed a hopeless case for poor May, when suddenly turning into one of those cross-streets, which in London form so striking a contrast to the activity of the main avenues, she got out of the full tide of population, and pausing for a moment to consider where she was, found herself at the door of a grocer's shop. The person behind the counter, in a widow's cap, was doubtless the mistress. 'I will venture in here,' thought *May*. Accordingly, summoning up sufficient courage, she entered *the shop*, apologising to the widow for the liberty of coming in to *inquire* whether she knew of any family that required a governess.

Now, literally, if any family ever required a governess, it was that of the vulgar widow upon whom May had intruded, Mrs Mixemwell having three romping girls, and four unruly cubs of boys, whom she designated her 'little ladies and gentlemen.'

'And are you a governess, ma'am?' asked the widow.

'I wish to be one,' said May; 'but I am a stranger in London, and do not know how such situations are obtained.'

'O we've plenty of governesses already in London—thick as blackberries. Can you do nothing else besides governessing?'

May bethought her of milking cows, making cheese, and feeding poultry, but refrained from mentioning acquirements that were so hopelessly out of place in London, and simply said: 'She feared she was little calculated for anything else.'

'And where do you come from?'

'Cumberland,' replied May.

'Cumberland!' echoed the widow. 'Well, that may be true enough; I know there is a place called Cumberland, for I've a rich sister keeps her carriage there. Have you got a written out character?'

'No,' said May, despondingly, as she now began to contemplate the difficulties that awaited her.

'Why, who do you suppose will take you without a character?'

'I really do not know,' said May, tears beginning to overflow her eyes at this rude questioning, 'unless humanity prompts some kind person to have compassion on me.'

'Humanity and compassion are fine words,' said Mrs Mixemwell. 'What's the girl crying for? I am not quite sure that I wouldn't take pity on you myself, if I thought you wouldn't turn out a complete take in. What's your name, girl?'

'Madeline Duroc,' replied May, who had wisely resolved on taking her real father's name.

'Dewrock!' echoed the widow. 'I know Sturock the print-seller, and Laverock of the Soup and Bully opposite, and my neighbour, Tom Rock, the barber, but I never heard of *Dewrock*; it must be some outlandish name. Do you belong to England?'

'No, ma'am; France is my native country.'

'Oh, then, you're a madamzell!' said the widow, struck at once by the éclat of securing a French governess for the little Mixemwells, on, no doubt, her own terms.

'So I should be called in my own country, *madame*,' answered May, unconsciously dropping into her native French.

'And what wages do you expect?' asked the widow, wonderfully soothed by this foreign title, for the first time applied to herself.

'I should be thankful for very moderate remuneration,' said May, who would willingly have given her services in exchange for a home, so bewildered and alarmed was she at the idea of wandering further through the streets of London.

'Well, after all, I don't think you look very wicked,' said the

complimentary widow; 'and I don't mind hiring you as a French governess to my little ladies and gentlemen. Of course you won't expect anything till we see how you turn out; and if you suit—why ten pounds a year, I should say, would be a very handsome allowance, with board, washing, and lodging, for teaching no more than seven children a little French—and what else?'

'English,' added May.

'English! Why, it's their mother-tongue, born and bred in the City of London; not a one on 'em but speaks English as well or better as I can.' (This was, no doubt, very consolatory to May.) 'And where have you left your baggage?'

'I have nothing more than this,' said May, hanging down her head a little ashamed.

'This!' reiterated the widow in amazement, taking May's little bundle, and twirling it round in contempt. 'No more than this! That's werry suspicious.' And Mrs Mixemwell, having whispered the maid, who was summoned to conduct May into the parlour, 'not to leave any of the silver spoons about,' told May to go in, and be thankful for her good-luck in stumbling on such a comfortable home.'

But May little knew the task that awaited her; the patience of Job himself could not have coped with the Mixemwells, who were the purest specimens of forward Cockney children.

As for the boys, to whom the mamma insisted May should teach all the dancing she was mistress of, four young bears would have been tractable and graceful pupils in comparison; but May, with most exemplary patience, persevered, drilling them daily in the old never-to-be-forgotten minuet, and two or three rustic dances, which made up her stock. But though deploring the intractability of the children, and the vulgarity of the mamma, May found herself so poor and helpless at the end of the first year—all her little earnings having been anticipated in the necessary additions to her wardrobe—as to feel grateful to Mrs Mixemwell when she expressed her satisfaction, and patronisingly added 'that she had no objection to her remaining upon the same liberal terms for another twelvemonth.'

But this proved more unendurable than the first; the Miss Mixemwell began to be envious of May's beauty and accomplishments, and insisted that their brother, Master Mixemwell, should not shew her off quite so much at their grand parties.

'I'll dance with her, and nobody else,' said the young gentleman to his sister, pulling May from her seat to be his partner at one of these elegant *réunions*.

'You shan't,' replied Miss Morgiana Mixemwell. 'Mamma says, there are plenty of partners without the governess dancing at all.'

'I *shall* prefer sitting down to play for you,' said May, taking *her place* good-naturedly at the old piano.

But here Miss Roxana Mixemwell interfered: she had pushed

hath, and intended to astonish the visitors by her knowledge of sharps and flats. 'Ma!' she exclaimed to the widow, who was sailing about the room in a gorgeous calyx, which was a perfect garden of flowers—no trade now of weeds!—'Ma! there's the governess going to cut me out again!'

'Let her dare to do it! I'll put a stop to that,' said the fond parent, waddling up to May, who, the dancers being ready, was in the very act of touching the keys. 'I think, mademoiselle,' said the widow, removing May with a pretty strong arm, 'it would be a deal more becoming if you kept yourself in the backer ground.'

This was only one insult amongst many; and as the time for which she had engaged had nearly expired, May gave Mrs Mixemwell notice of leaving. That lady, conceiving that education could go no further than was exemplified in her own accomplished family, did not much regret the circumstance; but with a rough consciousness of not having treated May quite so well as she ought to have done, volunteered, by way of compensation, to procure her 'a first-rate situation,' as she called it, with her rich sister in Carlisle.

There was a charm to May in the very name of the town. It seemed like home—it was but twenty miles from Brinkbrook. The salary, too, was L.30! The receipt of such a sum at the end of the first year would indeed enable her to visit her native land, France. There could be no risk in returning to Cumberland. People stayed at home in those days, and it was not likely any one would travel from Brinkbrook who would recognise her. But yet, though unknown, unseen by those she had loved, it would be happiness to be near them. She thanked Mrs Mixemwell cordially, and accepted the situation.

May's heart felt light as she took leave of the grocer's widow, who, by the way, was months after heard to boast of the French madammoyzell—for the mamma had progressed a little in her pronunciation—she had hired for her children. Travelling by the same conveyance which had brought her to London, in due time she found herself at Caterpillar Cottage, a little way out of Carlisle, the residence of Mr and Mrs Floss, who had lately retired from the silk business. And here she might have been at ease, but for the temper of Mrs Floss. The husband, a quiet, harmless individual, whose entire happiness centered in his little girls, two pretty, docile creatures, was the object of his wife's incessant and ridiculous jealousy. May's beauty nearly threw her into fits the first day. Even the quiet, unobtrusive politeness of Mr Floss towards her excited his wife's displeasure. If May ventured to vindicate the unoffending husband, who was really the most innocent creature in the world, Mrs Floss would burst into uncontrollable passion, declaring they were both in a plot against her. 'But I am aware of that,' said the frantic woman, 'I dreamt last night that I was dead, and saw one of your fine *madams sitting* in my place at the head of the table!'

'But, my dear,' remonstrated the quiet husband, 'you will at least admit that you are quite alive at this moment.'

'I shan't be so long,' said Mrs Floss, giving way to a violent flood of tears, which was the signal for the poor weak husband to lavish upon his tormentor all the endearments he could bestow.

These coarse and incessant suspicions were even more unendurable than the vulgarity of the Mixemwells; so poor May found herself compelled to give notice of resignation at the end of the first half-year.

IV. THE MARQUIS.

In a splendid saloon of an old-fashioned, aristocratic mansion in the Faubourg St Germain, Paris, sat the Marquis des Coulanges, in earnest conversation with a plainly dressed, middle-aged woman, who had obtained an audience by announcing herself as Jeanette Fenelon, a domestic of the house of des Coulanges before the Revolution. This was a passport at once to the presence of the young marquis, who hoped from her to gain some intelligence by which to penetrate the full extent of the misery and mystery in which those evil days had involved his house.

'My father's escape, you say, was certain?' again asked the marquis with intense earnestness.

'Quite certain,' replied Jeanette. 'I placed your little sister in his arms at the dead of night, and hid myself, for fear of being seen, that I might listen for the last plash of the oars that carried my sweet foster-child from the cruel land that had taken away the life of her mother, and, as I then thought, that of her only brother.'

'And where, Jeanette—tell me, I implore you—where may I hope to find that dear, that long-lost sister?'

'Alas! I know not,' said the old nurse despondingly. 'When I found that it was you, monsieur, and not your father to whom the title and estates had been restored, and that it was generally believed that you were the only one of the family who had survived those fearful times, it was my duty, as well as my inclination, to come and tell you what I knew; and all I have now to add is, that, about three years ago, I met the smuggler who had charge of the boat in which your father, the marquis, escaped on that dreadful night. I was sure I had seen him before. He, too, looked earnestly at me. I beckoned him aside, and to prove whether I was right in my conjecture, merely asked: "What became of the marquis and my foster-child?" "I was sure," said he, "the wind was going to blow from that quarter. All I can tell you, good dame, is, that I did my duty, and landed them safe at Deal." "And did you never hear of them again?" I asked. "There was too great a crowd of the same sort," said he, "for

that; but none behaved better than the marquis, for having no money, he gave me a jewel that would have paid twenty such trips." "Then," said I, as a last hope, "you cannot tell me, even if I were to promise you all the little wealth I have, what became of them?" "Why, no," said the man; "I won't take your money under false pretences. But I daresay, like the rest of our nobility and gentry, he either got a pension from the English government, or took to cooking, or hair-dressing, or teaching, or something of that sort." Forgive me, Monsieur le Marquis,' concluded Jeanette, 'that I have thought it my duty to repeat his odious words.'

'Oh, it is too true; it is too true!' said the marquis, starting up in an agony of feeling. 'I know my father had too much pride to become a pensioner on a foreign government. To his own labour and industry alone would he owe his subsistence. Involved in such a struggle, my father, no doubt, long since has perished; and into what depth of degradation may not my sister be plunged!'

'But will not Monsieur le Marquis go to England, and endeavour to find his sister?' asked Jeanette.

'Ay, good nurse,' replied the marquis, 'I will depart for England without an hour's unnecessary delay. On my arrival, I will seek out my friend Colonel Seymour, who must by this time have realised his fortune in India, and returned to his estate. He, I know, will help me to prosecute my search. I will devote my fortune, my life, to the recovery of my sister. And you, Jeanette, hold yourself in readiness; ere my departure, I will arrange for your following me, should your presence be necessary to aid me in the recognition of my sister.'

Immediately giving orders for his journey, before daybreak the Marquis des Coulanges was on his way to England.

V. THE SHEPHERD'S HUT.

The day of May's departure from Caterpillar Cottage drew nigh; she had finally resolved on going to France. Fifteen pounds, the money due to her from Mrs Floss, would be means sufficient; and when that was exhausted, 'why,' she thought, 'can I not obtain a living there by my knowledge of English, as I have done here by teaching French?' She felt almost irresistibly urged to the step by an undefinable presentiment, that the fragment of that old letter left by her father would guide her to some one, perhaps a sister, perhaps a brother, who would welcome the poor emigrant back to her home! But when she hoped that some persons in France might be found who would remember the name of Duroc, it never occurred to her how many might bear that appellation. One project more, and all her wishes, all she seemed to live for, would be achieved; and this, though she blushed to acknowledge it even to herself, was paramount in her breast—it

was to visit Brinkbrook once again, and, for the last time, to see her old home and its kind inmates; and—yes, we must confess it—to see, perhaps, but unseen, him who had once been her lover. So to Brinkbrook she resolved to go.

She ascertained that she could leave her luggage in safety at the Carlisle Inn until her return from Brinkbrook, which she felt sure of accomplishing in three days—the very time of the next coach starting for London. 'And now,' thought May, as she paid for her seat, in order to secure it, 'my first step towards France is taken.'

There was no direct conveyance to Brinkbrook, and the only one that might have helped her on her way had already started; but, convinced that she could walk the whole distance if necessary, and not wishing to arrive before evening, when she might find shelter in Job Swainston's cottage, May commenced her pilgrimage.

Two years and a half had elapsed since she had left Brinkbrook, and during that time she had heard nothing of its inhabitants. What changes might not have occurred?—the farmer and his wife, it might be, dead—Job Swainston's place supplied by some one else—and *he* perhaps married! May involuntarily paused, and shuddered at the dreary change her busy imagination had painted. 'Well, I will know the worst,' said she. 'I cannot be more isolated than I am.'

She had walked about twelve miles, inquiring her way at the different roadside cottages, where the good wives and their children came to the door to look after 'the strange lady;' for May, though plainly dressed, was no longer clad in the village costume in which we first beheld her.

'She be's a leddy,' said one good dame to her husband, who had just returned from his daily labour.

'Not she, weyfe; a leddy rides on a pillion, and cudn't tramp cross country roads like a poor servant-lass.'

'She be's a leddy for aw that,' persevered the dame, who seemed to pique herself on her insight into character; 'and yow'd thout it if yow'd been heame when she spak to our Dick, and telt him he was a coomely lal lad, and put silver saxpence in's hand; and aw for that I wadn't tak ought for nobbit but bit o' brown bread and drink o' milk a' gied her.'

'You be right, weyfe,' said the man, giving his young rosy-cheeked partner a hearty kiss; 'it's koinde-heartedness maks the leddy, after aw!'

'Then be koinde-hearted; deeght th' feace, put on th' cwoat, and follow her to that ugly pleace where thou were deyken, and see she teakes no harm.'

'So a' will, weyfe. A koinde action aye gets paid for, soom toime or uther; and as its meast dark, a'll tak feyther's pistol wi' me.'

Meanwhile, May had got on to the great high-road, and found *herself* once more, though of course in the reverse direction,

entering the very wood where, on the night of her journey from Brinkbrook, the coach had so fortunately overtaken her. She remembered the terror that had seized her at the shrill whistle of those men, who, after all, proved to be mere passengers waiting like herself. But although May was striving to keep up a courageous heart, she could not divest herself of fear as she entered the plantation. The trees began to take fantastical shapes, sometimes like men half hiding themselves, ready to spring upon the traveller; and nothing broke the stillness but her own feet, moving quickly through the heaps of dry autumn leaves that lay strewed around. At intervals she would stop, to convince herself that it was not a footstep following hers; then she would hasten forward, quickening her pace almost to a run, in the hope of arriving at the termination of the forest; and, at last, a light—such as we see at the far end of a cavern or a tunnel—assured her, to her infinite relief, that she was near the open road. 'How foolish I have been to terrify myself in this manner,' thought May, beginning to breathe more freely; 'this must be the very place where I nearly frightened myself to death by supposing harmless travellers to be highwaymen. I feel quite safe now'—— Here her arm was seized with a strong grasp, and the glare of a dark-lantern turned full upon her face.

'Your money!' said the robber. 'You're the same girl I saw to-day at Carlisle pay her fare with a purse of guineas, and ask her way to Brinkbrook. I've had my eye upon you; but other work delayed me by the road, or I'd have spared you the trouble of walking quite so far.'

'If you knew how poor and friendless a creature pleads to you for mercy,' said May, beseechingly, 'I'm sure you would not harm me.'

'Poor and friendless with all those yellow boys in your purse!—a good joke that—but here's the loadstone that will lift the metal from your pocket into mine;' and the man, hooking the lantern into his belt, drew a pistol, and held it close to her head.

'For Heaven's sake have mercy! Take the money, and begone,' said May, producing the purse, which the man snatched quickly.

'Mayhap,' said he, 'you've a watch and chain too?'

'No, no! Believe me, I have not.' And May screamed loudly for help, as the ruffian with great violence began to search the folds of her dress for jewels. But being disappointed of the plunder, or from some other cause, he with an execration threw her suddenly from him, and May, overcome by terror, fell senseless on the ground.

The robber had made a precipitate retreat at the approach of a post-chaise, which had come noiselessly along over the dried leaves. A random shot was sent after him by one of the travellers, who, hearing screams and cries for help, had ordered the postilions to pull up, just as the miscreant rushed past, and was disappearing

over the heights of the plantation. 'He has been too quick for us,' said one of the gentlemen, as he jumped out of the vehicle.

'Feyther's pistol 'll do't job,' said the countryman, who had followed May into the wood, and came up just as the chaise stopped. 'There he goes!' said he. (Bang went the pistol.) 'He's hit—he's down!' and off he bounded to secure the ruffian, while the travellers searched until they found what at first, they feared, was the lifeless body of his victim.

The younger traveller, who had lifted May from the ground, and still supported her in his arms, entreated his companion to devise some means of endeavouring to restore life, which, notwithstanding, he feared was gone beyond all help. 'There is nothing at hand better than this,' said his companion; 'I have known it succeed in similar cases;' and he gathered a few cold autumn leaves, and placed them on her forehead, then chafed the icy hands, which soon began to glow within his own. A faint sigh indicated returning animation, and, seeing her so far restored, though not sufficiently to answer any question, the travellers placed May in the chaise, and prepared to renew their journey, but not before her rustic champion had returned triumphant with the wounded robber, whom he requested might be placed on the roof of the carriage, he himself acting as guard until he was deposited safely in custody.

'Where am I?' exclaimed May, roused from her torpor by the movement of the vehicle, and looking round in alarm.

'In perfect safety, be assured,' said the elder traveller. 'Our approach had the good-fortune to scare the ruffian, who, I fear, has greatly terrified you.'

'He has, indeed,' said May. 'How can I thank you for your timely assistance, which alone has, no doubt, preserved my life.'

'I would we had been a little earlier,' said the elder gentleman. 'Did he rob you of any money?'

'Of all I possessed in the world,' said May.

'And where were you journeying to, my poor girl?'

'I was on my way to take leave of some kind friends at Brinkbrook, previous to my quitting England for France,' replied May.

'France and Brinkbrook! A singular coincidence—is it not, Seymour?' remarked with strong emotion the younger gentleman, whom May observed spoke with a foreign accent.

'And where, in Brinkbrook, shall we have the pleasure of taking you?' asked his companion.

'You are very kind,' said May; 'but if you will permit me, I will alight at the foot of the mountain-path which leads up to Job Swainston's cottage.'

'Stranger still!' added the gentleman; 'we all appear to have the same destination. The old shepherd is likely to see more company to-night than he expects.'

After driving carefully along Rut Lane, the chaise was dismissed, with strict charges that it should convey the prisoner

by the other road to Justice Siftall at Brinkbrook. May, now much recovered, and supported by her kind friends, began to ascend the well-known mountain-path.

'That blaze is a cheering sight to cold and weary travellers,' said the gentleman addressed by his friend as Seymour, on their approaching the cottage; 'one would imagine the shepherd anticipated our coming, and had provided accordingly. Suppose I act as the *avant-courier*, to apprise him of the approach of so formidable a body.'

But ere he reached the hut, he was met by Job Swainston and his dogs, who were evidently on the look-out for somebody, though certainly not the present party; assuring them, however, that they were heartily welcome, Job ushered them into his cottage, where the light of the fire revealed to him for the first time the features of their companion. The old man stood in astonishment as he looked at May's pale face, soiled dress, and dishevelled hair, which in her struggle with the robber had fallen in wild disorder over her shoulders. To see her thus—so unexpectedly, under such strange circumstances, and so accompanied—seemed impossible; and yet it must be May, the very dogs seemed to know her. And still the old man, his eyes wandering in perplexity from her face to that of the young stranger on whose arm she leaned, gazed on in silent amazement.

Colonel Seymour, too, seemed spell-bound by much the same perplexing scrutiny.

'Have you, then, quite forgotten me, Job?' asked May.

'It is May Bloomly!' said the old man, affectionately clasping the hand she held out to him. 'How could I ever doubt it? I always told them that if you were in life we should some day see or hear of you again.'

'And my kind father?' inquired May, as if she wished to know at once all that had befallen in her absence.

'You have come back on a sad day,' said Job; 'and yet there is a balm for every wound. The old farmer's kind heart will forget its sorrow in joy at your return.'

'Why, what has happened?' asked May. 'Did not my departure insure the favour of Sir Roland?'

'No,' said Job. 'Sir Roland is a relentless landlord, and has this day turned the old couple to the door, with no roof but mine to shelter them.'

'Is he, indeed, still relentless!' ejaculated Seymour.

But Job, unheeding, continued: 'The old man was two years in arrear—Farmer Winacre offered a better rent; and so the baronet, never forgetting his ancient grudge, let the farm over his head, and I was on the look-out for them when you, like a ghost, or, I should rather say, like some good angel, stood before me!'

The strangers, to whom Job now apologised for lack of attention, seemed greatly interested in the scene; but especially so when, on the arrival of the farmer and his wife—their surprise and joy at

beholding so unexpectedly their dear adopted daughter having a little subsided—May began to detail the circumstances of her own recent life, her scheme of visiting France, and its frustration by the attack and robbery of the ruffian from whom the kind strangers had rescued her.

'But you may still see France,' said the farmer; 'and I, that have now no home to offer you—here are the means of paying for your journey. It is your own property, my dear child; all that your poor father left, which your kindness bestowed for our help in the hour of need, but which I have held sacred, even when want was staring us in the face!' And the old man took from the corner of his leathern-purse the two rings which May had so carefully deposited in the bureau on the night of her leaving Brinkbrook.

'The disposal of this,' said May, examining the rings as she received them, 'may help us all; while this, with its antique engraving, may assist my inquiries in my native land.'

'Suffer me to look at it,' said the younger stranger, who, with his friend, had been listening with intense interest to all that had passed. May handed him the ring.

'They are alike!' he said in an ecstasy of delight, comparing the ring with one he wore; 'the very same! Tell me, I beseech you'—and he pressed the hand of the astonished May to his heart, as if he doubted not the confirmation of his hopes—'are you not my sister? Is not your name des Coulanges?'

May—her hopes for an instant raised to the highest pinnacle, and then dashed down again—replied: 'Alas! no—my father's name was Duroc.'

VI. THE HALL.

Sir Roland was seated in his library. Before him, his dress soiled and disordered from a journey, stood Harry, with a flush of indignation on his fine, manly brow.

It was painful to see the most intimate relations of life thus rudely broken down, and it must have been no common cause that could have put father and son in the attitude of equal and angry antagonists.

'Beware, sir,' said his father, 'how you trifle with my patience. One word more of reproach, even a gesture of objection, and I turn you out of my father's halls like a beaten hound, and order my domestics to shut the door on you for ever.'

'Sir,' answered Harry, 'the words must be spoken—do not interrupt me'—observing his father about to rise—'I have ever treated you with the deference due to a parent—ay, even when the dearest affections of my heart clashed necessarily with *that* reverence. I frankly told you the state of my feelings towards Madeline Duroc; and as you then condescended to reason with me, I consented to suspend all communication with

her, direct or indirect, for the space of two years, on the conditions with which you solemnly pledged your honour to comply — first, that I should be allowed to explain all to Madeline; and next, that her foster-parents should be cherished and protected by you. I own I was not so ridiculously romantic as to be entirely insensible to the inequality between Madeline's condition and my own. You told me frankly, as I then thought, that when time had given us opportunities of reflection, we might each see and admit the impropriety, if not misery, of such an ill-assorted union. Perhaps, had you been truthful towards us, the result might have met your wishes; but with, what even to a parent I must call treachery, the very letter you read and approved of, you intercepted and destroyed. In consequence of this, the poor girl, thinking herself the victim of the most heartless trifling, and me the most perfidious of men, with a broken heart wandered away. O Heaven! where can she have wandered? I avow it—I proclaim it—I have sought her through England, through France, and many of the same name have I met with; but my Madeline, my May Bloomly, is perhaps lost to me for ever! Next, during my absence, I learned from a friend that you had not only shewn no kindness to the Bloomlys, but that you were this very evening to complete the injury by forcibly turning them shelterless from their home—to perish, it may be.'

While Harry was speaking, his father had folded his arms in quiet, concentrated rage. He slightly shivered when taxed with treachery, but smiled disdainfully at the minor accusation of common cruelty and oppression. After a long pause, he said in a low tone: 'Harry Thornton, I did my duty as a father to a headstrong and rebellious son. I did my duty as a landlord, in removing a pauper incumbrance on my estate. Harry, I give you one more chance: instantly abandon, and for ever, that beggar outcast, and at once conclude the alliance I had formed for you with the Lady Amelia Lumley, which will add to your estate. Do this, and you are still my son.'

'Never,' rejoined Harry, 'will I consent to wed age, avarice, and deformity; never will I consent to share in unjustifiable oppression and cruelty; and never—oh! never—whatever my fate, will I abandon the hope of finding May Bloomly, the only woman I ever can love, or will wed!'

''Tis well, sir,' said Sir Roland, grasping tightly the arms of the chair in which he sat, as if by that effort alone he could control his words and actions. 'Go, seek this wandering mendicant, and share with her and her pauper friends all that awaits you. And remember'—— But here Sir Roland was interrupted by the opening of the opposite folding-doors, where, before his astonished sight, like something supernatural, stood May Bloomly, and on either side, grasping her hands, the farmer and his wife.

Sir Roland could not credit the evidence of his senses, and even

Harry seemed transfixed by amazement; but the next moment, rushing to May, and clasping her to his heart in an ecstasy of rapture, he exclaimed: 'Tis she! 'tis she!—my own, my loved, my much wronged Madeline!'

So singular an interruption and recognition were not likely to calm the rage of Sir Roland, in the contemplation of which, it must be confessed, the worthy farmer and his wife looked marvellously uncomfortable, and as if they were most unwilling intruders.

'This preconcerted insult,' said Sir Roland to his son, 'which you have no doubt contrived—this trick, which you imagined might have its effect when all else failed, only accelerates your doom. Breathe not another word, but quit at once, and for ever, the roof you have disgraced; and may the blight of a father's'——

'Beware, rash man!' said Stanley Thornton, suddenly confronting his brother; 'and, remember, that a causeless curse falls only on the head of him who utters it.'

'Stanley!' said Sir Roland in a stifled tone, betraying that fear was now contending with rage. 'Have you, too, plotted with my son for the exposure and disgrace of his father?'

'Madman, be silent!' said Stanley to his brother apart, forcibly seizing his arm, as if to awe him into obedience. Then aloud, that all might hear: 'Your son, whom I proudly acknowledge as my relative, knew not of my coming, although—thanks to my friend Job Swainston—I am thoroughly acquainted with the causes of dispute. I come, I trust, to reconcile you; and as a boon, I ask you, Sir Roland, to consent to the union of your son with this excellent, enduring, and self-denying girl.'

'I see,' said Sir Roland bitterly, 'you know not the origin of her for whom you plead, or you never would advise that any son of my house should ally himself with an obscure child of charity—the daughter of a French itinerant dancing-master—a beggar-girl, who'——

'Is the sister of the Marquis des Coulanges!' said that nobleman indignantly, entering and taking Madeline proudly by the hand. 'And let me inform you, Sir Roland, that if I did not know your son's worth and my sister's love, the only daughter of one of the oldest and noblest families of France should spurn the alliance of an obscure Cumberland esquire!'

'Come, come, my dear friend,' interposed Stanley Thornton—whom our readers have, of course, identified with Colonel Seymour—'not so hasty. An English squire may yield to none, if indeed he be an English gentleman. Besides, your sister is now an English subject, free to choose for herself. She has done so, and your prohibition would come too late; they will wed in spite of all of us, and therefore better that all consent with a good grace.'

'With all my heart, and a good share of my fortune too,

gallantly responded the Frenchman, placing his sister's hand in that of the enraptured and bewildered Harry.

Harry and Madeline were perhaps the only persons uninfluenced by these ebullitions of pride, passion, and baffled vengeance. Long parted, and so strangely met, their hearts knew only love and peace. There was no room for doubt, no need of the explanations which quickly cleared up every mystery.

Sir Roland—his hard, obdurate disposition and intentions at last completely thwarted by the climax of the scene—had no further strength either to struggle with or acquiesce; but sinking into the arms of his attendants, whom Harry summoned, was conveyed to his chamber. He lingered long, however; his path and pillow smoothed by Harry and Madeline, who, forgetting every unkindness, strove to soften that heart which, naturally selfish and unyielding, had been perhaps confirmed in its harshness and obduracy by the unnecessary, and certainly blamably, capricious and self-imposed absence of Stanley Thornton. Fully awakened to a sense of this error, Stanley sought pardon of his at last repentant brother; and, alone together—for the crime of Roland's boyhood was known only to themselves—in that chamber where death, impatient of restraint, paused but until mutual forgiveness had been exchanged, Roland Thornton, in a first and last embrace, expired in the arms of his brother.

But long ere this event, the Marquis des Coulanges had returned to his native country, after bestowing the hand of his sister on the happy Harry Thornton. The marriage was celebrated by Parson Loveal in his little church—a great day of rejoicing amongst the villagers, who, singularly oblivious of their former ill-nature, declared 'they had always predicted that May Bloomly would one day be lady of Brinkbrook!' Amongst the merry-makers might have been seen May's rustic champion, who received for his reward the stolen purse filled with double its original amount; thus verifying his own words: 'A koinde action always meets reward.' In the midst of the lookers-on was also Farmer Heslop, long since restored to his sober senses and his first love. 'Ah,' said he, as May stepped into her carriage, 'there goes Lady Thornton! And,' he added, boasting with the usual vanity of his sex, or perhaps to enhance his value in the sparkling black eyes of his pretty wife, who hung upon his arm, 'who knows but if I had persevered, I might have married the sister of a marquis!'

Lady Thornton's taste will, no doubt, be severely arraigned, when it is confessed that, resisting all her brother's temptations to reside at the court of France, she acknowledged her preference for the quiet country-life of an English gentlewoman. Leading her children, young Roland and little Seymour, by the hand, attired almost as simply as formerly, in gipsy-hat or cottage-bonnet, she would frequently walk over to Oakly Farm, for a pleasant gossip with the worthy couple, whom, to their delight, she still

called father and mother. Often in these excursions she was accompanied, too, by Harry and Stanley Seymour—the latter of whom resided as much at Brinkbrook as on his own estate—occasionally extending their walk to old Job Swainston's, who had been so instrumental in bringing about the happy events of our history; the romance of which May and Harry often dwelt upon. And as a proof of their recollection and appreciation of old times, Mrs Mixemwell received from Lady Thornton, or, as she added, 'perhaps better recognised as Madeline Duroc,' a grand piano; for notwithstanding the annoyances she had met with from the family, Madeline could not but remember that their roof afforded her a shelter at the time of her greatest extremity, and under circumstances which her better knowledge of the world taught her she had had no right to expect. Of course all Farringdon resounded with the grand piano, for Mrs Mixemwell took care to tell to every one, that it was the gift of her 'dear and intimate friend Lady Thornton, the sister of a marquis,' who had, out of pure affection for herself, acted as 'French governess to her little ladies and gentlemen.' But though it suited such as the Mixemwells to boast of Lady Thornton's rank, her husband, who loved her for herself alone, through all his happy life would never call her by any but her ever-endearing village name of May Bloomly.

STORY OF THE DAUPHIN;

COMMONLY CALLED LOUIS XVII.

I. THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES.

ON the 27th of March 1785, there were the gayest manifestations of rejoicing at the Château de Versailles. King Louis XVI., followed by all his court, went to the palace chapel to hear *Te Deum* sung in celebration of the birth of a young prince, his second son, who came into the world 'at five minutes before seven in the evening.' At half-past eight, the infant was baptised, according to the forms of the Catholic faith, by no less a personage than the Cardinal de Rohan, bishop of Strasbourg, and Grand Almoner of France, assisted in the minor operations by the Abbé Brocquevielle, vicar of Versailles. The ceremony

accomplished, brilliant fireworks were displayed, towards nine o'clock, on the Place d'Armes, in the presence of his majesty and the court. Loudly from all steeples round about the bells were ringing cheerily; and onwards, on the way to Paris, the 'grand master of ceremonies' was posting fast, to announce to the good people of that city the inspiriting intelligence of the advent of a new prince. Arrived thither, and his message delivered, the cannon of the Bastille respond to the cannon of the Invalides. Spontaneous illuminations everywhere burst forth; the air is loud with the noise of bells; and the hearty acclamations of the people seem to be the testimony of a reverent and unfeigned respect for the reigning monarch and his family.

The great Revolution is approaching, but as yet its elements are at work invisibly, like the secret forces of a volcano that is preparing to explode. No one dreads or dreams of the terrible event. There is yet some remaining loyalty in the land; and this has gathered round the person of the really amiable king, who apparently desires to be the generous protector of his people. The people are, therefore, ready to sympathise with him in all that pertains to his affections; and the son whom he now presents to them, and recommends to their good-will, is warmly and cordially received, as a hostage of present and future amity between the nation and the throne.

Nursed amid elegance and luxury, the child grew and prospered, and soon by his childish winning ways gained the hearts of all about him. In his gay beaming eyes, in his bright fantastic playfulness, in his very tricks of whim and wilfulness, his mother saw and recognised every childlike grace and beauty. Her fond maternal heart drew daily some new delight from the gentle fountain of his presence. Royal heads are apt to be drawn with something of a halo round them, but in the following description of his appearance when he was four years of age, there may, nevertheless, be some accurate and faithful touches. With a slight, but well-shaped figure, he is said to have had a forehead broad and open, the eyebrows finely arched, and the eyes large and blue, and of a soft and mild expression; his complexion was fair and blooming; his mouth well formed and rosy; his hair, of a dark chestnut colour, curled naturally, and fell in ringlets over his shoulders; and on his chin there was a dimple, which reminded the beholder of his mother. His countenance partook of the peculiarities of both parents—uniting something of the dignity of Marie-Antoinette with the milder amiability of Louis. All his movements were full of vivacity and gracefulness; and in his manner of behaviour and address, there was a delicate and natural simplicity. The whole of this description might apply to many another child, but the impression it conveys to us is sufficiently in keeping with what we can imagine the reality to have been; and, accordingly, there *can be* no objection to its being accepted as a tolerably correct *portrait* of the little prince. His mental characteristics at this age

were too partially developed to be very accurately described, though it may be stated that, from the representations we have received, he appears to have been of a quick and lively apprehension, sensitively affectionate, and, upon the whole, of a tractable and generous disposition.

Such, in general outline, as near as we can picture him, was the young infant Louis-Charles, surnamed Duke of Normandy, of whom his father in his fondness used to say: 'Thy name will bring thee happiness.' Certainly, if the head that wears a crown ever was happy, young Louis might be said to have been born to the goodliest of prospects. For though only second in the succession, he is destined shortly to be raised to the head of the house, and become prospective sovereign of France, in consequence of the death of his elder brother. This event occurred in the month of June 1789, and naturally cast a heavy gloom over the royal household.

But the profoundest sorrow is mercifully destined to subside, and soon the love and pride of the royal father become centered in his remaining son. The mother has, likewise, wiped away her tears for the little buried one, and with the gentlest address, prepares to train the mind and heart of him who yet survives. It was to her a most delightful occupation, and she had the skill to render the process of instruction in every way interesting and pleasant to the child. Everything that is told of the prince relating to this period of his life, gives one the impression of a kindly and gentle nature. Of important particulars, there are none: his life is simply that of a child reared in luxury and tenderness, secluded from every hurtful influence, and happy through the perfection of its innocency. All the days pass brightly with him. Tears of passion or of repentance he may sometime shed, but they leave no furrows or stain upon his face; and the little cares he has are light, and pass swiftly from remembrance. The hours roll on in gay succession, and cast no shadows over the gladsome path in which he walks. All the delights of childhood are centered in his existence, which flows on softly as the waters of some level meadow-stream. Every morning he rises to the consciousness of new enjoyment, and each day is spent in wholesome disciplines and recreations; in seasonable instructions, pleasantly imparted; in gardening and flower-gathering; in listening to songs and music; in running about the grounds and gardens of Versailles, with the free clear sky over his head, and healthy breezes blowing round him; in cheerful play or sportive frolics with meet companions; in mild submission and obedience to his mother; and at night, he repeats his little prayers, and lays him down to untroubled slumbers. Shadows fall at midnight over his face, but they fall from forms that come to kiss him in his sleep, and their effect is but to give some sweet diversity to his dreams.

So have passed the years with him in the seclusion of Versailles—a gladsome, happy season—which, however, is destined not to last.

II. THE TUILERIES.

For what mean these tumults, which in the summer months of 1789 are breaking out in Paris? The people there have risen in insurrection, urged by famine, by desperation, by vague, alarming rumours of impending massacres, by every imaginable illusion that can excite the fears of human nature in a state of panic and uncertainty. The Bastille has been stormed and taken; Paris and all France are getting armed; daily, on the Palais-Royal, there is loud haranguing of the population by excited orators on the urgency of affairs; at the Hôtel de Ville the city authorities are striving to maintain some show of order, and discussing how Paris can be kept supplied with bread; the press is eloquent on the 'rights of man'—denounces this, denounces that—reports vaguely of the doings and misdoings of the court—deals largely in accusations, incredible rumours, threatenings, and jubilations; but, unhappily, suggests nothing that can help to solve the problem of the hour. Difficulties increase continually. Every morning one enormous difficulty recurs—the lack of bread to feed an enraged and starving multitude! A multitude which every day grows larger, as more and more of the inhabitants fall into the ranks of destitution. 'I used to see,' says Mayor Bailly, 'good trades-people, mercers and goldsmiths, who prayed to be admitted among the beggars employed at Montmartre in digging the ground there.' Besides, hungry creatures from all the provinces are pouring in, to augment the misery, and magnify the desperation which is already becoming rampant. There are the strangest suspicions circulated and believed. The king's ministers, it is said, are concerting to buy up all the corn, and starve the city! What, in such a crisis, shall a bewildered, hunger-stricken, reckless population do, to keep the little life in them that is not yet spent? The women, at street corners, and before the doors of bakers' shops, discuss this dreadful question with exasperated, mournful faces, with shrill illogical eloquence—which, however, produces a result. On the 4th of October, somebody suggests the bold expedient of going to Versailles to fetch the king! The king once in Paris, they think, the scarcity must cease; that, surely, a supreme governor and protector of his people must have some secret divine gift for decreeing plenteousness. Under this sublime infatuation, some thousands of them are next morning in readiness to march. They march first to the Hôtel de Ville, hurrying with them all the women they chance to meet upon the road, under penalty of cutting off their hair. On entering the square, they are confronted by the National Guards; but they charge infantry and cavalry with a shower of stones, and the soldiers cannot make up their minds to fire on them. The women then force open the Hôtel de Ville, and enter all the offices, inquiring curiously into the use of every room, and entreating the representatives of the districts, who were

present, to give a kind reception to the ladies they had forced to accompany them, several of whom, they said, were in a delicate state of health. Some, however, who were wild and ravenous, shouted out for *bread and arms*, and ordered the municipals to burn their writings and waste paper. They were even going to set fire to these themselves, and might possibly have burnt the building, had they not been prevented by a man who presently gained an influence over them by his adroitness of address. This was Stanislas Maillard, a person of gigantic stature, of severe countenance, by profession a bailiff, who agrees in the end to lead the women to Versailles. They appoint him their captain by acclamation, and he puts himself at the head of them, with ten or a dozen drums and a piece of cannon. There are about 8000 women, followed by some hundreds of armed men—a hungry, excited, undrilled multitude, the leading and the guiding of whom is a work demanding rather a masterly sort of generalship.

O Stanislas Maillard, thou hast undertaken a wild enterprise! Nevertheless, thou hast a genius which is equal to it, and wilt acquit thyself triumphantly. Lead on, then, thy motley, irregular regiments of desperation, and halt not till thou hast brought them to the gates of the Great Baker.* He leads them on with the most skilful circumspection; through Paris, past the barriers, through Chaillot, Auteuil, and Sèvres; where, however, he has the greatest difficulty in preventing the poor famishing women from stealing food. They enter Versailles, singing the popular and loyal air of *Henry IV.* The people of the town are delighted, and respond: '*Vivent nos Parisiennes!*' Maillard leads them to the National Assembly, where, however, he will not allow more than a select number to enter. The Assembly is astonished at the invasion, but cannot help itself. As soon as he can obtain a hearing, Maillard begins to speak of the horrible situation of Paris, and how the supplies are intercepted by other towns, or intentionally diverted by the aristocrats. 'They want,' said he, 'to starve us, and therefore we are come to claim protection of the king.' After immense confusion, immense talking and gesticulation from all sides, a deputy at length proposed that they should go and inform the king of the miserable state of Paris—a motion which the Assembly voted, and appointed a deputation for the purpose.

The deputation was followed to the palace by a large crowd of women, twelve of whom Mounier, the president, allowed to enter with him. The king, who had lately come in from hunting, listened to their statements with much kindness. A young flower-girl—who had been charged to speak for the others, but owing to her emotion could only articulate 'Bread!' and then fell down in a swoon—much interested and affected him; and when, on departing, she wanted to kiss his hand, he embraced her like

* In these times of scarcity, the poor people used to call the king familiarly 'the *Baker;*' *innocently* thinking that he could command possession of all the bread.

a father. She ran out, shouting, '*Vive le Roi!*' Her companions thought she had been bribed, and were going to strangle her, though she turned her pockets inside out to shew she had no money. They compelled her at length to return to the château, and obtain from the king a written order to send for corn, and remove every obstacle for the provisioning of Paris.

Meanwhile, another crowd of people, including about 30,000 of the National Guards, had followed the women to Versailles. The next day, the château was stormed, and the king and the royal family were compelled to go to Paris. Nothing less than this would satisfy the people. The National Assembly, on Mirabeau's proposition, voted their inseparability from his majesty, and prepared to accompany him. Surrounded by deputies, by an army, by an innumerable concourse of his people, King Louis departs from the palace of Versailles, not to return again. About one o'clock, the whole multitude is in motion, and marching towards Paris, some before the king, and some behind. They march with little order—a huge miscellaneous procession. 'Men and women all go as they can—on foot or on horseback, in coaches and carts, on carriages of cannon, or whatever they could find.' On the way they had the fortune to meet with a large convoy of flour—a prize extremely welcome to a famished town. As they march along, the women carry large loaves of bread on pikes. They enter Paris in a merry humour, as though satisfied with the termination of their exploit. 'Fear for nothing now,' cried they; 'no more poverty. We are bringing back the Baker, and his wife, and the little shop-boy!'*

Poor little shop-boy! On entering the Tuileries, he exclaims: 'Everything is very ugly here, mamma.'

The queen was probably of his opinion, but she replied: 'My dear, Louis XIV. lived here, and found it very comfortable; we must not be more fastidious than he.'

But you cannot teach a child contentment. He yearned after the old familiar scenes, and it was not until he had got a garden assigned to him, that he became reconciled to the change. He then took to rearing rabbits, and cultivating flowers, as aforetime. As all the royal family were now under strict surveillance, the little prince was usually attended in his movements by a detachment of the National Guards. Under them he began to learn something of the use of arms. When his train was limited, he would invite them to enter his garden with him. One day, when the number was too great, he said, with a sort of princely naïveté: 'Excuse me, gentlemen; I am sorry my garden is so small, as it deprives me of the pleasure of receiving all of you.' He, however, plucked the flowers, and offered them to such as approached the fence and seemed to take an interest in his amusements.

* Michelet's History of the Revolution.

The dauphin did not often leave the Tuileries, but the queen sometimes took him with her in her visits to the Foundling Hospital. The sight of the forlorn children deeply excited his sympathy and interest. He began to lay aside his pocket-money, that he might be able to contribute something to relieve them. The king, who was not at first in the secret, one day observed his son gravely occupied in counting crowns, which he carefully ranged in piles in a little coffer. 'What, Charles,' said the father, 'are you hoarding like the misers?'

Disconcerted at the name of misers, the boy blushed, but recovering himself, replied, in a softened voice: 'Yes, papa, I am a miser, but it 's on account of the poor foundlings.'

The king, delighted with his generosity, took the young almoner in his arms, and tenderly embracing him, said: 'In that case, my child, I will help to fill your coffer.'

Great public events are, meanwhile, going on. On the 14th of July 1790, it is a year since the taking of the Bastille. The event is commemorated by a great civic festival in the Champ de Mars, at which all France appears, either in person or by representatives. The king takes the oath to the new constitution which the Assembly has been framing; the queen appears with the dauphin in her arms in a gallery above the throne, and presents him to the nation; and there is such shouting, and displays of fireworks, as the world had never before heard or seen. The golden age seems at last to have arrived; nothing is talked of but liberty, peace, progress, prosperity, and universal brotherhood, which are voted and decreed with acclamations heavens high. Alas! in some few months' time, it is found that the most admirable of constitutions *cannot work*, and the whole kingdom falls rapidly into a state of utter anarchy. Mirabeau dies, carrying with him, as he said, 'the last shreds of the monarchy.' More disturbances occur. The king finds himself a prisoner in his palace, and has reason enough to fear that neither his own life, nor the life of the queen, or of any member of his family, is safe from danger. The question of flight has often been secretly discussed, and at length it is concluded that in no other course is there any prospect of deliverance. On the 20th of June 1791, the whole court is leaving Paris in the night; the intention being to travel in disguise to Montmédy, a frontier fortress, where arrangements had been made for their reception by the Marquis de Bouillé, who was in command of a large army in those parts.

III. THE FLIGHT TO VARENNES.

When they woke up the dauphin at eleven o'clock at night, to dress him like a girl, and his sister asked him what he thought they were going to do: 'I think,' replied he, with his eyes half shut—'I think we are going to play a comedy, because we are

disguised.' The flight to Varennes was, indeed, something of a comedy, though running in the later acts into very painful tragedy. Count Fersen, the prince of coachmen, drove the fugitives out of Paris in the gayest style as far as Bondy, and saw them safely started on the road to Châlons. Relays of horses were already prepared at every post-house. Some distance short of Châlons, however, the king's carriage, though a new one made for the occasion, required repairs, and the royal family were detained an hour. A fatal hour, which threw all the arrangements wrong. But as yet there appeared no danger. They passed through Châlons about four in the afternoon; were recognised by a few bystanders, who prudently said nothing, and the carriages proceeded on their way. On passing the gates of the town, the king, the queen, and Madame Elizabeth, the king's sister, all exclaimed together: 'We are saved!' But this, as it turned out, was rather premature gratulation. At the Pont de Sommeville they were to have been met by a detachment of hussars from M. de Bouillé's camp; but, lo! on arriving there about six o'clock, not a single soldier is to be seen. They had been waiting for six hours, under pretence of escorting 'a quantity of specie,' and being fearful of creating suspicions, had gone half an hour before. The fugitives, disconcerted, go onwards to St Menehould, expecting there to be met by an escort of dragoons; and on putting his head out of the window to look for them, the king was recognised by Drouet, the postmaster, by his likeness to the effigy upon the coins and assignats. The carriages pass out of St Menehould without hinderance; but in the meanwhile, away rides Drouet by the shortest road to Varennes, to give notice to the municipality, and intercept them. When the king arrived, it was past eleven o'clock; the little town seemed all asleep; the horses expected to be in waiting were nowhere visible, and no information respecting them could be obtained. They were, in fact, stationed at a place further on, over the bridge, in what is called the Lower Town—a prudent enough arrangement, but one with which the king had not been made acquainted. The delay thereby occasioned was fatal to further progress. On trying to go on with the former horses, the royal carriages were stopped upon the bridge by Drouet and an armed party, and the travellers compelled to alight and shew their passports. They were carried to a grocer's shop, the residence of M. Sausse, procureur-syndic of Varennes. By this time, the whole town was aroused, and manifested the utmost possible excitement. In vain did the king deny his rank; in vain did the queen protest against the indignity; the people insisted in detaining them. At last his majesty acknowledged himself, and appealed to the generosity of his subjects. Taking the hand of M. Sausse: 'Yes,' said he, 'I *am* your king; and in your hands I place my destiny, and that of my wife, my sister, and my children. Our lives, the peace of the kingdom, the safety of the constitution, all depend on what you do.' He begged to be permitted to proceed, that he

might be enabled to regain the liberty of which the factions in Paris had deprived him. The men for a moment seemed touched, but on reflection, thought it better to restore his majesty to the nation.

The poor queen tried to excite the compassion of Madame Sausse, with a view to gain her interest. 'You are a mother, madame,' said she; 'you are a wife; the fate of a wife and a mother is in your hands—think what I must suffer for these children, for my husband!'

But madame was as inexorable as fate. 'It is all very well,' said she; 'I wish it was in my power to serve you. You are thinking about the king, but I must think of Monsieur Sausse. It is a wife's duty to think first of her own husband.'

There is no hope left. The queen withdraws indignantly with the king's sister to an upper room, where her children were asleep, and looking on their helpless faces, bursts passionately into tears. The king, after some time, joined them, and they all lay down, dressed as they were, and within hearing of the threatening murmurs of the people and the noise of footsteps, which every instant increased beneath the windows. Such was their situation in Varennes at seven o'clock in the morning. 'The queen had not slept; all her feelings as a wife, a mother, a queen—rage, terror, despair—waged so terrible a conflict in her mind, that her hair, which had been auburn on the previous evening, was in the morning as white as snow.'*

IV. BACK TO THE TUILERIES.

The house and streets were filled with people, when, about seven o'clock in the morning, appeared M. de Romeuf, aid-de-camp of Lafayette, bearing with him a decree of the Assembly, which he, with much confusion, presented to the king. On reading it, the king exclaimed: 'There is no longer a king in France!' The queen read it after him; and then he took it up, and read it over again, laying it afterwards upon the bed where the children were still lying. The queen, with fierce impetuousness, threw it off the bed, exclaiming: 'I will not have it sully my children.' An officer present took up the document, and placed it on the table. By the noise in the room, the children were awakened; and the dauphin, in particular, attracted the attention of the people. Some admired his beauty, others put questions to him about the journey, which, however, were scarcely answered by the drowsy child, whose eyes, as they opened, sought his mother's, endeavouring to read there an explanation of what was passing.

'Oh, Charles,' his sister whispered to him, 'you were sadly mistaken; this is not a comedy.'

* Lamartine's Girondists, vol. i.

'I have found that out long since,' returned the boy.

It is verily no comedy; the turn which things are taking is visibly becoming tragical. The king is escorted back to Paris as a captive, amid the hootings and jeers of crowds of people who precede and follow him along the road. Here and there some little sympathy is manifested by loyal-hearted individuals; but, in general, the populations of the towns and villages through which the procession passes are hostile and derisive. 'The journey,' says Lamartine, 'was a Calvary of sixty leagues, every step of which was a torture.' The royal family would probably have never reached Paris alive, had they not been met by the commissioners of the Assembly appointed to conduct them back. They had orders not only to watch over the king's security, but also to maintain the respect due to royalty, represented in his person; and as they were all men of popular repute, their presence effectually overawed the people, and prevented them from breaking out into acts of violence against the prisoners. Of the three—Barnave, Petion, and Latour-Maubourg—Barnave alone requires notice in this history. He rode a great part of the way alone with the royal family, and by his compassionate and respectful manners, won the good-will of them all, and the especial admiration of the queen. He took the little dauphin on his knees, asked him several questions, and was struck by the vivacity and amiability of his responses. Asking him if he was not very sorry to return to Paris, the deputy received for answer: 'O I am glad to be anywhere, so that it is with mamma and papa, and my aunt and sister, and Madame de Tourzel,'* glancing round successively to them all as he named them.

'It is, indeed, a very mournful journey for my children, sir,' observed the king; and the little boy, noticing his father's troubled tones, sought tenderly to kiss his hand. 'My dear little Norman!' exclaimed the king; and then, unable to say more, covered up his passion and his pity with a mantle of the saddest silence.

Paris looms murkily in the distance; and heavily beat the hearts of the poor captives, as the procession advances slowly into the grim, tumultuous city. On all the walls is posted the proclamation: 'Whoever cheers the king, shall be beaten; whoever insults him, shall be hanged.' The citizens receive him with sullen, distrustful countenances, with suppressed indignation, silent hatred, and contempt. Not a tongue uttered a threat; but the angry glances of thousands were as fierce as the shafts of death. The day was intensely hot, and the carriages were enveloped in a cloud of dust, raised by the feet of the tramping multitude, and serving as a veil to cover the humiliation of the king and queen, and to hide from them the triumphant gesticulations of the people. The sweat of the horses, the feverish breath of the crowd, excited and compact,

* Governess of the princess-royal.

made the atmosphere oppressive. The foreheads of the children streamed with perspiration, and the poor little dauphin could hardly breathe. Tremblingly, but quickly, the queen let down one of the windows, appealing to the people nearest for compassion and a little air. 'See, gentlemen,' she exclaimed, 'in what a state my poor children are—one of them is choking.' 'Ay, we will choke you in another fashion,' replied some, ferociously, in an under-tone; but these growlings do not seem to have reached the ears of the royal family. Through the dense masses of angry and sullen faces they move along towards their destination, and at length they are once more back at the Tuileries. It is the evening of the 25th of June, five days after the night of their departure.

That night, as soon as the dauphin was in bed, he called to his attendant, M. Hue, and said: 'Tell me what all this is about? We had no sooner got to Varennes, than they sent us back again. Why was that? I can't tell at all: do you know?' M. Hue knew well enough, but he understood the need of silence; and represented to the prince, that he must not speak to any one a single word about the journey. The child, though weary, lay a long while restless; and, as Royalists report, when he at last fell asleep, he had a frightful dream, in which he seemed to be surrounded by wolves, tigers, and all manner of ferocious beasts—a dream which they interpret as portending all the dreadful things which subsequently happened.

V. THE TENTH OF AUGUST.

Royalty in France is fallen. King Louis is henceforth a king without authority, without influence, without even any of the vestiges of that common respect which is indispensable to the maintenance of a throne. It will require but a few more heavings of the Revolution to strike the crown from off his head. It is true, that for a season he seems to have recovered something of his former popularity, and there are transitory signs of a reaction towards loyalty, both in the Assembly and among the populace. He accepts the Constitution unconditionally, as completed in September; and there are flourishes of trumpets, and salvos of artillery, proclaiming 'the reconciliation of liberty with the throne, and of the nation with the king.' But these are mere holiday enthusiasms, which disappear with the illuminations, and are extinguished with the fireworks. The Constituent Assembly dissolves itself, and is succeeded by a new assembly called the Legislative, which erelong begins to aim at the total overthrow of the monarchy. Very early the Assembly passed two decrees, which brought it into direct collision with his majesty; one, pronouncing a sentence of death against all French emigrants in arms on the frontier who did not disarm themselves within a given time; and the other, decreeing the

banishment of 'unsworn priests'—that is, all the clergy who, from conscientious motives, had not subscribed to the new ecclesiastical regulations established by the Revolution. By an article of the Constitution, the king was empowered to withhold his sanction from the Assembly's decrees; and, accordingly, by his veto he stopped the two in question. The result was another insurrection, another violent invasion of the royal palace by an armed and furious mob, angrily demanding the sanction of the decrees, and the restoration of the Girondist ministers, recently dismissed. The king's life was in danger; but he withstood the tumult firmly, and even won the good-will of some of the rioters by his frankness and intrepidity. He put on the *bonnet rouge*—red cap of liberty—to please them, and the act was accepted as the sign of his good faith. The rebels were the most exasperated against the queen, and after seeking her throughout the château, found her at length in a swoon in company with her children. The little dauphin, now seven years old, was seated on a table before her; his innocent face radiant with all the beauty of the Bourbons, and expressive of more surprise than fear. The most ferocious of the rebels were softened in such a presence. They saw before them a lovely woman, a queen, humiliated—a young innocent girl—a child, smiling at his father's enemies; and though fierce with rage and hatred, their better sensibilities were awakened. They did the queen no harm; but made her put the bonnet rouge upon her son, which he, in his simplicity, regarded as an act of playfulness. The people were at last dispersed by Santerre and Petion; and after an agony of five hours, the royal family were left amid the wrecks of their battered and disordered palace. This was the day of the 20th of June 1792, one year after the unlucky flight to Varennes.

A more portentous day is coming—the memorable 10th of August—on which the monarchy was finally overthrown. The object of this day's insurrection, deliberately planned and organised by the municipal authorities and the leaders of the Girondist and other factions, was the immediate deposition of the king. Some days before, Mayor Petion, at the head of a deputation of the Commune, had presented himself at the bar of the Assembly, demanding a decree to that effect, in the name of the people and the municipality of Paris. The Assembly having delayed passing such a decree, the *générale* was beaten, and the sections rose, according to arrangement. An immense multitude marched against the Tuileries, shouting: 'Deposition—deposition, or death!' The National Guard, stationed to defend the palace, fraternises with the insurgents; danger is imminent; resistance quite impossible. For safety, the king is urged to repair to the Assembly. There is no sure shelter for him or for his family, says Procureur-general Roederer, *but* among the representatives of the people. The queen, in her proud imperiousness, refuses.

'They shall nail me to these walls,' says she, 'before I will go

to quit them! But say, sir,' she continues, 'are we utterly abandoned?'

'Madame, I repeat it, resistance is impossible. Would you cause the destruction of the king, of your children, of your servants?'

'God forbid!' says she. 'May I be the only victim!'

'Another minute,' pursued Roederer; 'a second perhaps—and it will be impossible to answer for your lives.'

'My children!' exclaimed the queen, pressing them in her arms; then turning to the king: 'Let us go,' said she. 'It is the last sacrifice—you see the object. Monsieur Roederer,' she added, raising her voice, 'you answer for the person of the king, for my son?'

'Madame,' replies he, 'we answer for dying at your side; that is all we can guarantee.' And so they go to the Assembly, through the thick of the tumult, conducted by brave men who are prepared to die in guarding them; the little dauphin being carried in the arms of a grenadier. Insults and threatenings smite their ears as they proceed; and from the throats of thousands there is a cry of: 'Down with the tyrant!'—'Death to the tyrant!'

'What, then,' said the bewildered king, 'have I done to my people?'

Poor Louis! thou hast *done* nothing: thy misfortune is, that thou hast no faculty for *doing* at the right time anything, which circumstances and the hour require to be done.

They reach the hall of the Assembly, but the tumult does not subside. Within, and all around the château, murder and pillage are going on; murder rages to the very doors of the Assembly; where, above the noise of legislative oratory, and the stormy interruptions of the deputies, may be heard the louder ragings of the multitude, the vociferations of assassins, the cries of victims—all the horrible, indefinite, confused uproar of a people rampant in their fury, and utterly without mercy. Within the Assembly itself the agitation is extreme, the heat excessive; the hall and galleries are thronged with people coming and going every minute; it is a scene of the uttermost disorder, bewildered motion, clamours and intrusions never ceasing. Blood-stained men bring in their plunderings from the Tuileries—rouleaus of gold, silver dishes, diamonds, portfolios—which they deposit on the table of the president, amid the cheers and salutations of the deputies. Once a man rushed in, shewing his bare gory arm to the Assembly: 'I offer,' said he, 'to take the king's life, if it be necessary!' Others, less violent, simply demanded his deposition. Deputations from several quarters insist on this, as the condition on which the insurrection is to cease. The Assembly, divided between the fear of supporting the throne, and the dread of being crushed under its fall, after considerable hesitation, at length yields to the demands of the insurgents. The eloquent Vergniaud mounts the tribune, and proposes the deposition; the decree passes unanimously.

and Louis hears the sentence without surprise, and submits to it without regret.

That night the royal family were lodged in the committee-rooms of the Assembly, formerly part of the old convent of the Feuillants. The next morning, they were reconducted to the hall, and remained there throughout the day. It was proposed to prepare the old palace of the Luxembourg for their reception; but inasmuch as the Commune of Paris disapproved of this arrangement, and had now, by means of the insurrection, become a power superior to the Assembly, it insisted on the king's removal to the Tower of the Temple. Thither, accordingly, he was conducted, along with the rest of the royal family, on the 13th of August—never more to resume the kingly functions, or even to regain his liberty.

Amid all this revolutionary uproar, our little dauphin has not appeared conspicuously. Only once or twice have we been enabled to get glimpses of his wondering and troubled countenance. He is too young to understand the immense events that have been passing, and knows not how fair a heritage he has lost, nor what great sorrows are rising through the dimness of the coming years.

VI. THE TEMPLE PRISON.

The Temple, though now no longer in existence, once held an important place among the historical monuments of Paris. It derived its name from the Templars, the first of the military and religious orders founded in the twelfth century for the defence of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. In 1792 it consisted of a large square tower, flanked at its four angles by four round towers, and having on the north side another separate tower, of less dimensions than the first, surmounted by turrets, and usually called the Little Tower. The edifice was remarkable for its massiveness and solidity; the walls of the Great Tower being on the average about 9 feet thick, and the height 150 feet without the roof. It may be described as being partly palace and partly prison, having courtyards, gates, and a variety of out-buildings, surrounded by a moat. This was the place which the Commune of Paris had fixed upon as the residence of the king and the royal family. Apartments were prepared for them in the Little Tower, and here they were watched and guarded in all respects as prisoners.

King Louis in his captivity displayed qualities which cannot but command the profoundest sympathy and admiration of every reader of his history. Imbecile and vacillating in action, he grows great, and even heroic, under suffering. Patiently submitting to the inevitable, he endures the grossest insults, the most humiliating privations, the severest inflictions of unrelenting hatred and suspicion, with a meek and uncomplaining resignation.

From the first, he perceives the end to which events are rapidly conducting him, and with manly, unflinching courage accepts his destiny. He is ready and resigned to die, when his enemies determine to take his life. But while life remains to him, he quietly endeavours to turn the days to some account; and having no higher duty left him, he finds it one of his greatest consolations to employ his time in the education of his son.

'In this child of seven years and a half old,' says M. Beauchesne, 'there was a combination of force and grace, rare even in the most highly endowed natures. Sometimes the seriousness of his thought gave his conversation a character full of nobleness; sometimes, on the contrary, the frank playfulness of his years shone forth without regrets and without desires. Already he thought no more of past greatness; he was happy to live, and he was only turned to grief by the tears which sometimes stole down his mother's cheeks. He never spoke of his games and walks of former days; he never uttered the name of Versailles, or that of the Tuileries; he seemed to regret nothing.'* It was enough for him to be with those who loved him, and whom he instinctively loved and reverenced with all the strength of his young affections. While he remained with them, his tranquil and joyous presence lightened the gloom of their captivity; and for himself, he was scarcely conscious of the restraints that were put upon his liberty. The lessons which his father gave him daily, served to occupy a considerable portion of his time; and the rest was spent in innocent amusements with his sister, or in interesting, cheerful converse with his mother and his aunt. The royal family were generally permitted to take exercise together in the Temple gardens, and here the dauphin had an opportunity of playing at some of his favourite outdoor games. The king and queen looked on with saddened faces; but it was some relief to them to see their child engaged in pastimes and recreations befitting his age, and they carefully forbore to damp his gaiety by the intrusion of their private sorrows.

Erelong, however, the little consolation they all enjoyed, in thus living together and partaking in common of the solicitudes that appertained to their situation, was harshly and cruelly taken from them. By an order of the Commune, the king was separated from his family, and removed to the Great Tower, where preparations had been in progress for his reception from the beginning of his incarceration. But by favour of the municipals on duty, this was not a final separation. Though confined apart, they were allowed to meet and spend a portion of the day together; and when the queen and the rest of the royal family were removed to the Great Tower, this privilege was for some time continued. The young dauphin, however, was taken away from his mother, and transferred to his father's room, to which he was thenceforth

* *Life of Louis XVII., and the Captivity of the Royal Family*: 1853. Hazlitt's translation.

restricted, save when the king was allowed to join his family. The poor boy was so afflicted and incensed by the separation, as to take the first opportunity of shewing his resentment towards the officials. There was a mason, named Mercereau, who sauntered about the Temple instead of working, and whose habit it was to address every one in the most familiar manner, expecting, perhaps, by his extreme demagogism to gain a reputation for immense patriotism with the Commune. As the young prince did not exhibit towards him the respect which he thought due to his pretensions, the fellow one day said to him: 'Dost thou not know that liberty has rendered us free, and that now we are all equal?'

'Equal, if you like,' replied the dauphin, glancing towards his father; 'but it is not in this place you will persuade us that liberty has made us free.'

The removal of the royal family into the Great Tower occasioned but little change in their habits and manner of living. For awhile, the daily meals, the lessons, the walks, the education of the children, were all regulated as before. A time, however, arrived when this monotonous existence was brought to a distressing close. On the 11th of December, the young prince was abruptly taken from the king, and once more sent to the apartment of his mother. That same day Louis XVI. was conducted to the bar of the Convention, to be interrogated preparatory to his trial. During the preparations for this proceeding, he was not permitted to have any communication with his family. The trial took place on the 26th, with a result well known to all the world. The National Convention, however, deferred judgment until the 15th of January, when they passed a decree, declaring 'Louis Capet guilty of conspiring against the liberty of the nation, and of having assailed the general security of the state.' Sentence of death was pronounced two days afterwards; and on the morning of the 21st, the great tragedy was accomplished.

The day before he suffered, the king had a final interview with his wife, his sister, and his children. The agony and bitterness of that hour it would be vain to attempt describing. They met with passionate embraces, and then there followed a mournful silence, broken only by sobs and sighings—the uncontrollable utterance of an unspeakable distress. After some little time, 'the king sat down, the queen placed herself on his left hand, Madame Elizabeth on his right, Marie-Thérèse just before him, and the young prince stood between his father's knees; and leaning all towards him, they frequently embraced him.' The mournful scene lasted an hour and three-quarters. When it was nearly over, the king made them all promise that they would never think of attempting to avenge his death. 'My father was well assured,' says the princess-royal, 'that we should consider as sacred the fulfilment of his last wishes, but my brother's extreme youth made him desirous of making a stronger impression on the boy's mind. He

took him upon his knee, and said to him: "My son, you have heard what I have just said; but as oaths are something more sacred still than words, swear, with your hands held up to heaven, that you will obey your father's dying injunction." My brother, bursting into tears, obeyed, and this most affecting goodness doubled our own grief.' And thus they parted for evermore: one, to vanish in the eternal darkness; the others, to return, with blinding tears and piercing lamentations, to a dreary, disconsolate captivity, with the most dismal uncertainties hanging over them!

VII. THE HOUR OF SEPARATION.

For some months after the king's death, the surviving members of the royal family lived all together in the same apartments they had previously occupied. When the first outbursts of their grief had to some extent subsided, and their misery assumed the form of a fixed despondency, the queen and Madame Elizabeth employed themselves, as formerly, in furthering the education of the children, and in performing for them such necessary household services as were required by their situation. Of what was going on in the outward world, they received but little intimation: their existence from day to day was but a continuance of dull anxiety, varied only by the changes of their personal fears and apprehensions, and the ever-recurring insults they were destined to endure. Their memories retained nothing they could bring forth and dwell upon for consolation; and for the present and the future they were utterly without hope. With the past all blotted over with blood and outrage, and before them no prospect but an abyss of gloom and black uncertainty, it might seem that nothing more could happen to them which was likely to enlarge their misery.

But the subtlest human foresight cannot tell what a day may bring forth. Unthought of, and unsuspected by the prisoners of the Temple, on the 1st of July 1793, appears the following decree:—'The Committee of Public Safety decrees that *the son of Capet be separated from his mother*, and committed to the charge of a tutor, to be chosen by the Council-general of the Commune.' On the 3d, under the sanction of the Convention, this decision was carried into effect.

It was about ten o'clock at night, and the young dauphin was sleeping soundly in his bed. The queen and her sister were busy mending clothes, and Marie-Thérèse sitting between them reading. Often as the young girl paused, at the end of a chapter, or in turning over a leaf, the fond mother would raise her head, let fall her work upon her lap, and looking towards the bed, listen to the quiet breathing of the boy; and thus so far had the evening passed away. Suddenly the tread of many feet sounded on the staircase; locks and bolts were moved; the door opened, and six municipals walked into the room. 'We are come,' said one of

them gruffly, 'to acquaint you with an order from the Committee, that the son of Capet be separated from his mother and family.'

As the words were uttered, the queen rose up, pale with the suddenness of the shock. 'Take away my child from me!' she cried. 'No, no; it is not possible!' Marie-Thérèse and Madame Elizabeth looked on with helpless anguish. 'Gentlemen,' said the queen, striving to command her faltering voice, 'the Commune cannot think of separating me from my son; he is so young, so weakly—he needs my care so much.'

'This decree has been made by the Committee,' replied the municipal; 'the Convention has ratified the measure; and it is our duty to carry it out immediately.'

'I never can resign myself to such a separation,' cried the unhappy mother. 'In the name of Heaven, do not lay this terrible trial upon me.'

Her two companions mingled their prayers and tears with hers. They were all three standing before the child's bed, in a manner defending the approach to it, and sobbing and clasping their hands; no lamenting could have been more touching, no supplication more intensely humble. The scene might have softened the hardest hearts; but what could men charged with such a commission do?

'What is the use of all this disturbance?' said they; 'we are not going to kill your child. Give him up with a good grace, or we shall use means to take him.'

The poor child was awakened by the noise, and threw himself instantly into his mother's arms. After some further passionate altercations with the commissaries, the unfortunate queen was obliged to give him up. She dressed him—not quickly, but lingering over every article of his apparel to prolong the time. At length, concentrating all the remaining strength of her perturbed heart, she sat down upon a chair, drew her son before her, laid her hands on his little shoulders, and calm, motionless, and composed in her distress, without shedding a tear, or heaving a single sigh, she said to him, in a sad and solemn tone: 'My child, we are going to part. Remember your duty when I am no longer present to remind you of it. Never forget the good God who tries your faith, nor your mother who loves you. Be good, patient, and straightforward, and your father will bless you from heaven!' So saying, she kissed him on the forehead, and then, with a majestic resignation, delivered him to his jailers. The affrighted child rushed back, and clung to his mother's dress. 'My son,' said she, 'you must obey—you must!' The men led him away, and the door was closed—closed for ever between the mother and her child. She had borne the anguish of the moment bravely; but now came tears and sobs, and cries as of a soul subdued by an unquenchable despair. She flung herself in desperation on the deserted bed: all the wretchedness that mothers

in their bereavement have ever felt, or can hereafter feel, was hers. I have not words to paint the passion and the agony of her august and stupendous sorrow.

VIII. SIMON THE COBBLER.

Escorted by the six commissaries and a porter, young Louis was conducted to that part of the Tower formerly occupied by his father, where there was a person in attendance, who appeared to have been long waiting. The municipals spoke for a few moments with this man, gave him some instructions in a low tone of voice, and then retired. The child found himself alone in the presence of an individual whose features he did not at first recognise, but whose easy gait, gruff, short manner of talking, and eccentric gestures, soon brought him to remembrance. Among the six commissaries originally charged to inspect the works and expenses at the Temple, there was one named Simon, a shoemaker, who alone of the whole number, under pretence of scrupulously doing his duty, remained constantly in the Tower. He never approached the royal family without giving utterance to some offensive speech. Often he would say to Cléry, the king's valet, within hearing of the king: 'Cléry, ask Capet if he wants anything, that I may not be troubled to come up again!' This was the man whom little Louis now beheld before him.

One of the municipals had told the queen, when taking away her son, that the nation, 'always great and generous,' would provide for his education; and M. Simon was the tutor whom the representative powers for the time being had provided. Marat and Robespierre had helped to get him the situation. He had a salary of 500 francs a month, on condition that he was never to leave his prisoner, or on any pretence whatever to quit the Tower.

He found his pupil rather unmanageable the first night, for the poor boy sat weeping in the darkest corner of the room for several hours; and it was with the greatest difficulty that Simon could obtain a few brief answers to the questions which he put to him, as he sat smoking and swearing with a steadfast self-complacency. The next morning Madame Simon came to assist her husband in his duties; and it was soon apparent that the two were very well assorted. The young prince remained for two days without accepting any other food than a morsel of bread. In his new situation he was utterly dejected. Sometimes he mourned in silence; at other times, through his large tears there gleamed a fire of indignation, which upon occasion would burst forth in earnest and angry words. 'I wish to know,' said he, imperiously, to the municipals on their coming in to see him—'I wish to know what law it is by which you are ordered to separate me from my mother, and keep me in prison. Shew me the law; I wish to see it!' The officers, it is said, stood confused before

the child, out of surprise at his kingly manner of expressing his indignation. Simon, however, soon silenced him, by commanding him to hold his tongue. Two days passed before the captive child could be prevailed upon to go to bed; but at length he resigned himself to do so with a good grace, and the next morning rose and dressed of his own accord. He no longer wept, but he persisted in maintaining a most persevering silence. Simon could make nothing of him. 'Ah, ha! little Capet,' said he; 'so you are dumb—are you? I shall have to teach you to talk, and to sing the *Carmagnole*, and cry *Vive la République!* Ah! it's dumb you are—are you?'

'If I were to speak out what I think,' said the boy, 'you would call me mad. I am silent, lest I should say too much.'

'Oh, oh!' retorted Simon; 'Monsieur Capet would have too much to say; that smacks rather strongly of the aristocrat. But it does not do for me, do you understand? You are young, and so, to be sure, you are excusable; but I, being your master, must not let you remain in ignorance. I must bring you on—give you some new ideas.'

In this way, from day to day, he would continually taunt the child; deeming it, apparently, his business to render him as miserable as possible. Whether to please or to annoy him, he one day bought him a Jews-harp, saying it would do to accompany his 'she-wolf of a mother' when she played on the piano. 'And what a fine row that will make,' he added. The child felt there was nothing but mockery in the gift, and he therefore resolutely refused it. This roused Simon to rage, and he thereupon dealt the young descendant of a line of kings the first blows which he had ever in his life received. For every little act of insubordination, blows soon came to be regularly inflicted. One day, in deprecation of this treatment, the boy said: 'You may punish me, if I don't obey you; but you ought not to beat me—you are stronger than I.'

'I am here to command you, animal!' returned the ruffian. 'My duty is just what I please to do. *Vive la liberté, l'égalité!*'

Such was the manner in which M. Simon began to train and discipline his pupil. As he proceeded, his system lost nothing in point of decision or severity. He even improved upon it, until it became, in its kind, almost unexceptionable. At first he did not exactly know the course of management he was expected to pursue, but taking the earliest opportunity of inquiring, he got presently enlightened. Not many days after young Louis had been intrusted to his charge, a report was circulated in Paris that the 'son of the tyrant' had been carried off from the Tower, by means of a conspiracy entered into by General Dillon and others for the purpose. To put a stop to this rumour, which created much excitement, a numerous deputation from the Committee of Public Safety was sent in haste to the Temple, to see that the little prisoner was really there, and make an official report of the

fact. On this occasion, M. Simon, feeling the vagueness of his original instructions, put a few pointed questions to his superiors, with a view to ascertain their actual wishes and intentions in regard to the treatment of his pupil. 'Citizens,' said he, 'what do you decide about the wolf-cub? He has been taught to be insolent, but I shall know how to tame him. So much the worse if he sinks under it! I don't answer for that. After all, what do you want done with him? Do you want him transported?'

Answer: 'No.'

'Killed?'

'No.'

'Poisoned?

'No.'

'But what then?'

'We want to get rid of him!'

Simon now comprehended the object of his work, and appears to have done his utmost to perform it. From that day he redoubled his severity towards his victim. He even manifested a superior rigour on the instant. The dauphin had been carried down into the garden, that he might be seen from the streets by the crowd which had followed the deputation; and while undergoing the inspection, he cried loudly for his mother. Some of the men on guard tried to quiet him; when, pointing to Simon, who, along with several persons, was coming out of the Tower, he said indignantly: 'They will not, they cannot shew me the law which orders that I should be separated from my mother!'

Affected by his distress, the men began to question Simon, who now approached.

In reply to them, he said: 'The wolf-cub is hard to muzzle; he would like to know the law, like yourselves; he is always asking the reasons of things, as if reasons were made for him! Come, come; silence, Capet, or I'll shew the citizens how I *work* you when you deserve it.'

The little prisoner appealed to the municipals for protection. But they were powerless, or unwilling to do anything for his relief; and he was left with Simon, to be 'worked' according to that person's caprices.

This patriotic tutor was a great admirer of Marat, who, it may be remembered, was about this time assassinated by Charlotte Corday. The day after the event—14th July 1793—the news reached Simon in the Temple, and plunged him into a state of extraordinary excitement. He sent for wine and brandy, and began to drink, making his wife sit down to join him. Being unable to settle himself indoors, he dragged both wife and pupil up to the platform of the Tower, to catch an echo of the homage that was then being paid to his departed idol. 'Capet,' said he, 'do you hear these noises down there? It is the groans of the people round the death-bed of their friend. I did intend to have made you leave off your black clothes to-morrow, but you shall keep them on now.'

Capet shall wear mourning for Marat!' Then turning round, and swearing furiously, he proceeded: 'You don't look distressed at all; you are *glad* of his death!' And full of this absurd impression, he laid his hand heavily on the prince's head, forcing it down violently upon his shoulder.

'I did not know the person who is dead,' replied the child. 'Don't think that I am glad of it; we do not wish for the death of any one.'

'Ah! *we* do not wish, don't we! Do you pretend to talk to *us* in the style of your tyrants of fathers!'

'I said *we* in the plural,' rejoined the boy; 'for my family and myself.'

Simon seemed to accept this grammatical excuse; but as he walked up and down smoking, he kept constantly repeating with a chuckle, as though he had hit upon a rare device: 'Capet shall wear mourning for Marat!' Not many days after, it was the master's whim to dress him out in red, observing: 'If I make you leave off mourning for Marat, at least you shall wear his livery—that will befit his memory.' As yet, however, the scarlet cap was wanting; Simon had forgot to order it. This was soon obtained; but on its arrival the little prince refused to wear it. He had become the servant of his jailers, borne their violent abuse and blows, endured continual privations, but he seemed determined not to adopt the head-dress of his father's murderers. Simon, for the present, was even obliged to let him have his way. Tired with scolding and beating, he gave in at Madame Simon's solicitation. The good woman, though nowise very amiable, several times took part with the little oppressed boy. One day she said to an acquaintance of hers: 'The little fellow is a very amiable and charming child; he cleans and polishes my shoes, and he brings me my foot-stove to my bedside when I get up.' From this one perceives the sort of offices to which the son of a king was trained! Meanwhile, the affair of the red cap was not allowed to rest. Madame Simon had said: 'Let him alone, he'll come to reason;' and in order to bring him to such a desirable state of mind, she cut off his beautiful hair, when, shamed by the shearing, he yielded, and accepted the detested covering. Simon was rejoiced at the victory. 'Capet,' said he, 'after all you're a Jacobin.'

But how fares it all this while with the anxious mother and her companions in another part of the Temple? Never had she ceased to interrogate the jailers and municipals on guard about the welfare of her son; never ceased imploring them to grant her the privilege of seeing him. Utterly without success. No interview might be allowed. Nevertheless, one of the jailers—Tison—was prevailed on to furnish her with information; and by and by there was a plan devised whereby she might get sight of him. The walk on the platform that has been mentioned was divided by wooden partitions, not so closely arranged but that the *prisoners* on each side might see each other at a distance, if they

were all out for exercise at the same time. Henceforth, the mother, aunt, and sister, had but one thought—that of making their walk upon the Tower coincide with that of 'the little one.' 'We went up to the Tower very often,' relates the princess-royal, 'because my brother also went there; and my mother's sole pleasure was to see him pass by through a little crevice.' But it was only by a lucky chance that the presence of the prisoners on one side of the partition happened to be coincident with that of the child on the other. Nevertheless, the queen and her companions always went up when they were permitted to take the air; they were not sure that the young prince *would* come, but he *might*. How many long hours were thus passed in watching! With ears pressed against the planks, the poor recluses, all alert and silent, listened for the slightest movement on the stair; and oh! what beating hearts were theirs, when they heard the sound of footsteps coming up! Many, very many times they had to retire disappointed. And what they saw sometimes, it were better they had not seen. One day, after long watching, the queen beheld her child; he passed before her eyes, and she looked after him with a maternal longing; but from what she saw, and what she heard, she shrank back with horror and amazement, as before some ghastly and intolerable presence. The boy had left off wearing mourning for his father, and was arrayed in the most unseemly habiliments, with the odious bonnet rouge upon his head; and by the side of him there was the insolent Simon, giving utterance to incessant oaths and blasphemies! Eventually, she learned all his deplorable condition; learned that he was always spoken to with oaths, commanded by threats and blows, and that his tormentors wanted to force him to sing regicide songs and obscene parodies. As yet his mind was not much debased; but later on, that also was effected. They made him drunk with wine and brandy; they ruined his health by stifling confinement and improper food; they harassed him with endless toils; they taught him to sing at last a number of infamous and revolting songs; and, worst treachery of all, they made him subscribe his name to the most abominable slanders against his mother!

Poor, dishonoured, overburdened mother! The world has dealt very hardly with thee; and for thy devoted head there are yet harder things in store. Wait a little, and thou shalt be led through the fiery gates of pain and ignominy, which he whom thou lamentest has passed without returning! Why linger over the well-known fate of this beautiful and noble woman? We will not dwell upon the horrible details of her doom. It is doubtless known to you, O reader, that by the great French nation, 'always just and generous,' she was guillotined on the 16th of October 1793. Let us rather pity than execrate the deed; for, misled by blinding passions and desperation, the people knew not what they did.

IX. YOUNG LOUIS IN HIS LONELINESS.

We have not space to crowd in half the anecdotes and incidents which the zeal of M. Beauchesne has collected, illustrative of the atrocities of Simon's discipline. Let it suffice to say, that they are all of the same character as those we have already given; and their effect, as we have seen, was to crush and debase his victim. Simon held his situation from the 3d of July 1793 to the 19th of January of the succeeding year, when he was dismissed in consequence of a decree of the Council-general of the Commune. The Committee of Public Safety had come to regard the man's services as useless, and were of opinion that the members of the Council ought alone to superintend the prisoners of the Temple. Four of them were, accordingly, appointed to the charge; and the little dauphin was thenceforth subjected to a different system of management.

The new arrangements were concerted by Hébert and Chaumette—two of the most hateful characters that appear in the Revolution—and were such as reflected the merciless savagery of their natures. They restricted the prisoner's habitation to a single room—a back-chamber, without outlooks or connection, save with another room in front. The door of communication between the two was cut down, 'so as to leave it breast-high, fastened with nails and screws, and grated from top to bottom with bars of iron. Half-way up was placed a shelf, on which the bars opened, forming a sort of wicket, closed by other movable bars, and fastened with an enormous padlock. By this wicket his coarse food was passed into little Capet, and it was on the ledge that he had to put whatever he wanted to send away.' It was the system of solitary confinement. 'He had a room to walk in, a bed to lie upon; he had bread and water, and linen and clothes; but he had neither fire nor candle. His room was warmed only by a stove-pipe, the stove being placed in the outer-room; it was lighted only by the gleam of a lamp suspended opposite the grating, through the bars of which also it was that the stove-pipe passed.' By a fatal coincidence, the royal orphan was transferred to his new prison on the anniversary of the day of his father's execution.

But there was neither date nor anniversary for him thenceforth. months and weeks, day and night, the dancing hours as they sped round in their rotation—all were confused together in his mind, and produced only the impression of a continuous, unvarying perpetuity of suffering. Shut up in dim seclusion, with no food but his thoughts and the most painful remembrances to dwell upon, the heavy hours rolled on in slow succession, prolonging and intensifying only a monotonous sensation of abandonment and isolation. The fresh air of heaven never came into his chamber; the light was dim that entered through the grating; the noises

did not see the hand that passed his food through the grated door; often he was left to shiver in the coldest weather without heat; and at other times his prison was like a furnace, from the reckless heaping of too-much fuel in the stove. He heard no sound but the clang of bolts; no one came to cleanse his room; no one visited him when he was sick, or ministered to him in the helplessness of his prostration. Only, as the day closed in, a stern voice would call to him, and command him to go to bed, that the municipality might not be burdened by providing him with a light!

The day was weary, but the night was more intolerable. Darkness and silence came down with shuddering wings, and wrapped him in the folds of an insufferable embrace. In the long hours that preceded sleep, what crowding fears, what minatory apprehensions, did his quickened imagination summon up around his bed! The forms he knew of old came back to him, but not as he used to see them in the remembered foretime, with compassionate, loving eyes, and looks of approving gentleness; they rushed in with affrightened faces, forlorn and woe-worn, with beckoning fingers pointing to abysses of prospective wretchedness. In his dreams again he saw them; shadowy gliding shapes, that sorrowed over him, but whose troubled countenances and despairing gestures seemed evermore to tell him that hope had been banished from his life, and there was nothing left but the dungeoned grave in which he had been cast to perish. Then other forms came in—scowling, hideous, and malignant; with scoffing laugh, and menacing derision, bearing instruments of cruelty upon their shoulders—emissaries, as it seemed, of a terrible, inscrutable power which no faculty of his could comprehend—the omnipotent, remorseless Commune, that dethroned and beheaded kings, and doomed women and children to perpetual captivity: and in his fright, and in the agony thus produced, he would start up in his sleep, and quail to find himself awake. And there he lay, in his dread loneliness, through long watches of the night, sleepless and unresting, till the dawn sent in some fragments of its beams through the grated and shuttered casement, and gave token that the beneficent daylight was resuming its empire over the earth.

And so the nights and days revolved with him, for weeks and months which he could not number; bringing no return of liberty, no hint or gleam of human sympathy or compassion. He lived the life of a caged animal, but was worse tended, inasmuch as his existence was esteemed of no account. His food was a watery soup, with some bits of bread in it, of which he received only two little portions in a day, along with a morsel of beef, a loaf, and a pitcher of water. His bed—a palliass and a mattress—which he was left to manage as he pleased, soon became unfit to sleep in, and no one cared to restore it to a state of wholesomeness and order. The commissaries of the Commune, who were renewed daily, were almost all men of that ignoble class which the heavings of the Revolution had now raised to the surface of society. The food, the

health, the existence of the child, were of no concern to them; their vigilance was limited to the watching of his person, that they might give an account of him from day to day, and pass him over to the charge of those that succeeded them in the duty. Most of them were cruel by nature, and the rest were rendered so by fear; the least mercy or misgiving being certain to be construed into defective patriotism or sympathy with tyrants. Thus the invariable treatment of the little prisoner was one of uncompromising harshness. No one for a moment was affected by any consideration for his comfort or convenience. Often the new commissaries appointed by the Council-general did not arrive at the Temple before midnight; when, preceded by a turnkey, they straightway went up to the 'wolf-cub's' kennel, and a pitiless voice would call to him, to make sure that he had not been carried off. If, on some occasions, plunged in the forgetfulness of sleep, he delayed a moment in replying, an arm, moved by disquietude, would open the turning wicket with a great noise, and the voice would cry: 'Capet! Capet!—are you asleep? Where are you? Young viper, get up!'

The child, waking with a start, would get out of bed and come trembling to the grating: 'I am here, citizens,' he would answer, as he feebly crawled along.

'Come here, that I may see you,' exclaims the voice.

'Here I am; what do you want with me?'

'To see you,' says Cerberus, turning his lantern on the opening. 'All right. Get to bed. In! Down!'

Perhaps two or three hours afterwards the enormous keys grated harshly again, and the iron door moved on its hinges: it was the turn of some commissaries who had been delayed, and who, no less zealous or as curious as the first arrivals, wished to see the prisoner—thus bringing disturbance to a rest that was just again commencing, and terror to an imagination that was beginning to grow calm. The child was again obliged to get up and be inspected. During these visits, the conversation between the municipals on guard and those who were coming to relieve them, was oftentimes prolonged; a hundred idle questions were exchanged, bringing on a long interrogatory, in the course of which the child, half-naked, bathed in the perspiration of sleep, and shivering from the night-air, was forced to stand and hear their cruel language, with the blazing lantern dazzling his eyes, injured and almost blinded by the effects of his dusky solitude. Under so much harassing and suffering, his frame became emaciated, his mind stupified and deadened, and all the springs of his affections were utterly dried up. Formerly, he could weep, but the power of weeping left him; and in the parched bitterness of his soul's despair, he was consumed by—

> 'A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,
> Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,
> In word, or sigh, or tear!'

But still the lagging hours dragged round their heaviness, by night and day, through unnoted weeks and months, bringing only the same old burden of dull inaction, dreary lassitude, noisome and unchanging isolation. Long ago he had ceased to sweep his room; ceased to move the palliass of his bed; abandoned all attempt to lift his mattress. His sheets were never changed, his blanket was worn to rags; he could not change his linen, nor repair his tattered clothes; nor even perform for himself the commonest acts of cleanliness. He ceased taking off his clothes when he crept to rest upon his bed, and lay down in his forlorn misery, like a leper in his loathsomeness. In his complete prostration, he took no measure of his sufferings; his very instincts scarcely sufficed for the sustaining of his life. Remnants of unswallowed food were scattered over the floor, or lay festering among the rags upon his bed. Mice and rats came to share with him the possession of his room, and to feast upon the spoils or the remains of his scant rations. Then great hideous black spiders, such as are only seen in dungeons, would crawl over his bed, and often in such numbers, that he was fain to yield it up to them, and pass the remainder of the night upon his chair, with his elbows resting on the table. Everywhere there was dust and dirt, and noisome filth; putrid vapours formed the atmosphere of the room, the windows whereof were never opened; his bed, the floor, the walls, were always damp; and vermin, in multitudes innumerable, swarmed and crawled continually about the place. 'Everything is *alive* in that room!' said the scullion-boy one day, as he took away the crockery, and glanced into the frightful den. Hideous and disgusting shapes of life verily infested everything therein, and preyed on the forlorn child, whose own life was given up to them! Never, perhaps, in any barbarous and benighted land was there a sacrifice more merciless to the victim, or more revolting or disgraceful to humanity.

X. BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL.

All this while the general citizens of Paris had no definite conception of what was going on within the Temple; the only rumour that reached them being to the effect, that the health of the dauphin was visibly declining, and that he had become at length so much reduced, as to be unable to stand or sit from weakness. Such was the state of matters when, after the fall of Robespierre, Barras, the new dictator, with several members of the committees and deputies of the Convention, visited the Temple, to double the guard there, and receive from the troops the oath of fidelity to the new government. From some motive of interest or policy, Barras conceived, that independently of the municipals who relieved each other every day at the Tower, it would be desirable to have a permanent agent stationed there, in

whom the government could repose entire confidence. Accordingly, on his proposition, the Committee afterwards appointed Citizen Laurent to be official keeper to the royal children, and forthwith installed him in the Temple.

Laurent arrived there on the evening of the 29th of July 1794—the day after the execution of our old friend Simon, who went with Robespierre and his associates to the scaffold. The new keeper was received by the municipals in the council-room, but it was not until two o'clock in the morning that they conducted him to the apartment of little Capet. One of the municipals called loudly to the prisoner, and after calling many times without an answer, there came at last a feeble 'Yes' from the interior, unaccompanied, however, by any movement on the part of the prostrate speaker. No amount of threatening could make him rise and come to the wicket; and it was therefore at a distance of twenty feet from him, and by the light of a candle turned upon his pallet, that the new keeper obtained his first glimpse of the little prisoner. He saw enough, however, to excite his feelings of horror and disgust at the poor child's condition. The very next day he addressed the Committee of Public Safety, requesting them to make a formal examination of the prison. Several members of the Committee, accordingly, repaired to the Temple for that purpose, and witnessed such a spectacle as made several of them shudder. In a dark room, exhaling an odour of corruption, on a dirty, unmade bed, barely covered with a filthy cloth and a ragged pair of trousers, a child of nine years old was lying motionless; his back bent, his face wan and wasted, and all his features exhibiting an expression of mournful apathy and rigid unintelligence. They found his head and neck fretted by purulent sores, his legs and arms disproportionately lengthened, his knees and wrists covered with blue and yellow swellings, his feet and hands disfigured, so as to have no resemblance to human flesh, and his nails grown long and horny, like the claws of a wild animal. On his temples, his once beautiful fair hair was stuck fast, for want of combing, by an inveterate scurf like pitch; and from head to foot his whole body was covered with vermin. On the table was his last meal scarcely touched; and on being asked several times why he did not eat, he at length answered briefly: 'I wish to die!' The visitors ordered the grated door to be taken down, and gave some other trivial directions; and then went their way, leaving Laurent with no very definite instructions respecting how he was to proceed.

Laurent, however, being a man of benevolent feelings, and of some audacity, began at once to do what seemed to be required by the urgency of the case. He sent for water to wash the poor child's sores, and called a surgeon in to dress them; had the room thoroughly cleansed and purified; procured a fresh bed and clean linen; and obtained permission for a tailor to come and measure

the boy for a new suit of clothes. In the course of a day or two, young Louis was restored to something like a state of wholesomeness, and supplied with nearly every common necessary. He was for some time indifferent to these attentions, but eventually understanding the design of them, he grew grateful and sensible to kindness, and became affectionately attached to his protector. Laurent was not often allowed to remain with him except at meal-times, but he now and then got permission to take him up to the top of the Tower for a walk, and endeavoured in all ways, as far as possible, to relieve him from the effects of that depressing inaction, which was one of the worst consequences of his solitude.

The good Laurent, indeed, nearly made himself a slave to his situation, and after a time began to feel the effects of the close confinement. After some months, he accordingly applied to the Committee of Public Safety for an assistant, to share with him the burden of his duties. The Committee acceded to the request, and straightway appointed one Citizen Gomin to the post. This admirable citizen was then about thirty years of age; and it was his after-lot to live to the age of eighty, and to furnish M. Beauchesne, not many years ago, with a great number of particulars relating to the dauphin's prolonged imprisonment. From him, also, the poor child received the kindest possible treatment; the details of which it would here afford us the greatest pleasure to present in full, were it not that the exigencies of space compel us to forbear.

There were other good men, too, in this sad business whom we have scarcely room to name. Let us not, however, quite look over thee, O brave Commissary Delboy!—thou rusty blade of honour—who, with blunt manner and brief speech, camest one day into the Temple—14th November 1794—and there produced a singular sensation! It is written of thee: 'He had everything opened for his examination with fierce dispatch; but under this disagreeable and arrogant outside, there was soon visible an elevation of sentiment which very greatly astonished both keepers and the prisoner.' Rough sans-culotte as he seemed, there was a dashing, audacious chivalry in his words and conduct. 'Why this bad food?' said he. 'If they were in the Tuileries, we might indeed contend against their having any food; but here, in our own hands, we should shew clemency towards them—the nation is generous! Why exclude the light? Under the reign of equality, the sun shines for all, and they ought to be allowed their share of it. Why prevent them from seeing each other under the reign of fraternity?' Well might the little prince 'open his eyes wide,' as he watched every motion of the vehement visitor, whose expressions were so strong a contrast to his manners. 'Would you not like, my boy,' said he; 'would you not be very glad to go and play with your sister? I don't see why the nation should recollect your origin, if you forget it yourself.' *Then turning towards* Laurent and Gomin, he went on: 'It is

not his fault that he is the son of his father; he is nothing now but an unfortunate child, therefore do not be hard upon him. The unfortunate belong to humanity, and the country is the mother of all her children.' After going in this style through his turn of duty, Citizen Delboy quits the Temple, giving place to other commissaries, and appears no more in connection with our history.

Laurent and Gomin took courage from his behaviour, and availed themselves of his example, to give their prisoner more advantages. When Laurent left the Temple, in March 1795, to look after his own family affairs, which then required his attention, he was succeeded by Etienne Lanse, a house-painter, formerly of the French Guards, and more recently captain of a company of grenadiers. The man was obliged to leave his business, to undertake the duty thrust upon him by the Commune. Nevertheless, he proved himself a firm and benevolent guardian to little Louis; attending to him, conversing with him, and amusing him, so as materially to lighten the protracted dreariness of his confinement. The poor boy grew very fond of him, and was very thankful for his kindness, and resigned and docile under his generous control. To any humane mind, it cannot be otherwise than pleasing to learn that all the latter months of the long-neglected orphan's durance were rendered as mild and endurable as men of noble minds and willing hands could make them, under the restraints of a jealous and unsympathising supervision. Honoured, to all posterity, be the names of Laurent, Lanse, and Gomin!

XI. THE END OF THE CAPTIVITY.

But no amount of kindliness, no assiduity of attention, could bring back health to the frame, or befitting elasticity to the spirits, which had been so long and so cruelly depressed. The little prisoner was gradually, but obviously, sinking under the enormous burden which had been laid upon him to bear. In the month of May 1795, Gomin and Lanse became really alarmed at his condition. They straightway informed the government that 'little Capet was dangerously ill.' Finding no attention paid to their statement, they added, in their next report: 'It is feared he will not live;' and after a three days' delay, a physician was sent to give the invalid such assistance as his art could afford. His prescriptions had small effect upon the patient, who was indeed too far gone to be ever again restored, unless under the influences of country air and liberty. 'The progress of the disease was shewn by very alarming symptoms; his weakness was excessive; his keepers could scarcely drag him to the top of the Tower; the walking hurt his tender feet, and at every step he stopped to press the arm of Lanse with both hands upon his breast, as if he felt his heart sinking within him. At last, he suffered so much that

it was no longer possible for him to walk, and his keeper carried him about, sometimes on the platform, and sometimes in the Little Tower adjoining the larger one, where the royal family had lived at first. But the slight improvement to his health occasioned by the change of air, scarcely compensated for the pain which the fatigue gave him.'

He was removed to a more airy room, but though the change was pleasant to him, it had no permanent effect. Nothing, indeed, could revive an existence worn out by so much suffering; and all that the medical art could do for him, was to soften the last stages of his incurable disease. He sank day by day, till at last he had no strength left. Nevertheless, his mind retained its faculties in perfect clearness. He evidently pondered much on the hardships and miseries of his life. There was a mysteriousness about them which he sought in vain to comprehend. On the night of the 7th of June, while Gomin was with him in his chamber, his eye alternately dimmed and sparkled, and a large tear rolled slowly down his cheek.

'What is the matter?' asked Gomin, kindly.

'Always alone!' replied the child. 'My dear mother remains in the other Tower!'

He had never been informed of his mother's death, nor of his aunt Elizabeth's, who was guillotined shortly afterwards. There was now no one of his family in the Tower except his sister.

On the morning of the 8th of June, the physicians—there were now two of them—issued bulletins to the effect that the prince's life was in unquestionable peril. As Gomin was afterwards watching by his bed, he remarked to the little patient: 'I am very unhappy to see you suffering so much.'

'Take comfort,' said the child; 'I shall not suffer always!'

Gomin knelt down, that he might be nearer to him. 'The child took his hand, and pressed it to his lips. The pious heart of Gomin prompted an ardent prayer—one of those prayers that misery wrings from man, and love sends up to God. The child did not let go the faithful hand that still remained to him, and raised his eyes to heaven while Gomin prayed for him.' Some hours afterwards, Lanse was present alone, sitting near the bed, when suddenly the prince looked at him with a fixed and dreamy eye. A little while before, he had fancied he heard music, and he asked his attendant whether he thought it had been heard also by his sister. Lanse could not answer. The anguished glance of the dying boy turned eagerly to the window; and then turning towards his keeper, and looking intently in his face, he exclaimed abruptly: 'I have something to tell you!' Lanse came close to him, and took his hand; the prisoner's little hand leaned on the good man's shoulder, who listened, but no further word was uttered. The lips that spoke were silent—the throbbing heart no longer beat—the heir of all the Capets had gone over to the

immortals! He was just ten years, two months, and twelve days old.

Two days afterwards, the body was buried in the cemetery of Sainte-Marguerite, by the Rue Saint Bernard. No mound was raised over the grave, no stone or other memorial erected to mark the spot—it was the desire of the revolutionary rulers to conceal it—and to this day no one has ever been able to find it out. The only monument or shrine he has ever had, is that which his innocency and his sufferings have built up in the mystical and expansive sanctuary of a remembering human [illegible]

THE FRIENDLY ARREST.

I.

ONE morning in the month of November, the Count Stanilaus de Lemberg, who had been lying awake half the night, began to observe the outline of his window faintly glimmering with the new day. His bedstead being unencumbered with curtains, he was enabled to watch the progress of the dawn, as it gradually revealed to him the objects in his room. It reminded him once more that his sleeping-apartment was not furnished in that sumptuous style which a nobleman's bed-chamber is expected to display. His eye passed slowly round the walls, meeting nothing in the circuit of its wanderings but a guitar with

one string broken and hanging down, a row of wooden pipes, fantastically carved, and a slouched felt-hat. His floor was paved with octagon-shaped tiles, and was without an inch of carpet: his sole furniture, besides the bed, consisted of a round table, a chair, a washing-stand, a trunk, and a board upon tressels serving for a work-bench, near the window. Finding nothing very cheerful in the contemplation of these things, Count Stanilaus de Lemberg leaped out of bed, and began to dress himself.

It was very cold, and the morning was slightly misty. The water in his jug was frozen, and his breath had congealed in feathery lines upon the window-pane. His teeth chattered, and his clothes were still damp with walking in the rain on the night before. He opened the door of the German stove, which stood out in the room with a long tin pipe, communicating with the chimney by a hole in the wind-board. 'The porter's wife has omitted to lay my fire ready for lighting,' thought he; but going to the closet to fetch some fagots, he discovered that the woman was not to blame. His stock of wood was exhausted, and no doubt she had refrained, from motives of delicacy, from reminding him of that fact. 'Yes, yes—of course,' he muttered to himself, 'she knows I must be aware of it, and expects me to speak first.'

Of course Count Stanilaus de Lemberg rang for her immediately, and handed her a purse, with instructions to replenish his store of fuel, as a nobleman might be expected to do. No: he merely closed the door of his stove again, and sat himself down upon the edge of his bed to reflect.

He had a great mind to go out for awhile. From his lodging in that abode of decayed gentility, the Quartier St Germains, to the Luxembourg, was but five minutes' walk; thence to the Pont des Arts, ten minutes; and then he might cross the river, and make a long circuit by the quays; and so home again. He decided upon every street that he would pass through, settling the route beforehand, as in the programme of a royal journey. 'The exercise,' he argued, 'will warm me, and I can work here for an hour or two afterwards without feeling cold again.' The excellence of the idea was obvious: but he did not go.

Underneath his window, in the square courtyard of the old dilapidated mansion in which he occupied a single room on the fourth floor, he could hear the porter's son singing some ditty in an unintelligible provincial dialect, and chopping wood for some of the lodgers. The Polish nobleman was tempted to forget his high birth—of which, indeed, there was very little to remind him—and to go down stairs, and offer to help him in his work. He thought of Peter the Great, and the anecdotes of his humility; and though he had little reverence for the memory of that monarch, he felt that his example would serve as a warrant for the act he contemplated. What could warm one better *than half* an hour's hard manual labour? How lustily the

lad sang! He did not trouble himself with these sickly scruples. His health was good, and he could earn a living; what more did he want? The young count resolved to go down, and converse with him, in the manner of the Russian monarch. 'Something may be learned,' thought he, 'from every man who has respected his own individuality, and is really an independent being.' Nothing could be more sensible than such a determination: but he did not go.

Upon reflection, it seemed to him more advisable to go on with the work he had been meditating for a fortnight. This was a little model, in red wax, of a design for a silver chalice—for the count had a taste for art; and upon an acquaintance with the works of artists in Paris, which were said to have brought their designers large sums of money, he felt convinced that he might earn an independent living by his talents as an artist. And so he might: but other men of far inferior skill grew rich, while he became poorer and poorer every day. Now he resolved to make an effort at last. But the porter's son had finished chopping the wood, and the city of Paris had got through a considerable portion of its labour for that day, and still Count Stanilaus de Lemberg was idling about his room. He had long ago settled in his mind, that independent labour was honourable to all conditions of men; that a penniless nobleman must starve, beg, or work; that of these three resources, the last was the most creditable. But his tools remained untouched; and his idea was still floating impalpable in the air. He was thinking of Benvenuto Cellini, Donatello, Brunelleschi, Ghiberti, Jean of Bologna—of the glories of their works, and the stories of their lives. In this alone he had found more employment than he could exhaust that morning.

Unhappy count! He knew very well what a misfortune was this wavering disposition, and yet it seemed to him impossible to help it. A week's hard application would have given him strength to go on; but he was incorrigible. The sense of having wasted much time compelled him to waste more. For how, with these regrets and self-reproaches on his mind, could he hope to catch that cheerful tone which is the life of an artist at his work—the parent of beautiful images in the mind? The cheerless aspect of his room, the necessities of daily life, the hardships that he had already suffered, all weighed upon him when he took up his tools to work. He knew nothing beautiful could come of a dull, despondent mood; and he threw his tools down again. Then he would take down one of his enormous pipes, and smoke, and dream, and lay out plans for future action, never to be realised—nursing himself with a fanciful prosperity, which only left him more despondent when the humour was past, and his miserable situation began to dawn upon him again.

'Not to-day,' said he to himself; 'it is of no use. The sailor must wait for the wind; and so must I wait for the spirit that is to waft me onwards till there comes another calm.'

He took his breakfast of bread, with a small glass of cheap wine, and reached his slouched hat from the wall. Then having put on his greatcoat, and buttoned it closely over the breast, he lingered a little while longer examining his tools, and finally he went out, shutting the door of his room.

Before he crossed the yard, he stepped into the lodge of the porter's wife, to deposit his key, as the lodgers were accustomed to do. Madame Benoit was there. Whenever the count entered the lodge, she looked at him with such an air of pity and solicitude that he dreaded meeting her. It was very embarrassing. He was afraid that she suspected his poverty; though he hoped not. Poor count! Everybody knew it very well.

'Good-morning, sir,' said she.

'Good-morning,' replied Stanilaus, dropping his eyes, and shrinking towards the door. He was afraid she was going to speak about the wood.

'Is there anything you want to-day?' she asked. 'My boy has very little to do now, and will go anywhere you please.'

'No—thank you: nothing.'

'Let me see,' said she, 'there was something I was going to mention. What was it?' The young nobleman blushed deeply. He felt sure she was going to speak about the wood. He was in agony. 'Ah, well! I shall think of it another day,' said she. A load was taken off his heart. He did not wait another moment. 'Poor child!' exclaimed Madame Benoit, as soon as his back was turned, 'he knew I meant the wood. He must be suffering more than he lets the world see.'

II.

The misery of Stanilaus had indeed that day reached a point to which it had never yet arrived. So long as he had felt no actual want, he had sustained himself with hopes of better days, that very morning, as we have seen, he had been thinking of the great artists of old times instead of his own troubles. But when the sharp air of a wintry-day had begun to give him an appetite, and he found himself for the first time to be hungry and penniless, all the gravity of his situation became painfully manifest. The sun came out feebly in the middle of the day, as he was approaching the gardens of the Tuileries. He saw fashionably dressed loungers through the railing walking to and fro there, chatting, exchanging bows of recognition—all looking cheerful. He had not a friend in the whole city. A refugee, he had at first resided in England, whence he had come to Paris with the idea of exercising his talents there, in order to support himself. He felt as if the people who passed him by without a glance were purposely shunning him. As he arrived at the entrance to the gardens, he saw the gate-keeper stop a man in a blouse, and

refuse him admission, on the ground of his workman's dress. Stanilaus involuntarily glanced at the breast of his greatcoat, and saw that it was minus a button, in a spot so conspicuous that it was sure to strike the eye of the gate-keeper at once. His hat was shabby, and he had only one glove. An exaggerated fear of the gate-keeper took possession of his mind. He felt as certain that he would be refused admittance, like the man in the blouse, as of his own existence. Such a humiliation would be unendurable: the bare possibility of it was more than he would risk. He immediately abandoned the purpose that had brought him so far, and turned up one of the side-streets towards the Boulevards.

He lingered about there, looking in the shop-windows, and wandering in the brilliant passages, till it grew dusk, and the mist gathered again, accompanied by a fine rain that penetrated his worn greatcoat. The mud oozed through the thin soles of his boots: he was wretched. The sight of the people waiting in a long line at the doors of the theatres, all intent upon pleasure, irritated him. He passed the house of a celebrated general of the French army, who had evinced much sympathy for the misfortunes of his country. Stanilaus knew that many of his countrymen had stooped to receive alms of him; and, dreading lest his poverty should at last drive him to such a resource, he made a vow that he would never humiliate himself as they had done. He crossed a bridge over the Seine, and lingered awhile looking into its dark current. By its side he traced the dusky outline of a low building. It was the Morgue, where the bodies of persons found dead are exhibited, that their friends may identify them. Stanilaus shuddered for a moment, and then thought with bitterness of how long he might lie there before any one came who knew him. Very weary and faint, he returned, and found, to his great relief, that the porter's wife was not in the lodge. He took his key down from its hook, and stole up stairs. That night he ate a stale loaf he had left on his table, drained his wine-bottle, and smoked the small remainder of his stock of tobacco. But he could not forget his troubles even in sleep.

The next day passed pretty much in the same way. He had raked out from his trunk a design for a time-piece, which he had modelled some time before. It was not exactly equal to his present taste; but he resolved to call upon a jeweller with it, and solicit employment. The jeweller looked at the model, said it was very pretty, and offered to intrust him with some silver-work to be chased, if he could give him a guarantee for its return. Stanilaus could give no guarantee that was satisfactory. The jeweller inquired if he was known to any one in Paris, to whom he could refer. Stanilaus knew no one; but he gave his name and address, 'Count Stanilaus de Lemberg, Impasse des Rats, No. 2.' The jeweller looked suspiciously at him. He had only lately been cheated by an impostor, who had represented

himself to be a foreign count; he hinted to him his suspicions, and Stanilaus left the shop angrily.

That night he was desolate indeed. He had exhausted everything, and had fasted the whole day. It was dark when he returned. Madame Benoit was in the porter's lodge this time; she gave him his key without saying anything, but her look of compassion was more humiliating to him than ever. He stole up to his room as if he had done some degrading action, and flung himself upon a chair, covering his face with his hands. Nearly an hour after, he arose and lighted his candle. It was burnt down to within a couple of inches of the socket. 'It will serve me for to-night,' said he, with a sad smile.

Close to his fireplace he found a basket of charcoal, which kind Madame Benoit had placed there for his fire. It was cheaper than wood, and she reasoned that he might be able to pay for that, and that if he did not, it would be no great loss. Poor Stanilaus was in too bitter a mood to take heart from this proof of a stranger's goodness. The circumstance seemed to him to have a strange significance, in connection with his previous thoughts. A superstitious awe crept upon him, as he knelt down and discovered its contents. He sat down again, and meditated with his face between his hands, till, looking up, he found the candle burnt so low that it could not last long. Starting from his chair, he took a book from the mantle-piece, and scribbled some words inside the cover, laying it afterwards upon the table, with a weight upon its leaves to keep it open. Some noise upon the stairs startled him; he went to the door, but the place was still again. He trod about the floor cautiously, as if afraid for some reason that he should be heard moving about there, and excite curiosity. Then he took off the cover of the bed, and laid it along the space at the bottom of the door. The sides of the door were listed, but he locked it, and taking out the key, stuffed the keyhole with his glove. His hand trembled as he held it on the lock. He glanced at the window; the shutters were fastened close.

Now he recollected another door at the bottom of his room. This door had always been fastened since he had lived there. It communicated with other rooms, but these had a separate entrance from the stairs, and the walls of the houses in Paris are built so solidly, that he rarely heard any one there. He looked through the keyhole; the place was quite dark. Taking a handkerchief in his hand, he closed this also, and laid some clothes along the floor, as with the other. His step faltered as he returned to the middle of the room; he looked wildly around the walls, as if to make sure that there was no other aperture. A convulsive movement shook his whole body; his fists tightened involuntarily, till his knuckles became white. Some struggle had passed through his mind, but *it was* over now.

Calmly and deliberately he opened the door of his stove, and

took out a little iron cylinder, bored with holes to admit the air. This he filled with pieces of charcoal from the basket, and set it on his table. The wick of the candle had just fallen down into the liquid grease, and was flickering there, ready to expire. With a steady hand, Stanilaus lighted a match before the flame was gone, and applied it to the charcoal through one of the lower holes of the cylinder. In a few minutes the charcoal ignited. Stanilaus brought his mouth near the aperture, and blew it with his breath; the charcoal crackled, and a thin blue flame came through the holes of the opposite side with a rustling noise. Presently the candle dropped out, the blue flame vanished, and the fire began to burn clear. But Stanilaus continued to blow it, till the red glare shone upon his haggard countenance, and upon the panels of the walls.

III.

A few moments after Count Stanilaus had parted with Madame Benoit to go up into his room, there arrived at the porter's door another lodger to ask for a key. It was a young woman, of perhaps thirty years of age, somewhat slim, and looking tall in the high clogs which she wore to protect herself from the mud of the streets. Her dress was plain, but not without some of the taste of the Frenchwoman, though perhaps a little behind the fashions of the day. She was a brunette, with black eyes, an olive skin, and small ringlets of jet black hair. She folded a large umbrella at the door of the porter's lodge, and set it carefully against the wall, with the ferrule in an earthen pan that stood there, to let the rain drain off. Her clogs she shuffled off beside the door-step.

'Mademoiselle Beatrice,' said Madame Benoit from the interior of the lodge; 'I knew it was you. You are always so punctual.'

'You see,' said Beatrice, 'I have regular habits. I always leave my sister, the Baroness de Lonzac, in the Rue du Faubourg St Honoré, as the clock strikes nine.'

'Ay,' said Madame Benoit, with a shrug of the shoulders, 'quite late enough for a young woman to work.'

'I am not compelled to stay even till that hour, Madame Benoit,' replied Beatrice, haughtily. 'I am not a slave, thank Heaven! But I am, as it were, at home there; and if I can do a little useful needle-work, I am glad to do it. I might live there altogether, if I pleased, but one likes to have a home to one's self.'

'Just what I feel,' replied Madame Benoit, who was always eager to applaud a trite or hackneyed sentiment.

'Independence is a great thing,' continued Beatrice. 'My sister is a good creature, and my niece Julie and I don't quarrel very often; but, after all, I should be nothing but the poor relation, if I had not a little pride.'

'It is very necessary,' said Madame Benoit. And yet, she continued, as if she suddenly recollected an exception to her maxim, 'one may have a foolish pride.'

'Very true,' replied Beatrice carelessly, thinking that the porter's wife referred only to some hypothetical case.

'I was thinking,' she said, 'of that poor gentleman in the next room to yours; he was here just now.'

'Poor fellow!' said Beatrice; 'he looks such a boy, with his fair hair and light moustache.'

'He has seen more of trouble than many an old man, I am sure,' replied Madame Benoit, shaking her head.

'I fancied so,' interrupted Beatrice eagerly, for she had had the curiosity to peep through the keyhole now and then into her neighbour's room. 'I thought once or twice I heard him groan in the night.'

'Very likely,' said the porter's wife. 'To-night, he looked so pale and worn that my heart ached for him. I know he suffers in silence, and dreads lest any one should find it out. If it wasn't for that stupid title, I believe he would find some friend to help him till better days come.'

'Do you think he is really very poor?' inquired Beatrice.

'I am sure of it. He has not a sou. Only the other day,' she continued, shutting the door, and speaking in a lower tone, 'he had not a single fagot in his closet. He must have been aware of it, for he would have been sure to complain of my not laying his fire this cold weather; and he never said a word about it, though I hinted to him that there was something wanting.'

'That is a bad sign,' said Beatrice.

'The thought of it quite tormented me,' said the porter's wife, 'I could not bear to think of his coming home weary, and perhaps hungry, to a cold and cheerless room. I bought him to-day a little charcoal. For three sous, he might burn a little fire every evening; but I dare not hint it to him. I would be glad to help him, if he was not so proud.'

'Ah! it is a sad affair,' said Beatrice, on the threshold; 'but what can one do?' Beatrice unfurled her umbrella, and put on her clogs again to cross the yard, with all the deliberation and precision of a confirmed old maid.

'Good-night, Madame Benoit!' said she.

'Good-night, child,' replied the old woman affectionately.

Beatrice mounted the stairs to her room, and felt at her side for the key of her door, which she usually carried, hanging to her waistband with her scissors and other implements. She knew where to put her hand upon it in a moment; the door flew open, and she entered.

The air felt damp, and she lighted her fire, and set her clogs at a moderate distance to dry. Her room was comfortably furnished, and everything was in its place. She had a miniature sleeping-room at the back, which was also remarkable for cleanliness, and

order. Little bags hung around the walls there, with nails and pegs for clothes, brushes, hand-brooms, &c.; and she had trunks and drawers in which innumerable articles were stored, any one of which she could go in and find in a moment in the dark.

She had brought in her pocket some slips of newspaper, containing stories, which she meant to read before she went to bed, but she had a little work to finish first; so she got out her housewife, and wheeling her padded arm-chair up to the fire, set her candle beside her on the table. 'An arm-chair is comfortable,' said Beatrice, sinking into it with an exclamation of fatigue.

She sat working very quietly, till the logs upon her fire were burned through, and glowing under a white ash. She was thinking of her neighbour in the adjoining room; she distinguished his footstep walking about. 'If that door would open,' thought she, 'I would go in and put a few things there for him in his absence. He would never suspect who had done it. Perhaps in his troubles he would never think about it, or fancy they came out of the clouds, in answer to his prayers.' Shading the candle with her hand, to throw a shadow on the door, she could see a faint light gleaming through his keyhole. She knew by this that he had not gone to bed yet; but the room had become very quiet. 'I wonder what he is doing,' thought she; 'writing, I daresay—putting down all his misfortunes in a diary, or writing a letter to some friends, if he has any. I would like to know.' She rose and walked over to the door, to peep through the keyhole. 'He would consider me curious indeed, if he saw me,' thought she, as she stooped to bring her eye nearer. But the place was quite dark—so dark, that she fancied that something had got into the keyhole. She took her candle from her table, and looked in by the light; to her surprise, she saw that something had been thrust into the aperture. Beatrice blushed, and hurried back to her chair; she suspected that he knew of her having watched him before. 'I saw the light there a moment ago,' thought she. 'He must have heard me, and determined to balk my curiosity.'

The thought of being detected in such an unfeminine proceeding, which she would never have ventured on but from the conviction that no one could possibly know it but herself, agitated Beatrice so much that she could not go on with her work. She blamed herself severely for her imprudence; she thought that she would never be able to meet the count upon the stairs again, without betraying by her manner that she knew of his discovery, and the means he had taken to protect himself from prying eyes. Suddenly, as she was looking into the gloomy embers of her fire, and musing on these things, she was struck with a faint, sickly smell of burning wood in the room. She fancied at first that the wind was blowing down her chimney, and beating back the fumes of her fire. She went to her windows, and drawing back the curtains, opened both of them to let in the fresh air, and make a current towards the chimney. The wind blew in freshly, carrying her

curtains up to the ceiling and dropping them again, and scattering her newspaper leaves about the floor; but the odour increased; and now Beatrice discovered that it was strongest in the direction of the door of the count's apartment. Instantly she recollected that Madame Benoit had placed some charcoal in his room. This, and what she had heard of his misery, explained to her in a moment the true meaning of his closing an aperture that might admit the air. Beatrice did not hesitate; she flew at the door, and rapped violently on the panel—the room was quite silent—she turned the handle of the lock, and pushed against the door with all her strength, but without moving it. Grown desperate, she planted her feet against the angle, and flung her whole weight against it. The door yielded a little, and finally broke in, throwing her upon the floor with violence. A poisonous vapour poured from the room, so strong that she could scarcely stand upon the threshold. She staggered a moment; but the wind from her window, and the agitation of the curtains, increased by her opening another door, were clearing the place rapidly. She seized a water-jug, and rushing into Stanilaus's room, flung its contents upon the little cylinder of charcoal, which was glowing from top to bottom. The count was sitting upon a chair, his face lying flat upon the table. She raised him, and sprinkled him with the water; and having opened the window of his room, in a few moments the air had become quite pure.

Stanilaus moaned: Beatrice was preparing to fetch a surgeon, but he was evidently reviving; and she knew how his pride would be wounded, if he recovered and found that his attempt at self-destruction had been noised abroad. She determined to tend him herself, and, if possible, to keep the circumstance secret.

Stanilaus moved his arm, and continued to moan now and then. She untied his neckcloth, and he opened his eyes, and closed them again, once or twice. He muttered something in a foreign language, which Beatrice could not understand. Once he opened his eyes wide, and stared at her; but he seemed too languid to be surprised at her presence. At length he leaned forward, and burying his face in his hands, that rested on his knees, wept and sobbed like a child.

'Come,' said Beatrice, holding him by the arm, 'lean upon me. You must lie down. You will be better by and by.' Beatrice raised him up, and supported him as he tottered towards the bed, upon which he flung himself. He continued to mutter there for some time, till at last he ceased, and began to breathe regularly. Taking up the light, Beatrice approached the bedside, and saw that he had fallen asleep. Her quick eye noted the nakedness of his room, and read the tale it told. On the table she discovered the book he had left there open, with its inscription, which she read as follows:—'I am Count Stanilaus de Lemberg. I die by my own hands. Let all I possess in this room be sold to pay the rent I shall owe, and to defray the expenses of my burial. I

have no friends or relations who need be informed of my end. May God pardon me! I have suffered much!—STANILAUS.'

'Poor creature!' exclaimed Beatrice, as she finished reading with the tears trickling down her cheeks.

IV.

Beatrice sat up with her charge that night. She made him some broth in her room, and came in to work by his table till he should awake. Several hours after, she took up the candle again, and found his eyes open. 'You are quite safe, and getting better,' said she; 'do not be alarmed.'

Stanilaus laid his hand upon the back of hers, and shuddered.

'Do you know me?'

'Yes, yes; I know you,' he replied faintly. 'You are Mademoiselle'——

'Beatrice,' she suggested. She saw that he remembered her.

'God bless you!' exclaimed Stanilaus with fervour.

'Never let us speak of these sad things,' said Beatrice.

Stanilaus grasped her hand firmly, and smiled with an expression of gratitude.

He took the soup she had prepared, and afterwards fell asleep again. Beatrice sent an excuse to her sister the baroness the next day, and resolved to stay by her charge till his recovery was complete. She set his room in order, for the confusion was an eyesore to her. In hanging up his coat, she discovered immediately the missing button, and remembered that she had one among some odds-and-ends in a drawer. She sewed it on, and repaired the button-holes and edges, here and there. She thought Stanilaus was asleep; but he was watching her.

'You are very good,' said he. Beatrice coloured.

'I know you have no mother or sister to do such things,' she replied.

'I had a sister once,' said Stanilaus.

'And where is she?'

'Dead.'

'And your mother?'

'Dead also. I have no relatives. My father died in Siberia, where the Russians sent him into exile. I am the last of my family.'

'What did they send him into exile for?' inquired Beatrice.

'Because he loved his country.'

'The monsters!' exclaimed Beatrice, entering into the spirit of his narrative, like a child listening to a story read aloud. She began to feel a stronger interest in the unfortunate Pole. He told her the history of his life: it was simple. After his father's death, the emperor of Russia had permitted young Stanilaus to return to Poland, and study in the Gymnasium at Cracow. Here

he made progress, and was installed as professor of fine arts. But the young count was restless, and burning to avenge the murder of his father and the wrongs of his country. In the year 1833, he organised and headed a revolt of the students under him. The insurrection failed, and he escaped to England, whence he had come to France in the hope of finding employment.

'What can you do?' asked Beatrice.

'I can design groups and figures, to be worked in silver or other metals, like the one you see half-finished there.'

'But you can't work them!' said Beatrice.

'Not very well,' replied the count. 'My hand wants practice.'

'We must see what can be done,' said Beatrice.

As soon as the count recovered, Beatrice advised him to make at once one or two groups, and leave the rest to her. Stanilaus set about them immediately; but he would loiter a good deal preparing his tools, and softening the wax for the models. Sometimes, when he had half finished one, he would be dissatisfied with it, and destroy it. Beatrice soon discovered his failing. Each night when she returned, she tapped at his room-door, and inquired what progress he had made. If he had been loitering great part of the day, he would generally begin to work hard before she came home, in order to have some result to shew. His deliverer became his taskmaster. He came into her room sometimes to work there; but one day, Beatrice suspecting that he had been idling, refused to let him in.

'Beatrice,' said he, speaking through the door.

'I am busy to-night,' said Beatrice; 'I must be alone.'

'Pray let me in, Beatrice,' said the count.

'No,' she replied; 'I am firm. When you are here, we talk, and neither of us gets any work done. This will not do.'

'Beatrice,' said Stanilaus; 'my dear Beatrice, pray let me in to-night; I will work to-morrow like a slave.'

'Not to-night,' said Beatrice; 'I am firm.' And Stanilaus was compelled to return to his bench, and work there alone.

Another time she found him smoking one of his enormous pipes, with his work untouched before him.

'This is very bad, indeed,' said Beatrice. 'You are nothing but an idle fellow!'

'Don't be angry, Beatrice,' said Stanilaus; 'I could not work to-day. I was in no mood for it.'

'Shame upon you for saying so!' replied his protector, really angry.

'You don't understand, Beatrice. I can't work unless I am in a happy humour.'

'What is the matter?' asked Beatrice.

'I have been thinking of Poland and old times to-day,' he said. 'Indeed, I could not work. Oh, you don't know how heavy my heart is at times!'

'You never think of these things,' said Beatrice, 'but when you smoke. Come in and sup, and talk with me to-night.'

The next morning, Beatrice, who had appointed herself keeper of the stores, portioned out a small quantity of tobacco, and locked the rest in a drawer. Stanilaus saw her, and laughed secretly at her precautions.

Beatrice took care to conceal her intimacy with the count. She had lived a strange, retired life in her rooms, and had few friends. Once or twice she had compelled her neighbour to return precipitately into his room upon hearing a knock at her door; but this did not occur often. Beatrice knew no one in the house, which was a large mansion, with two wings and several entrances to staircases round its courtyard. In her apartments, she was as much shut out from the world as if she had been alone in the house. The porter's wife, she knew, did not suspect her secret; for she had told her as a piece of news, of the apparent improvement in the count's fortunes, and of his eccentric fancy for arranging his own room. Stanilaus completed his models. The principal one was a group representing the meeting of Jacob and Rachel with her flocks beside the well. Beatrice had already obtained an introduction to the sculptors in gold—Messrs Corbin and Engelhart—whose artistic works were famous throughout Europe; and one morning she departed on her mission.

'Whose idea is this?' inquired Engelhart, examining it.

'It is the work of a young friend of mine,' said Beatrice, anxiously awaiting his answer.

'It is the conception of a true artist,' said Engelhart, shewing it to his partner. Corbin examined it, and inquired if she had another. Beatrice, who had wisely brought more than one, set the others before them.

'Perfect!' exclaimed the two artists. 'As fresh and natural as life. Can your artist work well with the graver?'

'Ah!' said Beatrice, a little discouraged; 'he says he wants practice.'

'Let him come to us,' replied Engelhart. 'In a twelvemonth he will become the best man we have.'

Slowly and tantalisingly Beatrice told the young artist her story that night. Poor Stanilaus's troubles seemed to him now to be passed away for ever.

'What do I not owe to you, my dear Beatrice,' said he; 'you have made me a new man!'

'Do not talk of that,' said Beatrice. 'The past must be forgotten now.'

That night she allowed her protégé to idle. He put out his pipe, which Beatrice always insisted upon his doing, before entering her room, and came and played at dominoes with her beside the fire.

The next day he signed an agreement to serve Engelhart as his

pupil for twelve months. He earned no money at first; but Beatrice believed in his ultimate success with a faith that nothing could shake; and she supplied him with money out of the savings of her life. Stanilaus had many scruples about accepting it, but he had no alternative, unless he renounced all his prospects, and he felt assured of being able to repay her with interest. Beatrice, being a woman of business, did not forget to take written acknowledgments for all sums when they had reached a certain amount; and for that purpose she always paid a visit to M. Rivet, an old merchant whom she knew, who drew up the acknowledgments in legal form.

V.

The Baroness de Lonzac, sister of Beatrice, had always been looked up to by the latter as the fortunate member of her family; and in course of time, though she had sufficient pride to prevent any one treating her as a domestic, she had quietly settled down into the position of a poor relation. The baron, who had served as a general in the army of Napoleon, had married the baroness for her beauty, for she had no fortune. When the baron married her, he was in the height of his prosperity, and Beatrice, who was but a girl then, was taken by the baron and baroness under their protection. Within the last ten years, however, the fortunes of the baron had shewn evident signs of decay. His splendid establishment had been relinquished for a small house and grounds. It was said that the baron's estates were heavily mortgaged, and that he was a ruined man; but he continued to be known as a man about town, and things had remained pretty nearly in the same state for ten years. Beatrice never knew the full extent of the baroness's troubles. To her, the house in the Faubourg St Honoré appeared a magnificent mansion, and her sister a happy woman. The faded furniture and old-fashioned articles in their saloon, were in her eyes something that any one might covet. Yet the change in their circumstances had not altogether escaped her. She had heard of the baron's recklessness; and she knew that money was not so plentiful as it used to be. Upon the first indications of this change, Beatrice had privately taught herself the business of a milliner; and finally she proposed to the baroness to relieve her of the expense of her support. But, in truth, Beatrice, who was always actively employed with her needle, saved for her sister much more than the cost of her board, or the amount of the small income she allowed her; and Beatrice, being convinced of this, and by no means anxious to leave the home to which she had been so long accustomed, allowed herself to be persuaded to abandon her intention.

Beatrice had kept the secret of her friendship for Stanilaus.

Nearly a twelvemonth had passed since he had placed himself with Engelhart, and neither the baroness nor her daughter Julie had ever heard of him. One evening, as Beatrice was sitting at work in the saloon, the baroness spoke of the recent marriage of a young lady whom they knew. Julie, who was sitting at the piano, turned to Beatrice and said: 'You see it is only we two who are neglected.'

Julie was nearly ten years younger than her aunt, and though she had included herself in her remark, Beatrice felt piqued at it. 'I had three offers of marriage before I was your age,' said she.

Julie laughed, shaking her flaxen curls, and looking back over her shoulder, as her fingers lingered on the key-board. 'I knew you would say that, Beatrice,' said she.

'And how do you know I have no lover now?' asked Beatrice.

'Oh, I am sure I do not know,' replied Julie. 'Have you?'

'Perhaps.'

'Is he young?'

'Yes; only twenty-six. But he looks younger still, and I am thirty last birthday.'

'And is he pretty well?'

'No, poor fellow,' replied Beatrice seriously. 'He is very fair, and delicate.'

'And who is he?'

'He is a Polish count.'

'Pooh!' said Julie; 'all the Poles are counts.'

'And his name?'

'Stanilaus de Lemberg,' replied Beatrice, emphasizing each syllable.

The baroness laughed loudly. 'What an imagination you have, Beatrice!' said she. 'Any one might believe you.'

'It is all true,' said Beatrice; 'except that he is not quite a lover.'

'Only a friend,' said Julie.

'And yet more than a friend,' replied Beatrice. 'See; this is his present. He carved it himself.' And she produced a gold seal, richly worked with figures.

Julie sprang from the music-stool, and came to examine it with her mother. 'Did he do this?' inquired Julie.

'Yes,' said Beatrice. 'He is a great artist—a genius. If the baron would only introduce him to some of his friends, it would make his fortune.'

'I would give anything to see him,' said Julie.

'Let him come to see the baron,' said Madame de Lonzac. 'I am sure he would do what he could for a friend of yours.'

Beatrice was delighted with the prospect of Stanilaus's advancement in his profession. She told him what had passed that night, except the raillery of her niece.

'And your niece admired my work?' said Stanilaus.

His words pained her, she scarcely knew why. Her voice

trembled as she replied in the affirmative; but Stanilaus was too deeply engrossed by his thoughts to note it. The next day Stanilaus borrowed a group of his workmanship from Engelhart's. Beatrice conveyed this to the baron, who shewed it to some friends after a dinner at his uncle the marshal's; and the baron desired to see the young artist.

Beatrice's heart was heavy that night. A vague dread of some approaching misfortune kept her awake till daylight. She would not confess to herself the real nature of her fears. Stanilaus must make a fame, and become a great man. Why should any selfish thoughts of hers prevent him? They would always be good friends, at all events.

That afternoon Stanilaus was to go to the Baron de Lonzac's. Beatrice secretly examined his coat, to see if there were any loose buttons missing. When he had finished dressing, she begged him to come into her room, that she might review and report upon his appearance. Stanilaus, who was like a child in her hands, consented, at her request, to retie his neckcloth, and to turn round before her several times, until she pronounced his toilet to be perfect.

'Now you look like a count, Stanilaus,' said she, after several corrections. 'You may go.'

Beatrice felt a pride in the thought of the impression he must make in her sister's house, but she was in bad spirits that day. She looked in her glass several times, and lingered there watching her fire, without lighting a candle till long after dusk.

Stanilaus, on arriving at the house of the Baron de Lonzac, was ushered immediately into the saloon, where the baroness and her daughter were awaiting his arrival. The baron had not yet arrived, and he remained for some time chatting with Julie and her mother. Julie spoke of Poland and its heroes with enthusiasm, having previously prepared herself for the subject; and Stanilaus was charmed to find that she was so well acquainted with the history of his country.

'Julie is an enthusiast for liberty,' said the baroness. 'You know her papa is a soldier.'

'And for art, also, I hope,' said Stanilaus, whose natural vanity was awakened.

'I do not pretend to be a judge of art,' said Julie; 'especially to such an artist as my father pronounced you last night.'

Stanilaus was delighted. The baron, who was a polished man of the world, arrived soon after, and the simple heart of the young Pole was won by his frank and cordial manner. The baron assured him of his friendship; recommended him to model a large statue to be exhibited; hinted to him that he might become erelong a member of the Institute; and promised him, if he succeeded, to use his influence with the government to procure him a studio at the Dépôt des Marbres.

Stanilaus related all that had passed to Beatrice that night, and

they discussed his projects together. He was in high spirits, and Beatrice caught the infection of his gaiety. They jumped and sang, and danced round the room like two mad people. But when Stanilaus returned to his room, it seemed more naked and cheerless than it had ever seemed before. He was glad to go to bed, and think over his ambitious schemes till he fell asleep.

VI.

From the day that Stanilaus had entered as a pupil with the famous artists Corbin and Engelhart, he had earned scarcely anything; and Beatrice, who had already lent him 2000 francs, began to find her little hoard nearly exhausted. She had frequently blamed her protégé for spending money extravagantly, but since his appearance at the Baron de Lonzac's, his habits had become more expensive than ever. He would return home late sometimes, and Beatrice generally extracted a confession from him, that he had been to some ball or theatre. 'Wait awhile, Beatrice,' he would say, if she spoke to him of money-matters; 'in a little time it will rain gold upon us.'

One morning Beatrice gave him a twenty franc-piece out of her diminished stock, with a particular caution to be careful of it. That night, when he returned, she asked him cunningly to lend her a franc. Stanilaus fumbled in his pockets for some time, and stammered out that he was afraid he had not a sou left.

'O Stanilaus,' said she, 'how can you ever hope to be rich if you waste like this?'

'Why, Beatrice,' he replied, 'I have ideas in my head now worth ten thousand francs.'

'Pooh!' said Beatrice. 'You are a child. What is the value of ideas, if you waste your time and never let them come forth?'

'Tut, tut!' replied her protégé. 'Women don't understand.'

'I would that I did not understand,' said Beatrice. 'It grieves me incessantly to see how you loiter.'

'Plenty of time, Beatrice,' said he; 'I am meditating. These ideas require a certain period to ripen in the brain.'

'Ah, Stanilaus,' said she, 'your fame is yet to be won, and you dream over it as if it were already yours.'

Stanilaus felt hurt at these words; it seemed to him like a want of faith in his powers. 'I know what you feel, Beatrice,' said he; 'you begin to doubt because the way to perfection in art is slow. Those who have already gained great reputations acknowledge me as a brother artist; but at home, where I am known familiarly, it is harder to believe that I have genius. I can wait.'

Beatrice turned her head away, that he might not see her weeping; and Stanilaus, taking this for a sign of displeasure, bade her good-night, and returned into his room. Her heart was too

fail to return his good-night, and Stanilaus remained under the impression that she was in anger.

His habits had undergone a great change: he could not rest at home; the pleasures to which he had begun to accustom himself became more and more necessary. To Beatrice's complaints and reproaches he had always one answer: 'I am meditating—wait awhile.' But he began at last to dread to meet her, and to wish that he could pay the debt he owed her.

Meanwhile, Beatrice's treasure was approaching its end, and she knew no one of whom she could borrow; for the baroness, her sister, was so poor that she had been unable to pay Beatrice her last quarter's salary. She began to dread that Stanilaus would abandon himself entirely to his growing taste for pleasure, and lose his hopes of fame for ever. She knew it was useless to persuade him then; but one night a plan occurred to her to save him, which might be employed as a last resource. She went to her friend, M. Rivet, and asked him if she could not, upon her debtor's acknowledgments, obtain a power to cast him into prison whenever she pleased. Beatrice recollected some stories of great works of art having been produced in the solitude of a prison; and her idea was, that she might one day find it advisable to employ that desperate means of snatching him from destruction.

M. Rivet replied, that no law-proceedings could be taken without the service of notices at his abode. This was a small objection; for Beatrice undertook to intercept them, and thus to keep her neighbour in ignorance of the fate that hung over his head.

One evening, when Stanilaus had come into her room after two days' absence, Beatrice unlocked a little drawer, and pulled out a single bank-note: 'Take this, Stanilaus,' said she; 'it is for a hundred francs. It is my last, but you are welcome to it. I have only hoarded them for you.'

Stanilaus stared at her bewildered, as if he had just been asleep. 'Beatrice,' said he, 'this tells me all. I have indeed behaved like a villain.'

'Do not say that,' said Beatrice; 'but let me implore you not to make up for lost time.'

'I will, Beatrice; I declare to you I will. I must get some money for the model of my great work. I will do two small things, and with the proceeds I will set to work in earnest.'

Stanilaus kept half of his word: he worked all that week, and earned two hundred francs; but the temptation of having much money in his pockets was too strong for him: he began to idle again, and to shun Beatrice. When she caught him, he would say: 'That artists required repose—that the mind was like a field that must lie fallow after a crop.' But he had not much faith in his own excuse.

One morning, after Beatrice had wished him good-day, and passed out of her room to go down stairs, Stanilaus, who had just set down to work, was surprised to hear a key turn in the lock of his

door outside. 'What is that?' he exclaimed, springing from his seat, and finding the door fastened.

'It is I,' said Beatrice. 'You must be my prisoner to-day. Do not be angry.'

'O never fear, Beatrice,' said he. 'I would as soon be a prisoner as not—I meant to work hard to-day.'

Beatrice laughed, and promised to come and release him by and by. 'I am going to Charenton on business to-day,' said she, 'and shall return about six o'clock.'

Stanilaus set to work, and remained working and singing for several hours, till he recollected that he wanted to visit his friend Engelhart. He had also a desire to call upon the baron, to speak to him about the design of a work which he contemplated; but there was that door locked. The confinement became irksome; it seemed to him a ridiculous position to be prevented from going out, as he said to himself, 'by the whim of his capricious neighbour.' His patience was exhausted. He took one of his tools and forced open the door, after breaking the tool in the lock.

That afternoon, he felt a strong inclination to call at the Baron de Lonzac's. He knew that Beatrice was not there, and hoped that she would not hear of his visit. He resolved to go at last; and under the excuse of waiting for the baron, he remained there with Julie and her mother for some time. Julie sang and played some Polish airs, and the baroness inquired what new designs he had been engaged upon lately.

'To tell the truth,' replied Stanilaus, rather awkwardly, 'I have been idling a little.'

'Do not call it idling,' said Julie; 'the mind of an artist requires recreation. It must be as necessary to him as light and air.' Stanilaus felt grateful to her for her defence, and accepted it eagerly.

'I shall work now with new power,' said he. 'This very day I seemed to be conscious of a sudden growth in my enthusiasm for art.'

A few days after, Stanilaus obtained permission from his friend Engelhart to model his great statue in one of his rooms. The clay was kneaded ready, and every evening Beatrice inquired how he had progressed. Stanilaus, who had not touched it yet, but who firmly believed that his musings were a preliminary as necessary as the manual work, replied in good faith that it was proceeding favourably. One day Beatrice resolved to visit him in his studio, and surprise him. Engelhart, when she inquired for him, shook his head, and smiled. 'I don't think he is in the studio,' said he; and he directed a servant to conduct Beatrice to the place where she expected to find him. He was not there; his tools lay scattered about, and the clay was untouched. Stanilaus had left a message that he had gone to the Louvre, and thither Beatrice departed in search of him.

She found him at last, alone in one of the rooms, contemplating some *fragments* of Greek sculpture that hung against the wall.

He was sitting in a chair in the middle of the room, and did not see or hear her till she touched him on the arm.

'Beatrice!' he exclaimed; 'how you surprised me!' But this time he did not seem confused or ashamed to meet her.

'I have been to Engelhart's,' said she. 'I was disappointed to find you gone.'

'I always come here for an hour or two,' said Stanilaus. 'In this place I breathe a kind of atmosphere of art. It calms, and brings me to a happy mood, after the noise and bustle of the streets. Look at these divine forms which we strive in vain to imitate. As I contemplate them, my mind seems secretly to abstract from them that quality of beauty that pervades them all, and to be refreshed and strengthened.'

Beatrice looked where he pointed, and saw some arms and legs, and bruised trunks of human bodies, sculptured in marble, by no means beautiful to her eye.

'Pooh!' said she; 'what need have you to worship other men's old broken works? You might do yourself things a hundred times more beautiful.'

Her extravagant praise of his talents made Stanilaus feel ashamed; for some strangers, who had just entered the room, had heard her, and were tittering at what she had said. The young Pole was so sensitive to ridicule, that he was glad to hasten out of the place. The circumstance had disturbed his contemplations, and he felt vexed. Beatrice, on her part, was hurt to think he had told her, as she believed, a falsehood about the progress of his work.

VII.

As Stanilaus became more confirmed in his dilatory habits, he began to feel the presence of Beatrice to be more and more irksome. He fancied that her prosaic common sense exercised an injurious influence upon his mind, and was one of the causes of his disinclination for serious work. He took every means of avoiding her; but if he met her by accident, he felt like a culprit in her presence. This constant humiliation fretted and annoyed him. He deplored the circumstance that had given him into her power, and felt his debt of gratitude to her to be an intolerable burden.

For some time past, however, Beatrice had shewn greater kindness towards him than ever. She treated him with a kind of maternal tenderness, as if she was weary of contending with his failings, and had resolved to indulge him in them, or as if she knew how weak he was to struggle with them, and had taken to pity him instead of shewing anger. Stanilaus felt this, though he scarcely knew the fact. His heart was secretly grateful to her, for not reproaching him with faults with which he reproached himself bitterly enough in his dull humours. She never

inquired about his statue, though she knew from Engelhart that he had scarcely touched it. She left him perfectly free; and Stanilaus thought she was trying an experiment, and flattered himself that she had taken a wise course, and that she would soon see the good effects of it in his increased diligence. She borrowed for him such books as he wanted from the baron's library, and for a little while Stanilaus would sit at home of an evening, though his old restlessness soon returned. Beatrice deplored her own blindness in introducing him to her brother-in-law, for she saw that he had become entirely changed since that day.

Engelhart, who had a strong affection for the young artist, had offered him a sleeping-room in his house, thinking to confine him to his work by that means; and at the time when he had felt the control of Beatrice most troublesome, he had talked of accepting it, and endeavoured to persuade her that it would be much for his advantage. Beatrice had not opposed his scheme, though she had secret misgivings that the change would prove of no real benefit to him; and now Stanilaus, who had forgotten Engelhart's offer for some time, began again to talk of accepting it.

One afternoon, in the autumn of the year, Beatrice returned from the Baroness de Lonzac's earlier than usual, and found Stanilaus smoking in his room. She had brought him a basket of peaches from the baron's garden, and she asked about his health with a solicitude that surprised him. He felt that her manner was strange. She said that she must begone, she had some business to do; but she lingered, as if loath to depart. She inquired if he intended to go out; and Stanilaus, thinking that her solicitude arose from anxiety about the late hours he had kept of late, replied that he intended to sit at home that night and work. 'And will you come back, Beatrice?' said he.

'I do not think I shall see you again to-night,' said Beatrice. 'I am not sure.'

Her voice faltered, but Stanilaus was thinking now of other matters, and did not note it. She lingered behind him awhile, watching him; but he was too much occupied to be conscious of it. He heard her afterwards moving about her room till she went out and shut the door.

Stanilaus sat there smoking for some time. He had really worked at his model that day, and he was calculating how long it would be, at the rate at which he had been working, before it would be ready for the founder, who was to cast the statue in bronze. He had not told Beatrice of his sudden activity, and he calculated upon surprising her before long with the news that his work was finished. While he was thinking of these things, sitting alone in the twilight, he was startled by a rapping at the door. He opened the door of Beatrice's room, thinking that it was she returned; but the knocking was at the door of his own room. Beatrice rarely knocked there; but he opened the door, expecting, nevertheless, to find her there. Two men were on

the landing. One of them asked in a strange voice for the Count de Lemberg, and Stanilaus bade them come in.

'We have the disagreeable duty of arresting you, count,' said one.

'Of arresting me!' said Stanilaus. 'Of what am I accused?' He knew that the jealousy of the French government of the presence of refugees in the capital constantly led to such unpleasant adventures.

'You are not only suspected,' said the man; 'you are known to be indebted to the amount of two thousand five hundred francs to a lady, who has obtained a decree against you.'

'What is the lady's name?' inquired Stanilaus astonished.

'Beatrice de Salins,' replied the man.

Stanilaus demanded to see his warrant, and lighted a candle to read it. He saw at once that it was correct, and he prepared to depart with them. Stanilaus felt bitterly towards Beatrice as he walked between the two officers into the street, where he fancied every passer-by observed them; but the men, at his request, called the first coach they met, and in half an hour the artist found himself a prisoner in the prison of Clichy.

'A foreigner?' inquired the keeper of the prisoner, as he passed into a little office to see his name inscribed on the books.

'Count Stanilaus de Lemberg,' said he proudly.

'Ah!' said the man, 'the worse for you. A Frenchman stays five years in prison, and then he may depart, whether his debts be paid or not; but a foreigner must pay, or lie here for ever.'

The conduct of Beatrice appeared to Stanilaus at first inexplicable; but he soon became convinced that he had been the victim of a cunning scheme. He knew that proceedings must have been taken in secret, and that she must have intercepted the process left at his room, in order to keep him in ignorance till the day of his arrest. On reflection, he found that these proceedings must have been commenced soon after he first communicated to her his intention of leaving his lodging, and when, doubtless, he seemed to her to be endeavouring to escape from her power. He was shocked at the hypocrisy with which she had concealed her movements, and redoubled her expressions of kindness on the very night on which she had instructed the officers to arrest him. He remembered now her inquiry whether he was going out, and her excuse for leaving him, saying that she was not sure whether she should see him again, although she must then have well known that he would be in a jail before she returned. His faith in the simplicity and generosity of her nature was gone in a moment. That she, who had pretended such anxiety for his fame, had not scrupled to cast him into a prison, at a time when he was just making his first attempt at a great work, simply because she fancied her debt unsafe; that she should count for nothing that he would thus be cut off from the means of achieving his long-cherished design, filled him with bitterness against her. But he determined to arouse and make an effort to liberate himself. He

sketched a note hastily for his friend Engelhart, telling him his situation, though concealing the name of his creditor, and entreating him to advance the money for his release, under the promise of repaying him immediately by working for him.

Stanilaus waited anxiously for the return of his messenger, walking to and fro in the long room, and muttering to himself, to the surprise of his fellow-prisoners. He was really angry with Beatrice, though perhaps, in his secret heart, he felt it a relief to be in some measure freed from the debt of gratitude that had weighed upon him. An hour had scarcely passed, when Engelhart himself appeared: he had already paid the debt, and procured an order for his discharge. Stanilaus thanked him with tears in his eyes.

'It is a sad business,' said Stanilaus. 'It has shewn to me the treachery of one in whose goodness I believed more than in anything on earth. If any notice had been given of this, I might have averted it; but I have been deceived and betrayed.' He was much excited.

'Come,' said Engelhart, 'you are free now. I ask for no return, but to see you anxious for your own advancement.'

Stanilaus told the coachman to drive to his lodging on his way. He found that Beatrice had been there since his departure, for the door between their apartments was open. He scribbled a note for her hastily, and left it on her table; and having paid Madame Benoit her rent, with thanks for her kindness, he ordered the man to remove his trunks and other things into the coach, and departed at once, to take up his abode with the famous artists.

It had been a sad day for Beatrice. Twenty times she had wavered in her resolution, and nothing but her conviction that it was the best thing that could be done to save him, had enabled her to put her design in execution. The very tenderness which Stanilaus had interpreted against her, arose from a kind of remorse at the step she had taken; and when she had said that she did not know that she would see him again that night, she doubted in her own mind whether she should have strength enough to bear her through. Indeed, the officers had scarcely departed an hour when she returned, determined to inform Stanilaus of her intention, and to renounce it at once. She found that they had already been there, and she hastened to the prison. There she learned that her debtor had procured his release, and had been gone a short time. Sure of finding him in his room, she hastened back; but there, again, she was disappointed. She saw that he had been there and gone, for everything that belonged to him was removed, even to the broken stringed guitar, which had hung upon the wall. She knew by this that he would never come back. A little bunch of dried flowers, that he had picked to pieces and scattered on the floor in a fit of musing that night, she gathered together scrupulously, and tied them again, determined to keep them as a memorial of the last night they had been together. But on the

table she found a note, which almost broke her heart to read. Stanilaus wrote not angrily, but sorrowfully. He told her that he owed life, hope, everything to her; but that he would rather have lost all these a hundred times, than have ceased to believe in her goodness. Her eyes swam with tears, and the light of the candle blurred her sight. She laid her face in both her hands upon the table and wept, exclaiming: 'I wish I were dead!'

VIII.

Stanilaus made a promise to himself, that he would not rest until he had repaid the debt he owed to Engelhart; and the sudden impulse this gave him, confirmed him in his belief that the control of Beatrice had been the cause of his feeling a disgust for work. 'I cannot work under restraint,' thought he; for he never deceived himself so much as in theorising on his own character. 'An artist,' he said, 'must be free at all times—to work or not to work.' He believed that there were moments in which the soul was gifted with a creative power, which it would be impossible to force; in the same way that the mystics believe in periodical influxes of the Divine Spirit; and he reasoned, that to be constrained to take up his tools when he felt this power to be wanting, was to be tormented uselessly. If his heart reproached him with ingratitude towards his benefactress, he endeavoured to justify himself by deploring that difference in their natures, which, he believed, made them unfit to be together. 'It is not my fault,' he would argue, 'if Beatrice was so ignorant of art, so deficient in that sense of beauty, which I must find in my companion, or be alone.' But, in truth, his ambitious dreams occupied him so much, that he rarely thought of her. His success with the small groups he designed for Engelhart, and the generous praise of his friend, only served to inflame his vanity more strongly. He began to feel his fame to be certain. He had never yet failed in anything, and he naturally felt failure to be impossible. An objection even to a work he half suspected himself to be inferior to his best productions, would annoy him for a long time. The slightest of his works he believed to be precious, as a manifestation of that high gift he possessed.

His friend Engelhart, examining one of his works in his room one evening, found fault with the position of the figures.

'Where do you find them unnatural?' asked Stanilaus sharply.

'I cannot tell you at this moment,' said Engelhart; 'and yet I feel the design to be displeasing. I doubt not, if I were to analyse this feeling, I might discover its cause.'

'Then you can point out no fault in it,' said Stanilaus triumphantly.

'It is not always easy to state our reasons for liking or disliking,' replied Engelhart.

'Every work of art,' said Stanilaus, 'is conceived in a certain mode of the artist's mind—it is, in truth, the embodiment of that mode. Now, unless the mind of the critic has at some time passed through the same mode, it will speak to him in vain.'

Engelhart, whose days of enthusiasm were passed, smiled at this pompous dogmatism. 'Before you are as old as I am, Stanilaus,' said he, patting him on the shoulder, 'you will have learned to bear an adverse criticism with patience. The world is a rough school; but it is the best one. One or two failures do a man good; depend upon it, you will find that men have too much self-love to acknowledge that your work may be beautiful when they feel it to be faulty.'

Stanilaus coloured slightly, and protested that he was grateful to him for his remarks, but he felt vexed when Engelhart was gone. The presumption that his mind was in a transition state, and that he must necessarily change his opinions, irritated him. The whole world seemed to be in a conspiracy to treat him for ever as a child, and he determined at once to make an effort to prove that in his art, at least, he was no mere novice.

He had paid his debt, and he began immediately to work upon his model. It was an allegorical representation of the figure of Truth. It did not progress so rapidly as his smaller works, for he was no longer under that obligation which before had kept him to his task. There was plenty of time, he thought, to finish it for the exhibition, and there was no occasion to spoil it by haste. He made and presented to the Baron de Lonzac a small group, which Julie pronounced to be beautiful. The baron introduced the young artist to some of his friends, and Stanilaus found himself flattered and caressed on all sides. He became a frequent visitor at the baron's house. Beatrice had ceased to come there, and returned to her old business, when she found that Stanilaus was likely to be a visitor at her sister's. Julie never alluded to her aunt; and though Stanilaus had sometimes a strong desire to know the cause of her disappearance, he never mentioned her name. Julie and he became more intimate; and the baroness seemed to remark their growing friendship with no displeasure. The young count was dazzled by her showy accomplishments. He was too vain to remark the pains she took to re-echo his own opinions, and to avoid thwarting him in anything; but he felt how great a difference there was between her and Beatrice, who never scrupled to oppose his inclinations when she did not approve of them. He fancied himself in love with her, and was several times on the point of declaring his passion; but the fear that they might be ignorant of his poverty, and that the discovery of this would lead to the humiliation of a refusal, determined him to wait until his position was improved.

But he found it impossible to absent himself for a length of time from the baron's house. It was there the grand prospect of fame *first burst upon him*; it was there he had met with a kindness

and indulgence he had never before experienced from strangers. But the time that he spent there, and with his new friends, was a great hinderance to the progress of his statue. His love of pleasure revived; a feverish thirst for excitement made all application irksome to him. The time for the completion of his work was fast wearing away, and he felt himself more and more disinclined to continue it. He was glad to banish the thought of it from his mind, and to stifle his self-reproaches in the gaiety of his life. If Julie asked him about it, her inquiry jarred upon him; her attempts to excuse him pleased him no longer; he felt them to be false, and his conscience rejected them. At such times he became gloomy and reserved, and anxious to be gone. He had spoken to many persons of his intention of exhibiting, and the fear of disappointing their expectations haunted him, and made him still more unfit to accomplish his work.

Many a time he envied those artists and men of letters whom he met at evening-parties, and who seemed always to pass their days in pleasure, and yet to produce their works, and sustain the reputations they had won. He envied them, probably, because he did not know the secret of their lives, and marvelled that he could not do as they appeared to do. 'Have I, then, no choice, but to live as a Cynic, or to be nothing?' he would ask himself bitterly. He had never been so truly unhappy since the day when Beatrice had rescued him from death.

At last he found that the time had become so short, that he must at once renounce all his pleasures, and devote himself exclusively to his work. He hesitated no longer; but the sudden change in his way of life left a permanent depression of spirits, such as a drunkard will feel when the effects of his debauch are wearing off. The shortness of the time made him anxious, and destroyed that calm which he wanted. He was now truly unfit for his task. He worked at it, but his work did not please him; he lost heart, and yet he felt himself compelled to go on.

He often thought of Beatrice now, and of her counsels: he felt that if he had followed them, he might have been a happy man. His ingratitude to her smote him more strongly than ever; the great services she had rendered him, and the ease with which he had forgotten them, filled him with remorse. Sometimes, he thought his troubles were a just punishment for his conduct; but how he wished that he had her near him still, to cheer his spirits and encourage him to work! All the history of their acquaintance suddenly appeared to him in a new light. He forgave her for throwing him into prison, though he did not know yet the motive that had induced her to adopt that step. Viewed merely as an act of prudence for her own sake, he could not blame her now, when he thought of his own recklessness and her long forbearance. He felt tempted to seek her out, to ask her forgiveness, and to beg her to become again his taskmaster; he felt the need of her control and strong practical counsels, which he

had despised before; but it was now too late. The day of the opening of the exhibition was approaching, and he had no hope but in constant application. He modelled and remodelled hastily; but everything seemed against him—the atmosphere, the tools, the clay. His friend Engelhart had criticised his work unfavourably when it was half finished, and he felt now the force and truth of his remarks. The dread of failure haunted him day and night. He could not sleep nor eat. Engelhart, who understood his embarrassment, did not pity him—he knew that his vanity required a check. 'It is the story of every young genius,' said he to his partner; 'to find that labour and self-denial are as necessary as inspiration, is always a surprise to them. They will not believe it till they learn it by bitter experience.'

It was no relief to Stanilaus when his model was completed and sent to the founders. He knew that it was not without merit, but it was far, very far from his ideal. He had little hope of finding a purchaser for it; and he had incurred a debt to the founder for casting it of 5000 francs. He determined to go no more to the baron's until after the day of the exhibition; his late experiences had taught him that our most indulgent friends are not always the most true. He began to see through the selfishness of Julie and her mother, and to perceive that they had calculated upon the chance of his success. Engelhart, who heard anecdotes of the baron's reckless way of life from his friends, told him plainly, in the hope of saving him a humiliation which he knew would be a cruel blow to his sensitive nature, some facts he had learned. 'The baron,' said he, 'is a ruined man, and Mademoiselle Julie has no portion; but he knows that he can trust to his daughter's prudence not to accept a man who is penniless.' Stanilaus was not angry at his bluntness; he had already learned to hear a disagreeable truth with more patience than before.

The exhibition opened, and Stanilaus was not surprised to find that the newspapers spoke unfavourably of his statue; but there was one criticism he saw which stung him to the quick. The poor artist did not know that it was written by a man whom he had met in company, and whom he had piqued by his haughtiness and vanity. He believed it to be an honest judgment, and he began to suspect that he merited the severe censure that was cast upon him. His faith in his genius was shaken; he was thoroughly humbled.

That night he determined to call at the baron's. He had little inclination to see Julie again; he knew, indeed, that she would have heard of his failure, and that he would meet with a cold reception; but he felt a bitter pleasure in observing her selfishness to the end. 'I will meet this humiliation,' he thought; 'it will complete the punishment of my ingratitude to Beatrice.' He waited for Julie some time in the saloon. She was dressing to go to the theatre. Stanilaus noted, on the chair beside the piano, that morning's *edition of the Débats*, containing the criticism which had so

annoyed him. Julie shook hands with him when she entered the room, and reproached him with his long absence: 'And now,' she said, 'you come, unfortunately, just when I am obliged to run away.'

Her words were not unkind, but her tone told him of the change that had taken place. Stanilaus saw her busy herself about the piano, and dexterously throw some sheets of music upon the copy of the *Débats*.

'I have been much occupied,' replied Stanilaus; 'you know I have finished my statue since I was last here.'

'The statue you were speaking of,' asked Julie languidly.

'The same,' replied Stanilaus.

'I remember,' said Julie. 'And is it pretty?'

'Not at all,' answered Stanilaus; 'at least the critics say so. They do not scruple to declare that its author is as vain as a peacock, and as stupid as an owl.'

'Ah!' said Julie, 'you are bitter: something has vexed you, and you come to vent your anger upon me.'

'I feel no anger, mademoiselle,' replied Stanilaus. 'I came fully prepared to find this change in your tone and manner. I know the cause of it, and am not surprised.'

'Farewell!' said Julie, as she walked towards the door. 'I hope you will be in better humour when we meet again.'

Stanilaus heard the voice of the baroness on the stairs. Julie whispered to her something, but her mother descended with her without coming to speak to him; and a moment after, he heard the fiacre he had seen waiting at the door drive away rapidly.

Stanilaus felt no regret at parting with Julie, but his heart was heavy that evening. He wandered in the streets, and thought of his wandering in the same way before, in the time of his old troubles. Thrice he passed his old home in the Faubourg St Germains. He almost hoped to meet Beatrice there; but he did not see her, and he dared not enter the house. He had scorned her when his prospects of success were fairest; to return to her now, when she knew of his reverse, he felt would lower him in her eyes. He hated himself for the meanness of his conduct in accepting the money of Beatrice; he felt that he had indulged in his fatal habit of idle reverie, until he had become intoxicated and dead to all sense of shame; he thought that she must despise him for his baseness; and he bitterly regretted that she had not let him die before this dishonour had come upon him. He did not go home that night, but walked about the silent streets, scarcely knowing whither, until daybreak.

IX.

In the depth of his despondency, Stanilaus had thought of abandoning his art altogether, and of seeking some employment in his old capacity of a teacher. The never-ending struggle to

sustain a reputation, even if once gained, the petty jealousies which annoy a competitor for public favour, and the necessity for constant production when art is made a profession, disheartened him. The fever and anxiety of the first epoch in his career were passed, and he dreaded to renew it. He longed for a peaceful life; and Paris, where he was now known to so many persons, who were all acquainted with the story of his ambition and its failure, became hateful to him. But for the debts he owed, he would have returned at once to England. His true friend, Engelhart, understood his feelings, and counselled him to withdraw himself immediately from all his old pleasures, and to retire to some picturesque and quiet city in the provinces, there to pursue his art laboriously and tranquilly. He promised to supply him with money sufficient to keep his mind free from the anxiety of providing for his daily wants, until such time as he could repay him. 'I did thus when a young man,' said he, 'and it was the happiest time of my life.' The picture he drew of his peaceful and contented life, determined Stanilaus to take his advice.

The day of his departure drew near, and Stanilaus felt unwilling to go without having seen Beatrice, and bidding her farewell. He had no shame about calling for this purpose; and he wrote to say, that an old friend would come at a certain time to take leave of her before his departure from Paris. He found her in her room expecting him. She had prepared to meet him; and Stanilaus thought she had never looked handsomer than that evening.

'What ails you?' said Beatrice anxiously. 'You look pale—your face is thin.'

'I have had much to vex me of late,' replied Stanilaus.

'I know,' said Beatrice; 'but why should this vex you, when you could so easily repair everything?'

'I am not so sure of that as I was, Beatrice,' said he.

'And for that very reason you must succeed,' replied Beatrice.

Stanilaus shook his head. 'I am going now to retire to a great distance, and to give my talents one more trial.'

'It is a good thought,' said Beatrice. 'Paris is a bad place—you must live quietly, and be industrious.'

'This I will promise you,' replied Stanilaus.

'And keep your promise?' said Beatrice smiling; for she recollected how often he had broken such resolutions.

'I think so. I am a different man, I hope, from what I was. This failure, which I thought a misfortune, may turn out, as Engelhart says, a blessing. I was drunk with the praises of people, but the world has sobered me.'

'And now, while you think yourself furthest from fame, you are nearer to it than ever.'

'Do not talk of fame, Beatrice,' said he. 'I failed with my last work, because I was feverishly craving after applause. Now, I will work to please myself; and if what pleases me does not please others too, I must be content with obscurity.'

'Ah! you are indeed changed,' said Beatrice.

Stanilaus was very loath to depart. Assuredly, if he had known the history of the bunch of dried flowers which caught his eye on the mantle-piece, he would not have left her so coldly. Before he went, she confessed to him the history of her putting him in prison, and how she had repented, and sought him everywhere on the night that he had left his room. She could not let him go away, she said, with the belief that she had been selfish.

Stanilaus was delighted with her simple and natural explanation of what had appeared to him so treacherous. 'I did not know you then, Beatrice,' said he. 'How could I?—we must be pure and good ourselves before we can understand the pure and good. I hope you have a better neighbour now.'

'Indeed I have not,' replied Beatrice; 'for I have none at all. The room has been empty ever since you left it.'

Beatrice was happier that night than she had ever been in her life. This explanation was the utmost she had desired, and she had begun to fear that Stanilaus would never know how she had only wished to save him, after all. She was content to bid him farewell now, though they should be about to part for ever.

'I will come and visit you again the very day I return,' said Stanilaus. It may be months—perhaps years; but be sure that I shall not have been in Paris an hour, before I come to see my dear old friend, to whom I owe so much.'

A whole week had passed beyond the time the sculptor had fixed for his departure, and still he was not gone. Beatrice had calculated, and found that he should be now settled in his new home in the country. But Stanilaus repented of his determination, and would gladly have renounced it, but for his fear of degrading himself in the eyes of his friend Engelhart, who would think he had abandoned himself again to his old vacillating disposition. But at last he bethought him of a kind of middle course. He told Engelhart that he had changed his resolution only so far as regarded the place, but that he was still determined to retire altogether from society. 'To-morrow,' said he, 'I shall have disappeared, and my old friends will see or hear nothing of me for a long time to come.'

That evening he visited Madame Benoit, and inquired if his old room were still unoccupied.

'You will find it exactly as you left it,' replied the portress, who was glad to see her lodger returned.

'Then,' said Stanilaus, 'I shall be glad to live there again, if you will accept a little higher rent.'

Madame Benoit objected.

'But I am going to ask a favour in return,' said Stanilaus. 'That is, that you aid me in keeping my place of residence an entire secret. Do not think that there is any mystery in this: I am simply going to work, and I wish to be undisturbed.'

The portress promised to obey him implicitly; and the next

afternoon he brought his tools and boxes there, and took up his abode again in his solitary room. The events of the last six months seemed to him like a story he had been reading—the impression of them was fast fading away.

He listened for Beatrice's footsteps till evening, but she did not come. He tapped at her door, and unlocked it, to peep into her room. He noticed her lamp and work-box on the table, and the order and neatness that reigned there, and shut the door again without locking it. Later, he heard her coming up the stairs: he knew her step well. She opened her door, and soon after he heard her moving about in her room. He hesitated with a kind of dread of seizing the happiness that awaited him. He was sitting in his chair by the fire, just as he had sat on the night when she parted with him, before the officers came to arrest him, and looking towards her room, when he heard the handle of the lock moved, and saw the door slowly open. Beatrice stood there, holding the lamp in her hand. She started, and stopped upon the threshold, staring at him in wonder.

'Do not be alarmed, Beatrice,' said he; 'I am no ghost.'

'You startled me!' said she, breathless. 'I thought you were a hundred leagues away. But I see now, you meant to surprise me.'

'No,' replied Stanilaus, taking her by both hands, and looking in her face; 'I really meant to go, but I found I could not. I loved you too much to leave you.'

Beatrice trembled visibly, and finally laid her face upon his shoulder, and burst into tears. She dreaded that he would change again.

But when she saw afterwards how closely he remained confined, how unceasingly he worked, and how cheerful and contented he had become, she knew how great a change his disappointment had wrought in him. She told him what she had not dared to tell him before—how unhappy his departure had made her; she shewed him the bunch of dried flowers, and he remembered them; and she confessed to him how she had never failed one evening to peep into his room, until the night when she was so astonished to find him there.

Stanilaus worked at small objects all that winter. He would never have thought of attempting a great statue again, had not Beatrice endeavoured to convince him, that he was now far more certain of success than before. One day he issued from his place of concealment, and visited his friend Engelhart, who, though he had regularly received through Beatrice the fruits of his labours, had never known where he was. He shewed him a drawing of his design, and his friend approved it.

'You shall work upon it here,' said Engelhart; 'but as a previous failure is apt to hinder a man's success, you shall exhibit it anonymously.'

He took the same subject as before, but he treated it so *differently, that* none could have suspected it to be by the same

artist. He had worked at it with nothing to disturb his thoughts, and he was well satisfied with it. Before it was exhibited, Engelhart had disposed of it for a considerable sum to a foreign nobleman, who was known throughout Europe for his taste in art. The rumour of this purchase insured it attention among the objects in the exhibition. The newspapers extolled it everywhere; and Stanilaus's old enemy pointed out its beauties in the *Débats*, and alluded to a young artist 'whose brief but brilliant fame in private circles must be still fresh in the memory of his friends.' He counselled that young artist, 'if he was still in existence,' to pay a visit to the exhibition, and see his own subject treated by one who had a true sense of art. One morning the baroness and her daughter, who was still unmarried, were astonished to read in the *Débats* an announcement of the marriage of Count Stanilaus de Lemberg with Mademoiselle Beatrice de Salins. A paragraph in the same paper mentioned the fact, that the statue lately purchased by the Duke de Téruel, and which had attracted so much attention at the late exhibition, was the work of Count Stanilaus de Lemberg. The fame of Stanilaus increased rapidly; but he continued to live privately with Madame de Lemberg at Neuilly, near Paris, where his friend Engelhart visited him frequently. He had no leisure to devote to the frivolous society of his fashionable acquaintances; but when he went to Paris, he never failed to find time for a visit to his friend Madame Benoit.

THE MENAI STRAIT.

WE are in the year 1801. George III. is king: Hatfield's attempt on the monarch's life is not forgotten; nor is the death of Burke, nor the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, although the names of Pitt and Napoleon—the statesmanship of the one, and the ambition of the other—crowd foremost in public debate and private discourse. The legislative union with Ireland has just taken place; henceforth the eloquence of the Irish senate is to be heard within the walls of St Stephen's; and before the new political experiment is three months old, there comes the Peace of Amiens, to give the nation something else to talk about. From one end of the realm to the other there are signs of great popular excitement.

The session of parliament closes; the Irish members go home for a holiday; and being curious to know what sort of travelling it is between the capitals of the two kingdoms, we take a seat.

on one of the stage-coaches which runs at a sober pace from London to Birmingham. We may go either by way of Oxford or Coventry; and if the roads have recovered from the effects of winter rains and frosts, may expect to see the smoke of the Birmingham forges in from twenty to twenty-four hours. Then, having taken time for rest and refreshment, we go on through Shrewsbury to the Welsh borders, where the road, which had been gradually getting worse the further we journey westwards, becomes little better than a mountain-track—wearisome, toilsome, and dangerous. In some places, the road is soft and spongy; in others, the bare rock comes to the surface: here is an overhanging cliff on one side; there, a precipice on the other; while rugged hills are met with every few miles, so steep that you would hardly expect Welsh ponies to find safe footing on their stony sides, to say nothing of a coach with four horses. You will be sure to hear of accidents: here, the coach was overturned, with the usual result of bruises and broken legs to the passengers; there, the wheels went into a hole, and were only got out again after hours of delay; yonder is the sharp corner where the vehicle fell over on the low parapet-wall, and the guard escaped a plunge into the gulf below only by a miracle. In such depressing circumstances, the pleasure to be derived from a sight of the grand mountain scenery of Caernarvonshire is deadened by a haunting sense of danger. At last—having kept your seat for two days and nights—you arrive at Bangor, where the Menai Strait, a sea-channel of considerable width, appears to bar all further progress. But presently the coach is driven down to the water's edge, where lies a lumbering old ferry-boat; and everybody dismounts and goes on board, while the coachman, guard, and two or three porters, unload the vehicle, and follow with all the baggage and parcels. Perhaps it rains, or snows, or blows; perhaps it is night, and a howling tempest adds to the dismal effect of the darkness—no matter; there is no shelter, and we bear it as best we may. If we do not get wet through from the rain, we shall hardly escape a drenching from the spray; but fine weather or foul, we lose from thirty to fifty minutes in this uncomfortable crossing, with the chance of hearing, while on the way, that the boat was upset in 1785, and fifty persons drowned. We reach the further shore, and wait while another coach is loaded; and then taking our seats, on we travel again, over the wild and rugged tracks of Anglesey, which must have been called roads in mockery. At last, when well-nigh worn out with fatigue and impatience, we arrive at Holyhead; the sailing-packet for Dublin is lying in the harbour, ready to proceed on her voyage; a gang of boatmen seize our luggage, and rush with it to the landing-place, which is nothing but the smoothest part of the sea-beaten rocks. It is not an easy matter to scramble into the boats; but we manage it somehow, and are rowed out to the sloop with more or less of satisfaction, according to the state of wind and weather, and are charged from eighteen-*pence* to five shillings for the brief trip from shore to vessel by

the unconscionable Celts who monopolise the boats. However, we get on board, and if there is a fair wind, we shall make the mouth of the Liffey in fourteen hours; but if it is foul, or if we have sailed late in the day, we may be tossed about for twice or thrice fourteen hours before we arrive in Dublin. Here we encounter another delay, while our baggage is examined at the custom-house, every package being searched as strictly as though we were landing in France; not even a dressing-case or reticule escapes the keen-eyed scrutiny. It will not be the officers' fault if we do not quite lose our temper as well as our patience. Peers, however, and members of parliament, are allowed to go free: perhaps because they never smuggle.

Then, on returning: whether the passage had been fair or foul—whether we are in good spirits at a quick run across, or exhausted with thirty hours' knocking about in the Channel—we have still to land on the bare slippery rocks at Holyhead—still to pay the same exorbitant fees for the getting on shore; and, discontented or not, have at once to prepare for our ride of 264 miles to London, over roads such as have been described. We settle into our seats, and have just begun to make the best of it, when the Menai Strait bars the way, and disturbs our equanimity. Considering that the fare from London to Holyhead was five guineas, and from thence to Dublin one guinea, the traveller was called on to endure more than a fair proportion of discomforts. But, as though there were not enough, the effects of bad travelling were made worse by the stupid packet regulations: a parcel sent down by coach or wagon, to be forwarded to Dublin with all speed, was on no consideration allowed to pass in the same vessel with the passengers, but was kept for a trading-sloop that sailed only once a fortnight. Whatever the importance or urgency of the case, there was no help for it, unless some one going across could be persuaded to take it as baggage—a practice not unfrequently resorted to. Some of the functionaries of the Irish custom-house had a monopoly of the trading-vessel, and resorted to all sorts of vexatious proceedings to keep up a system that filled their pockets; actually sending the parcels all back to Holyhead, more than once, even after orders had been issued for their conveyance by the packets. But so detrimental a system could not last with a steadily increasing traffic demanding fair play; and although the number of passengers was then but 8000 a year, it was soon to be multiplied.

The Menai Strait is an arm of the sea, about twelve miles in length, and in width from a few hundred yards to two miles; it washes the western extremity of Caernarvonshire, and separates it from the island of Anglesey. The name is said to be derived from a Celtic word, signifying *narrow water;* and there is reason to believe that the channel was formerly narrower than at present. When the water is unusually low, the remains of old, natural, and artificial barriers may be seen, which are now covered by the sea; and in one place some pretend to see traces

of the isthmus that once connected the island with the main. The tide rushes through twice a day, rising and falling about twenty feet, creating such eddies among the rocks as are dangerous to small vessels, particularly when, as is often the case, fierce gusts sweep down from the mountains. The shores are bold and picturesque, and gratify the eye of the tourist who strolls along them from Bangor to Caernarvon.

While the Irish Express establishment had L.10,000 a year for carrying the government correspondence, a good many persons were interested in keeping up the old state of things; but when the treasuries of the two kingdoms were united, the establishment was suppressed, and the projects for crossing the Strait were revived. Some proposed a bridge; others, a stone-mound, a sort of huge dam with arches in it; others, a tunnel underneath. Parliament had been petitioned on the subject in 1785, the year of the accident, but nothing was done: government had no money to spare for such a purpose, and the owners of the six ferries on different parts of the Strait, preferring their own interests to those of the public, were not slow in opposing a scheme which threatened to deprive them of their revenues. The highway was, however, repaired in the course of the next few years; but so imperfectly, that a representation of the bad state of the roads was made to the Treasury by the postmasters-general, in which they shewed, that besides several serious accidents, the mail had been from one to five hours late at Holyhead seventy-one times within the first three months of 1810. The travelling, though improved, was still far from punctual; and certain persons in Ireland being summoned on the 27th of February to appear as witnesses in the House of Commons, it was considered a hardship that they were required to present themselves by the 8th of March. If the mail from London arrived in time at Holyhead, there was too often a loss of an hour in waiting for that from Chester, which, having to be ferried across the Conway, was liable to delay from casualties of the navigation. It was desirable that the packets should sail early in the morning, so as to make sure of sighting the Irish coast before evening; otherwise, they had to lay off and on, and the letters were not landed in Dublin till the next day, greatly to the detriment of the public service. In 1808, the mail ran through Oxford, and was forty-six hours on the journey; but in 1815, the time was shortened to forty hours, by the adoption of the Coventry route. In 1817, notwithstanding all that had been done, the parliamentary committee reported the road to be 'in the worst possible state of repair, and in some places extremely dangerous;' and they were so convinced of the importance of maintaining an efficient thoroughfare, that they recommended the voting of an annual grant, in addition to the L.30,000 already laid out, until the work should be completed. They suggested also, as a means of raising the money, the charging of an additional penny on all letters between London and Dublin.

Two years later, the Welsh part of the road was stated to be better than the English; and the London end was to be so far improved, that the mail might go through in thirty-four hours. Here we see that a considerable acceleration in the rate of travelling had been gained within a few years; and though it may appear but small when compared with the speed of an express-train in our day, we must remember that, forty years ago, the making of a first-rate turnpike-road was looked on as an achievement every way equal to the laying down of a line of railway in our own times.

The improvements here described were effected by the skill and perseverance of Telford, who was appointed surveyor and engineer of the roads in 1810. No man could be better fitted for the work. He was a good specimen of those practical geniuses of whom Scotland has produced not a few, and to her lasting renown. He was no mathematician; indeed, he often said that mathematics were but of little use to engineering science; but he had a clear insight, and such vigorous mental powers, as enabled him to arrive instinctively at conclusions which another would have worked out on paper by a slow process of calculation. His name was associated with some of the greatest public works of the day: the drainage of the fens, the Highland roads, the grand aqueducts over the Ceriog and the Dee; and he had built so many bridges in different parts of the kingdom, that his contemporaries distinguished him as *Pontifex Maximus*.

Telford was instructed to prepare designs for a bridge across the Menai Strait, the want of which became every year more pressing. It had long been talked of: Mr Rennie was consulted on the subject in 1801, and drew up four plans, one of which included a roadway 150 feet above highwater, and a cast-iron arch of the same width. Telford's first design was for a bridge of five arches at the Swilly Rocks; but he soon followed it by a second, with a single arch of 500 feet span, which offered less of obstruction to the navigation, and had his decided preference. Ultimately, however, he recommended a suspension-bridge, as best suiting all the exigencies of the case; and an act of parliament having been obtained in 1818, preparations were forthwith commenced, by building barracks to lodge the workmen and labourers, seeking out for stone suitable for the work, and discussing the indemnity to be given to the owner of the ferry.

Meantime, a pier was begun at Holyhead, and people began to talk about steam-boats as likely to be useful auxiliaries in some instances to sailing-vessels. Before long, passengers would be able to land with ease and safety, and without paying 'landing-fees;' for a parliamentary committee recommended their abolition, denouncing them as 'shabby exactions,' and they thought it might be desirable to employ steamers to tow the packets in and out of the harbour. In 1819, however, some enterprising individuals started the *Talbot* steamer, to ply all the way from Holyhead

to Dublin; and with such success, that a second, the *Ivanhoe*, was put on in the following year. In 1821, the post-office began to employ steamers, and soon had the best of all proofs of their superiority in the punctual arrival of the mails. Telford was all the while, as we shall see, doing his best to accelerate the land travelling.

The site chosen for the bridge was at Ynys-y-Moch, or Pigs' Island, one of the narrowest parts of the Strait, three miles from Bangor. To this island, which was a mere rock, accessible at low-water, drovers coming from Anglesey used to drive their cattle, and make them swim across the channel, to save tolls, a distance of about 500 feet when the tide was out. In very calm weather, the passage might be safely accomplished; but the appearances of calm were at times deceptive, or a sudden gust of wind swept down from the heights, and the weak or foot-sore among the animals were not unfrequently borne struggling away, and drowned in the eddies. Rising six feet above the surface at high-water, the rock stood well to serve as a foundation for one of the main piers, needing only to be levelled to prepare it for the masonry. Two hundred men were set to work; some blasting the rock, others making a causeway on which to lay a tramway to the shore, while others dug a deep excavation, to find a solid foundation on the Caernarvonshire side, where the rock lay far beneath the bottom of the channel. Meanwhile, barracks and shipping-piers were built at the Penmon Quarries, at the north-east of the island, where the stone is of excellent quality, and unlimited in quantity and of extraordinary dimensions. It is a gray carboniferous lime-stone, familiarly known as Anglesey marble, full of fossils, and taking a high polish; visitors to that part of the country carry away specimens of it manufactured into rings and other ornaments. Five small coasting-vessels were hired to convey the blocks to Ynys-y-Moch, a distance of twelve miles; and Lord Bulkely, to whom the quarries belonged, had sixpence per ton from government for all the stone supplied.

On the 10th of August, the main pier on the Anglesey side was commenced by Mr Provis, the resident engineer, laying the first stone on the flat surface of the rock. In a suspension-bridge, everything depends on the main piers; they are carried to a considerable height, to form a proper bearing for the chains, and require to be of the utmost strength, to resist the constant strain. Usually these piers are built far out in the stream, in order that the distance between them may be shortened as much as possible, and are connected with the shore by arches, that support an ordinary macadamised road at the required level. The level in the present instance is 100 feet above the water, with four arches on the Anglesey side, and three on the Caernarvon side, each 65 feet high, and 52 feet 6 inches span. The foundation for these and for the Caernarvon main pier was laid in 1820, the latter six feet below the bed of the Strait. An appearance of lightness is given to

the piers by transverse open compartments, which were introduced by Telford, because of the greater solidity given to the work where cross-walls admit of the joints in the stone being seen, than when it is merely a hollow shell filled with rubble. In 1821, about 400 men were employed, and the number of vessels was increased to seven, so much timber having to be brought for the centerings for the arches. In 1822, the abutments and wing walls were completed; the main piers above the roadway proceeded with, rising as slightly tapering towers, the stones carefully fastened together by iron ties and bolts, thus giving solidity to the whole mass. The height of these towers from the roadway is 53 feet, and the distance between them across the Strait 579 feet; they were finished in 1824. On the top are fitted the four blocks of iron, or 'saddles,' as they are called, on which the chains rest, and with such precautions, as to give a direct bearing, and prevent all disturbance of the perpendicularity of the towers. They are pyramidal in form, with a separate shelf or shoulder for each chain, which here crosses by an adjusting link, and are placed so as to move freely on wrought-iron rollers, working in brass bushes, thus providing against the expansions and contractions of the long length of metal stretching from one tower to the other.

The extreme ends of the chains are generally fastened to a mass of masonry built into the ground; but where the natural rock can be reached, it is preferred by engineers, as affording greater security. Telford did not fail to avail himself of what lay ready to his hand. Three tunnels, each 60 feet in length and 6 feet diameter, and sloping downwards, were blasted in the solid rock on the Anglesey side, and connected at their lower extremity by a transverse gallery running from one to the other. In this gallery are fixed the ponderous masses of iron to which the ends of the chains are attached by bolts and struts, and with such precautions against failure, that the rock itself is as likely to give way as they. Those who are curious in such matters, may creep through a shaft opened below the bridge, and look at the fastenings in their gloomy cavern, having first obtained permission of the toll-keeper. On the Caernarvonshire side, the rock lies so deep, that long tunnels had to be excavated through the superincumbent soil, and lined with masonry, before reaching it. Their slope is consequently longer, extending further over the land than on the other side, where the rock comes to the surface, which accounts for the difference in the angle of the chains when their whole sweep from shore to shore is taken in at one view.

The iron, which was all manufactured at the works near Shrewsbury, is of the quality known as 'best Shropshire;' every bar and rod was rigorously proved before being sent from the foundry, and received a coat of linseed-oil as a protection from the weather. The chains are formed of flat wrought-iron bars, each 10 feet long, 3¼ inches wide, and 1 inch thick. Five of these bars, placed side

by side edgewise, form a link, the joints being made by chain plates bolted to each set of bars by bolts, weighing 56 pounds each, passing through the whole from side to side. The width of the links is thus about ten inches.

It was no light task to get chains so bulky as these described into their place; they were not things to be played with. The method adopted for fixing them was, to bolt the first link to the mass of iron in the rock, then, link by link, to advance up the tunnel, supported on a scaffolding rising gradually higher and higher to the top of the pier, where the adjusting links were introduced to rest on the saddles. There are sixteen chains altogether, or, as Telford describes, 'four times four main chains, of similar and uniform tension or bearing;' the joints arranged so that they only come opposite each other in the alternate series. The saddles, as before observed, have four shoulders on each side, to receive the adjusting links, one a few inches above the other, correspondent with the distance between each course of the greater links. So the chains were carried to the top of the piers, and left resting on the scaffolding; but on the Caernarvonshire side, links were added until they hung down to highwater-mark.

Now came the task of getting the chains stretched across from pier to pier. It was one looked forward to at the time with little less of excitement than the greater undertaking which we shall have hereafter to describe. A large timber-float, 450 feet long and 6 feet wide, had been constructed, and moored close to the shore. On this the portion of the chain required to complete the connection was laid; two powerful capstans, each equal to a strain of fifty tons, were set up on the Anglesey side, and the necessary blocks and tackle prepared for the work to be done.

Everything being ready, the 26th April 1825 was fixed for the raising of the first chain. A concourse of spectators, favoured by a bright sun and a blue sky, came together to witness the operation, that had for them all the charm of novelty and power. Boats crowded with gazers hung about on the water below, and flags waved from the cliffs and the top of the piers. The tide was at half-flood soon after two o'clock, when Telford, giving the word of command, the float was towed from the shore, and moored to buoys directly across the channel between the two piers. Then the end of the chain, hanging down to near the surface of the water, was bolted to the end of that on the raft—a work of about ten minutes—the tackle was made fast to the other end, and the men at the two capstans began to trot round to the lively notes of a fife. Slowly the heavy chain rose from the float, watched by all eyes with eager apprehension. But the tackle was strong, and the blocks sound; round and round tramped the sixty-four men at the capstans; the chain swung clear of the float, and rising inch by inch, was at last—at ten minutes to five—bolted to the link on the top of the Anglesey Pier. Then the air rang with cheers and

acclamations; and Telford's heart beat proudly as he saw his thought thus growing into a material and enduring form.

No sooner was the chain fixed, than three of the workmen, ambitious of distinction, walked along it from one side of the Strait to the other—a feat requiring steady nerves and a sure foot at such a giddy height. To celebrate the event, which for the first time linked the two shores together, every man was treated to a quart of *cwrw da*, or good ale. A fortnight later, another of the men walked out to the middle of the chain, and set himself deliberately to make a pair of shoes, nor did he quit his lofty seat until they were finished. He afterwards sold them for L.1 to some admiring visitor. It was a common practice for the men to make rings, seals, and other small articles, of the marble, and sell them as memorials of the famous bridge.

The second chain was carried over in the same way on the 27th April, and so with the others, as weather and other circumstances permitted, until the 9th of July, when the sixteenth was suspended. During these three months, the fixing of the chains had been talked about in all parts of the kingdom, exciting astonishment and admiration everywhere, for great engineering exploits were rarer then than they have since become by the development of railways. Great numbers of persons were attracted from long distances to witness the operations, and to many the 9th July was a day of rejoicing.

It was remarked, as a proof of the expertness acquired by experience, that the last chain was raised and fixed in fifty minutes less time than the first. Soon a temporary platform was laid from the Anglesey Pier to the centre of the chains, and a band of music paraded along this, as on an inverted rainbow, playing *God save the King;* and then to the sound of a popular air, nearly all the workmen marched across from one shore to the other, forming a strange spectacle for those who looked on from a distance. And the *St David* steamer, shooting out from among the fleet of boats that floated smoothly on the calm surface of the water, passed under the chains with colours flying, and reopened the navigation, which had been closed by authority since the 21st of April. The curve or versed sine of the chains as they hang is 43 feet, and the whole sweep from pier to pier 590 feet.

The next operation was the attaching of the vertical bearing-rods, which, fastened by their upper ends to the chains, have their lower ends bolted to the sleepers intended to support the roadway: four rods to each sleeper, and 199 to each chain, placed five feet apart. As the fixing of these went on, a party of workmen followed, laying down a floor of three-inch deal-planks, coated with tar, which they completed on the 24th of September, when the bridge was passable from end to end. A salute of twenty-one guns was fired on the occasion, and a gratuity of L.4 presented to the workmen.

A layer of patent felt, soaked in boiled tar, was spread over the

floor, and covered by a second course of planks, two inches thick, spiked to the lower course, and bolted to the sleepers. Both these run lengthwise. Then came another layer of felt, and another course of two-inch planks, placed crosswise, so as to be easily taken up and replaced when worn; and upon this, four stout guide-beams of African oak, to keep the wheels of vehicles from injuring the side-rails, or trespassing on the footway in the centre, and the roadway was complete.

During the remainder of the year, the side-railings were put up, and all the details of the finishing perfected. Nearly eight years, from first to last, had been spent in the work, and now the crowning moment was at hand. The year 1826 opened with gales and storms, but still the work went on; and towards the end of January, Sir Henry Parnell, accompanied by Telford, having made a careful survey of the whole structure, it was decided that the bridge should be opened on the 30th of that month. All the necessary arrangements were made; notice to cease plying was given to the ferrymen; and, as Telford relates in his quiet narrative, 'on Monday morning, at half-past one o'clock, the London mail-coach passed across the estuary, at the level of 100 feet above that tideway which heretofore had presented a decisive obstruction to travellers. The Chester mail passed at half-past three o'clock, and Sir Henry Parnell, with myself, drove repeatedly over. About nine o'clock, and during the whole of the day, was an uninterrupted succession of passing carriages, horsemen, and pedestrians, who had assembled to witness and enjoy the novelty; and in the evening all the workmen were regaled with a joyous festival.'

From the top of each main pier waved a large banner, bearing the words *Long live the King*, in its crimson field; cannon were fired, and bands of music played at intervals; and hearty hurrahs, bursting forth from the throngs of visitors, now on one shore, now on the other, now on the bridge, kept up the life and interest of a day long to be remembered among the most noteworthy in our national advancement.

The entire length of the suspended platform is 550 feet, the width 28 feet, divided, by the oaken guides already mentioned, into two roadways, with a footway between them. Each roadway is approached by an arch through the piers, 9 feet wide and 15 feet high. From one extremity to the other, the chains measure 1710 feet; they are so put together, that any portion can be taken out for renewal or repair without weakening what remains. The total weight of iron used in the bridge is 4,373,282 pounds, or 2186 tons, presenting altogether so extensive a surface, that the paint to give it a single coat weighs 2½ tons. The total cost was L.120,000, which includes a half mile of road, the embankment on the Anglesey side, and the toll-houses. In 1827, the tolls amounted to L.1200. Although the works had been a long time in progress, the casualties were comparatively few: four men killed, and three of the small coasting-craft cast away. On

the 1st of February, the *Melantha*, a three-masted vessel, sailed under the bridge, on her voyage from Liverpool to Caernarvon, with twelve feet to spare between her topmasts and the platform; satisfactorily proving the navigation to be as unobstructed as before.

Obvious as the utility and importance of such a bridge may appear to us, there were people found to come forward to defend the state of things as they existed in 1818. What was called the 'Caernarvon interest,' headed by Mr Asheton Smith, made a vigorous opposition; so much so, that a second act had to be passed in 1819, to enable the Road Commissioners to overcome it. The ferry was the private property of the Plas Isa family of Conway, who had held it, as the phrase runs, from 'time immemorial.' The lease, however, was first granted in the reign of Elizabeth, at an annual rent of L.3, 6s. 8d. When the building of the bridge was first decided on, government offered a sum to the owners of the ferry as indemnity, which being refused, the question was submitted to a jury, who fixed the amount at L.26,577, or thirty years' purchase. This sum was paid on the day the bridge was opened.

Thirty years ago, suspension-bridges were still so new, that people generally had not ceased to distrust what seemed to them an insecure mode of construction; accidents had happened, and, like many other innovations, Telford's noble work was freely, and not always fairly, criticised. Many were the predictions, that in the very nature of things it must soon become so weakened as to fall by its own weight. Something similar was said, and by scientific men too, of the Great Exhibition Building shortly before it was opened in Hyde Park. But the bridge stood, defying wind and weather; even the tremendous hurricanes of 1838–39, which wrought much mischief on other bridges, did no other damage than disturb two or three of the suspension-rods. And there it still hangs, notwithstanding its weight, presenting so light an appearance, that to a distant spectator its graceful curve, suspended high in air, may seem the fabled bridge of the Mussulman. Long may it stand, to commemorate the name of

> 'Telford, who o'er the vale of Cambrian Dee,
> Aloft in air, at giddy height upborne,
> Carried his navigable road, and hung,
> High over Menai's Strait, the bending bridge!'

Many of the present generation were boys when these works were in progress, and will not have forgotten the interest they excited. There was something in the mail-coach that appealed to the sympathies of all classes: the vehicle was, so to speak, an England in miniature—well-appointed, compact, rapid, and sure; and that it could rattle along the whole distance from the metropolis to the Irish Sea in less than a day and a half, was triumph enough. No one begrudged the money laid out in constructing a road and building a bridge which led to such remarkable changes in

locomotion, and which were long to endure as monuments of national industry and enterprise.

Remarkable as were the changes brought about by this hanging of a highway across the Menai Strait, they were but the precursors of others still more remarkable. The Menai Bridge was the outcome of a system slowly developed through a century or two; but ere twenty years passed away, another system had grown up, and railways, stretching their iron length north, east, west, and south, called into existence structures which, for magnitude and purpose, far surpass all that had previously been thought essential for safe and rapid travelling. The Manchester and Liverpool Railway was opened in 1830; and after that the extension of railways became a question only of time and money.

If it was desirable to have quick communication with Ireland in 1825, it was not less so in 1845: there was the same barrier to overpass in the one case as in the other—the Menai Strait; and from the commencement of the Chester and Holyhead line, one of formidable 'engineering difficulties,' the means of crossing became one of primary importance. One of the first ideas was, to bring the railway on each shore to the suspension-bridge, and convey the passengers across from one side to the other in light carriages; but who, in these days of impatient journeying, would have submitted to such a delay?—it would have seemed like going back to the old ferry. The company consulted Mr Robert Stephenson, who, after a survey of the locality, recommended the building of a bridge of two arches, at a place about a mile from the suspension-bridge, towards Caernarvon, where a rock in the centre of the channel offered a good foundation for a pier. The arches were to be each of 450 feet span, constructed of wood and iron; but an arch is not a straight line, and the Admiralty rejected the plans, because they did not provide for a clear headway of 100 feet all across. The authorities, keeping in view the importance of unobstructed navigation, would hear of no compromise; some other scheme had, therefore, to be devised. A suspension-bridge was thought of; but there was a difference between planning a bridge to bear coaches and wagons, and one to support a railway train weighing perhaps 100 tons. Where could beams be found long enough and strong enough to bear even their own weight?—to say nothing of the superstructure. The question was beset with difficulties; the stipulations of the Admiralty could not be disobeyed, neither would the travelling community be content with a break in the line.

In difficulty, science finds her incentive to exertion—her hope and reward. The railway works then in active progress in different parts of the kingdom, had necessitated the use of cast-iron beams of unusual size and length; and many experiments had been made, to determine the best and strongest form, with least weight, in such unwieldy masses of metal. Here was a point to start from; a consideration of the number and dimensions

of the beams required for the proposed structure gradually suggested the idea of a single beam. But a single beam, to be strong enough, would be so prodigiously heavy that it could never be lifted, and if it could, it would break with its own weight. Experiment had, however, shewn that hollow columns were stronger than solid columns; hollow beams, than solid beams; in the latter, the strain was on the top and bottom, not on the sides. The fact had been demonstrated with wood as well as with iron. What, then, if a hollow beam could be made large enough for a train to pass through it, and laid across the Strait?

Daring as was the idea, men were found able and willing to undertake its realisation; and under Mr Stephenson's direction, the experiments were commenced. The first step was to determine the best form of hollow beam, or tube, as it was called by the makers, though in the instances in question, they might with more propriety have named it arcade or avenue. The Conway was to be crossed as well as the Menai Strait; the railway directors were impatient, and there was no time to be lost; and in the spring of 1845, Mr Fairbairn set to work on a model tube at Millwall Foundry, near London. In accordance with the ideas that then prevailed, this model was made circular; but experiment, after repeated trials, having demonstrated the impossibility of preserving this form, as well as the oval or egg shape, when loaded, it was abandoned. Various modifications were then adopted; among which was a flat bottom, straight sides, and the top two oval cells, side by side, running the whole length, presenting the appearance, when looked at endwise, of a spectacle-frame for a giant's nose. After subjecting this form to a rigorous test, Mr Fairbairn says: 'I had no doubts as to the practicability and complete success of the undertaking.'

Much of careful experiment had, however, to be gone through before the requisite combination of lightness, strength, and rigidity could be pronounced complete. Besides the weight of trains, the tubes, in their exposed situation, would be subject to all the wearing action of wind and weather, to changes of temperature, and violent gales. There was much to be taken into account, as well as the tension and resistance of metal-plates, and all possible contingencies to be provided for. Mr Eaton Hodgkinson, of Manchester, who had great experimental knowledge of the strength of iron, was taken into counsel, and the trials went forward with mathematical precision. The tube was broken again and again by the heavy load placed upon it, and some interesting and unexpected facts came out—namely, that while cast iron best bears compression, wrought iron best bears extension. Cast iron was, therefore, thought to be the best for the top of the tube; but being difficult to cast of the large dimensions required, and still more difficult to rivet securely, wrought iron was adopted for the whole. The proportions and thicknesses required by the nicest calculation, and provision was made that the bridge should bear a

load nine times heavier than a train reaching its whole length. With such a margin for casualties, danger was out of the question. The conclusion ultimately arrived at was, that a rectangular tube, with a double top and bottom, partitioned into square cells or compartments, was the form best adapted for the purpose. On this Mr Stephenson assured the directors of the railway company, in his Report of February 1846, 'that the adoption of a wrought-iron tube is the most efficient, as well as the most economical description of structure that can be devised for a railway-bridge across the Menai Strait.' Supporting his recommendation by reference to the experiments, he added: 'In the whole of these, this remarkable and unexpected fact was brought to light—that in such tubes the power of wrought iron to resist compression was much less than its power to resist tension, being exactly the reverse of that which holds with cast iron. For example, in cast-iron beams for sustaining weight, the proper form is to dispose of the greater portion of the material at the bottom side of the beam; whereas with wrought iron, these experiments demonstrate beyond any doubt that the greater portion of the material should be distributed on the upper side of the beam.'

If we have dwelt on these experiments, it is because on them everything depended; and without some knowledge of their nature and extent, it would not be easy to appreciate the whole subject as it deserves. The final trials were made with a model 78 feet long, one-sixth the size of the proposed tube; after which the works at Conway and at the Menai Strait were carried on with an activity as fertile in resources as vigorous in execution. Those were the days of the eager railway excitement, when the greatest feats of engineering skill and science had come to be regarded almost as matters of course, or as playthings for speculators.

Then appeared on the shores of the Strait a scene unprecedented in the history of industry. Enterprise, grown ambitious in his twenty-five years of longer experience, had work in hand to outrival Telford's, and summoned an army of artisans and labourers to do his bidding.

The Penmon Quarries were again laid under contribution to a greater amount than before, and as fast as they could build, the masons were supplied with material. Under their hands a massive abutment rose on either shore, close to the water's edge, against which the railway embankments terminate. These abutments are 62 feet 6 inches wide at their base, and taper gradually to 55 feet at the height fixed for the resting-place of the tube—100 feet above highwater. At the extremity, the masonry is carried still higher, and finished to resemble a low square tower, with two large gateways in it, which receive the ends of the tubes looking out on the Strait. The architecture is a combination of the Egyptian and Grecian styles—massive and light; and only by this adaptation is the erection saved from being an embodiment

of ugliness. The entablature over the two gateways, as we have called them, bears an inscription :—

ERECTED ANNO DOMINI MDCCCL.
ROBERT STEPHENSON, ENGINEER.

From the tower, a solid parapet or wing wall extends the whole length of the abutment, and finishes in a huge pedestal, on which rests a lion, reminding one of Egyptian monuments by its colossal size. The sculpture is truly lionlike, and though couchant, measures 25 feet 6 inches long, 12 feet 8 inches high, and of proportionate breadth. A single paw measures more than 2 feet across; and the entire weight of the animal is 70 tons. There are four of these lions; two at each extremity, looking down in silent majesty on the swift trains as they approach from the east or the west.

Let us suppose the abutments finished: between them flows the sea with a width of nearly 1500 feet, and how is this to be crossed? The method has already been thought of. The Britannia Rock, as if on purpose, stands midway, and on this we can erect a central support. At highwater it is 10 feet below, and at low-water as much above the surface, and has long been an annoyance and terror to mariners; but now it serves as a foundation for a tower, which, seen from afar, is a beacon to the steersman. Still, the distance is too great to be passed at a single stride, and two other towers are built, one between the centre and each abutment, by which the channel is divided into four spans, two of 460 feet, and two of 230 feet, and the difficulty of crossing is overcome. All the towers are of the same width as the abutments, and each has two openings at the level of the tube, corresponding to those left in the abutments. A deep, square recess runs from each opening down to the base on each side of the Britannia Tower, and on the outer side of the shore-towers—the use of which will be understood when we come to describe the raising of the tubes: they impart an appearance of lightness to the massive piles of stone. In an arched bridge, these erections would be called piers; but here they are carried to an elevation far above the weight they have to bear; and being left with an undressed or 'quarry' surface, and finished with a bold, overhanging cornice and entablatures at the top, an architectural character is given to what would otherwise be mere masses of masonry, each one having somewhat the effect of a campanile. The Britannia Tower, so named from the rock on which it stands, is 221 feet 3 inches high, reckoning from its foundation, and 191 feet 6 inches above highwater-mark. There was an idea at one time of erecting a colossal statue of Britannia on the top of it. The other two towers are 18 feet, and the abutments 35 feet lower than these.

The interior of these massive towers is built of sandstone, from Runcorn, in Cheshire, which is very durable when protected from the weather—the outer course of blocks only being of Anglesey

handle. Some of these are of immense size, 70 feet long, and weigh from 12 to 14 tons. The first stone of the Britannia Tower was laid by Mr Frank Forster on May 1846; and from that time, such was the diligence of the contractors, that on the 22d of June 1849 the structure was finished. On that day the last stone, a block weighing five tons, was set into its place, with some public ceremony—none having been used at the laying of the first stone. Some half-dozen leaders of the work were present, and a party of ladies and gentlemen, who, having courageously mounted the steep flights of ladders leading to the top, Mr Stephenson spread the bed of mortar with a silver trowel, as is usual on such occasions, and the stone was set amid the cheers of the workmen. 'It had fallen to him as a pleasing duty,' he said in the speech which followed, 'to lay the last stone on the excellent and gigantic work which had been reared by the joint efforts of those around him. No one at first believed it possible that so vast a body of masonry could have been built up within so short a period. The contractors had, however, spared no expense, wisely judging that early liberality was final economy. Not less than 2,500,000 cubic feet of masonry had been constructed, though three years had not elapsed since the laying of the first stone. The work had gone quietly on with such perseverance, that three cubic feet had been accomplished per minute since the commencement, allowing twelve working-hours to the day, and six working-days in the week.' However incredible, there was the fact—a triumph of the engineer's and builder's art. In addition to stone, iron, in the shape of ties and girders, was largely used in the construction—about 800 tons in the three towers. In concluding his speech, Mr Stephenson remarked, that 'If there was any one circumstance more gratifying than another, it was that, from the beginning to the conclusion of the great undertaking, no life had been sacrificed, as was too often the case, from insufficiency of machinery or tackling.' So far all had gone well; but fatal accidents occurred before the finish of the work.

All this time the work of preparing the tubes had been pushed forward with not less of activity, and on a plan which, as it proved completely successful, must be regarded as the best. Various methods had been suggested: one, was to begin at the Britannia Tower, and construct the tube, bit by bit, on each side, so that it should balance itself, and prove self-supporting, while the work went on. Another, was to suspend a wooden railway-platform all across by chains, and then having built the tubes at a high level, to mount them on low wheels, and drag them into their place; the platform being first loaded with wagons, which should recede as the tube advanced, so as to maintain an equal tension throughout. But however ingenious the plans suggested, the having first to build a wooden bridge was a waste of time, labour, and expense, which it was, above all, desirable to avoid.

The plan finally adopted was to erect strong stages, supported by scaffolding reaching the comparatively short space of 230 feet between the abutments and shore-towers on either side, on which those portions of the tubes might be built in the places they were to occupy when finished. These stages were made sufficiently strong to bear a weight of 2000 tons—more than 100,000 cubic feet of timber, and 32 tons of iron bolts having been used in their construction. The scaffoldings were put together of solid pine-balks or logs, from twelve to sixteen inches square; an economical arrangement, as the material, when taken down, can be used for other purposes, with the advantage of a term of seasoning.

For the central tubes, those which were to stretch across the 460 feet span to the Britannia Tower, another method was employed: they were to be built near the water's edge, and afterwards lifted into their place. A stage was, therefore, constructed on the Caernarvonshire shore, not far from the bridge, large enough for the purpose, 2200 feet in length, and nearly 30 feet in width, covering a space of more than three acres. Altogether, in this and the other parts of the work, more than 500,000 cubic feet of timber were used. On this, at the proper distances, strong supports were erected for the tubes to rest on, so that the workmen might be able to move about underneath them during their construction. A tramway was laid down from end to end, to facilitate the transport of materials; and when all the rivet-making machines, the punching-machines, the shearing-machines, were in full work, the place might have been deemed the head-quarters of all the smiths of a province. Two fire-engines and large tanks of water were kept in constant readiness in case of fire.

Social as well as industrial phenomena were to be witnessed. A village with shops, a school, and a resident surgeon, sprang up, and became the temporary abode of the numerous artificers and labourers, with their wives and families. There might have been seen some of the evils of overcrowding which afflict our large towns, as well as the ordinary occurrences of human existence, side by side with the busy field of labour; and both on a spot which, a few weeks before, was a solitude. The village has since disappeared, and solitude again reigns undisturbed.

To form something like a true idea of the magnitude of the work, it will be necessary, before proceeding further, to give the dimensions of the tubes for which these great preparations were made. They are 472 feet long, 14 feet 8 inches extreme width, 30 feet high at the end which rests on the Britannia Tower, and 27 feet at the other; the difference being made to give a true parabolic curve to the top, while the bottom is straight. Let any one pace off such a length from a street 15 feet wide, and he may picture to himself the extraordinary size of the tube. St Paul's is 404 feet high; but here is an iron structure which, if reared on end, would overtop the cathedral by 68 feet.

One of the tubes was contracted for by Messrs Garforth of

Dukinfield; all the others were made by Mare of Blackwall. The process and mode of their construction brought into play a considerable amount of ingenuity. The iron used is the kind known as 'boiler-plate,' from 3-8ths to 3-4ths of an inch thick, from 21 to 32 inches wide, and from 6 to 12 feet long—the largest, which were used for the bottom, weighing 7 hundredweights. These various plates were sorted, and passed under the punching-machines, which punched holes through them at the rate of forty a minute, as though iron were as soft as dough. When the plates left the machines, they had a row of holes 3-4ths of an inch diameter, and 4 inches apart, along each edge; and being laid side by side, 'covering-plates,' also punched, were placed over each joint, and the whole firmly rivetted together. In this way any number of the plates could be connected, in readiness for taking their place as the tubes were put together. The rivets were all made on the spot, from ¾-inch rod-iron, of which such a quantity was used as would measure 126 miles, and weigh about 900 tons. A man and boy working at one of the machines could produce from 400 to 600 rivets per hour. The first rivet was driven August 10, 1847.

The 'sets' of plates were afterwards lifted by a travelling-crane, and delivered over to the rivetters who were building the tube. Two of these sons of Vulcan, wielding seven-pound hammers, stood in readiness on the outside; a third, 'the holder-up,' armed with a thirty-pound hammer, lay in wait inside, and each had an attendant imp, in the shape of a nimble, grimy-faced boy. The blates being held up, one of the boys took a red-hot rivet from the furnace, that stood close by, and tossed it over to the inside, where it was picked up by another boy, who dexterously thrusting it into the hole intended to receive it, the holder-up immediately held his long-handled hammer firmly against it, while the two on the outside, falling to with might and main, battered away until the rivet had got an outside as well as an inside head, when they 'swaged' it into a true form. What their hammers had failed to do, was then done by the rivets—namely, pulling the plates perfectly close together by the shrinking of the metal in cooling. When, in working upwards, they came to holes above the boy's reach, the bolts were carried up to the workman's hand by a pulley and cord bearing an iron ring, with scarcely less of celerity. With some two or three score of rivetters smiting away all at once on the outside, the gleaming of the red-hot bolts as they fell in a constant shower in the comparative gloom inside, where the holders-up leant sturdily to their work, the running to and fro of the boys, and the din of hammers; a spectacle was produced, impressing alike the eye and ear, long to be remembered among the wonders of industry.

The sides of the tubes, within and without, have a columnar appearance, produced by the rivetting on at regular distances of what is called T iron, running from top to bottom both inside and

outside. These lengths of T iron cover the joints of the plates, and are secured by a double row of rivets, while, by the projection of the leg of the T, a column is formed of great resisting power, or, as an authority ingeniously explains, 'a complete pillar at every two feet, in the same manner as the frames in a window-sash form a pillar between each two panes.' The weight of T iron in one of the large tubes is 149 tons. Its chief use is in the support it gives to the sides; which, without it, exposing so vast a surface to the wind, would be continually liable to 'buckle' or be twisted out of the perpendicular. Now, they are as rigid as any other part, without being disproportionately heavy. By the projection of the leg of the T, the clear width inside the tube is diminished to 13 feet 8 inches.

As already mentioned, the top and bottom are cellular—that is, they are double, with compartments running lengthwise from one end to the other. A person standing in the tube, sees an iron ceiling overhead, shewing its long rows of rivets, and connected with the sides by L or angle-iron, of which there are 200 tons in each of the large tubes. The same kind, weighing 27 pounds to the yard, is used at the bottom, while that at the top, requiring greater strength, is 18 pounds heavier. Mounting afterwards to the top of the tube, the visitor has underneath his feet an iron roof; but between it and the ceiling he saw from below, is a space of 21 inches, partitioned into eight square passages, or 'cells,' as they are technically called. Iron partitions, kept in place by the angle-iron, run from end to end; and the whole being firmly rivetted together, the important object was realised—the greatest possible strength with the least possible weight. The rivetting of the top layer of plates or roof to all these cell-plates, and to the sides, required no small amount of contrivance and of endurance on the part of those who wrought at the mighty task. The holder-up crept into one of the passages, where, as he lay on his back, he found not too much room for his broad shoulders; then suspending his heavy hammer by a loop dropped through a rivet-hole, he pressed down the further end of the long handle by his leg, and thus brought the head to bear with considerable force wherever needed. A little boy, who crept in with him, then handed over a red-hot bolt, which being pushed through the hole immediately above the man's head, and the ponderous sledge made to press against it, the two men outside plied their hammers with such skill and effect, that the rivet was formed and tightened in about twelve blows. But the poor holder-up, with these deafening strokes falling within a few inches of his face, lying there day after day in the dark cell; he must have possessed marvellous powers of endurance.

The bottom of the tube has six cells only, put together in such a way as to resist the strain, which, as we have remarked, is there constantly striving to pull it asunder, while the top is pressed together. Hence the larger plates in the bottom, so that the

number of joints might be as few as possible; care being taken also in the rivetting, that the joints in the inner bottom should range with the middle of the plates in the outer bottom. Here the method of chain-rivetting was adopted, by which the strength of the bottom is maintained equally with the rest; and so thoroughly was this part of the work done, that the iron is as likely to break at the centre of the plate as at a joint. Besides all these precautions, thirty-six strong frames of cast iron are fitted inside, at regular distances, throughout the entire length, and triangular plates of iron, called gusset-pieces, are rivetted in at the corners above and below, for the purpose of still further stiffening the tubes, and rendering all chance of collapse or of twisting out of square impossible. The calculation now is, that the tubes will resist five times the pressure of the heaviest gale to which they are likely to be subject—46 pounds to the square foot. The gale of October 1853, was 18 pounds to the foot, or 277 tons on the whole side.

We will here pause for a brief survey, without which it will be scarcely possible to carry on our idea of the astonishing amount of work in the tubes. Take the largest; there are eighteen rows of rivets in the top, each row 472 feet long, and the rivets not more than four inches apart from centre to centre of hole. What an amazing number of blows must have been struck in this part of the tubes alone! The curious in such matters may calculate it at twelve blows to a rivet, and in each of the large tubes 327,000 rivets. The whole number used is more than 2,000,000. There are 65 miles of T and L iron: and each of the large tubes weighs 1800 tons, thus distributed—top and bottom, 600 tons each; the two sides, 600 tons.

On the 5th March 1849, Mr Stephenson drove and clinched one of the last rivets, and far and wide went the rumour that the gigantic tubes were about to be lifted into their places. Looking at them as they lay on the stage, and then raising the eyes to the gaps left in the towers, such a feat might well be deemed impossible. It was as though one had proposed to carry away bodily the entire side of a street, and hang it at the height of 100 feet across a wide sea-channel—a project for the imagination, not for sober reason. By sober reason it was, however, accomplished.

The tubes being hollow, and comparatively light, it had been thought that each might be floated of itself out to the towers; but apart from other reasons, the trouble and difficulty of putting in ballast, and of making all the joints water-tight, soon showed the impracticability of such a scheme. A tube-bridge, similar in construction, but smaller, had been successfully thrown across the Conway in 1848; it had stood the test of two years' wear and exposure to the weather; and now came the important question, would the same success attend operations conducted on a scale of so much greater magnitude?

The large tubes, as we have said were built at such a height

above the stage as to leave room for the workmen underneath, and were put together with an upward curve of nine inches along the bottom. This was to allow for any tendency to give down in such a length of metal: it was an interesting moment when the supports were removed, and the ponderous mass was left with no other bearings than those at the ends; and the satisfaction of the constructors may be imagined, when they saw the great tube slowly sink, till the bottom became a straight line, and there remained. It was a gratifying verification of their calculations. So tremendous was the pressure on the end-bearings, that the iron sank an inch or two into the solid logs of pine.

At a ship launch, the vessel appears to take to the water of her own accord; but the great tubes lying there broadside to the Strait were not to be so easily disposed of, and to get them afloat was perhaps the most anxious task of all. First, eight cuttings or docks were dug under each tube, large enough to receive a pontoon or flat-bottomed barge 98 feet long, 25 feet wide, and 11 feet deep. There was a barge for every dock, each one fitted with valves in the bottom, made to open or close at pleasure, and with pumps for the admission of water by the valves. Their united floating power was equal to 3200 tons—nearly half as much again as the burden they would have to bear. Each one being introduced into its dock, the valves in the bottom were opened, which prevented their rising and falling with the tide until their services were required. At the same time, powerful capstans were fixed on either shore, at the foot of the towers, and some on the decks of the pontoons; and buoys were moored across the channel, to support the two miles of four-inch hawsers prepared for the hauling, besides numerous ropes to serve as checks and guides during the operation. Every contingency, as far as foresight of no common order could reach, was provided for.

To any one not on the spot, or not conversant with all that goes to make up the details of a great engineering work, it would not be easy to convey a true idea of the great amount of labour and anxiety involved in the preparations. Nothing must be forgotten, or else it may happen that the moment for which all have been striving—which has been looked forward to with eager expectation—will be one of failure instead of success. Mr Stephenson felt that the floating of the tube would be a critical task, testing the capabilities and presence of mind of all concerned; and he prepared himself accordingly. Instructions as to every movement of the tube, from first to last, were drawn up, and communicated to the principals and superintendents; and each man was well informed as to what was expected of him. Each of the four capstans had a superintendent, with a division of the 460 labourers under him, besides 65 sailors and 12 carpenters, who were to give their services in case of need. Each pontoon had a numerous crew, selected for their fitness for the special portion of the work allotted to them. Altogether, about 600 persons were

engaged in the great operation. Ample store was provided, too, of spare ropes, lines, hawsers, and all other materials required for the movement and control of so unwieldy a mass. Each capstan was marked with a distinctive capital letter, and corresponding letters painted on boards were to be used as signals on the tube. When, for instance, A was held up, the superintendent of capstan A was immediately all attention. A white flag shewn by the side of the letter said: 'Go on heaving;' a blue flag, 'Slack out;' and a red flag, 'Stop heaving.' The distance which the tube had to float was about 1600 feet; and remembering that the various points of operation were far apart, we see that only by well-contrived and systematic arrangements could combined or successful efforts be hoped for. The time allotted for the floating was an hour and a half.

The news had gone abroad, that on the 19th of June 1849 the first tube would be floated, and thousands came from all quarters to witness the operation. Twenty-three years before, numbers had assembled near the same spot to share in the triumph of opening Telford's suspension-bridge; but in the interval, the facilities of travelling had been so largely multiplied, that thousands who would have stayed at home were enabled to be present at a spectacle of a far more imposing and exciting character. For days before, the hotels and lodging-houses in the neighbourhood were thronged; and up to the last hour every train and steam-boat brought hundreds of visitors, while as many more came in private vehicles or on foot. The heights on both sides were crowded; every point of view bore its swarm of eager gazers; they climbed the trees, they hung on the edge of the cliffs, or perched on ledges of rock, wondering and expectant. Stages were erected on the Anglesey shore for the directors, the engineers, and their friends; and on the Caernarvonshire side, the roofs of two of the tubes were taken possession of by a triple row of spectators. The thousands had gathered, as in a vast amphitheatre, to a triumph which has no parallel in history—another conquest of mind over matter. From the tops of the three towers hung a festoon of flags, that fluttered gaily in the breeze; banners waved along the shore; the water seemed alive with vessels and boats; and at times the sound of music mingled with the hum of voices and the cries of the workmen.

At low-water, the valves of the pontoons had all been shut, in readiness for the approaching event. As the tide rose, the vessels rose with it, until their decks touched the bottom of the tube. At first no effect was observed; but higher and higher swelled the stream, bearing up the great barges, and it seemed that the pressure of the tube on the end-bearings was somewhat diminished; a few inches more, and a small opening became visible between the iron and the wood; gradually it widened, and then from mouth to mouth among those who stood by were spoken the words: 'She's afloat!' and from mouth to mouth they went, spreading

the gratifying intelligence among all onlookers. Mr Stephenson, who had taken his station on the top of the tube, now gave the word to cast off the moorings on the land-side; the capstans revolved, and slowly the mighty fabric moved into the channel. Locke and Brunel, two distinguished engineers, had volunteered to assist, and took their places on the tube, acting, so to speak, as lieutenants to Mr Stephenson, who had the chief command, while Captain Claxton directed what may be called the nautical part of the operation. A band of music struck up the air *I'm Afloat*, and the spectators gave vent to their feelings by hearty cheers, which, however, soon subsided into silence under the deep interest of the extraordinary scene.

Slowly the great tube moved away from the shore; Mr Stephenson conveyed his orders to his immediate assistants by movements of his arms; and they, exhibiting signals as agreed on beforehand, kept the huge bulk perfectly under control in the most suitable positions. Now a distant capstan had to come into play, to accelerate the movement; now a sudden check was called for at the cable-stoppers; here a rope was tautened, there one was slackened; now a little boat shot off with a message; now a few words, shouted through the speaking-trumpet, sent a group of apparently listless labourers circling round at the capstan-bars with almost superhuman activity. Not one hung slothfully at his task, for it was a great day in the history of labour; and here was its monument, wherein coming generations might see perpetuated the genius, skill, and energy of those who had gone before.

So floated the tube to its destination on the Anglesey side. Not for one moment did those in command lose control over it, so well had all their plans been laid. Their silent earnestness seemed to communicate itself to the multitudes around; for after the first start, they watched the proceedings in a state of excitement too intense for noisy expression. Everything appeared to go according to wish, when suddenly one of the capstans gave way, torn from its place by the great strain upon it, and the excitement of the men running round at the bars. This accident deranged the whole proceeding; and there was no alternative but to haul the tube back to its moorings, greatly to the disappointment of the multitude assembled.

Another attempt was made early on the morning of the 20th; but the operation, that would have been comparatively easy at slack-water, was not so easy with the tide running at six miles an hour. The guide-lines were swept by the swift stream into great bights or curves, producing a strain upon them that threatened to drag the pontoons from under the tube. The boats, which lay moored to the buoys laden with spare ropes and other tackling, were driven to and fro by the rapid and eddying current, in which some of them were at length swamped; while others were torn from their fastenings, and drifted away, and several of the

buoys were shifted. Here was another disappointment. The tube was again made fast to the shore, and Captain Claxton, with the men under his command, worked as Englishmen can work on an emergency to repair damages, and restore order to the arrangements.

Such was their diligence, that the preparations were again made ready in time for the following tide; and at half-past seven in the evening of the same day, the tube was once more afloat, and moving towards its destined position, resting on the decks of the pontoons, five feet above the surface of the water. On the great mass went, lying obliquely with the channel, until, arriving opposite the opening between the piers, it was swung directly across the stream, then running up at three miles an hour. This was an anxious moment; if, by the force of the tide, any portion of the tackle should give way, the consequences might be disastrous; or if urged forward too rapidly, the tube might overshoot its mark, and days be lost in bringing it back again. At times, it seemed that no foresight could anticipate the variable action of wind and water, or counteract their effect. Sometimes a cable-stopper refused to hold, and ropes were chafed and strained till it seemed hopeless to trust to them longer. Then, one of the eight-inch cables snapped, as though it were but a thread, so powerful was the impulse of the stream, and the anxiety of the chiefs was wound up to a higher pitch. A remedy was at once applied, in the shape of a twelve-inch hawser from a capstan on the Anglesey shore; but the tube had become unruly, and by its mighty strain tore the capstan from the ground; the men were knocked into the water; the alarm was spreading, and the worst consequences were to be feared, when Mr Rolfe, the superintendent of the capstan, called on the bystanders to lay hold of the spare length of hawser, and stretch away with it into the fields. The call was promptly obeyed. Every one rushed to lend a hand; and immediately a long line of individuals was seen clinging, as though for dear life, to the great cable. Though an improvised proceeding, it had the desired effect: by dint of great exertions, the tube was again brought under control, and nearer to the piers. The spectators breathed again, and some of them started the question—What if it were too long, or too short? A few moments more, and the question was set at rest. The tube was, in reality, twelve feet longer than the space between the towers, and we shall now see the use of the deep recesses left in the masonry. The lower end of the tube was made to shoot past the side of the tower, while the higher end was coaxed into the recess left for it in the Britannia Tower; and when this was accomplished, the other end was passed into the recess in the Anglesey Tower, through the corbelled gap left for the purpose in the stone-work. The arrangements had been so nicely calculated, that the time for this critical operation fell exactly at slack-water, when the pause in the tide-stream rendered the various evolutions easily practicable.

The great feat was accomplished; doubt changed to certainty; and from the mighty throng of spectators there burst forth a cheer, relieving at once their high-wrought feelings and their overflowing joy. Cheer upon cheer—cheer upon cheer followed in quick succession, till the welkin rang again with the sound. What, meanwhile, must have been the feelings of those by whom the work itself was accomplished! Their highest hopes were realised, and their work brought its own reward.

Erelong the tide turned; the valves in the pontoons were opened, and their buoyancy diminishing as the water entered, they fell gradually with the stream, and left the tube resting on a projecting shelf made to receive it near the base of the piers. This accomplished, we may fancy every one going home proud, though weary, of his day's work; but as Mr Clarke relates: 'It was late before the tide was sufficiently low to allow of the drifting away of the pontoons from beneath the tube, although some water was admitted into them. This operation was attended with extreme danger to those on board, as the tide had now attained a fearful velocity in the opposite direction, and night was approaching. Many of the men on board, unused to operations on the water, became alarmed at the violence of the stream, and called out to be taken on shore, scrambling for the life-buoys, and in the utmost confusion, in spite of the efforts of the sailors and superintendents to quell their fears. These massive rafts at length tore away from beneath the tube, crushing the timbers, dragging the timber-heads and pumps out of the decks, and increasing the fears of the terrified and crowded crews on board. The pontoons, however, glided away safely down the current in the dusk: some were brought to by the anchors with which they were provided; others taken in tow by the attendant steamers; while some defied all attempts to arrest their progress, and drifted down the Strait for nearly two miles, till they were stopped in the quiet harbour of Velin-heli.' Not till midnight were they all clear of the tube, and the incidents of the eventful day brought to a close.

The tube was left reposing on the shelf until August, while preparations were made for the raising. It was already a bridge; but from where it lay near the water, it had to be lifted up 100 feet. Though but a part of the whole undertaking, this was in itself a task requiring means and appliances of stupendous order. Let any one imagine 1800 tons of iron lying in a mass at the foot of an ordinary church-tower, to be raised to the summit!

For such an extraordinary weight, extraordinary means must be used, and yet the means appear small when compared with the end to be accomplished. The hydraulic-press will do it; and the way in which it does it may be explained by a familiar illustration—thus: Fill a common hogshead with water; insert into one end of it a tin tube, four or five feet long, of the size used by school-boys for pea-shooters; pour water into this tube, and before it *is full, you will see* the hogshead burst with the pressure exerted by

on the water with which it is filled. The smaller here overcomes the greater; the fact being, that pressure applied to any part of a fluid under confinement is diffused equally through the whole mass.

To apply this force to mechanical purposes, is the object of the hydraulic-press—a machine simple enough in its construction, and not difficult to comprehend. Substitute for the hogshead a vertical hollow iron cylinder, closed and solid at one end, open at the other; of such strength and dimensions as the work to be done may require; and fit into the open end a solid piston or plunger, working through an air-tight collar. Near the top, a small hole is bored, sloping downwards, through which water is driven into the interior of the cylinder by a force-pump. We will now suppose the plunger to be in its place, and water being forced in; the fluid, unable to escape at the top, finds its way downwards, and accumulating at the bottom, lifts up the plunger, with whatever may be attached to it, and presses it with resistless force against any object placed in the way. Such, in principle, is the hydraulic-press used in factories where bulky materials have to be reduced to small compass, and by bookbinders, printers, and some other trades. Its pressure is relaxed by simply turning a cock; and in this respect, as well as in power, which is only limited by the strength of the materials, it excels all other known presses.

By means of three such presses, adequate in strength and dimensions to the enormous weight to be lifted, the tube was raised into its place. Two, which had been used at the Conway, were placed side by side on the Britannia Tower, about forty feet above the gaps in the masonry, and were made to act together as one. In these the plunger, or 'ram,' as engineers call it, was eighteen inches diameter. The other was of larger dimensions—a very giant among hydraulic-presses, equal in itself to the work of the two smaller ones. The cylinder was nearly 11 feet long, with sides 11 inches thick, and 20 inches diameter inside. It was cast all in one piece, and weighed 17 tons, to which the weight of the ram and other fittings added about 22 tons more. The water was forced in by a forty-horse steam-engine, through a hole not more than half an inch in diameter; and so prodigious was the pressure, that had an outlet been made, the fluid would have spouted up to a height of 20,000 feet. Indeed, there is reason to believe that this press would of itself have been sufficient to raise the tube, and yet it was as manageable as a common syringe!

Between the presses and the water was a height of about 140 feet; the lifting-power was communicated through this space by means of massive chains, made of links or plates of iron, 6 feet long, 7 inches wide, and 1 inch thick, somewhat similar to those used for Telford's suspension-bridge. Two of these chains were made fast by their lower extremities, at about two feet from each end of the tube, while the upper extremities were secured to a 'cross-head,' as the strong cast-iron beam is called which rests

on the top of the rams. The four chains weighed about 100 tons. Now, the good effect of the cast-iron frames above mentioned was observed: due resistance was opposed to the strain, and all tendency to twist was overcome.

All preparations being made, the lifting began. The steam-engines forced water into the presses; slowly the rams rose, bearing up the chains and the tube, which hung far beneath. This was another anxious moment, when the ponderous structure swung clear off its support, borne only by the chains; but the machinery held, and, inch by inch, the rams emerged from the cylinders, until, in half an hour, they were at their full height—six feet. This was on the 11th of August. As the tube rose, beams and balks of timber were carefully built up beneath it, to afford support in case of accident; and when the six-feet lift had been gained, all the chains were seized by 'clams,' a sort of iron jaws, made to bite by powerful screws, fixed at the foot of the presses. By these the tube was held in position, while the cylinders were emptied and the rams lowered, when the upper link having been taken off, and the chains again made fast to the cross-head, the clams were opened, and the lifting went on as before for another six feet. Steadily the builders kept on beneath, and on the 17th, their piled-up wall was thirty feet above the water, when suddenly there was a crash, followed by a heavy fall. The great cylinder had burst; and the tube, no longer supported, fell, but only for a few inches, the timber-wall being there to receive it. That cast iron, eleven inches thick, should have been burst by such a cause, furnishes a striking instance of the amazing pressure of the water. The bottom of the cylinder had separated from the other portion, and slipping from its place, fell upon and killed an unfortunate sailor at the foot of the tower. Mr Clarke, who was standing on the cross-head watching the operation, was thrown down from his position to the masonry beneath, but with no other injury than a few bruises. The accident inspired considerable alarm, and for a time intimidated the men engaged on the work.

In six weeks, a new cylinder was cast, after which the lifting went on, six feet a day, without further accident. By the 6th of October, the tube was 58 feet above the water, and the *Fairy* steamer passed underneath; and on the 13th, it was up to the required level. Three cast-iron 'key-beams' were immediately thrust across the recess at each end, and on these it finally rested. As the beams bear no inconsiderable portion of the weight, great pains were bestowed on their preparation and fitting. To insure prompt and easy movement, cast-iron boxes were built into the masonry, through which they were pushed at the critical moment from the scaffold erected for their support at the side of the tower. Each beam is 4 feet deep, 24 feet long, and weighs 11 tons.

The first tube being thus happily disposed of, preparations were

forthwith commenced for raising the second. The hydraulic presses had to be shifted; and while the largest was being lowered, the main rope, by which it was held, slipped, and the ponderous mass fell with a crash to the projecting masonry at the foot of the tower. The cylinder itself sustained no injury, but another man was killed, and three or four seriously injured.

The floating and raising of the other three tubes were but repetitions of what we have here described: the second was got up in December of the same year; the third in June, and the fourth in August, 1850. A series of events marking emphatically the scope and resources of modern engineering; but each one attended by casualties similar to those which occurred in the first instance—breaking of ropes, giving way of lashings, and the tearing down of portions of the platform and scaffolding, which, though harassing for the time, did not mar the ultimate success.

The tubes, when in place, were united so as to form a continuous length from one side of the Strait to the other; but before the joining took place, the outer ends were tilted up a few feet, so that on lowering them down to their level after the rivetting in the centre, a regular tension was produced all along the top, which added materially to the stability of the tubes. But with such a vast surface of metal, provision had to be made for the expansion and contraction that changes of temperature would be sure to produce, and on a scale proportionate to the mass. We have all read how walls have bulged, or bridges fallen, in consequence of the imperfect fixing of hot-water pipes, and the effect of heat and cold on cast-iron girders. Where they met in the Britannia Tower, the tubes were securely rivetted together, and made immovable as the masonry by which they are enclosed, resting on fixed bed-plates; but in the shore-towers, and in the abutments, the bed-plates are movable, with 264 cast-iron rollers and 132 gun-metal balls inserted beneath them, working and playing in frames and channels, and affording free motion in all directions—a contrivance which recalls to mind the saddles for Telford's suspension-chains. On these the great tubes have free movement, and the phenomena of expansion and contraction which they exhibit are very remarkable. In the hottest part of the summer, they are twelve inches longer than in the winter—a difference which, had they been fixed, would have thrown down the solid piers by a resistless alternating pull and thrust. Now, all mischief is obviated; and to prevent a break where the ends of the tube-rails meet those on the land, an 'expansion-rail' is inserted, in which the two ends, being halved together, slip past each other, and maintain an uninterrupted line with every movement of the tube. The daily expansion and contraction varies from ½ inch to 3 inches: it begins at sunrise, increases and changes as successive portions of the iron are heated; attains its maximum about three in the afternoon; and

them gradually declines. Singular effects are produced by the sudden passage of clouds across the sun, and there is some movement even in the dullest days. A gauge, fixed at one end, indicates the amount of alteration, and a thermometer the temperature. The diagrams produced by the pencil of the instrument as it travels over the sheet of paper from sunrise to sunset, are very similar in their general outline; but no two are ever exactly alike, and the disturbances are sometimes exceedingly curious. The needle of a compass held near the bottom of the tube, has its south pole attracted, and near the top, its north pole. Half an hour's sunshine produces more effect than a storm; the deviation caused by a gale of wind is ¼th of an inch; and the deflection by the passing of a train, 3-10ths of an inch. The horizontal oscillation caused by wind is also recorded.

The lifting of the second tube into its place in December 1849, established a communication between the two shores; and not to lose time, while the other portion of the works was advancing towards completion, preparations were at once made for running trains through the finished tube.

A line of rails was laid down on longitudinal sleepers of pine, running from end to end of the tube; and as soon as the necessary fittings in the towers and at the abutments were perfected, a trial was made of the strength of the tube. On the 5th of March 1850, Mr Stephenson, accompanied by his staff, left Bangor Station with a train of three engines for the Britannia Bridge. At seven in the morning, they slowly entered the tube, and coming to a pause in the centre of each span between the towers, the train was left standing for a time, to try the effect of its weight, but without producing any observable strain or deflection. This was followed by a severer test, in the shape of twenty-four heavily laden coal-trucks, making altogether a load of 300 tons, which were drawn into the middle of the Caernarvon tube, and left for two hours; but in this instance the deflection was not more than 4-10ths of an inch—an amount too small for consideration. An hour's sunshine produces a greater effect; and, according to the calculations, a deflection of 13 inches would not endanger the safety of the structure. This, however, is twelve times more than it will ever be likely called upon to bear. At noon, on the same day, a still heavier train was sent through: to the twenty-four coal-trucks were attached as many more laden with coke, besides a number of carriages containing about 800 passengers—all passed slowly through, and the Britannia Bridge was opened.

If any doubt had remained, it was now dissipated by a trial as rigorous as it was satisfactory. Later in the day, Mr Stephenson said, addressing an assembly at Holyhead: 'The bridge will sustain, and sustain safely, seven times such trains as have this day passed through it, were they piled one upon another; and a weight of 3000 tons might safely press upon any part of the floor of the tube, or be suspended from its centre.' In fact,

there is no portion of the railway so adequate to its work as is the tube.'

The opening of the tube led to the observation of some phenomena interesting to eye and ear: the firing of a pistol is echoed four times; and the repetition of sounds, whether loud or gentle, from the numerous T irons, produces a 'shrill, whirring note.' The effect of musical tones on one occasion, when a concert, illuminated by thousands of candles, was given to the workmen, was most surprising. The faintest whisper, uttered at one end of a compartment in the top, is distinctly heard at the other; but a shrill whistle is inaudible. Mr Clarke relates, in his description of the bridge: 'The steam that collected in the interior, rapidly condensed on the cold side of the tube, which was covered with dew, but on the warm or sunny side no condensation took place. The light on the surface of the steam, that rolled along the bottom, had a pleasing effect. The spectator appeared to be walking over a stratum of beautiful clouds, with all the colours and outlines of the ordinary cumulus. The steam oozed exteriorly through every hole and open joint in the sides, as though under pressure from within; and the appearance of the sunny landscape at the extremities, through the coloured medium occasioned by the smoke, was extremely beautiful.'

Visitors to the Menai Strait, on mounting to the top of one of the tubes for a survey of the Britannia Bridge, and the prospect it commands, find themselves on a long platform, nearly 15 feet in width, which, in common with all the rest of the iron-work, is painted a light stone-colour. Running parallel with it, at a distance of 9 feet, is the other tube, the top of which presents a similar platform; and as the lintels in the openings through the towers are high enough to be out of the way, it is possible to walk from one end to the other without interruption. The travelling-stage, on which the workmen stand while painting or repairing, is kept always ready for use on the top; it will be seen that all the joints are carefully calked, to prevent the admission of rain or moisture to the interior. No unimportant precaution. Indeed, so desirable is it to protect the tubes from damp, that the plan for the completion of the structure includes an arched roof of galvanised iron, supported on light T pillars, covering the two with one span. The last time we saw the bridge, this roof was not erected.

'In the interior,' to quote once more from Mr Clarke's narrative, 'a convenient pathway of planks is laid throughout, and there is ample room to stand on either side during the passage of a train. A sombre light is admitted through a series of circular holes, 4 inches diameter, which are pierced through the side-plates on one side of the tube, at intervals of 12 feet, and glazed with plate-glass. A trap-door in the side affords convenient access to the centre tower, and man-holes are opened into each of the cells and to the bed-plates and rollers of the shore-towers, so that all parts of the works are easily accessible.'

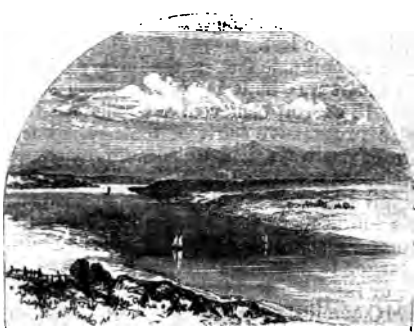
Compared with the suspension-bridge, the stone and iron in the Britannia Bridge are as 15 to 1. The entire length of the bridge, at the level of the railway, is 1841 feet, and of the tubes 1513 feet; the total weight of iron is nearly 12,000 tons—of which the two tubes contain 9360 tons of wrought iron, 1015 tons of cast iron, and 175 of permanent railway. In their fabrication, 186,000 separate pieces of iron are used, pierced with 7,000,000 holes, put together with more than 2,000,000 rivets, and strengthened with 83 miles of angle iron. Most of the iron was supplied from Staffordshire. Of masonry, including stone, brickwork, and rubble, there are 1,492,151 cubic feet, or 104,875 tons, all of which, numbering 2177 cargoes, was built up and finished in two years and nine months. Three steam-engines, and twenty-six travelling-cranes were in constant use. The scaffolds were, in themselves, marvels of construction—firm against the heaviest gales, and offering such facilities for lifting, that the heaviest stones were moved and deposited with the greatest ease; 175,000 cubic feet of timber were used in their erection; and adding that used for the platforms, on which the tubes were built, the total is 403,335 feet. At one time, about 500 men were at work on the towers, as many more at the tubes, and more than 300 in the quarries and on board the vessels engaged in the transport of stone and other materials. For many months, the outlay in wages was L.6000 a week; and the cost for the whole of the works nearly L.602,000.

Ten persons lost their lives, from various accidents, during the course of the works. They were buried in a little church-yard on the Anglesey shore; and the monument erected over them by their fellow-workmen, forms one of the features in the view. Among other casualties, some of the vessels employed were cast on shore, but none lost.

Not the least remarkable fact in the history of this stupendous structure is, that it was built in five years—a short time when compared with the result achieved. In this we have a striking example of the progressive spirit of the age. The development and formation of railways had called into existence means and appliances unknown when Telford built his suspension-bridge, and no sooner did an unexpected difficulty occur, than some ingenious individual was found ready to overcome it. The iron-manufacture, especially, seemed endowed with new energies; and by producing rolled plates larger than ever before, made a rivetted tube possible. If a new tool or machine was needed to effect a certain purpose, it was always forthcoming—created by the very necessity; and now they all remain as so much gain to the power of handicraft. And still the spirit of enterprise advances; and having laid a tubular bridge of iron across the Menai Strait, it is now busy with a project to span, by similar means, the St Lawrence and the Nile.

Great are the changes that have come over the land since the time when the early inhabitants named the remote island Anglesey

—Isle of the Angles. Hither, retreating before a stronger civilisation, came the Druids, making it their stronghold: here were their sacred groves; and here are still to be seen the remains of their cromlechs and circles. Hither came the Romans in pursuit, and after a fierce struggle, subjugated all. Here befell some of the incidents that form constituent parts of the history of our country from the days of the Plantagenets down to the Commonwealth, the actors wherein have all passed away, and left the field to other purposes and other men. And now, from near the top of the Britannia Tower, the visitor may look in peace and security on the tortuous channel, the wooded shores, the cliffs and crags, and the mountain-peaks of the Snowdon range on the horizon. And while contemplating the inspiring scene, he sees, far in the distance, the intermittent jet of white vapour streaming through the air, betokening the approach of a swift-moving train, that, soon speeding into view, rushes through the iron passage with the breath of a thousand giants, and a throb as though beating with the pulse of the age; and as the sound dies away, and the vaporous wreath disappears, he remembers with pride that this mighty pulse beats in his own day—that the present, with its arm of labour, its forehead of thought, its union of the good with the useful, will bear any comparison with the fame of the past.



PEDLER'S REST.

Shylock. I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions?—fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge?—*Merchant of Venice.*

I.

A MOMENT'S inspection of the map of Somersetshire will discover a serried rank of small lines, running along the southern part of the county, and indicating the long range of promontories known as the Mendip Hills; and about the centre of these, and on the western side, a still more deeply marked series of dots and strokes, endorsed 'Cheddar Cliffs.'

PEDLER'S REST.

Nearly on the highest point of the Mendip Hills is the hamlet of Chewton-Mendip, from which place there is a broad and direct road across a weary extent of common, and afterwards through the Cliffs, for three miles, to Cheddar. Though the distance between the two places is only some six or seven miles, it is a very dreary walk or ride. Across the desertlike common all is cold, forlorn, and monotonous; and when you arrive at the Cliffs, the road becomes a gorge, and winds through a terrific chasm, rent in the mighty rocks by an earthquake, or some tremendous convulsion of nature. On either side of the dark and devious way, the Cliffs rise to the height of 300 or 400 feet. Their appearance presents strong evidence of their having been at one time a connected mass. Where there is a recession on one side, there is a protrusion on the other; and the concordance is so exact, as to induce the idea, that if by some supernatural power the two sides could be clasped together, they would fit to each other precisely. Their aspect alternately assumes the fantastic and the terrible, and now and then the grandly picturesque. The hawk and the raven take up their abodes on the heights, and the sharp scream of the one, and the rattling croak of the other, make appropriate music to the scene.

Just at the commencement of the Cliffs, as you come from Chewton, there stood, many years ago, a small cottage, close by the side of the road, over which a protruding mass of rock hung with a threatening aspect. Some distance from it, just beyond the rocks, there was a rude attempt at an enclosure of about half an acre of the desertlike common, which, after a rough and makeshift fashion, was turned into a garden. The unpretending tenement was long known by the name of 'Pedler's Rest,' and the garden as 'Pedler's Ground.' They were distinguished by numerous associations connected with a man named Hiram Balzar—properly, Balthazar, perhaps, but abbreviated into Balzar by the country people—who was a Jew pedler, well known in many parts of the country, but especially in the western shires, in which for years he was a familiar character. He was in the habit of travelling hither and thither, selling miscellaneous merchandise, trinkets, and useful things of small bulk. A trusty ass, which had also been a character in his day, accompanied Hiram in his peregrinations, bearing the stock in trade in a couple of panniers on either side of him; and sometimes Hiram himself between them—thus having the whole establishment upon his own legs. The pedler, in his travels, made halts at certain places, where he was likely to meet with customers; and such points of arrival and departure he called his 'rests.' And when at length he became enfeebled, and could make his journeys no longer, he settled down in this isolated cottage, calling it his 'last rest;' and thus giving to the spot a name which clung to it long after Hiram himself had departed, and not one stone of the cottage stood on another.

It is about fifty years since Hiram the pedler died. He appears to have been an eccentric character; a hard hand at a bargain; with a quaint, anxious, loquacious manner; inconceivably mean and avaricious; and to have had a settled detestation of all living creatures, save his own forlorn donkey, which he cherished much. He was a Jew; and spoke his queer speeches with the nasal whine, and with imperfect articulation. His appearance he made remarkable, by wearing a cow-skin jacket, and allowing his ragged hair and beard to grow to an enormous length. When he settled down at Pedler's Rest, he still kept on hand a stock of such merchandise as he had formerly carried about the country—pins, needles, thread, cotton, hosiery, handkerchiefs, children's boots and shoes, tawdry brooches, and other mock jewellery; and was continually scaring wayfarers who passed the place, by running out, in the old cow-skin jacket, hurrying after them, and entreating them to buy. He frequently followed people a quarter of a mile, begging their custom with eager solicitude. In order to turn a penny, he applied himself to the cultivation of a garden, and without asking permission of any one, enclosed the corner of the common next his hut. The land was so stony and wretched, and the common so large, that no one thought it worth his while to hinder Hiram in this illegal proceeding, and Hiram himself would have died rather than pay a sixpence in the way of rent. On this spot he reared such fruits and vegetables as did not require any recondite course of cultivation; and again calling the services of the venerable ass into requisition, journeyed periodically into Bristol, and disposed of his produce in the streets and markets.

The eccentricities of Hiram's appearance and behaviour increased with his years and infirmities. He became more than ever a known character in the various localities where he now, at regular intervals, appeared, driving his ragged-coated ass; and the boys of the streets, and the low and malicious in the markets, made the torment of the lonely old Jew one of their prime diversions. The intense selfishness of the man himself, his irascibility, and the bitter taunts and jeers which he bestowed on his opponents, inflamed the enmity of which he was the victim, and heaped up the measure of his miseries.

II.

One day, Hiram and his ass returned to the Rest in even more than usually hapless plight. His enemies had risen against him with more cruelty than ever, and had prevailed. From scoffs and insults they had proceeded to violence: he and his ass had been ill treated, pelted with the filthy garbage of the streets, and Hiram was driven ignominiously home before he had sold half his *sorry stock of* vegetable merchandise.

But they were not alone. The pedler and his ass, though neither of them had ever been seen before in other company than their own—had, indeed, been regarded as offshoots of society, both of man and beast, living for themselves only, and despising all the world—were now beheld trudging along in friendly companionship with one of Eve's daughters. This new member of the party was a woman apparently about thirty years of age. Her appearance was humble, and by no means prepossessing. Her regular, but plain and hard features, were browned and hardened, as if by perpetual exposure to the weather; and her strong body, large limbs, and vigorous action, seemed to betoken a course of life which called into activity and uncommon maturity all her physical powers. She walked with a firm and easy step over the rough road, by the side of the aged Jew, who tottered along with his dull ass, pouring out a continuous torrent of invective and bitter complaint against his persecutors. By the attitude of the woman, she appeared to listen attentively, and now and then she put in a word of condolence; but her cold gray eyes looked far away, and her mien was that of one who hears but heeds not.

'They had kilt me, Sharah, if you had not come,' said Hiram, turning to her with an expression of anxious gratitude upon his sordid face; 'for I am an old man—old and weak, worn down by troublesh and hard laboursh—able no more to fight, and make folksh shpeak me shivil. Therefore they shpit upon me, pull my beard, cover me with dirt, hound their dogsh upon me, call me foul nameshs, wag their tonguesh, and drive me from the earning of my bread. They are dogsh—all dogsh, cowardsh, and brutesh! It ish two timesh, Sharah, tearsh, that you have driven them from me, and I will not that you shall do it for nothing, Sharah. You shall be rewarded, Sharah, by my shoul, and ash true ash I am breathing now! But, Sharah'—— he continued, pausing and looking apprehensively at his companion, his small black eyes glittering with an expression of infinite meanness and solicitude, 'I shall bring her shomething into Brishtol one of theshe market-daysh. Yesh, Sharah, I shall bring it into Brishtol one of theshe market-daysh. I can go on now by myshelf—she hash come quite far enough, good shoul!'

'Go back!' said the woman in a tone of rough good-nature, as he paused, intending they should part. 'Why, Hiram, you will never be able to get home alone; they have treated you so badly.'

'Not able to get home!' exclaimed Hiram, his black eyes glittering more restlessly than ever. 'How doesh she know I am not nearly there now? Not able to get home! Why, it ish but a few shtepsh, Sharah, tearsh!'

'Do you live under ground, then?' asked Sarah, casting a quick glance over the houseless moor. 'I am sure there's no house for miles round, for I know this part. You can't be so near home as all that, Hiram.'

'It ish not far, I tell her,' rejoined the pedler impatiently,

apparently as much displeased at a degree of curiosity his companion betrayed, as at her refusal to part from him. 'I and Bulnam know every step of the way, and I am not going to fall by the roadside, Sharah.'

'I don't know that,' returned the woman. 'They've shaken you to pieces, I can see; and you're not so strong as you think you are.'

'Pish! Quite strong enough, Sharah, tearsh, to get home, quite strong enough for that. She had better go back now.'

'And do all this kindness for nothing, then!' exclaimed Sarah, with an accent of strong reproach.

'Shurely not for nothing, Sharah, by my shoul!' answered Hiram warmly. 'I will bring her a handshome preshent one of theshe market-daysh. Sho handshome, Sharah, tearsh! There go back now.'

'Go back, Hiram!—where to?' exclaimed the woman, with a dash of anger and disappointment, but still in a tone of apparent regard for the forlorn being before her. 'I have nowhere to go to but the streets now; for wasn't I turned out of house and home last night, and the very bed taken from under me for the rent I can't pay? And as soon as I go back, shan't I get into trouble for taking your part, Hiram? Ever since I stood up for you before, haven't they hooted me through the streets, and called me "Jewess" and "Jezebel?"'

'A shame—a shame—the cowardsh!' muttered the Jew, his face becoming livid, and his frame trembling with passion, as his tormentors were thus brought to mind. 'But sho it ish, Sharah, with all who do well. The devil hatesh them, and hish children pershecute them. But there ish another world, Sharah, tearsh, where we shall be righted, and where theshe dogsh shall be chained—ay, and schorched, and branded, and punished with endlessh misheriesh and firesh eternal—the villainsh!'

'Well, now, Hiram, you won't let me go back to them, to be hooted and worried through the streets—will you?' persisted Sarah. 'Come, Hiram, I have been a friend to you, so be a friend to me. Give me shelter, or a little money to get food and lodging, till I can start afresh.'

The Jew appeared panic-stricken at this straightforward request. 'Money, Sharah!' he exclaimed with intense emphasis, hissing the words through his teeth. 'All the week, day by day, have I laboured to get my shtore ready for the market, that I may schrape up a few pensh to buy me food for the daysh to come—not for the daysh when I can work no more, but for to-day, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, even the time that ish here now; and shee how I have proshpered! I am driven home again, and my goodsh with me, before I have put one penny in my pocketsh. You have sheen, and you know, Sharah, my woesh and my poverty, and yet you ashk me for money! I have *none!*' he cried, stamping with peevish fury. 'Go back, and leave me, woman,

for I have no money. And when again you shee them, pluck my beard, shpit at me, and shmite me with their handsh, go your waysh, and heed not, even though I come to my death amongsht them, for a beggar cannot pay for charity—cannot pay, Sharah,—cannot pay! I had thought she did it out of kindnessh,' he continued, turning upon her with a menacing air; 'I did not think she wash reckoning upon what she should get for it. And why ish she so pressing to shtay with me? Doesh she think Hiram keepsh good shtore, and will make her welcome, and feasht her?'

'I never thought of it, Hiram,' said the woman sharply. 'I have helped you, and seen you safe along this far, out of pity for the hardships they put upon you; and you know it. However, there was one thing, perhaps, that I did feel curious to find out, and that was, whether you could give back a kindness for a kindness done you.'

'Sharah,' said Hiram, a cunning leer passing over his lately convulsed features as he advanced close to her, and proceeded to address her more slowly and emphatically than he had hitherto done—'Sharah, when unto Sholomon the Queen of Sheba came, to prove him with hard queshtionsh to find if he wash wishe, and with handshome preshentsh to dishcover if her munificensh he could surpassh, she gained experiensh which wash both shweet and bitter. For the wishdom of Sholomon put her to shame, while of his richesh he shent her laden back, even with camelsh bearing preshious merchandishe, and spicesh, and coshtly gear. But I am no Sholomon, Sharah, for I have no wishdom; no Sholomon, Sharah, for I have no wealth. Did she lift the world for me, I could not pay her. Had I been wishe, perhapsh I had been wealthy; but not being wishe, I am a beggar. Sho, Sharah, it ish but a vain labour for her to try to prove whether Hiram ish wishe or wealthy, for he ish neither.'

'Well, then'—— commenced Sarah, turning away with a gesture of contempt after this remarkable speech, and apparently about to express some very scornful valedictory sentiment.

'But mark me, Sharah,' interrupted the Jew eagerly; 'shtill Hiram ish not ungrateful, though he ish a Jew—poor, deshpished, ill-treated, and the shcorn, shame, and pity of all good Christiansh. You have been good to Hiram, and Hiram Balthazhar will work the flesh off hish bonesh—ay, go naked and shtarve—rather than let such shervish passh without recompenshe.'

'Then why don't you do something for me?' asked the woman, apparently greatly struck by the concentrated warmth and energy with which Hiram made this avowal.

'Alash! she musht wait,' said Hiram, still with emphasis, but now assuming a somewhat coaxing tone. 'She cannot show and reap all in one day. The sheed is in good ground, Sharah; and who will shay it will not bear fruit a hundredfold? Be at resht: *in due* seashon, Sharah, will come the good harvesht-time.'

'The dead season is now, Hiram, whilst I am in sorest want.'

'What can I do? Take all I have—take the panniersh from Balaam'sh back, and the clothesh from my own—she can have no more.'

'There's no sense in that. A roof to shelter me, and a little food to eat for a day or two—that's all I ask for.'

The Jew was silent. He looked fixedly into his companion's face with an air of calculating scrutiny.

'It is all I ask,' repeated the woman. 'Come, grant me this. It may be better for you than for me, Hiram; for you are pretty well knocked up, and it may be good to have some one about you.'

There appeared to be something in the persistence of the woman, and in the expression of her cold gray eyes, which Hiram did not like. He stood silent—looked down on the ground, then into her face—down on the ground again, then into her face again, with a wistful, uneasy air. The woman made no sign or gesture of impatience, but stood waiting to hear his determination with closely shut lips and eager eyes.

Presently Hiram turned away with a sudden start, seized the bridle of his ass, and led the beast forward. 'Come,' said he, having apparently made up his mind to answer the request in the affirmative. 'Hiram ish old and weak, she may be usheful to him; Hiram ish poor and wretched, she cannot rob him! To-day ish Wedneshday; she shall have food and lodging till Shaturday, which ish the blesshed Shabbath.'

He continued his way, and the woman resumed the position she had before occupied, walking with firm and vigorous action by his side.

They had barely advanced a hundred yards, before a figure emerged from behind a fragment of rock by the side of the way, and stood looking curiously after them.

After trudging for more than an hour, during which the feeble Hiram, having given vent to many a sigh and groan of fatigue, had climbed, with Sarah's assistance, on to the back of the ass, they arrived at Pedler's Rest, Hiram's home. Taking a large key from the lining of his coat, Hiram opened the door of the miserable cottage. He then removed the panniers from the back of the ass; carried them, one at a time, into the house; and then Sarah and the ass followed him in, the beast walking straight forward through a passage which divided the tenement into two parts, and standing by the back-door till Hiram should open it; which Hiram having done, the creature entered a rude stable, made up in the cave behind, and began instantly to munch the thistles, chaff, and grass, with which a crazy manger was stored.

The eagerness of her cold gray eyes sharpened, but her face grew more blank, as Sarah looked about the old Jew's dwelling. All she could see at present wore an aspect of disheartening desolation and poverty. The room they were in was a small

chamber, some twelve feet by eight in extent, and without any ceiling, having merely the thatch of the roof for a covering; for the cottage was but one story in height, and consisted of only two apartments, in one of which the Jew lived by day, and in the other slept at night. They were now in the former. A cupboard and a large box, a deal-table, two old easy-chairs, an oil lamp, a large lantern, hanging against the wall, a gridiron and frying-pan—by the side of the small hearth, a dish and two plates, an old battered metal teapot, three cups and one saucer—were all the articles of use or ornament which met the observant eye of her who now entered the place for the first time.

With the ready skill of one accustomed to wait upon himself, Hiram kindled a fire in the pinched-up grate, and with his breath inflamed the embers until a cheerful blaze arose, over which he stooped and warmed his thin attenuated hands with great satisfaction.

It was September, and the evenings were growing cold, especially in this bleak and desolate spot. The woman drew one of the crazy old arm-chairs upon the hearthstone, and seating herself in it, warmed her hands also.

'What a blesshing ish a little fire!' exclaimed Hiram, disposed to take the utmost account of the luxury.

'That's true,' said the woman readily, as if she were really thankful for it; 'for it's main cold in these parts.'

'Sho it ish, Sharah; but she would find it colder in Brishtol, perhapsh, wandering in the shtreetsh without shelter, food, fire, or anything else. Eh, Sharah, tearsh?' said Hiram, evidently desirous that his visitor should set an appreciating value upon his hospitality.

'That's true,' said the woman again, as she sat looking at the blaze with the fixed, vacant stare of one whose mind is busied with many thoughts, and a hard, cold expression, which told of troubles past and present.

Hiram opened his cupboard, and brought forth bread and meat; placed his kettle on the fire; opened his store-box, and took out some coffee, with which, when the water was sufficiently hot, he manufactured some of the fragrant beverage. He placed before Sarah one of his small stock of knives, a plate, and a cup.

'Why, Hiram, man,' said she, 'you live like a gentleman!'

'A poor shentleman, Sharah—a very poor shentleman,' grunted Hiram.

'Never mind; enough is as good as a feast,' rejoined Sarah.

'Sho it ish, Sharah,' answered Hiram, 'and much better. I only wish I could alwaysh get enough, which, somehow or other, no one ever doesh in thish world, Sharah. And when thish little shtore ish gone, what will I do then, for they drive me from the marketsh and the shtreetsh, and will not let me earn my bread—devilsh and villainsh!'

'Don't take on about that now—it can't last for ever. They'll

soon get tired of it, Hiram, and let you alone. Let me go with you next time, and then see if they dare to touch us.'

'It ish very good, Sharah; but do they not ill-treat you already, brave ash you are?'

'But I can soon put a stop to that,' said the woman, with a resolute jerk of the head. 'I am as strong as any of them; and if they rouse me again, as they have to-day, some of them will find it out.'

'It ish no good, Sharah, tearsh,' cried Hiram bitterly; 'not one bit of good, Sharah. She shall not run the rishk for me. It ish quite enough for one to be beaten and shtarved—beaten and shtarved!'

'Who talks of being beaten and starved?' exclaimed a voice, in a half-bantering tone, whilst at the same time two or three light raps were given at the door.

Hiram and his companion started, and exchanged looks of surprise and annoyance; the Jew, indeed, of fretful anger.

'Come, let me in,' cried a voice, and the latch of the door was raised and rattled; but Hiram never neglected to fasten the bolt, so that raising the latch was of no avail—the door opened not.

III.

'We are jusht going to bed, and cannot be opening the door again to-night,' cried Hiram to the person without.

'It is raining hard,' said the voice; 'I am tired and knocked up, and there is no house but this for miles.'

'It ish not a tavern; and we are too poor to entertain wayfarersh and travellersh, however much we may deshire it,' cried Hiram peevishly.

'Poor! Well, I will pay you to let me rest here this night, so that you shall gain by obliging me.'

The Jew paused. His face assumed its accustomed calculating expression. 'It ish a shivel-shpoken shentleman,' muttered he presently. He appeared to be weighing the significance of the stranger's superior tone and accent in conjunction with the word 'pay,' the hearing of which had effected an immediate and magical change in his demeanour.

'It ish shtrong proof how poor we are,' said he to the person outside, 'that even for the chanshe of obtaining an honest penny by giving you the shelter you deshire, we break through the cushtom of long yearsh, and open the door after it hash been closhed for the night. We musht get bread to eat how we can—how we can.'

He withdrew the bolt—his fingers half hesitating—and opened the door.

A young man, pale and haggard, stepped in quickly—the same

figure which had emerged from the rock after Hiram and Sarah's colloquy. He appeared to be between twenty-five and thirty years of age; was of middling height, slightly built, and possessed a pair of piercing black eyes, which shone out brightly from his worn and sharpened face. His attire was of good material, and in the best fashion of the day, but was soiled and disordered, and worn in the most free and careless fashion. He carried a very small knapsack, lightly and commodiously attached to his back by a couple of shoulder-straps, and in his right hand a thick knotted staff. Standing by the table, he surveyed the wretched and comfortless room, and returned, with steady interest, the curious and suspicious glances of Hiram and Sarah. 'You call yourself poor—do you?' said he presently, as he unstrapped his knapsack.

'Very poor—very poor, good shir,' ejaculated Hiram; 'hardly shure of a day'sh bread, after yearsh of hard laboursh.'

'What profit hath a man of all his labours which he taketh under the sun?' exclaimed the stranger, with an odd, ironical smile.

'Very shmall profitsh!—very shmall profitsh!' exclaimed Hiram, scrutinising the appearance of his guest, and watching his every movement with the anxious, mechanical solicitude of a dog.

'Well, never mind,' said the stranger. 'Let us think ourselves affluent as long as we have life and our senses. Why toil and moil, if we can get nothing by it? As for myself, I am a wanderer, who knows not at morn where he shall lay his head at night; but you are obviously a man of condition—have a house to live in, a not entirely unstocked larder; tables, chairs, and household implements, and a fireside whereby to cherish yourself. Besides all this, have you not the glorious face of nature out of doors? Is not all creation spread before you—a banquet at which none can prevent your sitting? Have you not usufruct of earth, and skies, and water? And, above all, have you not the inestimable blessing of a dwelling where few come to molest you—a resting-place outside the ruck of the great, lying, cheating, hideous world of conventionality, fashion, trade, and commerce? After all, you are wealthy, Hiram Balthazar!'

'Tearsh! how did he learn my name?' exclaimed the Jew, with a start at hearing himself thus addressed.

'Tom Fool knows nobody, but everybody knows Tom Fool, says the proverb,' returned the stranger with a laugh. 'It is one of the vexations of extensive celebrity, that every one knows you by sight and name, Hiram. Fame places a man in a pair of stocks before the world. Every one in passing takes a look, and makes his own remark, and learns to recognise and remember the acolyte of immortality. I have often heard of you, Hiram, especially during the last three days which I have spent in these parts. You are more talked about here than the king on his throne.'

'Pish! It ish fine pleashantry!' grunted Hiram, becoming soured and acrimonious at the careless, off-hand tone of his new

guest, and beginning to repent having admitted him. 'I am old, humble, poor, full of troublesh, and have not shpirit to enshoy it, so it ish all losht wordsh—losht wordsh.'

'All lost! Then I won't advance any more,' rejoined the stranger, taking off his wet coat, and holding it before the fire. 'It is bad work, Hiram, going on without chance of fair profits.'

'Ay, fair shir, I think you had better go on to the nexsht houshe, which ish only four milesh on the road, whichever way you turn. There you will get a good shupper and a good bed for your money, which ish more than I can find you. We are not company here for shentlemen of shpirit and humour.'

'Come, don't be angry, Hiram. Give me some of your bread, and meat, and coffee, and let me lie here this night, and you shan't have reason to repent it—that is, if you be in any wise a reasonable being. I am not exactly a gentleman of spirit and humour, but have my troubles and heart-burnings as bad in their way as yours, I warrant. But let us forget all about that.'

With a short, impatient sigh the stranger placed the remaining chair by the table, and sat himself down, having, during his colloquy with his host, spread his damp coat across Hiram's store-box, unpacked his knapsack, taken out a sort of jacket made of flannel, and put it on. He took a clasp-knife from his pocket, helped himself to bread and meat, accepted a cup of coffee from Hiram's trembling hands, and proceeded to eat and drink this curiously prepared meal with easy unreserve and much appetite.

'It ish very poor accommodation,' said Hiram, who appeared extremely uncomfortable at having a couple of guests in his house—quite an unprecedented circumstance at Pedler's Rest. 'You are come to the table of Lazharush, who, alash! can keep but shorry fare, and ish very shorry company.'

'Hiram's been put out of his way to-day,' said the woman, speaking for the first time since the arrival of the new guest; 'and he hasn't got over it yet. They set upon him in the market, and drove him home before he had sold a pennyworth.'

'Cowardsh!—villainsh!—dogsh!—devilsh!' muttered Hiram fiercely.

'Why, what's the matter, then?' asked the stranger.

'Quite enough to turn his temper it is,' continued Sarah, appearing to feel much sympathy for Hiram's calamities, and observing towards the visitor an air and tone of coldness and indifference, which, however, had still a modicum of respect; for there was that in the language and manner of the latter which always unmistakably characterises a person of breeding and education. 'For these months past, they have never let him have a day's peace in Bristol, with their following him about, hooting and raving; and to-day they set upon him worse than ever, pulled his beard, knocked him about, threw at him whatever messes they could pick up in the streets, and forced him to come *back home again.*'

'And why do they do all this?' inquired the guest.

'Becaushe I am poor, and old, and weak,' exclaimed the Jew bitterly. 'It ish perfectly shafe to molesht and worry me, for I can take no revengshe.'

'It's not so much for that, as because you're a Jew, Hiram,' said the woman bluntly; 'that's why it is.'

'Ay, to be sure,' said the stranger with a contemptuous shrug. 'They are zealous in the cause of Christianity, Hiram; and every stripe they deal you, has to them the fragrance of a good deed done. But never mind, Hiram. Shave off thy beard, and then they cannot pluck it. It is the handle whereby they harass ye.'

'Pish!' again ejaculated the Jew. 'It ish very fine pleasantry, and it ish quite shafe to crack your jokesh upon one who ish old and brokendown. But I will bear it all. Being a Jew, I wear my beard; and they shall tear me limb from limb before I will cut it off to pleashe the cowardsh and devilsh.'

'Quite right. I did but joke, though joking upon you, just at this time, is joking upon a sore subject, Hiram,' said the stranger. 'But where, all this time, is your Mordecai? Why does not some man of your tribe, strong and astute, rise up to protect you?'

'Ay, and to hang them all ash high ash Haman and hish ten sonsh!' cried Hiram, rubbing his hands with vindictive energy. 'Ash high ash Haman, the Agagite, and hish ten sonsh, upon whom Mordecai took righteoush vengeanshe before King Ahashuerush and Hadasshah—that ish Eshther, the blesshed queen, whom her lord preferred before Vashti and all the virginsh, and who wash beloved of all that looked upon her. It ish the old timesh come back again; and there ish in every houshe a Haman, who would shay to the king, even ash did Haman, the son of Hammedatha: "There ish a shertain people shcattered abroad and dishpershed among thy people in all the provinshesh of thy kingdom, and their lawsh are divershe from all people—neither keep they the king'sh law; therefore it ish not for the king'sh profit to shuffer them." Yesh: there ish now a Haman in every houshe—but oh! where are Eshther and Mordecai? What hash become of the righteoushnessh, and mershy, and charity of the world, that a Jew, who ish old, and poor, and weak, ish not allowed to earn hish bread, but ish hunted up and down with jibesh and curshesh, and shpat upon, and driven back to hish poor shty, to mourn, and shtarve, and perish!'

During the delivery of this speech, Hiram became greatly excited. He rose from his chair, and stood trembling in the vehemence of his passion. Every separate hair of his long and ragged beard seemed to stand forth like the quills upon the fretful porcupine; his matted hair ruffled up, like the mane of an affronted lion; his nostrils dilated; his black eyes flashed with vulpine ferocity; his hands he held before him, and clenched and opened, clenched and opened, with the spasmodic action of incoherent rage.

'Why, he's quite wild and flighty to-night,' exclaimed Sarah, regarding him with amazement. 'Be calm and solid, Hiram—do.'

'Hush! Let him spend his rage, and then he will be better,' said the stranger, regarding Hiram with the curious and interested air of a connoisseur, who meets for the first time with some rare zoological specimen.

'You, who have no wrongsh to drive you mad, may tell me to be calm and sholid,' continued Hiram, turning upon the woman with a sudden manifestation of hatred and exasperation; 'but it ish losht counshel and bitter consholation! A shameful inshult to my shoul it ish to bid me be calm, when I have jusht been hunted nearly to my death, and when before me there ish nothing but the proshpect of shtarvation. Woman! what do you want here? Begone! You are worshe than all the resht—making believe that you befriended me, and coming to my houshe to see if I wash worth the robbing; and finding I am not, mocking me and my sorrowsh to my fache! You shall not resht here!'

With maniacal rage he seized from the grate the bar of iron which served him for a poker, and held it in a most threatening manner over the woman, whilst he pointed with a rigid extension of his left arm to the door. The cool resolution of the woman's nature quailed before this sudden and dangerous outburst. As she sat cowering and holding up her hands, the stranger rose and approached Hiram, apparently with the intention of wresting from him his formidable weapon. Ere a hand was laid upon him, however, a palsied quivering shook his worn frame, and with a groan of misery and anguish he sank helpless upon the ground. They raised him up, and set him in his chair, and the woman loosened his neckerchief, to relieve his stertorous breathing, and got water and bathed his forehead.

He presently became somewhat restored; the contortions of strong passion gradually subsided; and his features resumed their accustomed mean and anxious expression, as he sat up, like an imbecile, looking vacantly at the fire.

'He seems not to have the best opinion of you, and hardly to appreciate your attentions,' said the stranger, looking inquiringly at the woman.

'He's been driven half wild,' said the woman; 'and has not come round yet.'

'It ish sho, Sharah,' muttered the Jew. 'He did not mean to shtrike her, or do her harm. He hash been driven half wild, ash she shays, and ish not yet himshelf.'

'I thought this had been your daughter, or, perhaps, your wife,' said the stranger; 'but it appears to be an affair of a somewhat different sort. Is this Vashti, or Esther, Hiram?'

'Not Vashti—surely,' answered Hiram in a murmuring, half-abstracted tone; 'for she ish not sho fair to look on that the king should call her forth, in order that the princesh and the people might behold the shplendour of her beauty. Nor Eshther is she, for

she ish not of the tribesh. And yet she may be Eshther—she may be Eshther—for she hath thish day presherved me from my enemiesh, even as the queen of King Ahashuerush and Mordecai did the Jewsh in thoshe timesh, as it ish written.'

He became silent, and sat up, looking intently at the fire. The woman and the stranger reseated themselves; the former crossing her arms, and settling herself in an attitude of meditation; and the latter, composing himself as comfortably as possible in one of Hiram's old arm-chairs, apparently with the hope of dropping asleep.

IV.

For awhile all was still at Pedler's Rest, no sound disturbing the quiet, save the dripping of the rain, and the sighing of the wind without.

The silence was at length broken by the woman, who, with a sharp start, exclaimed: 'Hark!'

The Jew aroused himself, and listened eagerly.

'What doesh she hear?' he inquired, as if unable to detect any sound.

'Dogs are barking somewhere near,' said she.

'Dogsh barking, Sharah?' said Hiram, still listening.

'Yes; can't you hear?'

'Ay: I hear. But what ish there in that to frighten her. It ish some shepherd late returning with hish sheep.'

'What—at this time of night!' exclaimed Sarah.

'To be shure—why not, good Sharah?'

'It's not that, I shouldn't think; but who keeps dogs near here, I wonder?' and she looked inquiringly at Hiram.

'It ish shome shepherd late returning with his sheep,' persisted he peevishly, relapsing into his former attitude of weary exhaustion, as if the matter were not worthy further attention.

The stranger, who had started up at the first exclamation of Sarah, still continued to listen, as if in some anxiety.

'It is strange! There are dogs barking somewhere near still,' exclaimed he presently. 'Where can they be?'

'Pish!' muttered Hiram. 'It ish the shepherd'sh dogsh on the common, which eat and shleep all day long, and guard the sheep by night, and bark and howl at the wind and the rain. You will hear their clamour all through the night—in the distanche—in the distanche.'

'It seems near at hand to me,' said the woman, still appearing to have her curiosity or apprehensions aroused by the sounds.

In spite of his assumed indifference, Hiram evidently became nervous and fidgety at the continued barking and the observations of his companions. After shifting restlessly in his seat several times, he arose, lighted a piece of candle, put it in his lantern,

and feebly tottered out at the door in the partition which divided the cottage, saying, as he cautiously closed it after him, that he must see if 'Balaam wash all right, and reshting in such comfort ash hish shervishes desherved.'

The instant he disappeared, the woman's demeanour became changed from a show of cold weary apathy to one of eager cunning resolution. With her finger on her lip, she motioned the stranger to remain silent, hastily took off her heavy shoes, held her dress closely round her, and left the room so cautiously and silently, that even he who sat there could no more hear her footfalls than if she had been a spirit.

Hiram had gone into the stable, where Balaam was now lying on his bed of straw in dogged repose, a chain of some length keeping him within a certain distance of his manger. Going to the other side of the stable, that furthest from where his faithful beast lay, the Jew stooped, and waved the lantern over the floor, as if to find some particular spot. His purpose apparently answered, he put the lantern on the floor, and then, after looking sharply around and behind him—without, however, detecting the proximity of Sarah, who kept herself warily concealed behind the doorway—he kicked back the straw; removed a piece of board from the floor, bringing to view a large iron ring; and with the exertion of his utmost strength, heaved up a small but weighty trap-door. Carefully placing his feet upon the topmost of a rough flight of steps, he again seized the lantern, and he and the light descended and vanished together. For a moment or two, an uncertain flickering ascended from the aperture in the ground, and then all was darkness. The barking of dogs had sounded louder and nearer the moment the trap-door was lifted; but now, as if at the sound of Hiram's step and voice, the angry noises ceased, relapsing into an occasional growl or whine. The woman crept to the edge of the entrance to the vault, and after listening a moment, threw up her gown over her head, so that, with her dark underclothes, her figure should be completely shrouded, and rendered indistinct and shadowy, and then noiselessly descended. Though she made not the slightest sound, the dogs, wherever they might be, seemed to detect her approach, and their fierce barking again rang through the gloom.

'Silenche!' cried the voice of Hiram. 'It ish but your good mashter, and what soundsh can you hear but the wind and the water dropping yonder? Here ish meat to shtop your noishy mouthsh, good, faithful brutesh!'

A heavy dull sound, as of something dropping on the stone floor of the cave—for such it was, deep down in the Cliffs—and the instant cessation of the barking of the dogs, seemed to indicate that Hiram had thrown food to them.

'Dogsh,' muttered the Jew, 'I do not want your barking to-night; for, alack! there ish company up stairsh.'

With suppressed breath, and movements more cautious than

ever, the woman advanced towards the dim uncertain light, that issued from a distant compartment of the vault. The dogs growled over their food with unusual disquietude. Hiram noticed and muttered his observations thereupon.

'Good dogsh! good dogsh! they shmell the strangersh up stairsh. Like Hiram himshelf, they are never happy but when Hiram ish alone. Oh! had they been at hand thish day, shome had perished of their teeth for plucking Hiram'sh beard.'

The woman again advanced, and now paused not in her stealthy course till she had passed the entrance of that compartment of the cave in which were the Jew and his dogs. Hiram's back was towards her; he was watching his favourites, while they tore and devoured the foul meat he threw them from a basket he held upon his arm. She noticed with a keen eye that this dog-kennel was piled on all sides with boxes, on some of which she could descry, through the obscurity, rough massive padlocks.

Swiftly and silently as she passed the door, the acute senses of the animals detected the movement. Howling and barking in a paroxysm of fury, they sprang madly forward, straining their chains till their red fiery eyeballs seemed about to start from their shaggy heads. Hiram grunted his amazement in accents of anger and fear. The woman, frightened at the excessive ferocity of the brutes, hurried forward along the subterranean passage. As the barking still continued, Hiram came forth with the lantern, looked warily up and down, and walked a few paces towards where she was crouching, closely enveloped in her dark clothes. He could see nothing in the gloom; all was silent there. He went back, threw the dogs the last piece of meat, still muttering his surprise at their excited state, and hurried away, ascended the steps, closed the trap, replaced the piece of board over the iron ring, and the straw over that, and went on to where he had left his guests—leaving the woman imprisoned below, with no company save darkness, the padlocked boxes, and the furious dogs.

As he was closing his stable-door, strange sounds smote his ears—sounds which distorted his wrinkled face with horror and rage. Several clamorous voices sent discordant accents through the house. There were now evidently many persons in the lone cottage of the Jew, the sacred precincts of which he had guarded with such jealous care all the days and nights he had lived there. Hiram was appalled. His first thought was, that his 'enemiesh' had sought him out, for the purpose of despoiling his home, in the hope of finding treasure. He ran back, heaped straw over the trap-door, aroused the ass, unfastened his chain, and made the stubborn brute lie down on this new bed, hastening Balaam's slow movements with many a kick and cuff. He then hurried to the front-room.

A strange scene awaited him here. There were four constables present, and several rustics, and in the midst was the stranger he

had so lately left in repose, standing in an attitude of mortification and passion, with manacles upon his wrists! A cry of 'Here he is!' was raised by the rustics, the moment the scared and angry Hiram made his appearance. While two of the constables stood by the individual whose arrest had already been effected, the remaining two seized Hiram, and, in spite of his struggles, handcuffed him.

'Wherefore ish thish!' hissed Hiram, his articulation nearly destroyed by rage and surprise. 'I have done no wrong to any man, but have myshelf been wronged. Ish it my crime that I have shuffered many wrongsh?'

'You'll soon find out what's the matter,' returned one of the officers; 'so be easy, old feller.'

'You are fat and shtrong with living upon the hire that ish wrung from the people. I, who am old, and weak, and shtarving—crippled and exhaushted with age, and poverty, and labourshim no match for you, and cannot mete you righteoush measshure for your outrage on me. Sho shcoff and shmite to your heart'sh content, for I am helplessh ash a child, and cannot hurt you.'

'Righteoush measshure!' chuckled the constable, mimicking the accent of the aged pedler. 'You never meted that to any one, I reckon, Hiram, if you could help it. But in this here business it don't signify; we only does as we are ordered; so be easy, old feller, I say.'

'Where ish Sharah?' whined the Jew piteously, as he looked eagerly round the room. 'Tearsh! where ish Sharah, who would shpeak for me, and shtand up for me, and shee me righted, even ash Eshther did for Mordecai?'

'She ain't here, you see. She haven't shewed herself since we've bin here; and as we've got no orders with respect to she, it don't signify. Now, then,' exclaimed the officer, turning to his assistants, 'all's right; so let's be off.'

'Why do you take this old man?' asked the stranger, speaking for the first time since Hiram had made his appearance, and in the stern emphatic voice of one in a desperate position. 'He is not concerned in my case. I have but been in this poor house of his an hour, and have never seen him before. It is quite enough that you arrest me, and I presume your orders go no further.'

'We knows all about that, sir,' said the fugleman of the constabulary, in a tone a trifle more respectful than that in which he had addressed Hiram. 'Our orders was to take you, and whatsoever person or persons we found a-harbouring of you, sir.'

'Then you have no right to arrest him. He has not harboured me; he knows me not; had never seen me until an hour ago, when I forced myself upon him for the night, sorely against his will. It is not worth while to add to the troubles of one already so wretched; and certainly not by an overofficiousness which cannot be of any service to your case.'

'Not worth while, he shays,' cried Hiram bitterly. 'Sho they passh over the wrongsh of a poor Jew—"not worth while"—it ish a cruel, vile, cowardly shame!'

'Now, then, old Cockolorum, come along; it's no use wasting words,' said the officer who held Hiram's arm, accompanying his polite speech with a jerk which projected the pedler several steps nearer the door. 'All we knows is, we've got orders, and mustn't stand nice about executing of 'em.'

Two of the constables having lighted their small lanterns, the prisoners were led away from Pedler's Rest, the officer who appeared to exercise command over the others ordering one of his myrmidons to remain in care and possession of the cottage—a position which that individual inaugurated by shovelling nearly the whole of Hiram's stock of coals on the fire, a proceeding which caused the unhappy Jew a fresh pang. A close-covered two-horse chaise waited at some distance from the Rest, into which the prisoners were placed, two of the constables taking their seats by them, and the third mounting the box by the side of the driver. The vehicle was then driven away.

It appeared, that of the peasants who were in the cottage, one had served the police as a guide to Hiram's abode, and the others had followed in their wake from motives of curiosity. These now dispersed, gossipping over the matter among themselves. As the last was loitering after, he was accosted by a couple of men, who stepped from the side of the way, and inquired eagerly what had transpired at Pedler's Rest. The hind could simply tell them, that 'Ould Hiram Balzar, and a young spark as was in the house wi' un, had been took by the Charlies, and walked off.' The men then asked about 'the woman who was in the house,' and whether she had been taken with them. Their informant, however, had seen no woman in the house, and could certainly declare that no woman had been arrested. After lingering about some time, as if waiting for some one, the men went quickly away.

The September night closed stormily. The rain descended in torrents, and the wind screamed and howled through the Cliffs. The constable sat in wretched solitude in the lonely cottage; and as the hours wore on, became nervous and cowed by the dismal noises of the night, and by a fancy, which made him start and shudder ever and anon, that amidst the clamour of the elements, there arose the distant baying of dogs and a woman's agonising shrieks.

V.

The day after the occurrence of the events just recorded, a petty sessions of the magistrates of the district was held at Clutton, in Somersetshire. It was usual, on occasions of magisterial sittings, for a crowd of idlers and country-folks to gather round the inn in

which they were held; but on this occasion the number of these was greatly increased, and much interest and excitement prevailed, in consequence of the arrest and expected examination of a Mr Francis Kendal, and Hiram Balzar the pedler. Mr Kendal, the individual who gained admission to the Jew's hovel on the preceding evening, laboured, it appeared, under accusations of a very grave description; the search to discover and arrest him had been busily prosecuted for several days past; and from the nature of the charges, warrants were issued for the apprehension of whomsoever should be found harbouring him, as it was believed that he must have an accomplice or accomplices.

There was a full gathering of country magistrates on the bench; as many of the curious as could gain admittance crowded into the court-room; and, as has been stated, a large assemblage was collected round the house outside. At about eleven o'clock, a chaise was driven rapidly up to the door of the inn. The rough night had been succeeded by a fine morning; it was beautiful autumn weather—clear, warm, and bright. The two-horse chaise coming along the winding road, glancing and flashing in the sunshine between the arching trees, and with the smart rattling of wheels, hoofs, and harness, seemed of itself quite a noticeable cavalcade. With that countrified interest and curiosity which takes note of every man, horse, and vehicle that passes along a road, most of the hinds who lounged and loitered round the inn, directed their eyes towards the first turning to their left the moment the sound of wheels and hoofs became audible. Another magistrate was supposed to be coming. Perhaps it was Parson This, or Parson That, or Squire So-and-so. A dozen surmises were afloat in an instant. Presently the chaise came in sight, dashing round the corner at great speed. With a start, all turned completely towards it. There was no gentleman in the whole country-side who drove at that rate, save Squire Adams; and he it could not be, for he had already arrived, and had been upstairs for some time. As the vehicle drew nearer, however, the officer who sat by the driver on the box was recognised, and expectation received a new direction, and curiosity a sharper impulse. A minute more, and the horses were reined in close by the portico, and an officer sprang from the box to the ground, and opened the door of the chaise with the bustle and energy of a man engaged in an affair of immense importance. A young man, of slender make, jumped lightly from the vehicle the moment the door was opened, and hurried into the inn, closely followed by another officer, who had been inside with him. A murmur arose amongst the crowd. 'That's Kendal!' 'That's Kendal!' passed from mouth to mouth the moment the young man appeared. As he brushed past, he held his hands across his breast in a peculiar manner, as if anxious to escape the disgrace of being seen in fetters. His well-favoured, but now sharp and haggard features betrayed much mental suffering; and his general appearance had the strong

impressiveness of a man of intellect, education, and breeding, in a position of ignominy and peril.

Another officer now descended from the chaise, exposing to the full view of the curious the almost weird apparition of Hiram the pedler, who sat crouching, with his hands chained, in the corner of the vehicle. The quantity of ragged hair round his face and head, his shaggy brows and bright piercing eyes, and the doubled-up attitude in which he sat, gave him more the appearance of some strange and savage animal than of a human being. In a low voice, and in bitter accents, he kept up a continuous muttering of invective against those who had dragged him from his home, with his accustomed bewailing of his age, his poverty, his miseries, his long labours, his wrongs. It was some time before they could get him to move. Anger and excitement seemed to have bewildered his brain, making him half-idiotic. At length, however, he was dislodged, and half-dragged, half-lifted to the ground. He looked bitterly and scornfully around at the many eyes fixed upon him; directed a wistful glance up and down the road; and then shaking the constable's hand from his shoulder with a bend of comical hauteur, which was still sufficiently commanding to take the official by surprise, stalked, with uncertain and feeble steps, but yet with an air of pride and intrepidity, into the inn.

'Good Chrishtiansh,' snarled he, 'you are shtrong and fat; and though the Jew ish old, and shtarved, and weak, hish shpirit shall not break before your bleary eyesh!'

VI.

A brief retrospective detail is here necessary. The accusations against Mr Kendal were two, of a widely different character—perhaps the most strangely anomalous which have ever, at the same time, brought an individual beneath the cognizance of the law. The one was of no less gravity than the abduction of the daughter of the gentleman in whose house he had been employed as scholastic assistant; the other charged him with sedition, in conspiring to undermine the authority of the king, and to seduce his subjects from their loyal bearing. The former charge had the precedence in the present proceedings. The first witnesses who gave evidence were a Mr Bennett and his wife, the former of whom kept a large educational establishment at D——, some twelve miles from Cheddar. About a year and a half previously, Mr Kendal, a young gentleman of unusual attainments, had been engaged by Mr Bennett to fill the office of principal assistant in his school. Highly educated, of unexceptionable reputation, with engaging manners and address, the young scholar completely gained the regards of Mr and Mrs Bennett, and soon became

to a certain degree a point of attraction, within whose pleasant influence all were desirous of being admitted. Mr Bennett, like *Polonius*, had an only daughter, Julia, a young lady of rare intellectual and personal endowments. At the time Mr Kendal first came to her father's house, she was in her nineteenth year.

It appears that Kendal was of good birth; and should he happen to live longer than his aunt—which, seeing that she was a widow nearly forty years his senior, seemed not unlikely in the usual order of things—he would be entitled to a considerable amount of property, amply sufficient to support him in competence. Apart from his own character and acquirements, it was no doubt owing to his somewhat superior social position that Mr and Mrs Bennett admitted him to a degree of intimacy and friendship which almost made him one of their own family circle.

There were now two persons of superior character in the household of Mr Bennett—Julia and Mr Kendal. As, from time to time, the Bennetts, who had a large circle of friends, saw much company, the presence of two young persons, formed and endowed so expressly for the exercise of social influence, gradually communicated a degree of éclat to the household, and imparted an unusually refined tone to the society of the family. This association was attended by a result by no means unnatural. A mutual attachment sprang up between the two, which ripened into passionate love on both sides; and in course of time, all circumstances being propitious, they became formally affianced to each other.

For some months, affairs had been in this happy position, when suddenly all was thrown into confusion. Kendal became a hot politician. It was a time of strong general commotion. The reverberations of the great French Revolution echoed and thrilled through every rank of society. A general want of confidence in the government, dissatisfaction with the aged and half-demented king, deep distrust of the constitutional leanings of his ministers, fermented in the minds of the people with discontent at heavy and constantly increasing taxation, yearning for enlarged liberty of thought and speech, amazement, admiration, and affright at the tremendous career of Napoleon, and alarm at the terrors of invasion and the horrors of war. Three great parties, each of which possessed a strong hold upon its own section of adherents, inflamed the agitation of the public by their gladiatorial struggles for recognition and mastery. While the storm raged, the reins of power were held by the great William Pitt—himself the head and only able and eminent man of the great party of Tories. Opposed to him was the brilliant phalanx whose chiefs were Fox, Erskine, Grey, and Windham. Opposed to both, was the great democratic body of Reformers, represented in the House of Commons by young Sir Francis Burdett, and out of doors by the celebrated Horne Tooke, Hardy, Thelwall, Palmer, Muir, Skirving, and Gerald. The

last, of course, was the popular party, demanding a scheme of reform, the principal features of which were no less momentous and important than universal suffrage and annual parliaments. This party had been long in existence, and had hailed with delight the triumphs of democracy in America as well as in Europe; and in the conjuncture at which the country had arrived, it emerged from obscurity, enlisted the sympathies of the people, and struggled openly for the success of its principles. The *Reflections* of Burke, the *Vindiciæ Gallicæ* of Mackintosh, and the *Common Sense* and *Rights of Man* of hard-headed Thomas Paine, circulated by tens of thousands, secured to the party vast numbers of intellectual and speculative men.

Among the latter was Kendal, who embraced the views and opinions of the Reformers with enthusiasm, and seized every opportunity of displaying that enthusiasm at a time when such displays were dangerous. His great and showy talents, and the fascination of his address, rendered him eminently successful as a proselytiser; and shortly he found himself, with exultation, surrounded and supported by a number of well-educated young men, who, moved by the spirit of the times, took a strong interest in political affairs, received with ready approbation the views of their friend, and by common consent, ceded to him the position of fugleman. A Reform Club was shortly established, Kendal being president; and the weekly meetings of this body, which was continually receiving accessions to its numbers, and on the score of the talent of its leaders was becoming influential, caused no small excitement amongst the good folks of D—— and the surrounding districts. His fine free sentiments, his thrilling oratory, his pleasant voice and bright eye, charmed all who heard him. He became a local celebrity. Prophecies of a great future, of rising fortunes, of honour and renown, were not wanting to the young agitator.

To Mr Bennett, a Tory of the old school, who conscientiously taught his pupils to read history with full conviction of the 'divine right' of hereditary monarchs, and to abhor the memory of Oliver Cromwell, all this was not only distasteful, but scandalous and alarming. Several warm collisions arose between him and Kendal; and at length the latter was dismissed from the house, with an angry injunction never to set foot in it again. Every effort was immediately made to alienate the mind and heart of Julia from her lover, and she was removed to the house of a relative in Gloucestershire, there to abide for awhile under the strict guardianship of a maternal aunt. While thus placed, she happened to engage the attention of a young gentleman named Hylton, who shortly offered proposals of an alliance. His advances were favoured by the relatives of Julia, and the unfortunate young lady now began to lead a life of great suffering and torment. Kendal, hearing of this by some means, proceeded to the house of her aunt, Mrs *Ferne*, and demanded an interview with her. This was denied

with much warmth by Mrs Ferne herself, but Kendal was not to be thwarted; and the interview took place, healing and solacing in one moment the wounds and sorrows of months. Fresh vows of constancy were uttered, and the two parted from each other with new emotions of happiness and hope. The Bennetts were greatly alarmed by the news of this affair; Mrs Ferne was blamed, and thought to be of insufficient firmness of character for a guardianship so critical; and Julia was hastily taken back to the house of her parents. But in spite of the care with which she was guarded, Kendal saw her again and again. At length he came into collision with Mr and Mrs Bennett. A violent scene ensued, during which Kendal declared that nothing should thwart him; that Julia should be his, say or do what they would; that he would remove her from their influence.

At this time the government became violently alarmed at the public agitation, and the Reform leaders were arrested by the score. Among the rest, Kendal was a marked man, and a warrant was issued against him. While he was being eagerly sought on account of his political offences, Julia suddenly and mysteriously disappeared from her home. Not unnaturally, it was immediately suspected that Kendal had managed to put his threat into execution. As day after day passed, and no tidings were gained of the young lady, her father had recourse to the law; and a second warrant was issued against Kendal, charging him with the abduction.

VII.

As we have said before, for some reason best known to themselves, the authorities allowed the civil offence to take precedence of the political. Doubtless, it was on account of the popular ferment which invariably attended the political trials. It was considered that if, on a private grievance, Kendal could be got out of the way without risking a disturbance of the public peace, it would be so much the better. So the charge of abduction was the one first to be brought before the magistrates at Clutton. The examination proved of little service in elucidating the mystery of Julia's disappearance. Mr and Mrs Bennett and Mrs Ferne having given evidence, in which the strongest point against the accused was his threat to remove Julia from the influence of those around her, Kendal was asked if he wished to make any statement. He answered with much earnestness and impatience, all he could say was, that he was not guilty of the crime imputed to him; he had not taken the lady from her home; he was not in confederacy with those who knew of her retreat; he knew not where she was, or whether alive or dead. In fact, he was half inclined to believe that she had been hidden away by her own friends, and that this charge was raised for the purpose of ruining him.

'God forbid!' exclaimed Mr Bennett, with earnest indignation.

Hiram, however, told a curious story, which placed him in a very suspicious position, and taxed the comprehension and credulity of the magistrates much. And none, by the way, were so much amazed by his narration as Kendal and the Bennetts themselves.

For a long while all endeavours to explain to him the circumstances which had caused his arrest proved abortive. To every statement made, and to every question asked, he either returned a stare of fierce vacant inquiry, or broke forth into lamentations about the hardships he was made to suffer, and the tyranny to which he was subjected by all classes of people, high and low, because he was a poor Jew. His complaints and sneers purchased him no grace. Questions, commands, admonitions, poured down upon him from the insulted magistrates; jerks and nudges from the constables standing around him vexed his sides until he stood like a badger at bay, furious and half incoherent.

'Come, good Chrishtiansh,' snarled he, 'here ish Hiram Balthazshar, an old and worn-out Jew. Shpit upon him, good Chrishtiansh! Cheat him, good Chrishtiansh! Rob him, good Chrishtiansh! Hiram ish old and poor, and therefore cannot take justh revengsh. Mock him, and wrong him, good Chrishtiansh!'

'My poor man,' said Squire Adams to him at length, in a tone somewhat more kindly and considerate than that of his brother magistrates, 'you are not going to be wronged or ill-treated. All we want to learn is, whether you know anything about this young lady, who has run away, or has been taken away, from her home. Come, can't you tell us what you know of this gentleman, and whether you have seen any runaway young lady lately?'

Hiram seemed to catch some idea of his position and the state of affairs all at once. His features softened down into the accustomed anxious and calculating leer, and he answered in his usual peculiar whine, addressing himself as directly to Squire Adams as he possibly could in the face of the other magistrates; that gentleman being, as Hiram afterwards gratefully declared, 'the firsht to shpeak with shivility.'

'It wash two daysh before I from my home wash dragged,' said he, 'when by my houshe there came a fine young lady in shtore trouble of mind, ash I could shee by her pale fache and wild eyesh, and shadly wearied with long walking. Ash she passhed along, and shaw me shtanding by my door, she turned, and shaying she wash tired, begged me let her shtep in and resht hershelf. It ish but a poor houshehold where the mashter ish shtarving day by day, and very shorry welcome could I give her. But she wash faint, and I could shee that her shpirit wash vexshed with affliction; and the unfortunate care not where they go, nor what fare they meet with, so she entered in, and reshted hershelf, and put money upon the table, and I got her a shmall

trifle to eat and drink. And when she had taken enough, she shtill shtaid reshting; and leaving her, I went into the shtable, which ish behind my houshe; and when I came back, she wash gone, and I have never sheen her sinche, any more than I had ever sheen her before—by my shoul!'

'And what about this gentleman—when did he come to your house, Hiram?' asked Squire Adams.

'The very shame night that I wash dragged away from it,' continued Hiram, his tone becoming poignant again, in the refreshed remembrance of his troubles. 'It wash not two hoursh before theshe ruffiansh came, that he knocked at my door, and craved that I would let him for the night abide with me; and I, being too poor to be hoshpitable ash my heart would wish to be, refushed him; but he pershishted, and offered to pay me well; and then I could no longer keep on shaying No, nor could your worshipsh have done sho had you known what it ish to shtarve, and be without a penny in the wide world, and with every man'sh hand againsht you. I opened the door, and he came in, and shat down and ate and drank; and then came theshe villainsh, and forcshed us away; and that ish all I know of him—by my shoul! And Sharah would bear me witnessh that what I shay ish true, for she wash there; and, oh! why ish not Sharah here to shpeak for me, and shee me righted? Sharah, who ish poor and shtarving, like myshelf, but who shtood up for me, and shpoke and fought for me, when they shpat upon me, plucked my beard, called me ill nameth, and beat and ill-treated me—who am old and weak, and not able to punish them—nearly to the death. Oh, good Sharah! where ish she? Eshther and Mordecai would she be for the poor Jew!'

Several attempts had been made to interrupt Hiram during the latter part of this long and somewhat irrelevant relation; but his words poured out in a continuous torrent, and as he uttered the strange peroration, he looked beseechingly around the room, scrutinising the crowd, whose eager eyes were bent upon him, as if in the hope of seeing Sarah amongst them, and calling her to his assistance.

Kendal was now further questioned as to whether he desired to make any additional statement; but in answer, he only repeated what he had already said. After this, both prisoners were remanded, to await the issue of further search and inquiries. Bail, it was said, would be accepted for Kendal's appearance when summoned, in order that he might not endure the pain and indignity of being kept in custody upon what might turn out to be an unfounded charge; but this Kendal disdainfully refused to avail himself of, notwithstanding that several gentlemen in court, with whom he had been acquainted, offered to become security for him—he, apparently, taking a savage and misanthropical delight in the fullest aggravation of the position to which circumstances had brought him. This being the case, he was again placed in custody; *and Hiram, the wretched*, was replaced in limbo with him.

VIII.

The search still went on, but with no success, until it received new stimulus and guidance of a most unexpected description. A dirty and wretchedly written note was forwarded to Mr Bennett, through the post, a day or two after the above examination, which stated that 'the young woman they were looking for had been crimped by Hiram Balzar,' for the sake of her money and gold watch; and that if they 'searched well at Pedler's Rest, in the cave behind,' they would find her. The orthography of the epistle was so vilely bad, as to render it almost illegible; and there was neither date nor signature given.

It appeared, that the constable who had been left in charge of Hiram's cottage, had spent such an excessively disagreeable night there, and had found the wildness and solitude of the locality so intolerable, as to make him loathe the place, and resolve, at all hazards, to quit it. He, accordingly, placed an abundance of provender before Balaam, locked the house up securely, and took his departure, running the risk of punishment for neglect of duty, in preference to remaining on guard in the midst of such dread silence and gloom as surrounded the Jew's dwelling.

On receipt of the mysterious intimation, this man, with other constables, was despatched to Pedler's Rest, to examine the place; and what was his astonishment on arriving there, to find the door open, and things within in quite different order to that in which he had left them. On inspection, he found that the lock had been so roughly picked, that though it was large and strong, it had been broken and rendered useless. Balaam was in the stable; but he was now chained close to the manger, while the constable had left him free. They searched both the rooms, and every corner of the stable-cave, but there were no signs of Julia to be seen. They were about to give up the search, when one of them happened to stumble against a loose piece of wood in the stable, which, as he kicked it from its place, struck against something else, sending forth a sharp, metallic sound. The spot was closely examined; the iron ring perceived; and the trap-door immediately opened. Lights were procured, and with many a qualm, and many an anathema upon the head of old Hiram, two of the constables descended into the cavern which the Jew had turned into a stronghold. After groping about for some time, they came upon the bodies of two dead dogs—the creatures having evidently been recently killed, and with brutal violence. The collars were still round their necks, and to these the strong chains, which bound them to a certain distance from the rock and from each other, were still attached. Doubtless, they had been killed by blows from bludgeons, or some heavy weapons, the inflicters standing and striking at them from beyond the range of their fetters, for their heads were beaten nearly to pieces, and their fore-legs were broken. All

around the carcasses of the brutes was a great litter of shattered boxes, shards of wood, and piles of old, rotting, and moth-eaten garments. It was plain that robbers had been there, and that Hiram's stock had been ransacked, and most probably everything carried away which was of sufficient value to warrant the trouble and risk of removal. An exclamation of astonishment and alarm from one of the constables, who had proceeded further into the vault, whilst the other was examining the broken boxes and the wreck of Hiram's merchandise, intimated that he had made some discovery of a strange and painful nature. The other hastened towards him, and for awhile the two stood gaping side by side, horror-stricken at the sight of the body of a youthful female, which lay upon a roughly packed heap of straw and old clothes, so silent and motionless, that they believed she must be dead.

Calling the other constable to their assistance, they raised her up, and bore her from the vault, ascending the perilous steps, and passing her through the narrow trap-door with infinite difficulty. Into Hiram's sitting-room they carried her, placed her on a chair, bathed her forehead with water, and tried to discover if life were still not extinct—one of them having hurried off to Cheddar, in the meantime, to obtain medical assistance. While this was proceeding, a phaeton was driven up, and Mr and Mrs Bennett and Mrs Ferne alighted. They had come, in hopeless anxiety, to see if there were any truth in the anonymous communication.

There arose a groan from the father and a shriek from the mother as they recognised in the pallid face and deathlike form before them their lost Julia. She was miserably clad in coarse and tattered habiliments, and her attenuated frame and haggard features betokened that she must have endured suffering of terrible severity before she could have been reduced to a condition so desperate; for she was not actually dead, though for awhile they feared that it was so, or that she was at the last gasp of life. Though in a state of leaden insensibility, she still breathed, and her pulse still beat, faintly and laboriously. At length a physician, named Stone, arrived from Cheddar, the constable who had summoned him coming with him in his gig. Dr Stone pronounced it as his opinion that she was suffering from the effects of some powerful narcotic, and declared that the greatest promptitude in the application of remedies was necessary in order to save her life. The cushions of the phaeton were arranged so as to form a sort of couch, the unfortunate Julia was placed thereon, and was thus borne to the house of the doctor at Cheddar, where all possible means were immediately employed to restore her.

It was nearly an hour before there was any token of success. But at length the respiration became stronger, the pulse quicker, her limbs moved, her eyes opened, and she began to talk; but her mind rambled—she was either delirious or insane.

In this state she remained for some time, unable to recognise

those around her, much less to afford any information as to how her misfortunes had happened. During the night, her illness took a new turn. Brain fever set in, and for several weeks she continued in a state of imminent danger.

IX.

Fifty years ago, police affairs and judicial proceedings were not conducted with anything like the caution and circumspection of the present day. The immediate result of the discovery of Julia at Pedler's Rest was the committal for trial of Mr Kendal and Hiram Balzar—the former charged with her abduction, and the latter with aiding and abetting him. The circumstantial evidence was deemed quite sufficient to warrant this step. While Julia was tossing in burning fever, and in her delirium calling upon Kendal to come and save her, he was being re-conveyed to the county jail, to await the next assize, and Hiram, the wretched, with him.

As it happened, the holding of the assizes was near at hand; and while Julia was still a helpless invalid, Kendal and Hiram were placed upon their trial. The case came on upon the second day, the first having consigned some half-dozen cattle-stealers and burglars to the gallows, as the method was in those days. Alas for the good old times when George the Third was king! Pocket-picking and high-treason were all one then!

Francis Kendal and Hiram Balthazar stood arraigned at the bar; and the Bennetts, and Mrs Ferne, and the constables, were gathered round the witness-box, waiting to give evidence. The trial had just commenced; Mrs Bennett had been sworn to state the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, when a remarkable episode interrupted the formality of the proceedings. A rough-looking woman, whose disordered mien and precipitate movements betokened strong excitement, elbowed and fought her way into the court, and demanded to be allowed to speak, in a tone at once so agitated and resolute as to cause every murmur to be hushed, and to induce the judge, instead of ordering her removal, to inquire whether what she wished to say had any reference to the case now proceeding. Before the woman could reply, a loud cry of ecstasy, which was still something betwixt a whine and a howl, broke from Hiram Balzar.

'Shacred Mosesh! it ish the blesshed Sharah,' cried he, rubbing his hands, and stamping his feet with uncontrollable delight. 'She ish come, good shoul, to tell your worshipsh that I have done no wrong, but have myshelf been wronged; she ish come to shtand up for Hiram in hish need, and shee him righted. O shpeak, good, exshellent Sharah!'

A stern cry of 'Silence!' from the judge, and a series of rough

shakes and pokes from the constables around him, compelled Hiram to break off abruptly.

Kendal alone stood up with his arms folded and his brows knit, a picture of impassibility, just glanced at the agitated face of the new-comer, but betrayed no feeling of expectation or surprise. The woman was bidden to speak, and to be as succinct and brief as possible in the statement she desired to make. With great eagerness and volubility she demanded that, as she was about to give evidence which would criminate others, she herself should be free from the consequences of partial, and in a measure obligatory, participation in the acts she was about to depose to. The court having consented to consider the demand, she proceeded to deliver a narrative which bore with singular effect upon the trial just commenced.

It appeared, in fact, that Sarah had long been an associate of thieves, vagabonds, and the lowest refuse of Bristol society. She had been incited to protect Hiram from his mob of plagues, and had been covertly assisted in so doing by some of her companions, with the view of discovering the abode of the Jew, and whether there were any indications about it of his having a secret hoard, as was currently believed. In accordance with this design, she had accompanied Hiram on his way home on the last occasion on which she had afforded him assistance against his tormentors, and, in spite of his deep distrust, prevailed upon him to take her to his dwelling. While she was there, the prisoner Kendal came in, persuading the Jew to give him a night's lodging by the promise of handsome payment. In the evening, she heard the faint barking of dogs, which sounded near, and yet afar, in a manner she could not account for, but which led her to suspect that Hiram had a vault attached to his cottage, and kept the dogs there. When he left the room presently, she crept after him; saw him open the trap-door in the stable, and descend; followed him down into the cave; was terrified beyond her circumspection by the ferocity of the dogs, and her fear lest Hiram should let them loose, if he discovered her; in consequence of which she was not able to pass and ascend before him, and so was shut in. She waited some hours, without making any noise, or endeavouring to get out; but, at length became frightened, and tried to open the trap-door from below; and not being able to do this, screamed as loudly and as long as she could, preferring to brave Hiram's wrath or his violence rather than remain any longer in the dreadful place.

It was all in vain. She could neither release herself, nor bring any one to her assistance. The next day, when she was almost reduced to despair, and was becoming numbed and chilled by the damp cold atmosphere of the cave, she made further desperate efforts to open the trap-door, and, to her surprise and joy succeeded. She believed Hiram's donkey must have been lying or standing over it all night, or she should have been able

to free herself before. She found the cottage deserted and locked up, and was obliged to break the lock of the door with a piece of iron before she could get out. She went directly to meet her accomplices at a certain point in the Cliffs, and whilst she was with them, some others of their fraternity came up with a covered cart, in which was a young lady whom they had robbed, sitting blindfolded and gagged upon some straw—it being their intention to convey her to a considerable distance, and leave her in some part calculated to mislead suspicion as to the perpetrators of the outrage, and to afford them an opportunity 'of doubling the scent.' Sarah resented much the treatment to which the young lady was subjected, and a violent quarrel ensued betwixt her and the rest. She refused to disclose anything about Hiram or his dwelling, but going on, they found it for themselves; searched it; saw the open trap-door; went down; killed Hiram's dogs; broke open his boxes; stole a great quantity of money and jewellery they found therein; and, finally, carried the young lady down into the cave, resolving to leave her there—one of them saying he knew who she was, and would give her people a hint as to her whereabouts immediately, so that she could come to no harm. In order that she might not make an alarm, or escape too soon, they compelled her to drink a strong sleeping-draught; then made a bed for her to lie on; fastened her in; and went away. Sarah, who had so lately experienced the horrors of imprisonment in this Acheron, protested against this cruel and dangerous treatment of the young lady; declared passionately that she would not see it done; that she would set her free, if she died for it. Another desperate altercation and quarrel ensued, which ended in Sarah being herself bound and gagged, and placed in the cart, as the young lady had been. They conveyed her away to Bristol, and she had been kept a prisoner in the house of the most cruel and heartless of the set ever since, and had only managed to escape by the exercise of the utmost resolution and cunning. Finally, she revealed the names and haunts of all the perpetrators of the outrage, and offered to give the police such guidance as would insure their apprehension. 'Hiram and the young gentleman,' said she, 'are as innocent as babes unborn.'

This revelation, of course, changed the aspect of affairs. The trial was stopped, and all proceedings were suspended, till such time as Julia should be sufficiently recovered to give some account of what had befallen her, and contradict or confirm the remarkable story of Sarah.

At length this happily came to pass. The fever was subdued; and Julia, though dreadfully reduced and weakened, was again conscious, coherent, and cognizant of her position. Her statements now cleared up the mystery which had caused so much affliction. It appeared that the antagonism in her mind between her love for Kendal, and her desire to honour and obey her parents, had

brought her to such a pitiable state that she was hardly mistress of her own actions. One day her harassed spirit was seized with the notion, that it would be best for her to renounce the world altogether—to remove herself for ever from the dreadful severity of such trials; and had straightway wandered from home, and proceeded alone all the way to a convent which was in existence near Cheddar, resting a few minutes on the road at Hiram's cottage. At this establishment she had placed herself in communication with the lady-superior, and had had several long consultations with her upon the trying position in which she was placed, and upon the nature and objects of conventual life. Here she remained several days, agitated and irresolute; but at last was seized with repugnance to her new whim, and had wandered away in the same sudden and unaccountable manner in which she had gone thither. As she was passing through the Cliffs, on her way home, she had been waylaid by thieves; her watch, a ring, a brooch, such money as she had, were taken from her; and she was compelled to strip herself of her most valuable articles of clothing, and put on a wretched suit which the robbers gave her. She had been blindfolded and gagged, placed in a covered cart, and taken she knew not whither. She remembered the altercation between a woman and the robbers, and confirmed the story of Sarah in all important particulars.

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The close sequence of events after this, need not be adhered to. The prosecution against Kendal for the civil offence being abandoned, he was now proceeded against for his political 'crimes.' By this time, however, the vengeance of the government was satisfied, its alarms pacified, and its rigour consequently relaxed. Moreover, the ministry had urgent reasons for desiring to appease, as much as possible, the excitement of the people, which the hundreds of political trials had exasperated to a degree that was becoming highly menacing. And as Kendal was not among the most dangerous and formidable of the leaders, it was not deemed worth while to send him out of the country. He was sentenced to find sureties for his loyal behaviour towards the king and government for the term of three years, or failing so to do, to be imprisoned for the like period. Kendal was disheartened by the position of affairs; and although he renounced not an iota of his political creed, he perceived that, for the present, and most probably for some years to come, the cause was hopeless, and that violent agitation only served to retard its progress and imperil its friends. His love affair, and the misfortunes of Julia, also contributed towards sickening him of political affairs. He consulted his friends; procured the necessary securities; and returned not only to his former occupation, but actually to the exact position which, some time before, he had so hotly relinquished—becoming reconciled to the Bennetts, re-entering his old

situation, fulfilling its duties with signal ability, and maintaining an honourable and enviable position amongst a large circle of friends and admirers.

This happy restoration quickly restored to Julia her olden spirits and beauty, and not a very long time elapsed before she and Kendal were united amidst general felicitations and pleasant prophecies.

Thanks to Sarah, all the perpetrators of the above outrages were arrested, and suffered condign punishment.

As for Hiram, his 'wrongsh' were now multiplied a thousand-fold. He was robbed of his money, his jewels, his merchandise, his dogs. In bitterness of soul, he returned to Pedler's Rest, a really broken-down man; and there, shortly after, ended his days, a furious misanthrope. Ere he came to this sad end, however, Mr Kendal contrived to do many a kind thing for him; and would have made amends to the utmost of his power to the unfortunate Jew, if he had lived, for the miseries he had been, in some measure, instrumental in bringing upon him.

Sarah was never seen in these parts more. She dared not stay after what had happened. Whither she went, or what became of her, is not known.

THE LAY OF THE NIBELUNGEN.

MANY of our readers must have heard of this singular old poem; but we may safely presume that few have any distinct understanding of its purport. We therefore propose to give a concise summary of its contents, with a few remarks on its most interesting features. First, we may explain the German title of the poem. *Nibelungen-Lied*: *Lied* signifies a song or ballad, and *Nibelungen* is the name of an ancient royal race, of whom we learn little more than that they possessed in their fortresses immense treasures of gold and jewels.

The connected poem, as we have it now in one of the old dialects of the German language, was produced in the middle

of the twelfth, or very early in the thirteenth century. One of the manuscripts may be dated about 1210, or at the time when *Magna Charta* was signed by King John; but there can be no doubt that the poem, as then written, was founded partly on heroic ballads current among the German people even from the time of the fifth century, or when Attila and the Huns overran Europe. There must, therefore, be a great interest in the study of this old poem, which affords some of the few glimpses left of the manners and customs of the ancient German tribes. Their old ballads, of which we find here some specimens, contained the primitive words of the German and English languages, which have now spread themselves over so great a part of the civilised world. The same root-words which we find in these ballads are now spoken, in varied forms, from the boundaries of Austria to the western shores of North America. Wherever we find these roots, such as God, man, day, night, earth, water, heaven, bread, house, father, mother—indeed, nearly all the short words in English—we may be sure that the several nations by whom they are spoken are united by blood, however divided geographically or politically. Thus we find a bond uniting all Germany, though now divided into so many states, with England, Scotland, North America, and Australia. That old race which once expressed its strength in such heroes as we find described in these ballads, has, since then, produced nearly all the great heroes of modern civilisation, and is now rapidly spreading itself over the whole world. The English language, which is chiefly composed of German and Latin, 'seems destined,' as Jacob Grimm says, 'to prevail in every corner of the earth;' and whence has it derived its force, conciseness, and clearness?—from the old vocabulary which we find employed in the *Nibelungen-Lied*. These remarks will be sufficient here to indicate the importance of the poem in connection with the study of language. It may be regarded as belonging to English as well as to German literature.

But apart from this point of view, it has attractions for us in the glimpses it affords of the morals and customs of old times. We must not expect to find in it any particular events of history faithfully narrated; but there are certain broad and general features, on the truth of which we may depend. The characteristics of the German tribes during the period of their migrations, or from the third to the fifth century, are clearly indicated. The notices given of their love of battle, hospitality, feudal loyalty, and modes of life, agree with all we have learned from other sources. On some of these points we may speak in the sequel; but, first, we will give an outline of the story, translating a few passages into verse having some resemblance to the simplicity of the original. We omit many long details of battles, single-combats, and travels; but the reader will find in our brief sketch a faithful account of the plot and action of the whole poem.

The first characters introduced to our notice are Kriemhild the Princess of Burgundy, and Siegfried the Dragon-slayer.

I. SIEGFRIED THE DRAGON-SLAYER GOES TO BURGUNDY.

In Burgundy there flourished a maiden wondrous fair—
In all the regions far around none could with her compare;
And Kriemhild was the name of this most beauteous maid,
For whose sake many warriors bold in bloody graves were laid.

Now, Kriemhild had been warned in a dream, that if she ever married, her husband would meet with a violent and untimely death; she, therefore, had determined to pass her life in seclusion, under the protection of her mother the Queen-dowager Utè, and three brothers—Gunther, Gernót, and Geiselher—the Princes of Burgundy. The residence of this royal family was the castle of Worms, on the Rhine.

There also lived, in the old times, at Santen, a castle on the Rhine, in the Netherlands, a prince of wonderful prowess, named Siegfried, the son of Siegmund and Siegelind:—

The glory of his prowess was spread through many a land,
And many were the wonders of his strong and daring hand.

Before he came to manhood his fame was widely spread,
And his sword had won renown for him in many deeds of dread;
But to tell of all his honours would fill too long a rhyme,
So we pass them by in silence for the shortness of our time.

One feat, however, must be mentioned: he had slain a vast dragon, and by bathing in its blood, had become invulnerable, excepting in one little spot between the shoulders, where a leaf happened to fall at the time when he was passing through this strange process. This young hero had heard of the beauty of Kriemhild the Princess of Burgundy, and determined, against all the warnings of his parents, to make an expedition to Worms, and there win the hand of the fair lady. In vain the father spoke of the dangerous rivals his son might find at the court of Burgundy. Siegfried declares, that rather than be contradicted in his purpose, he will make war against all Burgundy.

Thus to his father, Siegmund, the hero Siegfried says:
'Without the love of woman will I spend my lonely days,
If I am not free to choose the maiden whom I love'—
So Siegfried said: No counsel could his resolution move.

'Then if it must be so,' said Siegmund the king,
'I'll help you as I may, my son, but 'tis a dangerous thing;
For Gunther at his court, where you will a-wooing go,
Has many mighty warriors who will plan your overthrow.'

Accordingly, suitable preparations were made; and taking with

him a company of twelve knights, the Dragon-slayer boldly started on this new adventure :—

King Siegmund and the queen gave the warrior leave to go ;
As they said 'Farewell' in sorrow, thus he comforted their woe :
'Nay, do not weep, good father, and dear mother, too, for me ;
My life is safe ; from bitter care let both your hearts be free !'

When he arrives at Worms, he is at once recognised by Hagen, the terrible champion of Burgundy, and one of the most strongly-marked characters in this old poem. There is something of the chivalry of the middle ages in the other characters ; but this Hagen is the genuine old Goth—fearless, faithful, inflexible in purpose, and ever ready for battle. As soon as he has caught a glance of the young hero, he says : 'Though I have never seen him before, this, I am sure, must be the Dragon-slayer, the man who conquered the land of the Nibelungen, and carried away the treasures of gold and jewels !'

Siegfried, with his company, was received by the Princes of Burgundy with great hospitality ; his departure was delayed from time to time, and, meanwhile, he was entertained with martial games, spectacles, and many adventures. So a year passed away ; but during this time he was never allowed to see the Princess Kriemhild. She, however, in her nunlike seclusion, contrived to have some report of all that was passing in the court ; and having heard of the arrival and the exploits of the hero, she so far forgot the warning of her dream, as to look frequently from her window upon Siegfried. This is very naturally and pleasantly narrated by the old minstrel :—

The ladies of King Gunther's court required the hero's name,
And whence the bold and noble knight, and why he hither came,
So beautiful in person, and so splendid in array—
''Tis the hero of the Netherland,' the gallant courtiers say.

And when, within the court, the knights and squires would play
With lances, spears, and swords, in battle-like array,
Kriemhild, through her window, would watch the pastime long ;
No better pastime needed she if *he* was in the throng !

And had he known that she whom he carried in his breast
Was looking from her window, and marked him from the rest ;
Or had he met her eye there, I verily believe
He would have been as happy as a man may be and live !

During this visit at Worms, the kings of Saxony and Denmark made war on the possessions of Burgundy, and this afforded to our hero a welcome opportunity of recommending himself still more strongly to King Gunther, the brother of Kriemhild. Into all the details of the battle—broken spears, battered shields and *helmets*, and crimsoned swords—the old poet enters with a *cordiality* which we cannot imitate. The slaughter is terrible,

until Lüdeger, the Saxon king, discovers that he has to contend against more than human power. He sees the device of Siegfried upon a shield, and immediately calls out to his followers:—

'Resign the hopeless battle, men! for peace must be our prayer;
For the devil has against us sent this mighty Dragon-slayer!'

We now find Kriemhild quite forgetful of her dream; for when the messenger arrives at Worms with news of the battle, and tells how Siegfried had fought and had left the field without a wound, 'her beautiful face was suddenly coloured like a rose,' and 'she gave ten marks of gold to the man who bore these good tidings.' The introduction of our hero to Kriemhild is described in a style marked with some points of delicacy, which we should hardly have expected to find in the original ballads. We are disposed to class these verses with the additions made in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. After a splendid tournament, held in celebration of the victory over the Danes and the Saxons, there is a great banquet in the castle at Worms; and here, after long seclusion, the princess appears:—

She came out from her chamber, so comes the morning red
Forth from the gloomy clouds; upon her dress were spread
Bright gems; her glowing cheeks her secret love confessed;
Of all the maids on earth she the fairest was and best.

For as among the stars the full moon clearly gleams
And scatters every cloud with her bright and silver beams,
So 'mid the other ladies young Kriemhild's beauty shone;
The hearts of many heroes beat high as they looked on.

The chamberlains before her walked, in costly garments dressed,
To see the lovely maiden the warriors onward pressed;
As Siegfried stood expecting to look upon her face,
By turns despair and love found within his bosom place.

Thus said he to himself: 'How could I ever deem
That I could win the maid?—'twas but an idle dream;
But if I cannot win her, then I were better dead.'
And with his thoughts his cheeks by turns were pale and red.

Said one of the Burgundians, the chamberlain Gernôt:
'The hero who has fought for us must not be now forgot;
So let the maiden welcome him before this company,
And give him thanks and praises due for all his bravery.'

The servants found the hero bold, Siegfried of Netherland,
And bade him boldly come in front of all the warriors' band:
'King Gunther to his presence is pleased to summon you,
That his sister may salute you, and give the honour due.'

His soul rose high within him when he saw young Kriemhild there,
And rosily were flushed his cheeks when spoke the maiden fair:
'I bid you welcome, Siegfried, a warrior good and brave!'
The kindly salutation new strength and courage gave.

To thank her for her kindness the hero bowed his head,
And love drew near together the hero and the maid;
For as he bowed his head, a stolen glance was cast,
And, suddenly, from eye to eye the tender secret passed.

That he kissed fair Kriemhild's hand upon this happy day,
In the fervour of his love, is more than I can say;
Yet I cannot well believe he would let the moment flee
Without such proper sign of his love and constancy.

In all the summer season, or the pleasant month of May,
He never had such pleasure as on that happy day—
When he walked beside the maiden whom he came to make his bride,
When Kriemhild, whom he loved, was walking by his side!

Still, our hero has to perform another and a very singular service for King Gunther before the hand of Kriemhild can be claimed. The king of Burgundy wishes to marry, but has fixed his choice upon a certain Amazonian queen, named Brunhild, who reigns in the castle of Isenstein, far away over the sea. This virgin-queen has the rare accomplishment of herculean physical strength, and will surrender her hand only to the knight or prince who can overcome her in such athletic sports as throwing the spear, hurling a large stone, and leaping. If her opponent should be beaten in these games, he must forfeit his life, as several competitors had already done. Knowing the fearful risk involved in this strange style of courtship, King Gunther would not trust his own prowess; but was glad enough when our hero proposed to accompany him, and give him such assistance as would enable him to win the hand of Queen Brunhild. Siegfried, in former days, had vanquished a sturdy dwarf named Alberich, and had taken away from him a cap which made its wearer invisible. He now resolved to employ this cap, so as to deceive the formidable queen, who will have to contend in her favourite exercises against two instead of one. After a sea-voyage, Gunther and our hero arrive at Isenstein; a strong fortress built on the shore, having eighty-six lofty towers enclosing a palace all built of green marble. We must remark here, as it tends to explain the sequel of the story, that Queen Brunhild at once recognises our hero: 'Welcome into our land, my Lord Siegfried,' she says; 'pray what may be the object of your visit?' Our hero briefly explains; and the queen soon makes arrangements for the contest. Of the formidable character of this queen, we may form some idea when we read that the undaunted champion Hagen, who had accompanied his king, when he saw the preparations made for the games—the queen's spear, a sufficient load for three guardsmen, and the stone of enormous size she was to hurl—gave up the undertaking as quite desperate, and advised Gunther at once to withdraw from the match, and leave this Brunhild, as a 'fit mate for the Evil *One*!' Gunther, however, was resolute, trusting in Siegfried;

and now the strange contest began. When the queen hurled her spear against the shield held by Gunther, so great was the shock, that even the Dragon-slayer, who also supported the shield, stumbled, and almost fell; but recovering himself, he turned the spear, and hurled it with the shaft forwards so powerfully, that the queen could not resist the shock, but was dashed to the ground. In hurling the stone, her majesty was equally defeated; and resigning the game with a good grace, she turned to her followers, and said: 'People! Brunhild is no longer your queen: from this hour you become the vassals of King Gunther.'

Preparatory to claiming the hand of Kriemhild, our hero now goes once more to the land of the Nibelungen; a royal but very mysterious race of people, of whom we know little more than that they possessed in their fortresses vast treasures of gold and jewels, all kept under the guardianship of dwarfs and giants. Claiming his rights as a conqueror, the Dragon-slayer carried away ample riches, to make suitable wedding-presents to his bride and her relatives.

Soon afterwards, amid high festivity, Siegfried claims his bride, and King Gunther marries Brunhild.

Such is the opening of this old poem, and now the sequel has to shew how dark a cloud soon gathers over all this happiness; how the young and beautiful Kriemhild is changed by suffering into quite another being—we might almost say a demon-woman, but that would not be fair; for though she broods over her wrong, and meditates a terrible revenge for many years; though, to avenge her murdered husband, she treacherously entraps all her relatives, and leads them sternly to the slaughter; though she fills the land of Burgundy, where she suffered cruel wrong, with the cries of widows and orphans—still, throughout the whole of the horrible catastrophe, we can scarcely regard her with unmixed hatred; and when, at last, she falls upon the pile of dead bodies which she has raised as a dreadful tribute to the memory of the Dragon-slayer, we remember that all this wild and unmeasured revenge arose from outraged love.

II. THE DRAGON-SLAYER IS MURDERED BY HAGEN.

There is something mysterious in the beginning of that dispute between the two queens which led to such fearful results. The first apparent motive for discontent on the part of Queen Brunhild, was offended pride; but this hardly seems sufficient to explain the case. The queen professed to regard Siegfried as an inferior in rank, too highly rewarded by having a princess for his bride; but this assumed ground of discontent could not have been sincere, as she knew very well that our hero, though he had been lately employed in service under King Gunther, was himself a king by hereditary right. It appears probable that Brunhild was

dissatisfied with her own destiny, and that she had long ago fixed her own choice on the Dragon-slayer, with whom it is evident she had been for some time acquainted. We learn this from her immediate recognition of him when he accompanied the king to Isenstein.

Dr Vilmar, one of the best of German critics, in his remarks on the poem, suggests that there may have been a mythological meaning in the original ballad from which this part of the story was borrowed. We have not space to examine this point, but must give as clear an account as possible of the apparent causes of the deadly enmity which now arises between Brunhild and Kriemhild. It is evident that the queen is unhappy in her own marriage, and possibly she suspects that such a man as Gunther could never have won her by fair means. However this may be, the king is soon compelled to confess to Siegfried that the opening scenes of married life are portentous—that 'Brunhild is a dreadful wife!' The particular features of the case are far too grotesque to be presented to modern readers. It will be sufficient to say, that in one of the contests between King Gunther and his bride, the queen was victorious; and having bound the hands and feet of the king, she contemptuously suspended him upon a hook on the wall of the royal chamber! In an evil hour, Siegfried was persuaded by the king to interfere in these quarrels. Again putting on his cap, which made him invisible, he contended with the queen, and rescued Gunther from her hands. In the violence of the contest, he wrested from the person of Brunhild her girdle and her ring; and these insignia of his victory he unfortunately gave to his bride Kriemhild. On this incident the tragical catastrophe of the story depends.*

The evil slumbers for a long period. Brunhild, who seems to be the representative of jealousy, hate, and violent passion, smothers her wrath; but meditates mischief, while Siegfried and his bride go into the Netherlands, where King Siegmund surrenders the crown to his heroic son. Siegfried is now the most wealthy and mighty among kings, and Kriemhild is the happiest and most beautiful of queens. Several years pass away in peace; but the restless and violent Brunhild has often tried to break this tranquillity. 'How is this,' she says to the king, 'that your proud sister has not visited us all these years? And is not Siegfried your liege-man? What service or tribute has he paid lately?' At last Gunther consents to invite our hero and his queen once more into Burgundy. The invitation is accepted; and Siegfried, with Kriemhild and a splendid retinue, bringing with

* As we have said, the details of this portion of the story would seem exceedingly grotesque to modern readers. Yet an article in an English review, noticing a sketch of the *Nibelungen-Lied*, complains of the writer as treating this passage in the tale with unbecoming 'levity.' The explanation is obvious: it is quite clear that the 'critic' had never read many pages of the poem, either in the original or in a translation. This is only one of many instances of affectation and hollow pretension in reviewers.

them more gold and jewels from the Nibelungen treasure, soon arrive at the Burgundian court, where a brilliant reception has been prepared for them. Military games and festive spectacles amused the company; but through all the sounds of gaiety, we can hear the low mutterings of hate and jealousy, predicting evil things to come. Two rival queens are now on the scene; and it is a portentous feature, that we find them soon engaged in a dangerous discussion on the respective rank and honour of their husbands:—

'The two queens sat together at the vesper-hour of day,
And watched the warriors in the court engaged in martial play;
Then Kriemhild said to Brunhild: 'If Siegfried had his right,
All the people of this kingdom should be subject to his might.'

But then spoke out Queen Brunhild: 'Why say you such a thing?
If none but you and he were living, *then* he might be king;
But long as lives King Gunther it shall never be,
But Siegfried must be vassal to the court of Burgundy.'

And then again said Kriemhild: 'But do you see him stand?
Not one so stately there amid all your warriors' band:
He steps before them all, as the moon in full array
Stands in front of all the stars; and his beauty makes me gay.'

And thus replied Queen Brunhild: 'However brave and fair,
He cannot for a moment with the king himself compare:
To the king, your noble brother, give the highest honour due;
He ranks above all other kings, and that you know is true.'

The quarrel thus begun, became much more serious when the two queens 'went together to mass in the cathedral.' [These allusions to Christian ceremonies seem to have been inserted in the tale by the writers who put together the old ballads.]

They came before the minster, all clad in fine array,
King Gunther's wife was wroth; for Kriemhild led the way.
'How dare,' said she, 'a vassal's wife do such a haughty thing?
Shall Siegfried's wife thus walk before the consort of a king!'

We cannot pursue the quarrel into its details. Kriemhild, in her anger, spoke most unadvisedly; and the haughty Brunhild was so overcome with rage, that 'she wept bitterly before her people.' Her rival had publicly spoken with dishonour of the queen of Burgundy; and to confirm the accusation, had referred to Siegfried as an authority. The evil was done. Brunhild, with all the violence of disappointment and hatred, resolved in her heart that 'Siegfried must die!' The dispute soon spread itself through the court: each of the queens found friends to contend for her, and the champion Hagen said: 'My queen has been insulted: it shall be avenged, or I, for one, will die.' In vain the king, Gunther, endeavoured to quell the storm now

rising; he was ultimately induced to give his consent to the vile plan of treachery which followed. Amid all the bloodshed of the tale, there is scarcely anything else like this act of bad faith, which is the strategy of Hagen. This champion of his queen calls together a council of the king and his heroes, and brings them to the resolution that 'Siegfried ought to die.' But how must they attack the almost invulnerable hero? Hagen undertakes to surmount this difficulty. He, accordingly, goes to see Kriemhild, apparently with kind intentions, and tells her that her husband, with other heroes, is to be sent out on a dangerous expedition. 'Then,' says Kriemhild, 'you are my relative, and to whom can I better recommend the care of my husband's safety than to you? It is true, he is almost invulnerable; but there is one little spot between his shoulders where he might be fatally wounded.'

'Indeed!' said Hagen to the unsuspecting wife; 'then if you would fasten a coloured thread upon his coat, just over that spot, I should know where to afford protection in the heat of battle.'

Kriemhild believes in her uncle's kind intentions, and fixes with her own hand the fatal mark on Siegfried's coat. Soon afterwards, the proposed expedition was said to be unnecessary. Instead of going to battle, Gunther, Hagen, Siegfried, and many others, go out to the forest to hunt bears and wild-boars. But Kriemhild, who remembers some unfavourable omens, endeavours to dissuade her husband from going to the chase:—

The hero kissed his wife ere he joined the hunting-train:
'God grant, my dearest one, I may see you soon again!
Meanwhile, with your companions make merry as you can,
And drive away the hours till you see your faithful man.'

Then said she to the hero: 'My husband, do not go!
For I have had a dream that filled my heart with wo:
For two wild boars were chasing you along the dismal wood,
And all the flowers along the way were rosy with your blood.

'I fear there may be treachery in some who join the chase,
For, surely, we have enemies and traitors in this place.
And those whom I offended may follow you with hate;
Oh! stay with me, and counsel take before it is too late!'

Then said the hero Siegfried: 'My Kriemhild, do not mourn,
No evil thing shall happen me, and soon I will return;
Of enemies about the court, I know not I have one;
Your brother owes me kindness, sure, for all that I have done.'

But then again said Kriemhild: 'Oh, Siegfried, keep away!
I had another dream just before I woke to-day:
Two rocks fell down upon you, as you walked along the vale,
And hid you from my sight as I woke, with weeping, pale.'

Then Siegfried folded closely fair Kriemhild in his arms,
And kissed her many times, to banish her alarms;
Till she gave him leave to go; then he hastened to the chase—
But never more saw Kriemhild her husband's living face!

After slaying many wild animals, the heroes went to slake their thirst at a spring in the forest:—

The spring was clear, and cool, and sweet—King Gunther stooped to drink
Beside the hero Siegfried, who kneeled upon the brink;
And when the king had quenched his thirst, he rose and stood again,
But Siegfried, while he bowed his head, by Hagen's hand was slain.

First, Hagen took the hero's bow and falchion from his side,
And carried them away 'mid the forest leaves to hide;
Then, with javelin in hand, he looked upon the coat
Where the fatal spot was marked, and then suddenly he smote.

While Siegfried stooped and drank at the fountain cool and clear,
Hagen smote him 'twixt the shoulders so deeply with the spear,
That the heart's blood of the hero gushed out and rose so high,
The hunting-dress of Hagen was stained with crimson dye.

The last thought of the dying hero was of his wife Kriemhild, and of his little son, whom he had left in the Netherlands:—

'Remember still my Kriemhild, your sister good and fair:
I charge you by your honour, preserve her in your care.
My father and his company will wait for me in vain—
Sure, never was a friend before so treacherously slain!

After saying these words, the Dragon-slayer expired, and the grim murderer, looking down on his victim, coolly said: 'Now, there lives not a man in the world of whom we need be afraid.' King Gunther and others now proposed to hide their own guilt, by inventing a tale that Siegfried had been slain by robbers; but this was put aside by Hagen. 'My queen was insulted,' says he, 'and therefore Siegfried is dead. Let Kriemhild know that his blood is on *my* hands. I care not how long she weeps for him.' But this iron-hearted man, who had never known fear or remorse, had yet to learn that he was no match for a woman changed into a demoniac by a thirst for revenge. He hardly intended to brave the terrible anger of such a wife, who would make all Burgundy a funeral pile for her slaughtered husband. We must notice here, as it will explain the sequel, that only one of the royal family, Geiselher, the youngest brother of Queen Kriemhild, was free from participation in the murder. When asked to take a part in the plot, he had said: 'There is nothing in this quarrel between two women to call for the death of a hero like Siegfried.' It must also be observed, that 'to avenge the

insult offered to the queen' was not the only motive of the murderers: from several of their remarks, we may gather that they feared the superior prowess of the Dragon-slayer; and it is also probable that they wished to gain possession of the Nibelungen treasure.

With an utterly unmanly cruelty, of which we find no other instance in the poem, Hagen ordered the body of Siegfried to be laid at the door of Kriemhild's chamber! In the morning, she opens the door, and sees the corpse. 'Then she fell suddenly to the ground, and spoke not a word for a long time; but afterwards cried loudly, so that all the palace echoed with her piteous lamentation.' She notices that the hero's shield is not cut or marked, and says: 'He fell in no honourable battle. Now, I will seek for vengeance on his murderers until I die!' She demands the *Bahr-recht*, or 'Trial by the bier;' a practice of the middle ages, supposed to have effect in the detection of murderers. Siegfried's companions in the chase were required to pass by his bier and touch his corpse. When Hagen boldly did so, the wound of the deceased opened, and bled again. 'Enough,' said Kriemhild, 'I know the man; and I will have revenge, though I may wait for it long!' The fulfilment of this threat forms the whole remainder of her history. She afterwards lived only to make these words prove true. All other things seem to be quite forgotten: her royal possessions in the Netherlands and among the Nibelungen—even her child, of whom we now hear no more—all are forgotten. When they carry her loved hero to his grave, 'Once more,' she prays, 'let me look upon his face;' and when the lid is removed from the silver coffin, she expresses in one last kiss upon his cold lips feelings of sorrow and vengeance, for which all words would have been too weak. Henceforward she is not the 'beautiful,' but the 'terrible' Kriemhild—a woman still fair, and perhaps placid in aspect, but inwardly more formidable than the lioness when robbed of her young.

It is implied in the original, that she becomes quite certain of the manner in which her husband found his death, and that she knows Hagen to have been the real murderer.

III. KRIEMHILD, AFTER HER YEARS OF MOURNING FOR SIEGFRIED, IS MARRIED TO ATTILA, KING OF THE HUNS.

It may seem strange to the reader who does not know the sequel, that after speaking of her hopeless sorrow, we now tell of Kriemhild's second marriage; but all will soon be made plain. This marriage was an essential part of the deep scheme of vengeance on which she was daily meditating. The second husband, Attila, was indeed simply taken as a sword to execute her purpose on Siegfried's murderers. Like all who have a strong will, she could patiently bide her time. Accordingly, when Siegmund,

with his Netherlanders and the Nibelungen-men, who were now Kriemhild's vassals, proposed at once to declare war against the Burgundians; she calmly reminded them of the great power of Gunther and his allies, and forewarned her friends that by any rash movement they would only sacrifice their own lives. 'No, no,' said she; 'we can do nothing just now. Our time will come some day.'

So Siegfried was buried with great funeral pomp at Worms, and here his widow lived in deep seclusion for some years. During three years, she never spoke to her brother Gunther, and always turned her face aside, so as not to see the grim countenance of Hagen whenever he intruded himself on her solitude. This obdurate man seems, however, to have been determined that his crime should not be forgotten. He now inflicts another injury on the widow of Siegfried. Gunther, hoping to change the melancholy current of her thoughts, and to reconcile her to life, had commanded that the Nibelungen treasure should be brought away to Worms, and given to the royal widow. So a company was sent to claim the gold and jewels; and we are told that twelve wagons were employed for four days and four nights in bearing the masses of gold and gems from their subterranean hiding-place to the vessels which were to transport them. When Kriemhild received this property, she appeared to be more reconciled toward the king, and consoled her misery, in some measure, by bestowing large gifts of money and jewels on many persons. Her friends, of course, now rapidly increased in number, and in their zeal to serve her. Here the hateful Hagen interfered, and professed to be fearful that Kriemhild, 'By her vast wealth, might win too many friends and allies, so as to make her own party too powerful in Burgundy.' He therefore coolly proposed that all this wealth should be confiscated by the king. Again we find young Geiselher—who throughout the whole poem displays a true, manly, and amiable character—standing up boldly against this injustice. 'My sister,' says he, 'has suffered surely enough from this man Hagen. If he was not my own uncle, he should pay with his life for what he has done already.' However, the other princes agreed on their plan; and the whole of the treasures of the Nibelungen were secretly carried away, and thrown into the Rhine, where, according to a popular tradition, they remain buried to the present day somewhere between Lorsch and Worms. Thus the murder was followed by a stupendous robbery. We are told, in this part of the tale, that Kriemhild had bestowed a portion of her wealth in the endowment of a convent near Lorsch, 'where prayers were daily offered for the rest of the soul of Siegfried;' also, that when the widow removed from Worms, to reside near the convent, she had the body of Siegfried taken up and newly entombed at Lorsch, close beside her dwelling. These, like other incongruous passages, speaking of the Christian rites and ceremonies of the middle ages, are quite out of place in a poem breathing throughout the old spirit of heathen Germany. Such

verses were evidently foisted on the genuine old ballads by writers who wished to make them more accordant with the prevailing taste of the thirteenth century.

Now it happened, when some years of mourning for Siegfried had passed away, Queen Helkè, wife of the mighty heathen King Attila, died in the land of the Huns. Attila soon afterwards determined to marry again; and one of his liege-men, Rüdiger, advised him to ask for the hand of Siegfried's widow. After some deliberation on the propriety of marrying a Christian, the king commissioned Rüdiger to apply for him at the court of Burgundy. This ambassador, Rüdiger, is one of the finest characters in the story. Kindness, hospitality, and steadfast good faith are his most prominent features. When he arrives at Worms, he finds Gunther, and the young princes, Gernót and Geiselher, quite agreeable to the proposed marriage; but the rude and stern Hagen now displays some forethought. 'We know,' said he, 'that Kriemhild does not love us; and if she marries a mighty man like Attila, we shall have surely some day to give an account of the death of the Dragon-slayer, and also of certain treasures now buried in the Rhine.' But Hagen's objections were overruled. Young Geiselher again spoke out bravely. 'Away,' said he, 'with all this vile tyranny over a desolate woman—our own sister! For all that Uncle Hagen may say, I will take care that she shall have liberty to do as she may think best.'

Rüdiger now delivers his message to Kriemhild. At first, she rejects the offer, partly because Attila is a heathen king; but she asks for one night's deliberation. Dreadful were the plans conceived during this sleepless night! She thought of Siegfried; of the happy days passed in the Netherlands; of his last embrace; of the treacherous murder; of the vengeance she had sworn to execute on Hagen; of her own present helpless condition; of the power of King Attila: she thought of all these things, and at last her resolution was formed—yes, she would take another husband, as a sword to destroy all the murderers of her first and only love!

Her decision was told to Rüdiger; and after some days of preparation for the journey, the royal widow left Worms, accompanied by many of her followers, and travelled towards Tulna, an Austrian town, situated on the Danube, where Attila had appointed to meet his bride. From this place the royal pair were escorted by a brilliant retinue of heroes into the land of the Huns. A wedding-festival of seventeen days' duration was held, with sumptuous entertainments. There are some graphic touches in this part of the narrative. The reader will observe, that in the following extracts Attila is styled, as in the original, King Etzel:—

King Etzel heard that Kriemhild, in rich and proud array,
Accompanied by Rüdiger, was hastening on her way;
Then he gathered soon around him a brave and noble band,
And rode to meet his chosen queen in Austria's pleasant land.

Before him rode gay companies of warriors brave and true,
Who spoke in many languages; to pay the homage due
To the queen of all the Huns, in a martial glittering throng,
Christian knights and heathen warriors together rode along.

Heroes were there from Greece; from Russia others came;
From Poland and Wallachia rode knights of noble fame;
Every knight led on his followers, a bold and splendid band,
And every one was dressed in the costume of his land.

There's a city on the Danube; it stands on Austrian ground;
Its ancient name is Tulna, and here the queen was found;
How little Kriemhild thought, when the host of men came nigh,
That so many heroes for her sake would soon be doomed to die!

The vanguard of King Etzel first rode into the town;
Here were four-and-twenty heroes and princes of renown;
Ramung, Duke of the Wallachians, pressed forward in the throng,
And the mighty Prince Gibécke led another host along.

Hornbog, surnamed the Swift, soon hailed the noble dame;
From Denmark noble Hawart and fearless Iring came;
There was Irnfried of Thuringia, a great and noble man;
And now a shout of joy arose from every martial clan.

For now rode on King Etzel (with Dietrich at his side,
And a countless host of followers) to greet his chosen bride.
Thus to herself said Kriemhild, when she saw the endless throng:
"'Tis well! I shall have warriors now who will avenge my wrong!"

Then to the queen spake Rüdiger: 'My lady, here we stay—
King Etzel comes; of followers, lo! what a vast array!
I will name to you the warriors most worthy of a kiss,
For you cannot give to all in a company like this!'

So saying, noble Rüdiger gave to the queen his hand,
And from her steed she lighted down upon the Austrian land;
All the heroes stood aside, while through the glittering throng,
To meet the beauteous Kriemhild, King Etzel walked along.

And now her veil is lifted, and her subjects all behold
Her beauty shining out, as from a shrine of gold;
The beauty of her countenance a general pleasure spread:
'Queen Helkè was not fairer!' all the Hunnish warriors said.

When Etzel had saluted her, she turned, at Rüdiger's sign,
And gave a kiss to Blödel, who was in the royal line;
And twelve most noble princes of such favour had a share;
But she looked with grace and kindness on all the heroes there.

And now the king commanded, for the pleasure of his bride,
That o'er the plain of Tulna his companies should ride;
Christian knights and heathen warriors, in many-coloured dress,
To make a martial spectacle, together onward press.

And now arose loud clangour from meeting spear and shield,
Soon many splintered lances were scattered o'er the field;
How many colours glittered together in the air!
What sounds of arms and battle-cries were loudly ringing there!

To see the splendid tournament, forth went both king and queen;
In the centre of the plain their pavilion was seen;
It was decked with glorious colours, and on the grassy ground
A hundred tents for noble knights were stationed all around.

So with many noble tourneys they passed the merry day,
And the heroes went to rest in the evening cool and gray;
There was stillness on the plain until morning clear and bright,
When King Etzel soon devised for his queen a new delight.

In procession to Vienna he bade his heroes go,
With all their clans in full array, they made a wondrous show;
But more beauteous was the view of Vienna for the queen—
Here Austria's fairest ladies all in dresses gay were seen.

Of people out of many lands the crowd was now so great,
They could not all be entertained within the city gate;
But Etzel's knights and warriors, at Rüdiger's command,
Dispersed their various companies o'er all the neighbouring land.

And here, in gay Vienna, on the feast of Whitsuntide,
Kriemhild, who hid her sorrows all, was once again a bride;
When she beheld the thousands who were all her subjects now,
Though sorrow still was in her heart, pride gathered on her brow.

So costly were the jewels which to many knights she gave,
So many were her gifts to Etzel's heroes brave,
They disbelieved the story of her loss so often told:
'Our queen,' said they, 'has surely brought the Nibelungen gold!'

A festival of seventeen days was in Vienna held;
The pageantry of every day all former days excelled;
I cannot tell you half of the pleasures that were planned—
'Twas remembered as a wonder long in all the Austrian land.

Now, Kriemhild was a queen again! With Etzel at her side,
She looked upon the host of men, her followers, with pride;
And thus she whispered to herself: 'O'er such a mighty band
Even Siegfried, in his day of power, did never hold command!'

The concluding stanza of this description has true pathos in its contrast of all this external splendour with the secret thoughts of the queen:—

Yet in the midst of all this festival array,
The thoughts of Kriemhild often would wander far away;
And to hide the tears upon her face, her head she would incline,
For her heart was still with Siegfried in his castle on the Rhine!

Of the seven following years, we learn nothing more than that the vassals of Attila were well pleased with their new queen, and rejoiced when she gave birth to a prince, who was named Ortlieb. Some time afterwards, the queen said to Attila: '*Many* years now have I lived in this land of the Huns, and what can your subjects think of me, as none of my powerful relatives have visited me? If they care no more for me, still it is necessary, for your own honour, that they should treat your consort with respect.' In compliance with this suggestion, Attila sent messengers to invite King Gunther, with the princes and heroes of Burgundy, into the land of the Huns. 'And tell them,' said Kriemhild, 'to invite *all* my relatives to come;' *for she especially desired to see Hagen once more.*

IV. THE BURGUNDIANS GO INTO THE LAND OF THE HUNS.

When the invitation came to Worms, a deliberation of seven days took place on the propriety of accepting it. Hagen had a foreboding of gloomy consequences, and said: 'You know the injury we have inflicted on Kriemhild, and be assured that, though she has been now for some years the wife of King Attila, she has not forgotten her stay in Burgundy. It is not *love* that makes her send for *me!*' To this young Geiselher replies, that he believes his sister to be perfectly kind and sincere in her invitation, and that it ought to be cordially accepted. Gernót says: 'If Hagen fears death in the land of the Huns, we are not afraid to go without him.' 'Fear death!' says Hagen; 'I do not understand the words. Of course, *if the king goes, I go with him!* I only say, let us go well prepared for all that may happen. For my own part, I do not expect a very pleasant reception.'

Ultimately, it is decided that the invitation shall be accepted, and that the visit shall be paid during the ensuing summer months. Great preparations were made for this long journey; all the leading chieftains of Burgundy were summoned to accompany the king; among them we find two not named before—Volker, who was a minstrel, or, as the original styles him, a 'fiddler;' and Dankwart, the brother of Hagen.

It has been observed, that in these old ballads there is never any attempt made to surprise the reader by unexpected events. Everything is predicted. 'Coming events cast their shadows before.' So with regard to this journey; Utè, the aged mother of the king, has now a dream of bad omen:—

Their aged mother thus gave warning to her sons:
'I look for no good tidings from this visit to the Huns;
For I have had a dream, which has filled my soul with dread,
That all the birds in Burgundy fell from the branches dead.'

Hagen, who now, and throughout the journey, speaks like a

desperate man, says, that 'If the king despises other warnings, he must not be frightened by a woman's dream.' . . . . . .

Accordingly, they proceeded on their journey until they came to the banks of the Danube. Here further bad omens meet them. They find no boats to carry the company over the river. Hagen wandered in the forest along the shore, looking out for boats; and in a wide pool of the river, densely overshadowed with green boughs, he discovers a number of sirens or water-nymphs, white as swans, diving and swimming playfully together. As these beautiful creatures were supposed to have a knowledge of the future, Hagen seized their garments, which had been left on the bank, and refused to surrender them until they would predict the fortune of his journey. One siren flattered the champion, by saying: 'Hagen, you will win great honours in that far country;' but another said: 'Hagen, return to Burgundy; for if you go on, only one man from all your company, the king's chaplain, will ever recross the Danube!' But the hero was now too desperate to heed any warning. Having at last found the ferryman, he soon ended a dispute about the fare by throwing him into the river and seizing his boat. Then, performing the duty of ferryman, he divided the Burgundians into small parties, and carried them over the river. As the poor chaplain went over, Hagen, with a sort of ferocious playfulness, when they had nearly reached the opposite shore, hurled him from the boat into the stream. But the chaplain proved himself a vigorous swimmer, and soon reached the shore he had come from, where 'he stood shaking his dripping garments,' and proving the prediction of the siren true. When the last division had been landed, Hagen, in desperation, broke the boat in pieces, to make sure that none of the company should return to Burgundy. The chaplain says good-by to Hagen with a bitterness hardly becoming in a priest: 'I thank God,' says he, 'that I am out of your company. Now, go on to the land of the Huns, Hagen, and I will go back to the Rhine, where I have a comfortable hope that I shall never see you again!'

After more travelling and fighting their way over the country, the Burgundian company arrived at Bechlarn, the residence of Rüdiger, the friend and ambassador of King Attila. Here they were entertained very hospitably. Volker, the minstrel, cheered his companions by singing and playing heroic songs. During their stay here, the young Prince Geiselher was betrothed to the fair daughter of Rüdiger. The festivity of this occasion is very pleasantly described, and makes a fine contrast with the gloomy reception afterwards found at the court of King Attila.

'Welcome, my friends,' said Rüdiger to Gunther and his band;
'It gives me joy to see the king of the Burgundian land,
And to hail once more bold Hagen here, a hero brave and true.'
Then Hagen gave to Rüdiger the thanks and homage due.

'Alight and taste at once, my lords, my castle's heartiest cheer;
For all your steeds, your arms, your gold, you need not have a fear:
I have servants true and honest, and such numbers at my call,
That if your host was greater, they could wait upon you all.'

So now into the castle-yard all Gunther's heroes pass,
Their followers sat down to rest upon the pleasant grass;
The servants of the margrave came to lead their steeds away,
For none of all the company must travel on to-day.

The noble wife of Rüdiger led out her daughter fair;
Their dress was shining silk; gold and gems were in their hair;
And all their maids beside them stood, in beautiful array,
While with their golden ringlets the gentle breezes play.

And as Rüdiger gave orders, his daughter gave her hand
To Geiselher, the youngest of the princes of his land;
While the noble margravine led King Gunther toward the hall,
Where a banquet was prepared for the brave Burgundians all.

Here many costly goblets were filled with rosy wine,
And the ladies of the castle in silks and jewels shine;
In the midst of that gay company, the margrave's daughter fair
Was praised by the Burgundians as the brightest jewel there.

But when the feast was ready, she departed with her band
Of young and beauteous maidens ('twas the custom of the land);
She took away the light of her beauty from the place;
All Gunther's heroes longed to see once more her smiling face.

But when the feast was over, with her maidens she appeared;
The hearts of all the company with rosy wine were cheered;
Then thus to noble Rüdiger the hero Volker said:
'We thank you for the banquet so hospitably spread;

'Right happy are you, margrave, and Heaven has blessed you well;
Within your noble castle in a pleasant land you dwell;
And if you had not such estates, yet such a noble wife,
And such a daughter, are enough to make a happy life.

'But (let me dare to tell you) if I sat upon a throne,
You should not call this maiden, so beautiful, your own;
Tell me, Burgundian heroes all, if I have truly said;
Should not the margrave's daughter wear a crown upon her head?'

Said Hagen: 'Here is Geiselher, the youngest of our line,
Will answer soon that question, if his choice resembles mine;
I cannot talk in wooing style, but in the battle-field,
For such a queen I willingly would carry sword and shield.'

The saying pleased young Geiselher, for well he loved the maid.
Said Gernôt: 'Why should the promise of marriage be delayed?'
And King Gunther swore an oath: 'If my brother wins her hand,
She shall have a castle and estate in the Burgundian land.'

Said Rüdiger: 'I cannot give like one of royal line,
But of pure gold and silver a treasure large is mine;
And more of this, I promise, than a hundred steeds can carry,
I will give unto my daughter, if with Geiselher she marry.'

A few more words were said, and in the custom of the land,
Around the maiden and the prince all Gunther's heroes stand;
A sudden rosy blush o'er the maiden's face was spread,
Her father put the question soon, and softly 'Yea,' she said.

And then said noble Rüdiger: 'When Gunther and his band
Call here again, as they return into their native land,
To Burgundy my daughter as a bride shall ride away,'
——Alas! no hero lived to see the merry marriage-day!

Four days in Rüdiger's castle the bold Burgundians stayed;
All needful preparation for their journey now was made:
Their swords and shields were brought; their steeds were ready at a call;
But without gifts they must not leave the hospitable hall.

First to the bold Gernôt, a gentle prince and brave,
A sword of trusty temper the noble Rüdiger gave:
How little thought the host that, beneath a cruel blow
From the weapon he had given, he must suddenly fall low!

'Of all the armour that I see,' said Hagen, 'here to-day,
There is one piece which I should love to carry hence away;
If it might be, 'twould give me joy to own that splendid shield
Which the noble hero Nodung bore so often in the field.'

The gentle wife of Rüdiger shed suddenly a tear;
For 'twas her father's armour, and for his sake was dear;
But she took it from the wall, and at once to Hagen gave.
Said she: 'It shall not rust—let it still protect the brave!'

Now it was time to travel on, and all must ride away;
So Volker tuned his fiddle, and sang a farewell lay:
How little thought the ladies, while they listened to the strain,
They would never see that company, nor hear that song again!

Now Rüdiger was ready to lead his guests along,
And in the foreign country to shelter them from wrong.
There was sorrowing at Bechlarn when the heroes rode away;
But all had hopes of meeting in the hall another day.

And little thought the host, as they rode along the shore
Of the Danube, that his eyes would greet his home, his wife, no more!
He talked in cheerful tones as he rode along the sand,
Until he led the heroes into mighty Etzel's land.

On their way to the court of Attila, they next called upon one

of his most powerful allies, the Gothic king, Dietrich. He receives the Burgundians hospitably; but tells them that he knows not how to understand the invitation they have received, for it has long been plain to him 'that the queen has never ceased to sorrow for the death of her first husband, but has always cherished bitter feelings of revenge.' He adds, in a tone of politeness towards Hagen: 'I have no wish to make any inquiry into the circumstances of Siegfried's death; but as I would not have any brave men fall into a trap, I forewarn you that the queen has a controversy with you, and I wish especially to warn the hero Hagen.'

'She would do better,' says Hagen, 'to devote her thoughts to King Etzel, and not dwell so much on the memory of one who has been long buried.'

'However,' says the bold Volker, the fiddler, 'we cannot now ride back to Burgundy; so let us go on to see King Attila, and end all our doubts.'

So they rode on to the royal castle, where the king and the queen are stationed at a window, regarding their visitors in the distance. As they come nearer, Kriemhild recognises Hagen by his long gray hair and tall gaunt figure, before she sees his stern and terrible features:—

Among King Etzel's followers the news was quickly spread,
That King Gunther's band were coming on with Rüdiger at their head.
'Receive your friends and kinsmen well,' to Kriemhild Etzel said;
'Be merry with the living, and forget for aye the dead.'

But from the window gazed the queen with a stern and gloomy face,
And saw once more the heroes of the bold Burgundian race;
And while King Etzel smiled with joy as all the band came nigh,
The queen looked out on Hagen with a fixed and cruel eye.

Then to the Hunnish warriors who near her stood she said:
'See, there the man beneath whose hand my hero, Siegfried, bled!
My time of vengeance now is nigh—my story I have told;
And all who fight for me shall share the Nibelungen gold.'

V. THE QUEEN ASKS FOR HER NIBELUNGEN TREASURES.

While receiving with a cold form of welcome the rest of her relatives, it was noticed that the queen 'gave a kiss to none, save her youngest brother, Geiselher,' who, as we must remember, had no part in the murder of Siegfried. When Hagen observed this portentous sign, 'he bound his helmet more tightly over his brow.' The company from Burgundy were now divided into *two bands*, and lodged separately—the nobility within the palace,

and their vassals, under the charge of Dankwart, in one of the exterior buildings.

Amid the bustle of making preparations to accommodate the numerous party, Hagen walked into the court of the castle to find his friend Volker, of whom he had lost sight for some time. Having found him, he expressed to him a suspicion that the queen might cause some treacherous attack to be made on the Burgundian party. Volker promised that he would fight by the side of his friend; and these two champions now sat down in the courtyard together, while many of the Huns stood around, 'looking with fear and wonder on their gigantic stature and undaunted aspect.' Meanwhile, Kriemhild was also gazing from her window upon Hagen; and losing the coolness necessary to carry out her plan, she at once pointed to her foe, and said to the company of King Etzel: 'There is the man! I will at once go into the courtyard and challenge him with the murder. Follow me, and you will see that he is too proud and daring to deny it.'

As Hagen saw the queen coming with her followers, he turned and said to his companion: 'I know well that all this array is against *me*, yet I shall perhaps see Burgundy once more.'

With cool desperation, as the queen came near, he refused to rise from his seat, but laid across his knees a sword with a bright jasper on the hilt. The queen at once recognised 'the celebrated sword of Siegfried, the favourite weapon which she had seen so often at his side.' Immediately all the anger hidden for years broke forth. She advanced towards Hagen, and said bitterly: 'And you have come to visit me!'

'I came with the king,' said Hagen. 'I am his follower; and where he is, there I must be.'

'And think you,' said the queen, 'that it is a pleasure to me to look on the murderer of Siegfried?'

'Why speak of that again?' said Hagen. 'I know that I have done that for which you have sorrowed long. Yes, I slew the hero Siegfried, *because my queen had been insulted by Kriemhild.*'

'Hear him! he will not deny it!' said the queen to her followers; but they refuse to attend to this signal of war, and stand gazing on the fearless Burgundian. Soon afterwards the queen begins to question Hagen respecting the Nibelungen treasures. 'You have surely brought with you the treasure which you know belongs to me?' she says.

But Hagen coolly answers: 'Certainly not; for it lies at the bottom of the Rhine, and there it must remain until doomsday. Gold makes very heavy baggage, and I have had quite enough to do to bring all the way from the Rhine my sword, helmet, and shield.'

Meanwhile, King Etzel had received Gunther and his companions with sincere hospitality; and as the day was now closing,

the Burgundians retired to rest—all, save Hagen and Volker, who kept their armour on, and determined to stand as sentinels before the hall in which their companions slept. The queen had proposed, according to custom, that her guests should leave their weapons during the night in the care of her servants; but Hagen said: 'My father always told me to keep my weapons in my own care; and from all I see about me here, I would advise my friends to keep their swords and shields ready.'

'Some tale-bearer has made these men suspicious,' says the queen.

'Yes,' said the Gothic king, Dietrich, 'I have forewarned them, in good faith, that they might expect to find no very friendly reception in this land. You may punish me for that, if you think it well to do so.'

The queen endeavoured to conceal her anger, and casting a fierce glance on Hagen, left the apartment.

Now it is night; and while all the other guests are sleeping, Volker and Hagen, two gigantic figures, stand as sentinels before the door of the hall, and look sternly into the gloom, surrounded by heavy piles of buildings. A deep silence is spread over the place where the noise of battle will so soon be heard. All around lie in sleep—the clans and companies of Etzel and his allies, Dietrich's men, the company led by Rüdiger, and a large army of the Huns under the charge of Blödel, the king's brother. A battle-cry would immediately call all these bands, now lying in repose, into formidable contest. During the night, Volker saw 'the glimmering of helmets in the dusk;' but no disturbance took place. The minstrel-hero took his stringed instrument, and played and sang so loudly, that all the surrounding buildings echoed with the strain. The song was a farewell to life, the death-song of the Burgundian race; but fearlessly and even joyously sung.

So the night passed away in quietness, and without any further omens of the terrible scene of carnage which was to follow. Through this we must pass rapidly, as we cannot expect a modern reader to find interest in all the details of slaughter with which this singular old poem closes. The old ballad-maker, in his enthusiasm, seems never to have thought of a moral, though unconsciously he enforces the lesson that, without mercy and forbearance, this world would become a wide slaughter-house. At first, the queen demands only the life of one man, Hagen, as a sacrifice to her vengeance; but as he is indissolubly bound with his companions by the principle of feudal faith and loyalty, all Burgundy must perish before he is surrendered into her hands. One death must here lead to that of many hundreds. 'The beginning of strife' must be like the breaking down of banks before a mighty inundation. Accordingly, we shall now see clan after clan involved in the quarrel. Every contest will leave a *ground for one* more fearful; and so we go on, over piles of slain

men, until we almost entirely forget that all this terrible carnage began long ago in a dispute about mere precedence between two women!

VI. THE QUEEN SENDS BLÖDEL TO ATTACK GUNTHER'S FOLLOWERS.

The next day there is a tournament, and the military games almost end in earnest battle when Volker slays one of the Hunnish warriors; but King Attila, who seems throughout determined to keep peace, puts a fair construction on the accident, and evil consequences are averted. The queen fails in her endeavour to persuade Dietrich and his chief liege-man, Hildebrand, to fulfil her purpose upon Hagen. 'No,' says the Gothic king; 'your relatives came hither in good faith, and expecting kindness and hospitality. If Siegfried's death must be avenged, it shall not be by deceit and treachery on my part.' Thus disappointed, Kriemhild again assumes a friendly aspect, and taking with her the young prince, Ortlieb, she goes to the banquet in the palace, which Attila has prepared for the entertainment of his guests. Here she sits, as if quite unconscious of the attack which is now to be made in another part of the castle, where the inferior followers or vassals of King Gunther are assembled under the charge of Dankwart. She has employed Blödel to take a company of armed men, and fall suddenly upon Dankwart's band. While the nobles of Attila and Gunther are feasting together, a sanguinary engagement has taken place in the other quarters, and Blödel has been slain. Suddenly Dankwart rushes into the banquet-hall, and exclaims: 'Why sit you feasting here, Hagen? We are betrayed! The Huns are slaying our followers!'

'Then shut the door,' says Hagen, 'and see that no guest leaves this hall.' Then, rising and unsheathing his sword, he uses these fearful words, which we can hardly translate fairly: '*Nu trinken wir die minne unde gelten skünèges wîn*'—(Now we drink to the memory of the dead, and in the king's own wine)—alluding to the death of Siegfried, according to the old heathen custom of drinking in memory of deceased friends. So saying, he perpetrated an atrocity which puts him quite beyond the pale of human sympathies. Drawing his sword, he suddenly 'smote off the head of the infant Prince Ortlieb.' It fell into the lap of the queen. Kriemhild calls loudly on Dietrich for protection: and, just as a general engagement between the two parties is beginning, the Gothic king raises his voice loudly, 'like a trumpet blast,' over all the uproar, and demands a truce for a few moments. He is ready for any honourable warfare, but refuses to take any part in this quarrel, as he cannot hold himself responsible for anything done by Blödel. He then leaves the banquet-room, taking under his protection Kriemhild and Etzel. All the Huns

who remain in the hall are slain by the Burgundians. We must pass over the details of this carnage.

The queen, thus made childless by the same man who made her a widow, now 'fills the king's large shield with gold,' and offers it to any champion who will bring to her the head of Hagen. Iring the Dane challenges Hagen to single-combat, and falls under the sword of the Burgundian. A night passes after this contest, and in the morning Geiselher, the queen's favourite brother, implores her to give up her thoughts of revenge.

Then spoke the young Prince Geiselher: 'My sister, once so kind,
Can all the love that I have shewn have vanished from your mind?
Why should you bring me from the Rhine to perish in this strife?
What have I done, that you should seek to take away my life?'

Then said the queen: 'Dear Geiselher, you know, of all your clan,
My lasting hate is only fixed upon that fatal man
Who has my husband and my child so traitorously slain.
Surrender Hagen, or your prayers must ever be in vain.'

Then said Gernôt: 'It cannot be! howe'er the deeds I rue,
Still Hagen came along with us: we must to him be true.
If so the queen determines, this must be our sole reply—
Whate'er he did, if he is slain, then we must also die!'

After the proposed conditions of peace had been thus refused, the queen commanded her followers to set fire to the hall in which Hagen and his companions were defending themselves. The Burgundians suffered severely amid the flames and smoke, and 'slaked their thirst by drinking the blood of the slain.' They could not extinguish the fire until all the wood-work of the building was consumed. Meanwhile, the Gothic king, Dietrich, and also Rüdiger, of Bechlarn, had refused to take any part in the contest. King Etzel now, wishing to bring the strife to an end, turned to the faithful Rüdiger, and commanded him to take his company and slay Hagen. There was hard strife in the mind of Rüdiger. He had received Hagen hospitably, and had promised friendship to him. Faith to the king now demanded the sacrifice of faith to a friend. He at last determined that he must obey the king. This is one of the most characteristic passages in the poem:—

Then said he to the king: 'Take back into your hand
Whatever you have given to me, my cattle and my land;
And let my life in poverty and sorrow have an end,
Before I go to draw my sword against a guest and friend.

'I hailed them first within your land with hearty cheer and wine,
Believing they were Etzel's friends, I treated them as mine.
To Geiselher of Burgundy my daughter fair I gave,
And I was glad to win a son so loyal, true, and brave!'

But now again spoke Kriemhild: 'All that has passed away.
Think only of the duty which you owe to me to-day!
Go, summon all your followers, and end at once this strife;
Or take, and that will be enough, my Uncle Hagen's life.

Then said the hero Rüdiger: 'This is a fatal day;
For all that you have given to me my life I now must pay.
My wife and my fair daughter to your kindness I commend;
Remember them, for I forebode this day my life will end.'

So saying, from the queen he went, and called his followers round;
Five hundred men and twelve brave knights were in his service found.
They fastened on their armour soon, and on to battle pressed;
But Rüdiger before them walked with sorrow in his breast.

When Geiselher saw Rüdiger, he smiled with joy, and cried:
'A friend is coming! Rüdiger is surely on our side!'
But Volker turned to Geiselher, and bade his triumph cease—
'These men with swords and shields,' said he, 'come not to talk of peace!'

Now Rüdiger came slowly on, and halted with his band
Before the hall; and bade his men prepared for battle stand.
'I come,' said he to Gunther's friends, 'no news of peace to bring;
Defend yourselves with all your skill—I must obey my king!'.

'But Heaven forbid!' said Gunther, 'that I should lift my hand
Against the friend who welcomed me first in this foreign land!'
'Ah! that I ever welcomed you I bitterly repent,'
Said Rüdiger; 'but Etzel's wife refuses to relent.'

Then said Gernót to Rüdiger: 'I loved you as a friend;
But if you fight against my king, our friendship has an end;
And with the sword you gave me, I must take away your life,
However I may sorrow for your daughter and your wife.'

'Heaven pity us!' said Rüdiger; then turning to his band,
Who lifted up their swords and shields, he gave the stern command
To rush on the Burgundians within the castle-hall;
But Hagen stayed the onset with a loud and sudden call.

'One moment wait,' said Hagen; 'you see this battered shield
Has stopped the blows of many swords, but now begins to yield.
I brought it to this country as the present of your wife,
Had I the shield you carry, I could well defend my life.'

'Then I give it you,' said Rüdiger; 'and yet, if this is known,
I fear that I shall seem unfaithful to the throne;
But here at once, brave Hagen, I place it in your hand,
And may you live to carry it to Burgundy's fair land!'

This even touched bold Hagen's heart, and all of Gunther's clan
Were moved by this kind service from that brave and loyal man.
Said Hagen then: 'May God in heaven this day remember yen!
I swear there lives not in the world a man so good and true!'

'But, after all that I have done, that this should be my end,
To have to raise my sword at last against a faithful friend.
It cannot be; though for my king all other things I'd do,
I cannot, and I will not, strike a friend so brave and true!'

'Ay, 'tis a grief,' said Rüdiger; 'but yet I must obey,
Or I would never lift my hand against your friends to-day.
Oh, that I ne'er had welcomed you so kindly to this land!'
Then Volker said: 'I will not lift against your life my hand.'

This passage might almost excite some compassion even for Hagen. After all these expressions of sympathy, Rüdiger gives the word of command to his followers, and they press on the Burgundians. Volker and Hagen chivalrously step aside, so as not to confront Rüdiger; for the heart-broken old man now begins to fight blindly and furiously, as if seeking for speedy death. Cutting his way through the Burgundians, he attacks Gernót, and inflicts on him a fatal wound; but the prince, as he is falling, returns the stroke, and Rüdiger is slain with the sword which he had given. Other desperate contests followed, until none of the Burgundians remained alive, save King Gunther and Hagen. The Gothic king, Dietrich, and his liege-man, Hildebrand, now go to end the contention, by making prisoners of the two remaining heroes:—

Then Dietrich said: 'King Gunther, now make an end of strife;
And, after all your men have done, the queen may spare your life.
Let Hagen be surrendered now, without another blow.'
Said Hagen: 'That shall never be!' and Gunther answered: 'No!'

Said Hagen: 'I will stand and fight while I my sword can wield.'
Then Dietrich summoned all his pride, and lifted up his shield.

In the combat which followed, Gunther and Hagen were made prisoners; and Dietrich, having secured them in bonds, led them before the queen, and prayed that their lives might be spared. This final scene in the poem is the triumph of revenge. Kriemhild now wields in her hand the celebrated sword of Siegfried. All around her lie the piles of slain men, of various nations and many clans. In the court, King Attila and the remaining followers of Hildebrand are mourning loudly over the body of Rüdiger; and before her stand the last king and the last hero of the old race of Burgundy. 'Welcome, King Gunther!' she says bitterly; 'and welcome Hagen!' 'I know what that stern salutation means!' says King Gunther. The queen professes to attend to the prayer of Dietrich; but as soon as he has left her presence, she sends the

prisoners to be confined in separate cells; and thus the story closes:—

The queen went first to Hagen, and looked on him with hate:
'Receive my terms at once,' said she, 'before it is too late.
My Nibelungen treasure to me at last restore,
Then Gunther and yourself may see fair Burgundy once more.'

Then spoke the fearless Hagen: 'Your talking is in vain;
For I have sworn that buried deep your treasure shall remain,
While one of Gunther's family still lives to claim the throne;
So cease to ask—do what you will—my secret is my own.'

Then turning to a follower, Queen Kriemhild bade him go
To the cell where Gunther lay, and strike the fatal blow;
And Hagen cried with sorrow when he saw the servant bring
The head of Kriemhild's brother, the brave Burgundian king.

He looked on it a moment, then with bitterness he said:
'Gunther, Gernót, and Geiselher, thy brothers all, are dead;
But never shalt thou know, destroyer of thy race,
What I alone can tell—thy treasure's hiding-place.'

'Then be it so!' said Kriemhild; 'you have at last restored
To me one costly treasure—my Siegfried's noble sword.'
She drew it from its scabbard, struck off the hero's head,
And Etzel cried aloud to see the mighty Hagen dead.

'Without revenge he shall not die!' said ancient Hildebrand;
'I will not see a hero fall beneath a woman's hand!'
He drew his sword against the queen, and smote her in the side;
So Kriemhild fell beneath the blow, and 'mid her kinsmen died.

Thus vainly was the life-blood of so many heroes shed;
Dietrich and Etzel, left alone, lamented o'er the dead;
And in dismal wailings ended the banquet of the king:
Thus love doth evermore its dole and sorrow bring.

I cannot tell you more—how, when the news was spread,
Fair ladies, knights, and squires, were weeping for the dead:
What afterwards befell 'tis not my task to say,
For here my story ends—the Nibelungen Lay.

After looking through the plot, we see a unity of purport. From the first dark omen in Kriemhild's dream, through all the following events, down to the time when so many chieftains with their various clans were led by their feudal loyalty, as by fate, into the fatal quarrel, we see a clear connection in the narrative, and are disposed to overlook several incongruities, and even contradictions, which may be found by a closer examination, and which plainly prove that the poem is constructed of several distinct legends. In some parts, the Nibelungen treasure seems to be the source of discord; while in other parts, Siegfried's death is the

leading event. We might easily shew that the reckonings of time in various parts of the story do not agree together. For instance, the Queen Kriemhild must have been fifty years old when the Prince Ortlieb was born; and yet, at the time of her revenge, when the prince was five or six years old, she is described in one of the ballads as being still 'very beautiful.' Without entering into details, it is quite evident that the tale, as we find it now, was not the work of one writer.

But, as we have said, though there is great confusion in the particular events related in these ballads, they agree together in all their broad and general features. Let us notice some of these traits. The most prominent is the love of battle—a passion for war apart from the necessity of self-defence or love of gain. The *Nibelungen-Lied* is filled with the details of single-combats and acts of martial courage, such as we find in other ballads which are undoubtedly far older than the thirteenth century. Every sword-stroke is described by the rhapsodist with lengthy details, which would be very tedious to a modern reader, though they were apparently the main points of interest in the original poem. These are exactly the features we find in an old ballad, composed we know not when, but written in the ninth century, which relates how Hildebrand, after long wanderings, returns home, where his son, Hadubrand, refuses to acknowledge him. A quarrel takes place, and ends in a violent duel between father and son. Another ballad, written in the tenth century, tells how Walter, Gunther, and Hagen fought; how Walter lost his right hand, Gunther a foot, and Hagen one of his eyes; and how these heroes, after the battle, sat down and 'joked together about their wounds.' Such ballads were, doubtless, numerous; for we find in the catalogue of a monastic library—821 A.D.—such entries as these: 'In the twenty-first book are contained twelve ballads in the Gothic language;' and 'In book twenty-two, there are several ballads or songs suitable for learning the Gothic language.' Now, as the manners of a people who are not making progress in civilisation change very little from century to century, and as it is certain that these ballads had been long current in the popular memory before they were written by the monks, we may be assured, that if we have traced these remains of popular traditions as far back as the fifth century, they must give us a faithful general impression of manners in a far earlier period. Accordingly, we find that they agree with the accounts given by Tacitus, who died 99 A.D. He says: 'The Germans celebrated in ballads their leader, Hermann, many years after his death.' The oldest monastic writers on the history of the Goths and the Longobards derived some of their information from such ballads.

Admiration of great wealth, long descriptions of gold, costly array, and precious gems, are also striking features in these old lays; but some of the passages in which they occur may have been additions made in the thirteenth century.

A reverence for the laws of hospitality is marked in the characters of Rüdiger and Dietrich, as we have seen. Feasts and entertainments are described with full details, such as we find in the reception of the Burgundian company at Bechlarn.

Women are invariably treated with great respect and natural courtesy, a feature which strikingly distinguished the old Germans from other savage nations. Modesty is always a trait in the female characters introduced, as we find it in the daughter of Rüdiger when she retires from the hall where the heroes of Burgundy are feasting. There may be, here and there, coarse or rude expressions; but nothing really or intentionally immodest can be found in these old ballads. Of any subjection or inferiority of women there is not a trace. Their opinions, even on public affairs, are noticed with deference; and it is evident that they were sometimes supposed to have the power to predict future events. It has been said that we owe to the middle ages, or the times of chivalry, our modern refinements in behaviour toward women; but the principle of true courtesy seems to have been innate in the German tribes.

A belief in prophetic dreams and omens is another characteristic. All the leading events in the tale of Kriemhild are fulfilments of dreams. Sirens, or rather 'swanlike nymphs,' as they are styled in the original, foretell the result of the visit to the Huns. Of these fabulous creatures, we read the following description in an old manuscript on natural history, written in the eleventh century:—'In the sea there are wonderful creatures called sirens. These sirens are mermaids, and are fashioned like women down to the waist, and in their other parts like birds. They sing very beautifully.' Of professed seers or soothsayers, of bards, and men having second-sight, such as we find among Celtic tribes, we read nothing in these ballads. It is also remarkable that, excepting the allusions to mass, and other religious ceremonies of the middle ages, which we have already described as interpolations, we find in the *Nibelungen-Lied* no expression whatever of religious sentiment.

The several classes of society are described in accordance with all we have learned from the ancient sources. We find in these ballads, kings, noblemen and their vassals, and also confederations of kings. There is no trace of any harsh despotism exercised by noblemen upon their vassals. The principle of feudal loyalty seems to have been the sole bond of society, uniting the noblemen with their king, and the vassals with their lords. The oldest ballads are full of striking instances of devotion and good faith. Through all the tale of revenge, of which we have given the outlines, we see the strength of feudal loyalty: the incessant duels and general contests do not arise from personal dissensions, but from feudal motives. In loyalty to his queen, Hagen slays the hero Siegfried. When the king determined to go into the land of the Huns, Hagen at once said: 'Then I must go also,' though he

knew, almost certainly, that he should meet death there. Rüdiger was the personal friend of Hagen, but he was also the sworn follower of King Attila. So, when his king commanded him to take the life of Hagen in open battle, he made a compromise between private friendship and loyalty by giving his own shield to Hagen, that he might be able to defend himself. Gernót, in loyalty to his brother, the Burgundian king, slew Rüdiger with the very sword which he had received from that hero as a token of friendship! On the same occasion, we find the two opposite parties conversing together affectionately, and even weeping; but shortly afterwards they engage each other in a most sanguinary contest. The strength of their feudal loyalty explains the apparent contradiction. Throughout the whole series of duels and scenes of carnage with which the poem closes, there is hardly a trace of personal hatred, excepting that of Kriemhild towards Hagen. The heroes of these ballads scarcely ever apply any epithet of hate or reproach to a man, however cruel or ferocious he may have been; they still regard him with unbounded admiration so long as he is *brave* and *true*. Their utter contempt of death—which Lucan accounts for by their belief in immortality—may rather be ascribed to their general enthusiasm in battle; for in the genuine parts of the old ballads, we do not find the slightest reference to a belief in immortality.

One of the most unfavourable traits is found in their apparent delight in horrors, and the levity or apathy with which they regarded bloodshed. Of this we have many instances in the tale of Kriemhild. In the engagement between the companies of Blödel and Dankwart, which took place in a crowded hall, the benches were torn to pieces to make weapons, and the ferocious conflict which followed is described with great zest. When Dankwart strikes off the head of Blödel, he says with a barbarous levity: 'There is a present for the widow whom he intended to marry!' When Hagen slays the infant prince, he speaks of his sword as 'drinking the king's own wine!' The sword of Volker, the minstrel, is facetiously styled his 'fiddle-stick;' and when he cuts his way desperately through a company of the Huns, he is described as 'fiddling away excellently.' There are many other instances of this grim kind of humour.

Next to war, the chase was their favourite occupation. The hunting-excursion in which Siegfried was slain is described in full details, and with great spirit. Their mode of hunting was to encircle a large space in the forest, then narrowing the circle and driving the wild animals together, they slew them, as in one of our modern modes of slaughter, strangely styled 'sport.' Among the wild creatures mentioned, we find wolves, bears, wild-boars, elks, buffaloes, and deer.

Such are the leading traits of character found in these ancient ballads, and we must regard them with interest, as belonging to a race who were destined to become the forefathers of European

civilisation. As Fichte has observed: 'No barbarian race now existing possesses the qualities of the old Germans. When the old world—that is, the Roman world—had fallen into hopeless corruption, there was a reserve of fresh energy and virtue found in our German forests. But if we might imagine the whole modern civilised world to have degenerated, where could we find any half-barbarous but energetic race, like the ancient Germans, prepared to establish a new order of society upon the ruins of the old?' We cannot answer this question; for at the present moment, human freedom, development, and civilisation, seem everywhere left in the care of the Anglo-Saxon race. The rude energy once displayed in such exploits as are recorded in the ancient ballads we have noticed, is still existing; but now, under better guidance, devoted to quiet industry and steady progress. The times in which we live are marked by migrations of Anglo-Saxon people from England, Scotland, and Germany, which will probably produce greater results than any of the movements in the times of Alaric.

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